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C Golgotha^{w/} Wyld

(Anatomy of A Line)

Fresh off the inner city streets of America, enters a new wave of young people to the condemned population at San Quentin State Prison, here in California.

One of these young men is known as Wyld as his popular street tribal name is associated with his emcee skillset, so we had to catch up with him, shot a back issue of The Write Or Die Zine Project at him, as we assumed he would, he shot back, with a photo and a verse that we published in our Poetry, Prose & Lyrics Vol. 2. issue, see it online @: betweenthebars.org/Group/Papyruscollective: post titled: WYLD

(The Tone)

For this unique ventilation Ceremony, we had to feature this young prolific hood rhyme slinger in our C Golgotha interview segment, as we formatted the session in, rhyme exchange cipher mode, so engage the voices of American innercity youth, in what organically became titled:

(Talk Into My Bullet hole)

Date: August 28, 2016

Time: 11:50 am, (at Yard Recall)

Location: Unit East Block, 4th Tier, Yardside, Calif. Condemned Row.

Format: Hand documented by: Kyzst (exist), & Wyld (wild).

Page Count: 5 pages

Contributors: 2

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an interview by: Xyzst (exist)

XZ Whatta ya say 2 blinded-eyed politicians
always talkin bout, votez & polez?

WLD Dey dont give a fucc about our hopes and goals / Dem
politicians pimpin, what dot make us noez? / Im done
talkin my thoughtz in fucc it mode / Tell dem Muthafuccaz
talk into my bullet hole

XZ Whatta bout manipulatorz talkin bout,
tha system & race, az if tha system
aint human controlled?

WLD Da system waz designed to defend da liez dey told /
staccin da dece against us to ensure dey never fold /
Im done talkin my thoughtz in fucc it mode / Tell
dem muthafuccaz, talk into my bullet hole

XZ How bout, house niggaz talkin bout
nomore bright colorz, nappy hair, hoodiez,
white T-shirtz, skinny jeans, saggy pants,
urban sportswear, stop resistin & do what is told?

WLD How can we tell a muthafucca what he already knowz /
how come we do only muthafuccaz dyin ova clothes /
number one problem wit what you muthafuccaz
propose / no matter what you wear muthafuccaz
ya skin showz / Im done talkin my thoughtz
in muthafucc it mode / Tell dem muthafuccaz
talk into my bullet hole.

XZ Whatta ya say to deflector, trader niggaz
talkin bout, black on black crime, dis
excuse is gettin old, Huh?

WLD

Tell 'em bout dis green black, white, brown, yellow,
young or old huh! Black on Black I ski mask
but it aint cold huh! Im done talkin my
thoughtz in fucc it mode! Tell dem muthafuccaz
talk into my bullet hole.

XZ

Herez 1 fo ya, dey say itz because
we say niggaz, wont do calm & peace,
not waitin on da land, dont give a
fuk about no hope, like 'Niggaz need hope?'

WLD

Dey gave a niggaz bible told niggaz to hope!
fucc what dey called us, dey didnt give a niggaz soap!
If nuttin else niggaz have an amazing ability
to cope! Dey let a niggaz go but didnt let a
niggaz vote! Dey left a niggaz broke den dey
blessed us wit some coke! Niggaz used to
have to pass just to stay afloat! Now
everybody wanna be a niggaz, yeah niggaz Imma
gloat! Im done talkin my thoughtz in fucc it
mode! Tell dem muthafuccaz talk into my
bullet hole.

XZ

Whatta ya say to idiotz that blame it
on poverty, poor schoolz & the
need for Jesus to save all our soulz?

WLD

I gotta agree wit 'em da system so cold! born
into a chokehold so survival supercedes goalz!
We need Jesus to save us from cops on patrol!
or turn dis bitch into Dallas, talk into my
bullet hole!

- R.I.P

Micah Johnson

XZ

Good lookin' out young gun, it's been an honor to spill dis ink wit cha, the country iz full of cop-outz, excuses, and convo deflectorz righnow, too many expertz iz talkin' loud & aint sayin' shit.

"Stop Killin' US" iz all that needs to be said, dey need to explain the smoke screenz to all the black inner city youth thatz already shot up, or dead.

And since we all know, that cemeteriez & urnz dont do hope, perhaps the Copz need to start talkin' to eachother, or else talk into the bullet holez of us all, as the youth of America call for gun control of the weaponz in the handz of 100% of those that took oath to protect & serve all communities equally, aint nobody talkin' bout ~~that~~ tho,

You got the last word, hit the people wit somethin' my nigga, from yo archive.

WLD

I really appreciate the opportunity, and I really enjoyed trading bars with you. Everyone may not agree with or subscribe to my views or others featured here, but I would like to salute you brotha for creating a platform to give us a voice... speaking of which, I got one more for you, and anytime you need one, Just holla.

XZ

Vent Jon.....

~~THE END~~

by: Wyld
Lin "Spit" Newborn
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I dont even call it violence I call it common sense
instinct of self preservation is self defense

Dey on a Kill a nigga campaign we rally and complain
dey want get it thru dey brain till itz a even exchange
how can we achieve change repeatin dat old game
stole da stigma from nigga whips and chainz

America taught us we were ugly of ourselves to be ashamed
now dey walk into da doctor tell em make me look de same
begininn in tender stagez plagued by affliction

told da only thing well eva be iz dead or in prison
divided instead of united by oppression and circumstance
where lack of optionz make everything worth a chance
time to borrow against da promise of tomorrow wit da equity of yesterday
wuz da use of breathin without a reason to give your breath away

In da scope of history da 60z iz like yesterday
we disrespectin those who died for shit dat we expect today

Shotout to Freddie Gray dis shit iz everyday
how much talkin iz too much what else iz left to say

Should I even need to explain everything iz not OK
if so do you think dey would have it any otha way

Shotout to Kendra still hear da hurt in ya Mama voice
and it hurts so in every verse dey hear ya voice

Shotout to Oscar Grant shoutout to Treyvon

Shotout to Jordan Davis the list continues on

Shotout to Emmitt Till yeah we remember still

Bacc against da fence so in defense we present endless will

Shotout to Mike Brown what betta time den right now

Black Lives only Matter when each iz armed witta hunnit roundz

Kicked aside disenfranchised aint nobody concerned

So we dont need no water let dat muthafucca burn

before liberty comes violence we sufferin in silence

no overlord has ever been overthrown by politeness

gotta stand for sumtin we done fell for everything

worst part of dat city dey dedicate streets to Martin Luther King

wonder how would he feel his name attached to a battlefield

all in da line of duty young black blood iz spilled

On dey rod shit extended clipz pistol on P.E.Dz

if we could only see da P.Dz az our enemies?

We cant relax we gotta react 8 shotz in da bacc

Walter Scott died az dis Cat covered hiz trackz, enough handz up

itz beyond time to stand up, everybody wanna be da Man, nobody wanna Man up

Lin "Spit" Newborn
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