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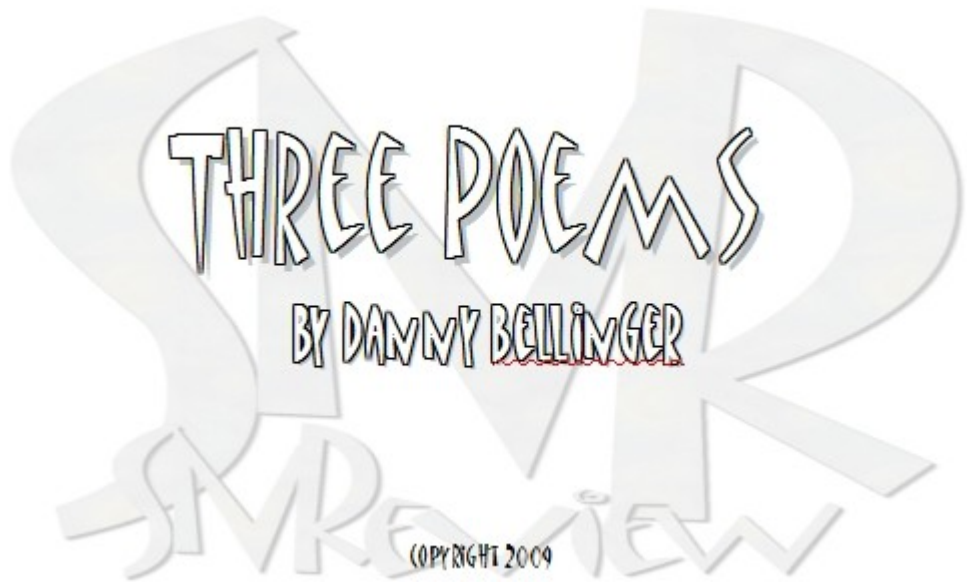
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fight the power

geech was his name

nobody called him warren except those who knew
him before spinning tops on washington street
or who climbed mango trees
or fought the good
haired and homely coleman boys

geech, gold teeth down
the whole left side of his mouth, Ezekiel
eyes wide and white and many, like fear
observing everything

played basketball as if on drums
rhythms dancing

him

Stoned out of my mind

"Stoned out of my mind, you got me go n
Stoned, out of my mind" - Chilites

You got me go n stoned out of my mind

Think n the shit of the past was anything to celebrate
As if there were memories sweet enough

How we incubated ourselves inside a lemon head
Steel curtain of bitter sweetness, Washingtonians without even
Knowing, but every thing we owned was ours
(or what ever the hell being bitter is)

When mama sent us to the store fa greens
it was Ike's, and it was ours
when O Lady Duehart sent us to the store fa snuff
or Aunt Cat sent us to the store fa Winston's or Miami Times

it was Green's, and it was ours
and when we went down to the Grand Avenue Fish Market
for some conch salad, it was ours
and when the O Man took us to get our first cut
it was Brown's, and ours

You got me go n

when a young brother crossed the bridge into manhood
and got his first pair of tailor made pants and a brim
or if he wanted to go down the street and watch the Carver Northwestern game
on Grand Avenue Park, it was his and ours
(what ever the hell being bitter is)

Stoned out of my mind

Verrick Park

You'd most likely hear Rock Creek Park
blast n blocks away, and you knew they was Hulk n
like Riley all skied up on some John Denver

Scoop and Livercheese had probably just come out a the house
Clean as the board a health, gold down, fresh cut
Smelling like Royal Copenhagen

The cars would pull up Malibus, Carlos, Duece & a Quotas
Gangsta white walls, tv antennas n a back
Later that night Cisco from the Grove
DJ's would call last dance and brothus all n them gurls ears
Like bees make n honey

Yeah, and the air was blaze n with Boz Scaggs, Lowdown
Or some Switch, There'll Never Be a Better Love
And all the Green Elephants and all the Columbian Golds
And Panama Reds blazed into perfume clouds

More beautiful than the street lights at seven

Or the 5/O lights at seven o five

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