



Black Moon

"Who Got Da Props?"

*Enta da Stage*

10/1993

Nervous

# Who Got Da Props?

Justin Davis

Not you. Not you, wack MC. Not you, sharpening the butter knife. Not you, sneak dissing. Not you, half-stepping, fronting, move-faking. Nah, not even you in a Kill Bill banana jumpsuit with the black streaks. Not you, money eater, uncredited feature, wannabe Sonny Chiba. Not you and your Ku Klux patois. Not you and your Russian twitter bots. Not you, misogynist son of Kemet, not you, misappropriated ankh. Not you, in the front yard, with the 2nd Amendment. Not you with the poverty wages. Not you, sitting pretty in the valley. Not you, colonizer, gentrifier, chronic liar, not you who told me there was such a thing as justice. Not you, when I yell at my captors and they ask for money to loose the chain an inch. Not you. I'm allergic to you. You're a stuck Chevy, a busted 'fro.