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A Write Or Die Zine Production

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THE VENT (Prologue)

Vent - to give vigorous or emotional expression to, an opportunity, or way of escape, or passage, or relief of pressure, to cause fresh air to circulate, so as to replace foul air.

Welcome to The Vent,
a subculture within a subculture. So, imagine, well,
just those of you who haven't already experienced this,
but imagine being arrested in America, oh lawd!

Yes, it's personal, and life just got real, on unexpected levels,
you're sitting in a jail cell, Prison Cell, or Juvenile Detention
cell, like so many of us, You hear sounds of Rhythmic
pounding; designers of institutions renders every captive
blind, so there is no way you can see where the sounds
are coming from, so, where is it coming from?

The sink? No, The toilet? yeah maybe, but for you, hell no,
it's got to be the air vent, right? And by captive nature,
you climb on top of the sink to press your ear against
the air vent and discover an underworld, in Real time,
live sessions of other worldly Spoken Word performances,
recitals of Poetic Asides, Political dialogue and Commentary,
All day, all night Rap battles, and some of the best Singing
you've ever heard, NO busters allowed clause in full effect.

Massive euphoric, applause, ooohz and awwhhzz, laughter,
and the thick tension of silence when you hear voices
inside the Vent calling out to you, mostly to see if the
new homie got flows, as the Vent craves new energy.

Now, for a few of the elderly, the haters, and racist cops,
all of this ain't nothing but a bunch of goddamn noise,
and even those brief Rude interruptive static moments,
seen to be a natural component to what happens inside
of the Vent, locked up, and locked down, and yet, still free.

The Vent cont.

A human beatboxer, OR Table D.J. are the first people in our generation known to have spoken about this subterranean history, of musical and social connective creative space, that incarcerated Americans experienced before, during, and after many civil rights movements and eras dating back into the days of blatant slavery.

Same songs, different lyrics, same movement, different generation, same hateful enemy, new solidarity of love, where the killing of dead time, with the energy of live entertainment, from some of the youngest voices that can only be heard, when the souls of the innercity streets of America consolidate in true power, simply by breathing in the fresh air of the fresh circulation of Will, and determination, flowing through the ventilation systems of incarceration.

FOR this demo, we requested each contributing scribbler to identify by street tribal name only, to highlight and honor the names located on each page, of just a few, of the thousands of victims, of militarized police terrorist murders, of American innercity youth, hey, Y'all ready for some grimy consciousness?

So, without further adulation, Ladies and Gentlemen, again, welcome to The Vent, in prisoner zine format, at California deathrow, October 2016, Black Lives Matter!

—Sniper Azande Xyzst
Master of Ceremonies

New Generation Rising

by, XYZST (exist)

New Generation Rising

Kelsey, Prides, Jesse, Taco,

Tookie, J-Rock, Moyo.

New Generation Rising

Smurf Bird Lil G. & AL-B

Juvenile, LUKNOZ & Charlie C

Kiki & Tako, Danny Boy & Goldie Loc

Rock Head, Scrappy Maja Time & Moe

G-Man & Cee, Javier & A.D.

Shawty & Christ, B.G. & Y.B.

J-KUL, Young Detroit & Mahdi

Rusty & Chaka, Potatohead & Brotha E.

Kwesi Snake & Whacc

Sugar Ray & Shag

Adisa & Ajani Kerm Muatta Lil Jack

Fee Tracy NUT & SPREG

Mao Bone & B3Y

Ant Blank & Wiz

Jawaun Boo & Valley J.

Tajirio USO BOBO, L.A. Tone & Solo

Ken Dog E.DOG J-DOG N.G. & NO NO

Bandit Job & Swoop, Loc Sicc & Chris

Will Rocc Cain & Mol Knockout June & Element

Batman & B-Mo, T. Maxstar & E. Mo

DWayne Blaze Sanman Kelly Lil Bandito

SkownDre Squabblez Chunga Sonny Loko BowWow

Sycko Two CRAZY Bam Kaos C-John & Wyld

Nitty Jap & Hova Ray K-Sean La Twon & Saint

Reyon Big Rock & Ry P-FUNK & Drew & Young G-Wayne

Monsta WRINK & Shoez, New generation Youth

Caucasians Asians Natives Eses Uso & The Jews

101

(Timothy Prides)

by; Kaoos

Like They Use To

(Sevyl Smith)

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Man I cant even call it, its scary
this solitary confinement, no commissary
to dine in, tryin hard to keep my thoughts STR8
God got a plan for me what is my fate
I know it's not to sit here and Rot in this place
Im cryin on the inside but all you see is mean Nuggz
having visions of My paper is what I dream of
But what am I to do while I'm locked in this pit
visualizing the streets but I wake up staring at bricks
Im sick and tired of being tired, what's required of a Rider homie
Im not a sympathizer, I'll light a niggaz ass on fire
And they tell me dont ever fire a bitch while you in the penitentiary
letters and visits is cool, but bread is what I really need
For my Ndugus, C-Wolkeks and Su-woops, who was makin boo coo
bucks and they bitches fell out like loose teeths
now she act like she dont know me and she knew I was Reppin Ry's
situation got ugly now she dont love me like she used to
she dont love me like she used to and now she found somebody new
what is she gonna do, He dont love me like he used to
Yeah the homies acting brandoor what are they gonna do
Family dont love me like they used to, I dont hear nothing but bad news
what are they gonna do, damn Man I been down for a minute
TELL-ME-WHAT-AM-I-gonna do
Im tryin hard to get out but still stuck in this predicament tryin to
collect my dividends I was livin like a stick up Man, hit a lick again
I will stick it in ya face and tell you open up the safe, Im on a major
paper chase for paper from the CAPER to the RAZOR, pistol packin
blastin shit even though I knew low and now I'm sittin in my cell
in nothin but socks and drawls, it's not the life for a gangsta Man,
never that, Babylon took my paper and I will never get that back
cheddar back. Easy come easy go they make it to where we can't
stock it, You gotta learn don't put ya eggs all in the same basket.
Always Roll solo man I found out the hard way, now I'm stuck
between a rock and a hard place, I'm deep in this game man, now
Im too deep to get out, my dick so deep in her mouth I feel what
she thinking about. Now what am I gone do if I get out of jail
Knock a hoe and collect my mail, then build up my clientele, stop
staring at me breakin ya neck, like I'm a fine hoe, when I get to
bustin you Runnin like I'm the 5.0, I'm doing time but you act like I
died niggaz I should shoot you out here claiming what's mine, Why you dont
love me like you use to.

What Does It Mean To Be Black?

Police murdered my Pops when I was seven
they all can go to hell, cause aint no way in hell,
they can co-exist in heaven.

Police stole my youth,
a Fatherless child is all I knew,
and sadly, ~~How~~ a lil niggaz grew.
Beautiful Mother so young and naive,
left to do it alone, no job, with four kids to feed.
We weathered many storms,
freezing, and hungry nights
with no heat to keep us warm.
Too young to be King, but this was my thrown,
the eldest at seven, strong, and playing grown.
They say black lives matter,
but the cops cant bring my Pops back,
nobody can erase these visions of his blood spatter,
so, tell me, what does it mean to be black?

By, Aswed POPS
— Toth

(Mario Woods)
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ANGRY BLACK MAN

The invocational holocaust the time Fuk'd
black Magical rhyme bombz Yo Mind Fuk'd
u muthafukaz i'z fuk'n wit da unexplained
Kemetic spiritz and my Nigga's gotz da same thang
shit, candle wax drippin, innerspace exist'n
why Micah Johnson make dem bodiez come up Miss'n
Nigga fuck it up.

The force of havoc blame traumaticz
yall cant touch me
Im not yo god, godammit
and I advise yall not to trust me
Kemetic active thug inside my mind u'll get yall fuk'd up
extremley black wit slugz inside diz shine u Nigga's cuffed up
fuk any counter pressure getz da stretches from deez slug blowz
traumaticz gotz my mentzelz tast'n death,
now test da blood flowz
Young Micah inter Dallas sip da chalice fool whatz up
Kemetic boyz Mass choir fuck it up.

I've been commissioned to position
yo existence come up missin look behind u
forget yo shoulder dont look over, cause itz over
black bandannez boutz to blind ~~ye~~
now yo shit iz ova, my peoplez got some get back
BLACK INTERNAL GOD
but yall dont seem to get dat
yo systematic structure
cant save u from my mentzelz
a block Muthafuka wit diz barrel at yo temple
get aquainted wit rigor mortis demise u
suprise u, blocktize u
now cant nobody recognize u, ooooh.

by: Xyzst (exist)

(Micah Johnson)
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Audacious Demand

Tell me, is there nothing left?

First You relieved me of my native land
then raped, pillaged, and plundered every gram of sand
so please forgive me, if I dont understand.

You have enslaved me in every way
broken my back and crushed my will every single day
but this is not enough, so much more there is to say.

You have torn my Kingdom from my bloody hands
robbed my palace, and snared the fruit of my lands
so forgive me again, if I fail to understand.

You have placed a veil over my eyes
denied my right to claim all that lay beneath the stars
but to even the blind, the truth is still clear to see.

You have sought to seize all that I had
look with disgrace, as if to say, I, drove You mad,
victim of such fates, I should be anything but glad.

How could you hide what stood before,
yet you still retain the arrogant audacity,
to Cup your hands, and demand that I give You more?

Tell me, what fresh hell is this wretchedness,
that continuously persisted throughout the years,
yet has failed to extinguish its burning desire,
to terminate every single trace of my existence?

by: Kesan "Sycko" Sykes
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(Raheim Brown)
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Where The Children Play

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The dreams of the democracy that we inherited
echoes the sounds of freedom that have been parroted
by our surrogate fathers, filling the voids that
fear has left in our subconscious, by an authority
that has no conscious, and is unable to express remorse

So what course of action must we partake in, as we
we take in, the continuously ridiculous number of
dead black men, leaving our mothers to bleach
the concrete clean of blood, scrubbing and scouring
with the strength that remains of this love, that we
feel for our fallen sons.

What new level of degradation and demoralization
must we accept in the process of dehumanization, what
new law must we allow to embrace us, before we
wake up, looking city to city, and state to state,
as hate falsifies its credentials, and murder's
deemed coincidental, live out conclusions that justify
the means of their illusions, making irrelevance
of the victims that testify from the graves, the young,
the black, the strong and brave.

I look to my community for answers to the questions
consuming me about the disillusion of unity, in a world
attempting to segregate us from the respect of our inner spirit,
the spirit of persistence, embracing resistance,
with audacity, and such tenacity, that the Angels
descend and stand at attention, surpassing the contention
that moves them to tears of disbelief, where is our belief.

(Lavell Nixon)
1 of 2

(where the children play continues)

How do we console our parents, when it's
apparent that our every declarant will remain
unacknowledged, while our children acknowledge
their own mortality, what reality can we boast of,
what pride shall raise our chin, when the
very color of our skin is an accusation that
not even our wildest imagination would accept
as an association with sin, my mirror don't lie,
so the pain don't subside, when the reflection of
the image that I see, staring back at me,
mean mugs me with the recognition that I will more than
likely die, at the hands of corruption and deceit,
from the inner city police, leaving more mothers
to reach, for the bucket and bleach, that they keep
beneath the kitchen sink, that they mix with tears
as they clean the concrete of another brotha's blood,
scrubbing and scouring with the strength that
remains from the love that we feel for our fallen sons,
trying to wash the pain away, because no matter what,
the inner city children still need somewhere to play,
in the inner city

— Negosi: Kamara
(squabbles)
8.20.16

(EZELL FORD)
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NO-man's -Land

(Laquan McDonald)

coming from outta the 30s with an mentality
of a Beast. To be loyal to the streets, loyal to
my family, true to myself and to never become a
Snitch! I've banged, slanged, hustled, traveled the world
over on a regular. I have been known to go Beast on
a niggaz. But I've never harm a soul who didn't try
to harm me! But how do I get back at the state for
Kidnapping me and destroying my family.. The once Athlete/
gangsta turn hustler who transition into a family man
and a great father. who is now, a deep dark lost soul
with a heart of rage & diabolical thoughts without an
outlet outside of this junk can of cell. Well the state
was suppose to protect me, protect my family. But instead.
because I refuse to become the DA's snitch bitch, I
get railroaded to be executed for being what I was groomed
to be, A REAL niggaz! Don't punish me because I did what
you couldn't do as a kid And not snitch on other kids.
Do you hear the hurt in my tone, The pain in my words?
my mom & G-mom passed recently without seeing there
innocent son freed, my babies has graduated college
and gone on to have babies without me.

Thirsty for retaliation against the state fills every micro
fibers that dwells through my cells throughout my body.
can anybody hear the beast battle cry for help. I've
been abandon discarded and even used as a political tool!
for a niggaz that Bang 30s All over the world this is the
thanks I get locked in a box with the key thrown in the

No Man's Land (cont.)

easy way set. Blood ; didn't sign up for this.
A man with no country , no family , no friends
no hood , no specific stimulate love for
nothing! This all stems from not becoming
a worthless snitch. Can't respect it, but I
understand it. How the once Righteous Jumship,
but not ?! Thank you for leaning me your ear
so I can vent.

The Face of a nomadic in A no-man's-land.

one

Big Rock

(Gavin Long)

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NARMIR'S LETTER

A Beautiful Day!

September 11, 2016

Raylon & Comrade Bird

Peace & Gods Blessings Be upon You. First and Most important I extend my respects to Both you Brothers. I Keep Yall as Well as You all's Kin in My Prayers. It Is My Hope 2 stick Around and Maintain But you Both Know the Nature of Our Surroundings, I'll try 2 Make it Back 2 (5 year) the Situation ^{WIT} Comrade Ray Has Been Resolved And We Have Been Cleared to be Back on yard together So that should not be a problem...

Bro Im Heart Broken My Writing spirit Has Been crushed last year While I Was House'd in a/c My Eldest Niece Was killed in Some damn Bandaging Shit. Bird You Remember Her I Use Too Show You all the Pictures. Well She got Caught up Homie Site Was gang Bandaging (Hoover) site got Caught up in a Murder & the Jules got Back, killing her & Her Baby Daddy. Devastated Me & My Family. I've tried too Write On some positive Black Unity & Im lost Homie. My thoughts are (Evil) White & Plane. I hope 2 find My Way But Right Now My Spirit aint in it. I still laugh & Clown Im still ^{the same} at the Alliz But Somewhere Deep lies an Volyness & Its Blocking My Shine... On the Real Raylon/Bird yall dont know how much I use too pray its been a minute since my forehead touch the Ground. Im angry, sad Homie I quit smoking weed. I cant even enjoy Being High because of my Memories...

In the Mean time I got a lil work out Routine. I dont do it to Work the Hate/anger out. I dont to give the hate & anger something too Hold on to. Its crazy Im 40 Been On Death Row 20 years My Niece 19 Been On Earth 19 years & gone but Im still here got to be a reason but its over my head...

As I opened comrades I shall close Peace & Gods Blessing Be Upon You I extend My Respects to Both you Brothers. Peace to all the Lavells growing ↑ in the Hoods (Lavell killed 4 oakland pigs) Sincerely with Honor & Love
CLARRY DAVIS Mr. Michael Lamar Bramit AKA Narmir

SPEAR'S & SHIELDS

Nichead,

Blessed one, We send ours to You and the Fam, and We talked about your powerful words because most people in "The Struggle" don't realize that there is another Struggle going on within the hearts of these of us others in Street Tribal Warfare.

Bro, even I questioned my own positive youth development work when I learned that two Black, and biological Brothers, not older than 23 years old, killed my Dad in front of a store, he was 63 years old.

How could I continue to spill ink on behalf of a generation of youth that just stomped, and kicked the brains of my Hero out of his scull? Man, fuck them Niggaz.

I'm not Jesus, so forgiveness, and forgetfulness is not my position on the issue of Black on black crime, Black Lives what?

However, like your Uncle, My Hero loved deeply, and demanded the best from society.

So, what's real? We sometimes forget that Africans had Shields and Spears long before enslavers set foot on the Continent, and they used them for more than just hunting for food, and protection from wild animals.

So, if no manner of tribal warfare constituted an excuse for others to enslave, rape, and murder us in or near to 1619, then it must not be, and cannot be used against us today; for there will always be tribal conflict in our community.

(Dante Parker)

Spears & Shields (cont.)

We grieve with you out of love and respect,
yet, in our past life, even we was enemies
to each other, and we are the only reason
I just wrote the word, "Was".

I want to bless you with the following words
that helped me regain my balance and
continue this work, and pray that these
words help you to struggle the concept
of continuing not your amazing work.

"The search for security in conditions of
oppression, the quest for personal harmony
in circumstances of social violence, OR
the wish for private success at the cost
of betraying collective aspirations, require
little originality and risk, because such efforts
accept the status quo of oppression as
immutable. Freedom requires new courage,
new vision, and new commitments. The
dehumanizing master without must be killed,
at least psychologically. Just as the slumbering
slave within must be ejected. Neither can
occur without willed, organized action. Both
entail risking a psychological crisis and
even physical death. FOR then and only then
can a given generation of the oppressed
effect change and reclaim their history."

- Frantz Fanon

Bro, we are with you, this work needs you,
and we will not allow anyone to use our own
shields and Spears against us, not even
our own hearts, Your leadership is required,
along with the rest of us.

W/R Sugar Raylon - New Generation Rising!

ROOT OF THE MATTER

"Struggle" typifies a thousand branches
jutting from one tree,
Each limb an "ism"
Deriving from one seed.

Racism
Sexism
Fascism
Capitalism
A thousand and one "ism's"
Propagate like a plague
Complicit are those
Who allow them to spread.

Purge or be ruined
Uproot
Fertilize
Plant anew!

(c)Tim Young

Tim.Young F23374
S.Q.S.P.
San Quentin, Ca.94974

(Keith Scott) 10f1

The Resolution Of Power

It seems everyday, another unarmed black man is gunned down by the police. And everyday, someone picks up a mic, or gets online and rant about the injustice going on, but where's the change? The Bible says: "Faith Without Works is Dead," and I agree; "Protest Without Action is Dead." You can march all you want, You can riot and loot, boycott, or even take a knee, but then what? Where's the follow up? Where's the action?

Though I do advise those who want to do things to start a "conversation", my question is, how much "conversation" are you going to have before you actually get up and do something? Let me be clear, when I say do something, I don't mean violence. I know some want to "Fight Fire With Fire", but that won't cause anything but more of what we're mad about.

I truly believe nothing will change until we as a people are ready to start putting action into faith, instead of believing, or having faith that if we can start a "conversation" with the police, they'll, all of a sudden, start to hear us. I think we should become the cops, We should become the Mayor's, and Governor's, We, need to, as a community, come together and make sure our children get the education they need so that they can gain these positions of power.

Will it be easy? No. Will it be fast? not as quick as we'd like, but, will it work? Yes! It will work, but it's up to us to do it, the police won't, the government won't, the president won't, but we will. It's time to beat the oppressors at their own game, it's time for us to take the power, and I'm willing to do the work, Are You?

By: BatMan

(Treyvon Martin)
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THE VENT (Epilogue)

It's good to see more people from all walks of life in outer society contribute their voices, resources and skillsets to the movement against the crisis of militarized police terrorist killings of Black people, in the streets of America.

While recognizing laws associated with free speech, and laws against incarcerating people without adequate ventilation systems, we became interested in displaying what a new generation of California's Death Row's population of rhyme slingers, and ink spillers, had to say about this issue.

To no surprise, the coming election which could end the death penalty in this state, has created an environment of fear that has enslaved tongues, killed spirits, and has scared the living streets out of the self-proclaimed Rezlest.

The overall take away from this work, exposes that each contributor is a true example that true unity is still achievable within our own community, no matter where we are, and that only real niggers can step up to the vent and provide fresh circulation of air, by having the courage to speak into a situation, that portion, of reality, that some would rather pretend doesn't exist, or, simply pass off as being nothing but a bunch of goddamn noise.

— Sniper AZANDE XYZYST
Master of Ceremonies

Silence Gives Consent.

(Terrence Crutcher)
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