

## KROöKS Sales Pitch

I'm runnin  
clinics  
on your fave musician.  
Released Cinco:

Firenado same day. It's  
gameday. This  
gameplay; y'all namesake.

I'm your  
idol's teacher,  
mentor's inventor,  
flip poems in plethora  
a.

My pleasure: puff. Call  
my walk flight- just  
that righteous- no  
Midas, but  
this

gold on a page, platinum on a web.  
Pledge allegiance. Wear my badge.

Trim me your green, no hedge.  
Team du-rag, and

fuck you, hag, if you mad this black man make bandstands do handstands.

Thanks for the hate, fan.  
Thanks for the plate, fam.  
We'll dis  
combobulate: Ray-Man.  
This Kroöks. I'm gateman.  
You

in the way, man.  
That's drawn. I'm  
pawin yo bitch or  
thawin that brick. She  
jawin my dick and  
clawin my shit-

that's igloo,  
forget you, and  
rent's due-



I just dismissed you.

Hi haters. Love  
to the Raiders.

Spawn armies,

Kratos.

Need farms, that's status.

Send me that paper. They fake, false, fraud: made up but  
I'm the truth. Pay up. I changed up rap's makeup in two months.  
Beat me.

Y'all hackin,  
swag jackin,  
swerve clashin.  
Can't be me.

I'm Corey, you Feenie. My  
world bul, you can't see me. I'm grown,  
you premie. Y'all  
know I drop albums weekly. Y'all  
sleep. That's fine. I take it out on tv.

Three jawns each with me.  
That's Girlfriends. Get Tracey Ellis  
twerk, call that whirlwind. Love to Diana.

That might be Cupid Ross.  
Big & Tall sales: compilations  
stupid. Ross. Or

department,  
or corrections. Toss  
rumors, I catch blessings.

Y'all like  
tumor-clothed  
infections.

Buy my albums. That's injection, medicine, penicillin or ridilin. Whatever it is you fiddling wit, flip  
that shit then cop QXotc products. The Kroöks sales pitch.



### TV Acapella

A commercial told me rhythm is a sense. They got the cure, they chargin blind people *cents*. Y'all know that shit ain't right. On CNN a Russian Commie's vomitin. Not really, but he's throwin back those bottles and secrets on primetime a little better than elevator on camera. What's *privacy*? Why we can't get any? Don't wanna work alone, but they'll tape you, play you for a *penny*. Herb catch a spy, crack his case, his skull w Henny.

Who films our lives, steals our tithes? Sated on plenty, they make anyone like we the enemy. They know your business, might as well incorporate it.



Might be the key to give us free: *Emancipate* it.  
My poems Black Enterprise in a banger. No *B&E*,  
Rel got the key: wire hanger.

### Notepad Interlude

Jesus came back through the people. Might  
seem self-righteous, but Hy won't smite unless you  
bite...

Follow the leader.  
I'm schoolin' preachers. Tones  
reverb like desserts on a  
platter.

Here's communion: A worker's union. Man, I won't stop fumin 'till spiders find food and  
I'm tryna figure out time. That's  
how, what, when, where and why. Not really

supposed to be here. Was lowkey  
prepared to die. Got the fam to understand this God's grand design.  
Can't call. I'm high. Still shy, that's trust issues.  
United empires, that's us misused.



I'm antsy, tryna find the key. Hope heals me:  
Concussions, anxiety, they said  
ADD, not sure but IDC.  
That's why they fired me, that's why they'll hire me, why I'm siring.

I think we all have crowns.  
Some, lost backwards, or slidden.  
Good riddance, kittens. No longer smitten  
with  
the cattin and/or yappin. I'm just tryna make it  
happen, and every time you come up sleazy, lazy claimin  
cap'n, it's a whole world thinkin you ballin "by accident".

Homes like lotteries. Hoods like  
pottery. Gov's got us jarred. They play my poems, say "Langston's Large!"  
We so skeltered, sheltered, niggas I grew up with  
barred. Young  
kids I tutored, lost. Fuck a poem though. Ya hooks go. Don't  
for get about that book yo. Quick, shoot this video.

I pray it's workin; some agent's lurkin. I paid my persons. That's re-  
up. I've enough,  
or had it. Rel  
work that magic.

Beautiful bars, no soap, tragic, but opera. Chords moan, groan. Beats got soul; want no drama.  
Love to Mary in every way. It's Saturday. That's  
Ludacris. I'm  
hoovin this at 9am or cruising just like Uncle Sam. More debt  
than we until we're certified. That's preserve to die;  
names  
are labels.  
We're unstable. Call bar codes social security. They churnin codes, feedin fables to  
maturity.

Jesús, that's the truth. Let's stage a coup. I'm sluiced, that's juiced. This proof.



## Best Buy

Hazardous to your institution. My contacts grimy. I'm solution. We past and future. Evolution.  
Call my art suture. Revolution.

I got a closet now. That's confession.  
Got out my mamma's house. That's progression.  
Fuck buyin', I build better. Can't see that: foggy weather,  
or outlook cloudy. We be Eevee, blueprint.  
Whole team rowdy.

I got every generation since Y2k. Like a Best Buy in my closet, ok?  
Positive energy, no ignorance here. Gonna make a bill with my influence sphere.  
Fuck a fed. I'm in bed getting head.  
Don't brag, they beg every ex or  
mistress to 'member what I said.  
Monitors everywhere. Three hard drives, no chair.

Went through the trench, Muvo MP3 only.  
Now I'm stackin' Sonies. Corny cheddar: Macaroni.  
Philly Cheese: Chicken. They play me while they whippin'.

Black Friday, I'm cartin down your aisle with a Coke and a smile. No work, but no trial, so I'm  
chillin'.

So-called protectors paint me the villain?  
So-called protestors tired of fillin.  
Y'all can't tell that I got scriptures spillin?  
Poems on Vizio. Next I'm shootin videos, like  
Zoom-in, cartoonin-I'm fumin-



Let me calm down. I'm baggin moms now. Name in my phone, foul.  
Right round her thong, plowed. I am the

show. Crowd. Big bank, no Jones; Dow, or rank or bones. How?  
They milkin homes. Cow. The truth's in songs now.

Shit.

### Crossfade

Hot ass 16. That means a pound.  
I'm so High my Corona LOUD.

I add that to a 40  
that's a kickback in two hands.

Good morning while ya yawnin. Uncle grandpa.  
This Adult Swim but my street, not William's.  
My block's millions. Call out these villains  
in uniforms and gremlins who've  
been reformed. They Kremlin,  
they suited for  
business warring,  
hush those imploring  
on behalf of the people.

Might rent a Regal  
light a Good Times while I ride.  
Fate aside, abate your pride.  
You eyed, scryed,  
American Pied. White lies all in the tide.

Beach and Corona.  
She said bleach or Corona? What's the difference?

En Gedi's owner  
couldn't tell. A diamond,  
Einstein rhyming. These  
days we call that Rel.

They no producers. I'm on point.  
We corner cash, I'm Reuters.  
This desktop. I'm your tutor.



Gall in the glaze  
'cause I made three ways  
out of no way. I'm

loose uncollared, lax,  
strayed.

My enemies boosie, hollered.  
Played.  
You bein lame.  
She creamed:  
that's smang<sup>1</sup>. She screamed, she sang.  
We rollin. Like  
Hangover, Chang.

krOöks® need a secretary. Dang.  
Gun down the adversary. Gang.  
Run down your inventory. Bang.  
You chimps. End of story, Tang.  
That's commercial, or '04.  
My drops  
got globe hot as Earth's core. Trailblaze even  
on detour. I got like 8 decoys that destroy and deploy music that retoys.

Can't shade shade.  
That's money tree, ever so humbly.  
You flex, that's Gumby. I'm legit, you  
crummy. Sick to your tummy 'cuz you think  
it's you I'm  
talkin to.

Wishin  
  
you could trade huh?  
That's a Crossfade...<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Sex sells.

<sup>2</sup> Done.