

## **"MY STREETS"**

by Jermaine Hicks

My thoughts, my love, my paper, my peop's....  
My mic, my homies, my ride, my heats....  
My dice, my crib, my dog, my freaks...  
My Brother James Hicks, who's R.I.P.....

My God, my queen, my dreams when sleep...  
My wisdom, my knowledge, that runs so deep...  
My freedom, my fight, Malcolm X's speech...  
My sun, my moon, that's under my feet....

My ghetto, my slums, my drinks, my sweets...  
My nuts, my word, I'll always keep...  
My lyrics, my style, you can't compete...  
My fro, my dress code, that's so unique...

My soul, my anger, I must release...  
My tighest quotations on the M.I.C.  
A born outcast, the real Black sheep....  
and to the whole world, because the  
world's my streets!

.....