

Mp3 Sam Farhi - Hold En Cauf Ep



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Young Hip Hop music by the rap-Traffaut, Sam Farhi 11 MP3 Songs HIP HOP/RAP: Hip Hop, HIP HOP/RAP: Rap Details: Biography coming soon... Untill then... Sam Farhi's street Shakespearean poem noir, ADORE FORWARD I. Sasha, a romancer, a dancer, imposter, Who danced on dark stages for moonlit monsters Who romanced Adore's pages with whispers and proverbs, Drew lines in the air with her curled toes and postures Singing twisting flowers on their head 'till they snapped And when young squires and punks in the front didn't react She'd retire her blonde strands to land on her back Then on wood she would arch her curves cushioned with fat And at last the men in the front would rise and clap Their eyes dragged on the back of her thighs, at that Adore would laugh as he sat in the back, "These pompous monsters can't take what I have" Her mouth opened in awe when Adore played her somethin' See he pressed on her frets and plucked on her buttons To the rythm of black street singers shoe shufflin' She shuffled and shook, hushed and then singin' him nothin' II. The city scape, the oranger skies, and the black trees painted on em The lines that try an block His shine all fall off their branches rotten, No roots can hold em up that high if they refuse what theyve gotten, All reflectin the face of Him with its softness long forgotten, A soul, a love, a mind and eye, mirrorin their neighbors watchin Sasha saw em in the sun, looked up from top ta bottom, Fell to the sand and dint dance a damn step, but untied her shoe laced bondage Ran to Adore and kicked the blood and stuffin from out his cotton III. O please! Please! Sunshine, stop shining! No moonlight of mine could do that kind of blinding! O sunshine why you gotta shine so good? Paint her frame red and then blind my look? O please! Please! Sunshine stop shining! I wrote too few strokes for her, fillin the top a two bindings! Cease! Adore leaked as he leaned back with ease Respired, he retired, she let it shine once he breathed IV. Her man creeped through leaves of green, grew tangled and vined And leaned on grey streets in between peekin' at skin of mangled wives

With four dark curves, two black circles dangled 'round each painted eye This nighttime, she spoke to Adore 'bout men cloudin' her, his sunshine "Catastrophe! Catastrophe! Tragedy! A tragedy!" She, Turned his head and put his ear to the sky singin' him rhapsodies, He Caught ev'ry note that was rung from past pity cries to the city She was an actor, he lef' her, weeping in her green sheets V. None of these bitches gon walk you too far, Said Descar as he tapped the ash off the tip his cigar, Dustin round Kansas, he came home from afar and swept the dust off their table into an open jar, Ajar to him, Adore sat and grinned, stared and thinked, Winked at the woman that winked at him from Across the bar, None of these bitches ever listen none, Said Descar, Adore didnt and paid the waitress a sum They never listen, they never listen, not even one. VI. Wink, And smush a pink-tint punk's face to a tough scrunched blinked skin "Think bird, Even think bout' see'n her curves sit in that fur mink... Blink bird!" And Delphe rinsed out her eyes from vi-lence, Since Adore changed all their right winks wet, and left the lefts to blink "Think If you linked the city's park sinked with a pinch of snuff, And you saw me clink across the street in these pinked up pumps, You wouldn't also wink Adore? If you di'n't drink enough? Think, would I even blink Adore? Fink, what a brush of luck!" VII. On Monday He made Sasha seek the streets in rain for a pay phone With no change but a nickel piece kept between her purse and chest bones She shot where Son's set had grown and crept down Trechtown Ave. to her home On Sunday morning she rose and hoped tonight to be in his poems VIII. She rose from his prose and spoke what hed written, Jumped from his bed, and danced for the wicked, Wailed to the East with two tounge, one splitted He saw thorns on this rose and did not want to pick it So cursed be the man whos scared by a woman To not take what is his when it wills to be given So he lifted his quill and she stood still for a minute And he wrote her prettier so the timid would listen IX. Put each word on her tounge, rolled each Dutch that she touched, Pressed each key on the tusks, filled each straw that she sucked Now a gun needed to speak to him, Adore just wiped off its dust, And it feels fresh and confident here to bite his ears off his bust Adore's Heart was wrapped with her tounge then dried up by snakes That brittled and shattered at each pound that It makes After three It beat the black gun from his hands to the paved Floor where Adore put down the Lords word, and left her snake saved X. Before she put Descar down, she lead him up to the plank He went on to the stage, and said I have somethin to say, I have somethin to say, and you will finally listen today And so he said what he said and so he lays where he lays So he rose from the dead up to the caf for his pay, Seeing him lay there, happy, with the money he made, made Merda stamp both of her feet on his sheets in a rage Dance

for me! and Descar slept for the rest of all time on that day XI. All of the whisperers, finger pointers and meek Must a stepped into the Church from right off the street She must a left the crowd and then walked down La Vie, Leafed through billed green that she threw to her feet, Descar picked it up off his concrete sheets, And went back to sleep and dreamed up a dream of all the whisperers, no goods, finger pointers and weak All marching to Church from right off the street XII. Adore, A cosmopolitan metropolis, Yet still right and profitless, Racists, mumbo's, jumbo's, still ripe, still lobbyists, Pick each one, crack each open and see in, See? There aint no shelter from the showers in Eden Look in their brains, round the corner and each lane Each crevice, device, each pleasure, ditch, and each pain Each corner make each turn, learn, hold out your mouth for each rain Each ray, soak each day, squeeze, rinse and do it a-gain XIII. Adore said, Keep these white sheets! to Sasha in bed Keep those roots, those stitches, keep the strings and the hems! Let them pull you apart! Let them soak you rose red! I see what arose in you, so keep my money instead! And he left, and O did she cry! Did she cry! She tried twisting a forty. Calm, she tried kissing his eyes. She got pushed aside, Those red lips! Blue eyes! Her lure is His story! I love Africa, I love Africa, I love Africa and all its glory!

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