

A St. Louis Kwanzaa

'Twas the night before Kwanzaa, and all through the hood,
The nigras were restless and up to no good.
Lookouts were perched at each corner with care,
To alert all the crack-dens if **PO-lice** came there.

Fumes of *Mad Dog* and weed wafted thick through the air,
While dope addicts shot smack, with nary a care.
Muggers all laced their **Air Jordan's** real tight,
In the hopes a white victim might walk by that night.

Both the **Crips** and the **Bloods** made their holiday peace;
Vowing a blood oath to "**F*ck the PO-lice.**"
Even the *whiggers* hid under their beds,
While stark visions of race riots danced in their heads.

In a crack-house, some scofflaws were lighting more rock,
When all of a sudden there came a loud knock.
Then what to their wondering eyes did appear,
But **St. Louis' Finest**, in full riot gear!

Doors tore from their hinges and crashed to the floor,
As miscreants screamed, terrified to their core.
Then cops went to work with their nightsticks in hand,
Swinging wildly at skulls as the Africans ran.

Savage beatings ensued as they tried to escape,
And nobody got it on videotape!!!
A loud cry was heard by those able to flee:
"HAPPY KWANZAA YOU PUNKS, FROM THE SLPD!"



by Earl Holt III