<u>Eruptions</u>
(a rap for Shelby)

'S up, brother?
'S up, brother?
Kicking it up and such, brother.
Got this pitter-patter,
trippin' through the grey matter.

Got to say first up,
Good to see you, much love,
Betta say it it twice too,
cause everyone is kinda' two.

I see that in you sometimes,
some shadow, some shine,
kinda' sentence, kinda' rhyme,
like the light come through a blind.

One brother from the hood,
another from the good book.
Ali, Frazier, doof-doof,
uppercut and left hook.

See the fight, back and forth,
Cavalry 'n Crazy Horse,
Frodo and that bloody ring,
Jesus in Gethsemane.

I remember that day,
holding up the X-ray,
one tooth in the way,
the other sittin' in the shade.

Sometimes I think that's just like you,
kinda' rough, kinda' smooth,
I'm cheering for your big heart,
for the light to beat the dark,
I'm cheering for Red Riding Hood,
gobble up that ugly wolf.

Back in the old days,
back before the Bible says,
'fore the shit and old ways,
other side of ice age,
we were fish go figure that,
carried teeth up on our back,
took about a million years,

for them to end up in our heads.
All I'm saying, roundabout,
'out a shadow of a doubt,
none of us is said and done.
Most of us is still to come.

Robert Frost came across,
in a yellow wood once,
undisturbed,
unperturbed,
undercurbed,
two paths diverged.
To left, be my guest.
To right, she'll be right.
In a while, crocodile,
took the one less travelled by.
Later made the inference,
that made all the difference.

Even Maui took stock,
floating on his top-knot,
had to get old school,
'fore he got too cool,
tried to find the right door,
tried to do the either / or,
had to rub an old jaw,
find the man inside the boy.

That's all I wanna say,
love you brother anyway.
Be who you were meant to be.
Write your own damn history.

This mihi's all done,
off the paper,
on the tongue.

Catch you one day in the sun.

TAHI. RUA. TORU. WHA.

Catch you in the bye and bye.

Love you brother.
Coke and pie.
Catch you in the bye and bye.

Love you brother.

Coke and pie.