

Dedicated to Chris Lewis

① Juice talkin', finger poppin', shit shootin' Jiddy Braw
Our big, brown, bad revolutionary man-child
Caught in between two worlds, two laws, two systems
But he followed no law but his own

Juice talkin', finger poppin', bad-ass Jiddy Braw
He thought he had all of the answers, knew all the tricks
of beating the man, the system at its own game
and maybe he could have, maybe he would have
But he followed no law but his own

Juice talkin', wine drinkin', finger poppin' Jiddy Braw
He thought he was a puppet nigger
Because he was the son of Zion Jones
and maybe he could have been, maybe he would have been.
But you were still being pulled, hooked on the fucker
that you got from the man
and could follow no law but your own

Juice talkin', finger poppin', wine drinkin' Jiddy Braw
Our big, bad, brown, beautiful revolutionary man-child
You lingered between two worlds, two systems, two
people too long

A world, a people who loved you, and understood that
you were just one of a family of juice-talkin', shit-shootin'
finger poppin' niggers

Who had the potential, the guidance of becoming
puppet niggers in reality...

and your juice talkin', finger poppin', shit-shootin'
tendencies were just a means of suppressing the hurt
the anger, of the many unpleasant fucks we've
gotten from the man as he lured us into

his web, even as a spider does its prey
and he rapes us, our bodies our minds so thoroughly
until the simplest fucks become pleasant

Put our jive-talking, finger-popping, skit-diction
① tendencies must be suppressed until the times
right

The time when all your jive talking finger-poppin'
tendencies can be used to bring forth the birth of
a plebeian revolution...

and a world that hated you...

Because you were indeed a big, brown, bad, beaut-
iful Teddy Bear

I admit a revolutionary man-child

in spite of your weaknesses

In your way you did rebel against the many unpleasant
fucks you've gotten from the system

and they hated you, as they hate all of us

Because in spite of your weaknesses

you still represented something good

But you can't ^{win} the odds are against you

The system won't let you

you can't beat the man at his own game

When you ~~are~~ ^{are} being fucked, hooked in his fucks

you were not big enough, and bad enough to do it alone

The revolutionary man-child is that strong

not even a proper nigger can do it alone

If he follows no law but his own

you talkin', finger-poppin', usin' drinkin' Teddy Bear
Our big, brown, beautiful revolutionary man-child
You forced the man to plan for you a final fuck
A fuck that would only bring pleasure to a true

(3) revolutionary

A fuck prepared with ^{much} ~~your~~ planning, great precision
Because soon in your meat ass
you were a replica of something good

Not a supper-rigger, but maybe you could have ^{been}, maybe
you would have been

If you had followed the law of Gini Jones

Those bullets, they had your name on them Teddy Bear
You could have been a supper rigger, the greatest
revolutionary man-child
But you followed no law but your own

Don't worry, it's gonna be all right, cause we're gettin' our
shit together

and we'll remember our big, brown, beautiful Teddy Bear
Our revolutionary man, child, in all of his glory
We'll remember the good things, the brown things, the
bold things, the beautiful things

That our revolutionary man-child did to prove that he
did not take the fuck he got from the man

and we'll think ^{of you} always, and remember that we have to
stand together to beat the man at his own game, to
become supper rigger...

and we'll remember that "revolutionary man-child
and woman-child, can never grow up when they
follow no law but their own!

But
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