

A person is walking away from the camera down a dark, narrow tunnel. The tunnel has a series of arches on the left side. The lighting is dim and yellowish, creating a somber and mysterious atmosphere. The person is wearing a dark jacket and pants.

ROBBY
RICHARDSON

DEAD MAN
WALKING
[ER]

Dead Man Walking

[ER]

by

Robby Richardson

Dedication

To all the bridges in my life in the hopes that the one I burn now light my way!

Dead Man Walking

[Intro]

by

Robby Richardson

Step...Step...Step

One foot in front of the other

A feeling so warm it leaves a shudder

Step...Step...Step

A dead man walking on this release

An unquenchable peace

Step...Step...Step

No matter how far I go or how much my lips unfold

The fault being with you...I recall being

A dead man walking

Pull all the tricks and punches

Death's finger touches so let's lose the crutches

With one stomp of my foot poems fall out

We're about to go all out...balls out

Open up the hallowed ground and see what crawls out

Truth is what killed me...fury is what filled me

And this fury is the death sentence when they find me guilty

No defamation here...truth make light appear

Now be prepared for the fire casting your shadow in it's sphere

Step...Step...Step

Through the grit and the mud

The sweat and the blood I trudged

Step...Step...Step

Through fire and flame...through smoke and ash

Fury roared past under a dark forecast

Step...Step...Step

No matter how far I go...you all will know

The fault being yours for the sure thing I'm becoming

A dead man walking

How to express a state of mind in a rhythmic line

That gives it a poetic line to be embedded in the mind

Of those of the same kind metamorphized to a similar time

Convicted of the same crime of speaking their mind

The authority of conformity as it's approaching me

To tell your boss...speak the truth...to just a man in a suit

To know your wasting your breath to be sentenced to death

For something I said and something they read

At the end my head held high as my boss said ...

“Surely this...this is all a lie”

I stare at my book and that hateful look that leaves me shook

And then I spoke about what I wrote

Knowing that upon it's release would earn a trip on Charon's boat

And down the line I hear the talking

Dead Man Walking

Dead Man Walking

Step...Step...Step

My literary path is paved with bones of my foes from my past

Step...Step...Step

Upon this release I'm a dead man walking

With one phone call I know I could fall

Step...Step...Step

But onward I persist through ash and decaying mist

Out from a myth and Hell's very summit

Here cometh the dead man walking

STOMP!

The End

Terrible

[Diss Soulja Boy]

by

Robby Richardson

I figured if one man can make it rich for repeating the same shit

Let me put pen to script and see if I can hit

Anything I flip is better than his rip

What's up...man overboard you washed up

Soulja Boy stay, Tom Hanks, Cast Away

Its called a rhyme scheme, ya mean, mixtapes so similar like vanilla ice cream

Played out like Rodman...Double Team

Terrible...Terrible...Terrible...lyrics are so...Terrible...Terrible...Terrible

Beats are so...Terrible...Terrible...Terrible...Songs so similar...similar...similar

Everything you do...Terrible

Whether its Obey, Juice series, King Soulja, or Cuban Link

They all stink call you Molly Ringwald cause your Pretty in Pink

Toss me that money, dinero, that paper serve you, Rhymes like Portillos,

You need rhymes don't worry I cater

Even at my worst...exorcise you like a curse even though I'm white

And your money is so bright, it doesn't excuse the fact

That everything you do is shit in people's sight

Next verse I'll attack and show you how it's done

With lyrics so heavy you think it'll weigh a ton

Terrible...Terrible...Terrible...lyrics are so...Terrible...Terrible...Terrible

Beats are so...Terrible...Terrible...Terrible...Songs so similar...similar...similar

Everything you do...Terrible

Intergalactic planter travels on the moon man with Susan

Get her up so high her clothes fall like pride...I'm the doctor making rounds

Burning rappers and their towns...their claims and fame

The one's thinking that their soaring

Take two of these lines and call me in the morning

At your beck and call an RX mindstate, another Bow Wow or Romeo your originality is like prime 8

Why should your fans have to settle...I know this poems still weak

Not doing it for critique...just mocking your technique

Please don't flex your weak physique giving off that cheek

Compared to you though my lyrics a creek...your up'em without a paddle

I got punch lines in stacks...I got lyrics galore

The Billy Blanks of poetry...BUT WAIT THERE'S MORE

The lyrics I got is all the matters, eat up Soulja, here's a silver platter.

SODMG! SODMG! SODMG! Did I say...SODMG?

You know the label with artists nobody wants to see

You know the label with artists nowhere to be found

You know the label with artists that want to be clowned

Ha Ha

The End

See and Say

(Diss Various Artists)

by

Robby Richardson

KNOCK...KNOCK...KNOCK

Opening the office door slowly, I heard a friendly “Hello sir!” A man behind the desk waved at me telling me to approach. I came through the door gripping my invention tightly under my arm. It felt like a frying pan as the pulling lever dug into my side. However I didn't care, I was just lucky to have gotten past the assistant. I approached the man in the suit. His legs outstretched over his Oak desk. I watched him lean back in his black office chair as his eyes darted up to me. A mild curiosity played across his face. The room was filled with a large skylight as his office overlooked the beautiful city of Los Angeles. I approached him staring down at his granite stone name tag, Richard Belzer. “Well tell them I am not interested...thanks...good bye.” Placing the phone down, Richard gazed at me returning his legs to the floor.

“Robby,” he exclaimed at me. I noticed his blue eyes narrow slightly. I nodded as he snapped his fingers. A smile flashed over him, “yes my secretary told me about this little invention you had. She said that it was right up my alley. Now do forgive me but I have a lunch meeting in ten minutes, so if you could speed it up for me.” I nod and removing my invention I placed it on the table, “well first Mr. Belzer thank you for meeting me and to get to the point. I know that Belzer Toys produces some of the biggest toys around the world. And I also heard that you were a big fan of hip hop.” Mr. Belzer nods sending his gray hair to go slightly astray, “I do yes.” “Well, I figured that many of the rappers today are...well, needless to say talentless.” I crossed my fingers and pressed on, “so I figured many of them were only famous because of...well, let's call them tendencies.” I saw confusion in Mr. Belzer's face so I continued “you see it's like a child See and Say. You pull the lever and well look!”

I pull the lever on the side and the arrow began to spin. Cartooned pictures of rappers circled the outside like a clock would. The arrow stopped on a man wearing black shades. “The Gucci Mane says...Burr...Burr!” Mr. Belzer tapped his chin in a long pause. I watched the smile flicker on his lips and then began to laugh. “I love it...do another.” Smiling, I pull the lever again and the arrow stops.

“The Jeezy says...Chea!” Laughing louder, “Robby that is hilarious! So, what's its purpose then just to make fun of them...like a joke.” I shrug “well, they kinda do that already to themselves.” “Hmm,” replied Mr. Belzer his interest waning. “Well, they’re a joke already. My hope is to make kids appreciate good talent when they see it.” Mr. Belzer nodded, “play another one please.” I pull the lever, “The DJ Khaled says...DJ KHALED!” I pull the lever for a fourth time, “The Ying Yang Twin goes...HAAAAA!”

Mr. Belzer clapped politely as he leaned forward. He began to straighten himself a bit. “So for kids to appreciate good hip hop huh?” I nod, “I've always felt that good lyrics can truly affect a person in more ways imaginable. Artists like this just kinda pollute the water, you know?” Mr. Belzer nodded, “I agree...I agree indeed. Let's finish it out play the rest of them just to see what I'm investing in.” I pulled the lever again and the arrow stopped at, “the pitbull says...OOOOOH HOOOO!” “You see Mr. Belzer, it's not the beat that changes people. It's the lyrics...words can move people. Words change hearts and minds shaking people to their very core. But when rappers like these are put into the limelight. People aren't going to know the difference between the good and the bad.” Nodding Mr. Belzer gave a soft, “I agree...and quite understand where you are coming from. Is there anymore?” “Yeah just a couple more, I want to make a second one. I think that this is good for a start though.”

Waving his hand Mr. Belzer said, “well why don't we finish it off.” I pulled the lever again and the arrow landed on a bald headed man, “ruff...ruff..ruff...grrrrr!” Mr. Belzer gazed at me confused, “DMX” I said simply. I pulled the lever for the second to last one, “HA HA HA HA HA YOUNG MULA BABY!” Fingers crossed tightly, I watched his face contort into confusion when the last one was played, “BRRRRRRR.” “What the hell was that...sounded like a...a pigeon?” I nodded, “yeah it's Birdman.” “OH,” Mr. Belzer said and paused again. “I think that it would make a great gift for any true hip hop fan. We need more than that though. Can you write up some more and get back to me.” I patted the See and Say, “but this is not supposed to be a toy. It's a joke to show the world what fools

look like. To make them appreciate good writing when they see it.” “And now people will see it.”

Ha Ha

The End

The Last Man Standing

- The Portrait -

[Diss Michelle L]

by

Robby Richardson

Part: 1

Paint The Picture

With one brush stroke and off goes this poet
This paper is my canvas...letting myself have at it...I'm going H.A.M. on it
You and me there is no comparison...where is it
Gonna have to learn you a lesson for messing...teasing and testing
A dead man walking committing poetic murder session
So let me write a saga to help sort out all the drama
Show a little class and try to leave out the mama's
Call me a Polite Leader as I write her
Teach her a commandment don't piss off a writer
So god damn her...and god damn it
Hate for me is never underhanded...jealousy I can understand that
You take your shot and I just paint a picture
Jealousy and drama, you're quite a mixture
I know you feel threatened, a moment consists of nine whole seconds
Because you can have your moment...HELL you can take all nine
My moments will be discussed for all mankind

Let's Paint the Picture

Paint a Moment

Paint a Portrait

This a saga about me...for me just to let you know I'm proud of me

Even when you think you're better...you're not
Even when you think your clever...you're not
I have faced my storms when thunder rolls
I have fallen through holes and tumbled down more
And even on those days when I felt like dirt
I'll still be better than all your worth
Now the paint grows thicker as I paint the picture

You lie so much I'm surprised you're not a ghost...decomposition of the body so take notes

You barely qualify as part time
But oh you're stressed can't even get to work by nine
My cards you wish to pull mine
Well, I pull yours right back with no lack in my entire stack
You claim to work 5 jobs...oh my but you want to compare your life to mine
What work...I say again WHAT WORK...errands aren't work that's off time
I'm not even in halftime to leave you crossed eye in this ring of mine
When's my off time...worked 60 hours a week wanted to stop time
Made NO money...worked ONE job, took ONE class, how'd I survive my past
Did it for months and still standing here today, so forgive may
When I laugh at the "work" that takes up your whole day
The color grows richer as I paint the picture

Let's Paint the Picture

Paint a Moment

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