

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FD 5589

# **STREET AND GANGLAND RHYTHMS**

**BEATS AND IMPROVISATIONS BY SIX BOYS IN TROUBLE  
COLLECTED AND EDITED BY E. RICHARD SORENSON**



# STREET AND GANGLAND RHYTHMS

PROPERTY OF  
FOLKLIFE PROGRAM  
SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

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Band 2—Bongo drums and sticks

Band 3—One boy playing three sets of bongo drums with his hand and one drum stick

### 2. RHYTHMS WITH VOICES

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Band 5—Zum, Zum

Band 6—Ole

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Band 2—Shoe Shine

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Band 6—I Want Some Food

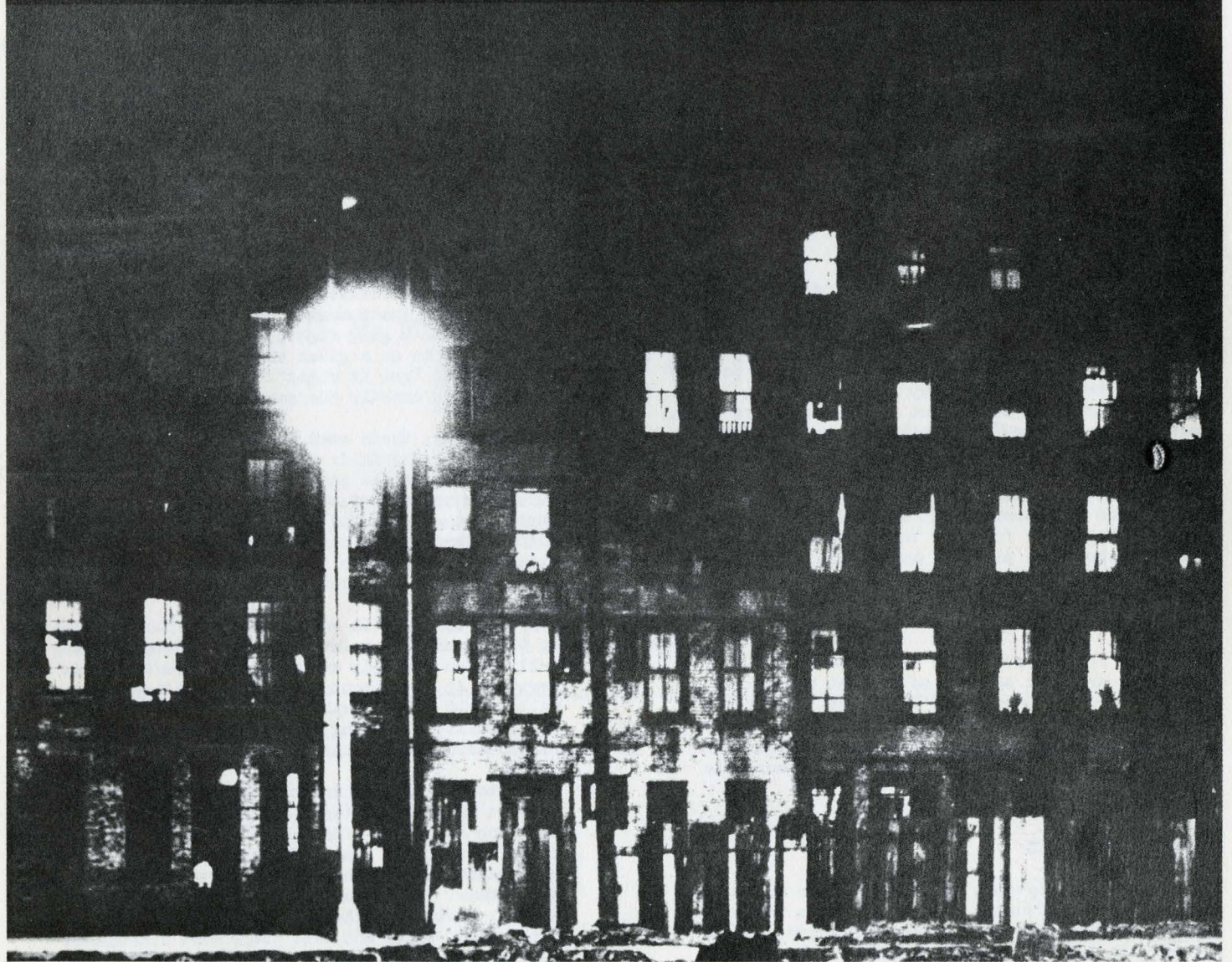
FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album No. FD 5589

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## STREET AND GANGLAND RHYTHMS

### Beats and Improvisations by Six Boys in Trouble

Collected and Edited by E. Richard Sorenson

The sounds on this record were made by six 11 to 12 year old Negro boys from the streets, tenements, and housing projects of New York City. Most are members of street gangs and all have passed through social agencies and the juvenile court to the residential training school. These recordings were made at the school at which the boys were resident. These instruments, which they have used, and the prospect of having their efforts recorded on tape. They had not received any special musical instruction or previous training in performance prior to the recordings.

In particular the boys take pride in their accomplishment on the bongo drums. They frequently get together for jam sessions including several boys with a variety of simple, frequently home-made, percussion instruments. Their performances may be exclusively percussion or they may include voices in exclamation, chant, verse, song, or story. These are spontaneous, untutored, and improvised and are a reflection of the boys' own feelings and desires.

Their music traditions are predominantly Harlem Negro, influenced by Puerto Rican and other West Indian contacts and American radio and TV. They often achieve a curious integration of these influences which is unique to their particular backgrounds and milieus.

#### PERCUSSION ENSEMBLES

Bongo drumming is an accepted art and spontaneous rhythm ensembles including drums, sticks, maracas, bells, coke bottles, and almost anything to bang on are not uncommon. I have seen boys approaching a rhythm session simply take coins out of their pockets and click them together. They rarely practice specific renditions and no two performances are alike. These rhythm sessions are similar to jam sessions and each one has a "kind of leader" who communicates his directions by glances, nods, or an occasional grunt or kick. He establishes the basic rhythm pattern, and from then on, it is anyone's guess what will happen -- for even this "leader" takes cues from the other players, and develops from these.

#### RHYTHMS WITH VOICES

Voices are sometimes used in the rhythm ensembles; often they are just sounds, no attempt being made to say real words or meaningful syllables. Sometimes, however, recognizable syllables are uttered, even though they retain no actual meaning as words and they serve then as a rhythmic chant to augment the ensemble.

#### RHYTHMS WITH VERSES

There are other rhythmic numbers which do use words as a meaningful adjunct. Verses, such as the Bo Diddley and Gugamuga of the American Negro, may be merged with the instrumental ensemble. Bo Diddley seems to be a conversing partner to whom questions are put, and Gugamuga a king of all-powerful Being, sometimes feared in much the same way a Boogy Man

is feared, a Being appealed to for support ("even Great Gugamuga loves the Cha Cha Cha"), a figure watching over one ("I turned around and what did I see? A Great Gugamuga looking at me"), or even as a kindly protector ("Baby Gugamuga, hold me teach"). Occasionally one can recognize a fusion of one of these chants with themes deriving from more universal fairy tale lore. Thus, we can have a merging of the Gugamuga verses with something traceable to the Little Red Riding Hood story. There is a good bit of give and take among the boys in the process of performing, and the chants and verses are usually altered in various ways to fit the feelings and performing skills of the boys.

#### SONGS

There are also songs. Some of these are traceable to popular songs from radio or juke box. Although these may be drastically changed to fit boys' requirements, the borrowing from popular sources can often be detected. Older folk songs may come to the boys through their own traditions -- but more often through popularization by a professional singer. These, too, are adapted to their own specific rhythmic traditions, and are thus frequently accompanied by bongo drums or similar instruments.

#### RHYTHMIC AND VOCAL IMPROVISATIONS REFLECTING PERSONAL EXPERIENCES

On rare occasions the boys may also create unique expressions of their own life experiences by means of repartee, narrative, and verse to the accompaniment of their instruments. They will take a specific idea, such as a gang fight, and develop it. Repeated improvisations on a given theme may be attempted in an effort to "get it right". But never are two performances exactly the same.

Shoe shining, their need for money, their personal relationships to their street companions, gang fights, and the fear of the police are often the subject of this type of improvisation. A simple thing like wanting to go swimming on a hot day may have unpleasant and dramatic ramifications. The boys know this but to cope with it is difficult; they are often caught between conflicting aspects of their lives.

The boys behave with each other in a fashion similar to their gangland relationships. Within the gang the bully often succeeds and personal preeminence is understood at any moment. An exploited boy in a gang will submit to the exploitation because he values the stability, meaning, and protection which the gang has to offer beyond this humiliation.

To go to school, and devote one's thoughts to school work is an imposing task when dangerous conflicts fill one's world. Often it is easier to play hockey, or to convert the scholastic situation into fights with teachers and other children who just do not understand. Often the boys copy their work from others. Most, nonetheless, really would like to do this school work, and want their best friends to succeed in school, even if they can't. When embarrassed or faced with failure, they react hostilely and often violently. Boys who behave this way may expect frequent encounters with police, courts, and

social agencies. Ultimately they are often put away in treatment institutions or training schools. There are feelings about this too. To some this is a welcome respite, but to others this new kind of life is quite painful and they long to get back to the old way. Often this desire is accompanied by vehement criticism of aspects of the training school or treatment institution. Frequently food is the main target.

Since these performances were spontaneous and un-written and unrehearsed, the transcription of the contents was made subsequent to recording. For this reason and the fact that voices are occasionally superimposed, a few inaccuracies may exist in the transcription. For the most part, however, the text follows the performances quite closely. The sequence of material on the record follows the sequence of the above discussion.

SIDE I:

I. Percussion ensembles

Band 1 - Two bongo drum sets and sticks

Band 2 - Bongo drums and sticks

Band 3 - One boy playing three sets of bongo drums with his hand and one drum stick

II. Rhythms with voices

Band 4 - Rhythm ensemble with voices

Band 5 - Zum, Zum

Band 6 - Ole

III. Rhythms with verses

Band 7 - Bo Diddlie

Band 8 - Gugamuga

Band 9 - Riding Hood Boogy Man

IV. Songs:

Band 10 - Sister Suki

Band 11 - Why Can't I get It Too

Band 12 - Cha Cha Cha

Band 13 - The Fox

SIDE II:

V. Rhythmic and vocal improvisations reflecting personal experience

Band 1 - Gang Fight

Band 2 - Shoe Shine

Band 3 - Shoe Shine Shakedown

Band 4 - Dumb Boy

Band 5 - Money Honey

Band 6 - I Want Some Food

SIDE I

BAND 5 - ZUM ZUM

Zum zum zum, zum by zum by yea,  
 Zum zum zum, zum by zum by yea,  
 Molito ballie ballie, hey bo bay,  
 Zigo! Zigo!  
 Zum zum zum, zum by zum by yea,  
 Zum zum zum, zum by zum by yea,  
 Molito ballie ballie hey bo bay,  
 Zigo! Zigo!  
 Zum zum zum, zum by zum by yea,  
 Zum zum zum, zum by zum by yea,  
 Molito cock a marro, yea co ray,  
 Zigo! Zigo!  
 Zum zum zum, zum by zum by yea,  
 Zum zum zum, zum by zum by yea,  
 Molito collie collie, hey co ray,  
 Zigo! Zigo!  
 Zum zum zum, zum by zum by yea,  
 Zum zum zum, zum by zum by yea,  
 Colico collie man oh hey so te.

BAND 6 - OLE

Ole,  
 Ole,  
 Ohhh....  
 Le,  
 Ohhh...  
 O....le,  
 Yeah,  
 Ole, ole,  
 Ole ole, ole ole,  
 Ole ole, ole ole,  
 Everybody.  
 Ole ole, ole ole.  
 Everybody.  
 Ole ole, ole ole,  
 Everybody.  
 Ole ole, ole ole,  
 Everybody,  
 Ole ole, ole ole,  
 Everybody,  
 Ole ole,  
 Ole ole, ole ole,  
 Everybody,  
 Ole ole, ole ole,  
 Two a man,  
 Ole ole, ole ole,  
 Everybody,  
 Ole ole, ole ole,  
 Ole ole, ole ole,  
 She's my Woman,  
 She's a Nana,  
 Ole ole, ole ole.

BAND 7 - BO DIDDLE

Bo Diddlie Bo Diddlie where your son,  
 Up on the Hill now beatin' his drum,  
 Up he beat so hard the police come,  
 Police police don't arrest me,  
 Arrest that man behind the tree,  
 In the jail house on his knees,  
 Eating carrots and black eyed peas,  
 Bo Diddlie Bo Diddlie where's your wife,  
 In the kitchen with a fork and knife,  
 Ham bone Ham bone Ham bone who,  
 Ham bone eat with a shovel and fork,

Bo Diddlie,  
 Bo Diddlie,  
 Bo Diddlie,  
 Bo Diddlie Bo Diddlie where's your son,  
 Up on the hill drinking his rum,  
 Always always playing his drum.

BAND 8 - GUGAMUGA

I was walking on the corner,  
 Who did I see,  
 A little black lady on the hee,  
 She had a big booger on her feet,  
 Who did I see looking at me,  
 Larry Ba, go ahead Ba,  
  
 Well I was walking through the jungle with my hat in  
 hand,  
 Yeah!  
 A big fat monkey said, "Come here man."  
 Yeah!  
 I said, "Mr. Monkey, what do you want?"  
 Uh, huh.  
 What do you want? But a piece of scum?  
 Yeah!  
 Mister, what do you want?  
 Yeah!  
 A little piece of banana, Ba-na-na...  
 Yeah!

I was walking round the corner and who did I see?  
 A fat la-lady looking at me.  
 I turned around and who did I feel?  
 A great Gugamuga -- Let me out of here!  
 Sapphire...bring my food!  
 Put it on the table with my new shoe,  
 Oh no. Not on the dew.  
 Baby, baby, baby you got the flu,  
 Yeah!  
 Well, I don't know who got the flu,  
 But I don't know what Calvin wanna do,

I just wanna say right now: Baby, baby you can go  
 on now.  
 Uh huh right now baby hold my hand,  
 If you hold my man I'll make a stand,  
 All I gotta say ... make a speech,  
 Baby Gugamuga hold me teach.

BAND 9 - RIDING HOOD BOOGY MAN

I was going to my grandmother house one night,  
 A walkin' round the corner. Who did I see?  
 A great, great, great ... a great, great spy.  
 Uuu baby, baby, I bust his eye.

Ehhahahahaha!

Uhahhhhhhhhhh the cops is comin'.

I was going you know.

And then, when I got to my grandmother house,  
 Who do you think was waiting there?  
 A big, big, fat man.  
 He had the boogy, boogy, boogy-woogy.

Uh huh. Oh yeah. He was scarin' me you know,  
 I said, "The boogy man after me you know",  
 I don't want no boogy man (cry).

## BAND 10 - SISTER SUKI

Well, I saw Sister Suki on the railroad track,  
Yeah!  
Waitin for the freight train to come back,  
Yeah!  
The freight train came 'bout an hour late,  
Uh huh!  
You should have seen Sister Suki when she hopped  
that freight,  
Wonder where, wonder where,  
Sister Suki done gone, Sister Suki done gone,  
And that girl, and that girl,  
She's gone to eat her bom-bom-a-looby.  
Well, I think Sister Suki done lost her mind,  
Uh huh!  
She wears her shoes in the strangest kind,  
Yeah!  
The heels in the front and the soles behind,  
Yeah!  
You never can tell whether she losin' her mind.  
I wonder where....wonder where,  
Wonder where Sister Suki's done gone, Sister Suki's  
done gone,  
And that girl...and that girl...

She's gone to eat her bom-bom-a-looby.  
Well, I called Sister Suki on the telephone,  
Go ahead cat and leave me alone,  
You dirty rat, Yeah you stinking cat,  
You left me standin on the railroad track.  
I wonder where...wonder where,  
Sister Suki's done gone...Sister Suki's done gone,  
And that girl...and that girl...  
She's gone to eat her bom-bom-a-looby.  
Mama!

## BAND 11 - WHY CAN'T I GET IT TOO

If I would be a boy like her,  
I would never knock at (door),  
Because he love her,  
Why can't I get it too?  
Because she said, "He's the one that drill the  
charms".  
She's the one that said, "Honey let's go wrong".  
If she don't love me, what can I do?  
Just put on my best pair of shoes.  
I just want to know,  
What's wrong with me?  
He is just a square,  
So am me,  
Why can't I say, "Let's go to the park".  
Or be in love with you,  
I just want to say, "What about that day?  
Underneath the tree?"  
When I was lonely of you, you came passing by,  
Didn't you say that I look at your eyes?  
Then here he come on a motor-cycle,  
And he drilled your charms,  
By the way don't down,  
Don't let him hit the ground,  
Fall on the boy with the blue pair of shoes and a  
bow tie on his hair,  
So what about me?  
What about him too?  
He don't got a decent pair of shoes,  
So, let's go to the park,  
And go under the tree,  
There we can hear peedeepee.

## BAND 12 - CHA CHA CHA

Everybody love the Cha Cha Cha,  
Even fat fat Gugamug,  
They love the Cha Cha Cha,  
Cha Cha Cha,  
Ba Ba Ba Ba,  
Everybody love the Cha Cha Cha,  
They love the Cha Cha Cha,  
Fat mama, Ohhh fat mama, she love the Cha Cha Cha,  
Kill 'em daddy!  
Beahh...oh!  
Uh huh.  
Yeah, we got it now,  
We got it baby, we got it...right now,  
Come on, let's keep it up. Yeah.  
That's it, that's it, Cha Cha!  
Fat mama's coming here,  
Let's go everyone,  
Yeah. Let's go fat Cha Cha your mama,  
Keep it mama, fat Cha Cha,  
Come on. Let's go.  
Let's go mama. Kill it ma,  
Let's go fat mama,  
I know you fat,  
Everybody loves the Cha Cha Cha,  
Even great great Gugamug,  
Cha Cha Cha, Cha Cha Cha,  
Everybody love the Cha Cha.  
Cha Cha Cha,  
Even great Gugamuga love the Cha Cha Cha.

## BAND 13 - THE FOX

The fox went out on a chase one night,  
Prayed to the moon to give him light,  
He had many a mile to go that night,  
Before he reached the town ho...town ho...town ho,  
Many a mile to go that night,  
Before he reached the town ho,  
Ran 'till he came to a big old pen,  
Where the ducks and the geese had there in,  
Said, "Couple of you gonna grease my chin,"  
Before I leave this town ho, town ho, town ho,  
Couple of you gonna grease my chin before I leave  
this town ho.  
Grab the grey goose by the neck,  
Threw 'em all across his back,  
Didn't mind the quack quack quack,  
And the legs all dangling down down down  
Didn't mind the quack quack quack  
And the legs all dangling down  
Started on back to his regular den,  
There where he counted the little ones, eight, nine,  
ten,  
Said, "Daddy, Daddy go back again",  
It must be a mighty fine town, town ho town ho  
Daddy, Daddy go back again,  
It might be a mighty fine town ho.  
Fox and the goose had a fight,  
Cut up the goose with a carving knife,  
Never had such a supper in their life,  
And the little ones chewed on the bone,  
Bone, bone,  
Never had such a supper in their life,  
And the little ones chewed on the bone.

SIDE II

BAND I - GANG FIGHT

This is my teenager gang...the way it started...as it always. As I was walkin' down the corner and I saw Larry...and this is the way it start.

Hey, Lennie, man...the Alligator Lords...they don't waste time, man...the Vikings gonna get us tonight.

I only got five home made guns, man. How many you got? Me and my father got some 'round about ten switch blades. Man, come here Calvin.

Alright baby, you know I got my Mau Mau machete ready. Hey, what about Charlie, man? He got those zip guns.

Here I come. Let's go. Let's go the long way. Ehhhhhhahhhhh he's killing me. Here go the police. Ahhhhhhhhh!

Don't worry I'll get him. POW...Ahhhh...POW Get him...Ahhhh...Get him! He's commin' behind you. Get him in the back. Ahhhh! The cops... run, run. Please cop don't hit me. I give. POW!

Ahhhhhh! Ohhhhhhh Ohhhhhhhhhhh!

Ladies and gentlemen there's just been a gang fight on Franklin Avenue. The Senate and Alligator Lords fighting the Vikings. The cop got shot in the back. But he say ain't giving up. He's shooting. He done shot a lady. The lady walked by with the food. But Calvin shot a man and he did get shot...Ahhhhhh!

Got shot...Ohhhhh! I ain't givin' up. I ain't gonna without a fight. Hell no. I'll...I'll kill you first. Let's go.

WE NEVER \_\_\_\_\_, WE NEVER GO WITHOUT A FIGHT,  
BECAUSE WE CAN'T LOSE ANY FIGHT,  
THAT'S WHY THEY CALL US THE TEEN...TEEN AGERS,  
THE ALLIGATOR LORDS,  
WE RUMBLE, WE TUMBLE, WE FIGHT ALL NIGHT,  
WE NEVER, WE NEVER, WE NEVER GIVE UP,  
WE ALWAYS FIGHT, WE NEVER LOSE,  
WE ALWAYS GET SOMEBODY 'FORE WE GO,  
BECAUSE WE ARE THE WINNER TEEN AGER LORDS.

BAND 2 - SHOE SHINE

Hey, Ba let's go swimmin'. Braddock swimmin' pool, baby. Right now? Come on man. Let's get some money.

Man, you all, you all, you want me to go shoe shining. I know that's what you're thinking. But my mother said she can give me some money when she come home at two o'clock.

You know your moms ain't got no money...eeeh, nonna...none of our moms. Why, you start a fight with me, I bust you in your eye. Let's all of us go shoe shining.

Hold it. Hey mom, give me a dollar, no two. Thank you, Ma. We going swimming. Didn't I tell you Lennie, She don't got no money? She gave me two.

How you know she didn't rob it? Listen man, my ma don't rob now. You know she always rob the bank. Where she get it from? She work man...she work. What do she work? What does she do? Lick the floor? Just don't worry man...don't worry baby... don't worry baby. Well let's to to shinin...let's go to the pool man. Hey, mister. You want a shine? Listen kid, I don't need no shine from a hoodlum. I ain't no hoodlum. I'm just trying to earn a living. You trying to earn a living? You can't even wear decent clothes.

BAP!! What you hit me for, man? Come here Calvin, let's let's get up our gang fight, man. We gotta get that man. No, Lennie, no...no... no... We gotta get that man. No! I don't want to..... We gotta get that man...hurt nobody. Remember the last time? We gotta get him that man. O.K. Here he come. Mister, what's your name? BOP! Here's my automatic...use it...use it! (siren sound) No, no...pow...Ahhhh...Uhhhh... There's just been a hold up. Two boys shot a man on 83rd Street. Uhhhhh! Get the cops on 49th. Uhhhhhh!

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm tell' you ladies... these kids gotta get out. We've got to put these kids somewhere. The Army and Navy...in jail. Just put them to the...to the...to the Jason chain gang. These kind of (kids) we don't need for no home. We'll put them on the chain gang...cracking rocks...rocks...not sand. Oh ladies keep your children in the house. These kids are going crazy. Hey mister man...where you going? POW POW!!! Ah! He stabbed me.

Come on Pamma. We gotta get out of here. Here come the cops. Come on. Let's go to Long Island, man. They won't find us. THE COPS, THE COPS, THE COPS IS COMMUN', THE COPS, THE COPS, THE COPS IS COMMUN', WE GOTTA RUN, WE GOTTA RUN, WE GOTTA GET AWAY FROM THE COPS.

ALL DAY WE'LL SINNERS 'TILL THE NEW YORK UP  
A...BA...BA...BA...BA...BA...BA...BA...

WE NEVER RUN, WE NEVER CRY,  
BECAUSE WE KNOW, WE NEVER, WE GOTTA WIN THE FIGHT.  
WE NEVER KNOW, WE NEVER KNOW, WE NEVER LOSE ANY FIGHT.  
THAT'S ALL.  
GOODBY.

BAND 3 - SHOE SHINE SHAKEDOWN

Wanna go shoe shine today? Yeah, man! Where your shoe shine box? OK. What do you mean, OK? Where your shoe shine box??? Wa...It's...it's broke. Better get it fixed. Hear? I want some money, you know. OK. Don't forget. You owe me fifty dollars. Fifty dollars man? I said you owe me fifty dollars. The last time it was twenty five. I want fifty dollars. OK. I owe you fifty dollars. No argument. Get your shoeshine box. OK. Let's go fix it. Got it fixed now. You do? Yeah. Where's it at? Right over here. Hey Bill, give it to me. OK. Here. Thank you. You you shoe shinin'. Come on, you commin with me, man. I ain't gonna shoe shine. Da be...you be...yes you is. You gonna make me? No. So what you talking. Man, but you better help me...hey? No, I ain't. You ain't gonna help me shoe shine? I said no. OK. I'll get your fifty dollars and I never going go shoe shine with you again. I don't care. OK. Come on. Hey mister...want a shine? Yeah.



Put your foot up here. BOP, BOP,  
SHINE THEM SHOES, SHINE SHINE, YOU DOING FINE,  
YOU MISS ONE STROKE, YOUR BEHIND IS MINE.  
ROW, ROLL THAT ROLLBER BOAT,  
ROW THAT BOAT ACROSS THE SEA.

How much? Fifty cents. Here. One more fifty cents man...another more fifty cents. What you all think I am? That's right. Fifty cents per shoe, man. Look, I'm a man, you're little kids. Get outta here. What you mean? Get outta here? (cry) I want my money man mister! You all, get outta here...go...get outta here...get outta here. Yeah, we'll see you tonight. Where you live at? None of your business. Ain't you going to tell us where you live at? No.

You wanna give me some more money? No. You ain't getting no more money from me. Tell us where you live at. I live right around the corner. Do you want to come around there? Yeah, we see you tonight. All right. That's a deal. OK. Come on...let's get our gang, man. We got to fight him. OK man. Fourth Avenue, man. OK.

I get Bobby, Jimmy, Eddie, Thomas, all them guys. Hey Thomas.....Hey Thomas, Eddie, come on man. We need you for tonight, man. Now we....so far we got forty-five, man. We need fifty more. OK. Fifty more. OK, man. Get eighty. I'll go around my block. We got 'em now..... OK. I'll get all my brothers..... He ain't got nobody around his block. Let's go around this...Me and you peep around this. Holy doodoo! Who is all them people around there? I don't know. Hey yo' fellows. Yo' all comin' to get me. Come on. We better get out of here....get out of here. Come on...let's split! Get 'em. Get 'em. Motor! POW POW! They're shootin' at us. Get ready. POW POW! We better get outta....Ehhhhhhh.... POW! POW! POW! Uhh Uhh... We got 'em Uhh Uhh.... Let's get outta here. No you don't. No you don't. I got you. Here come the cops. Oh, oh let's get outta here fellows. Get 'em. Come on fellows. (Siren) Flat feet, flat feet. Uhhhhhhhhh... POW! POW! Let's make it to the (winkle). Come on, split. Uhhhhhhh... uhhhh. POW! POW! Split! We safe. We only had eighty men to their five hundred and something. You know that? Goodness...Was gonna kill us... Sweatin' there for a while. I'm still is. Don't come out of that hallway. Let's get out of here. Back fire escape. Let's go home. Come on hurry up...come on...down the fire escape...come on... now we out. Let's go home now. OK. Meet you tomorrow. And I still want my money. That was a good play we had tonight...hear? OK. We meet them kids tomorrow.. There he go watch out. (unintelligible) (unintelligible) Watch out you don't come outta the projects.

#### BAND 4 - DUMB BOY

As I was going to school one day,  
I met a little boy, who looked OK,  
His name was Calvin, Yeah,  
So, we went all the way to the school,  
To be bo.

One day I was walking...then I met Lennie. Lennie said, "Calvin, what happened to your lip?" I said, "Nothing." And then Lenn came over to me and he say, "What you mean by nothing?" Like he always say because he always interested in me and me and him is good friends. So I told him what happened.

This guy a named Pierre. Name about a 15, Yeah. He came over to me. Uh huh. And he hit me in my lip Because... Yeah. ...I... Done what? ...Had done copied off his paper in school.

Uhhuhhhh Stop hittin' me. Uhh I told you not to do that no more Come on please leave me alone, please, please. Next time I catch you copping off somebody in there. You know what I'll do? I'll strangle you to death. I'll kill you. Uhhhhh. Uhhhhh. UhhhhhhhUhhhhhhh Hahah I'm sorry. Don't do that no more. Hear that? I'm sorry. What's that guy's name? Pierre. Where he live at? Around our block. How old is he? Fifteen. How big is he? About the size of the other guy named Pierre around our block. Well, tonight there's gonna be a party at 118th street where I live at. You bring him around there. You hear. I surely will. OK. So when I walked in there. Everything was silent. Is that the guy over there? Yeah. Hey you what you hit my little brother for? Did he tell you what happened man? Yeah, he told me what happened. But you...but you...but you should tell your people to teach him to go to school, man.

I...I know...I know I didn't have a right to hit him. But he was copying off me and the teacher said...I forgot to tell the teacher. What you mean you forgot to tell the teacher. What you mean tell my parents to make him go to school to learn...what you mean by that. What you mean. Just like I said, man, he can't be dumb, man. I waa can't I don't be with him all his life. You best know your sounding. I ain't doing never one. That's more like it. But we're gonna deal tonight. Ahhh. Ahhh Huhhh, alright, but we gonna deal. Ehhhh. If you can't face it, don't waste it....if you can't face it, don't waste it.

Nahhhhh baby, you got me off guard. Yeah, I got you off guard. Why don't you let me get my hands up? Maybe I don't feel like it. You jealous? No. I'm not jealous. You should teach your brother some manners. Awh shut up or I'll knock your teeth out. Yeah, try it. Come on baby. WHOP When I get rid of you, you won't say that no more. I stomped that sucker, I stomped him good. Yeh Heh, heh, you dreamin'. Watchin' you eyes risin'. That's right...gonna be rising all night. Yeah? What happened to your brother today? Nothin! Whucha wait till I get through with you...you gone see what happen to you. Yeh, Hey, you must be dreamin'. I'm dreamin'. What's happenin' to you now? They ain't nothin'... you didn't touch me yet. Come on Lenn. Let's stomp this sucker. Ahhhhhh he got me. WHOP! I'm gonna stomp him. THUD! THUD! OK OK OK OK you win.. you win...OK...you win... all right? You beat me man...you got me...you got me beat. You just teach your brother don't... don't...don't do my work no more huh? If if he do my work, I won't touch him...I tell you.

#### BAND 5 - MONEY HONEY

Money  
Oh honey.  
Money.  
Oh honey.  
Money.  
Wuh!  
Batch e wallawa,  
Batch e wawa,  
Yeah.  
Yeah.

Yeah.  
Batch e wawa, yeah yeah.  
The landlord rung my front door bell,  
Yeah.  
He rung it and he rung it for a long spell  
Yeah.  
I peeped through the window,  
Yeah.  
I peeped through the blind  
Yeah.  
I asked that man what was on his mind,  
Yeah.  
He said, "Money honey",  
Um. Yeah. Yeah.  
Money honey,  
I need it bad now,  
A money honey,  
Yeah.  
Oh yeah, get it on. Money honey. Get up and get it,  
Money honey,  
Yeah. If you wanna get along with me.  
Uh money honey.  
Go Lennie, I got a gun,  
I got a gun,  
I got a gun, I got a gun,  
How about you, you got a gun?  
Yeah.  
Let's go to robbin',  
What time?  
Six o'clock, there's a band around the corner,  
What time?  
Six o'clock, I told you.  
It's too early.  
How about nine?  
Fifteen.  
Fifteen to nine?  
Yeah.  
Don't forget the bank'll still be open.  
How about eleven?  
Yeah, that'll be alright.  
Time. It's a quarter...a quarter to the ball.  
Baby, baby don't hit the hall.  
Hold it boy. What you rob the bank for?  
EAhhhh! I couldn't help it...I haven't got no  
money home. Let's go to jail. What do you mean?  
We didn't do nothing. Why we got to go to jail?  
I seen you with the money. I didn't take it.  
He took it. He let me hold it. Not me mister.  
I didn't take no money. Come here butch.  
What. We gotta get that cop, man. Man you  
know that cop. He gonna sent us to prison.  
Let's fool him...get him, man. OK.  
Tell him to look behind his self. Hey cop look  
behllll lookalookalookallllll.... Let's get  
outta here. Yeah. We gotta go. Come on (siren)  
We gotta go. Come on. (siren) Cop cars Lennie.  
Get outta here. The hallway...in the hallway.  
Man, I hear some winos up there. I believe they  
dopes. We safe now. How can we go home...  
Huh? Don't ask me. Whacha mean don't ask you...  
you with me. It's a quarter after eleven by  
now. Yeah. See you tomorrow. OK.

#### BAND 6 - I WANT SOME FOOD

I want some food tonight. I want some food.  
Why didn't you give me some last night?  
Because you said I was too lazy?  
But I'm gonna tell you brother.  
I'm tired a' you.  
And I ain't foolin' around no more.  
No more.  
I said...I want some food.

Well this is the way it start.  
Early one afternoon,  
Group eight was going over to the dining hall,  
And I got a visitor,  
And we went into the dining hall,  
And when we sat down,  
My mother ran out the door.  
She said, "Good gracious, what is that on that table?"  
I said, "Ma, that.....is.....a.....dog."  
And then I didn't know what I have to say,  
All I could say, "You can't blame me",  
It was the school idea.  
So, she said, "Lennie, I'm gonna get you outta here."  
I said, "Ma, I wish I could get outta here."  
And then,  
All of a sudden,  
Boom!  
Symes had me in his office again.  
Talking to me.  
I said, "But Symes, I wanna go home,"  
And I ain't got no time to stay up here,  
I wanna be a boxer. I wanna be another Floyd  
Patterson,  
Do you hear that?  
I'm muscle bound.  
I wanna be another Floyd Patterson, I say.  
I know I can make it.  
You know what I mean?  
All of a sudden, Symes...Boom!  
Balled over again,  
He slapped me in my face.  
I said, "But Symes, what you do that for?"  
"Because you told your mom we had dog."  
I said, "What was it? It wasn't a cat?"  
He said it was a bat.  
I said, "That's worser".

But some day I'm gonna get outta here,  
Yeah.....uh huh.  
I'm gonna get outta here,  
If I have to break the walls down,  
I gotta get outta here ma,  
Hey Symes, let me go.  
I told Symes, "I wanna go home".  
He said, "he think I'm jiving around."  
I said, "It ain't no time to go to town."  
So you guess what Symes said to me?  
He said, "You ain't nothin but a punk",  
I said, "Symes, I ain't no punk".  
Cause I'll tell you now,  
The last time I saw Nellie Bell,  
She was in the table,  
She was eatin' the food off the floor.  
And that's why I'm tellin' you,  
I wanna go home,  
And before I go home,  
I want some foocoooooooooooooooooooood.