

# Downset, Pocket Full Of Fatcaps

Twelve was the age that set me off with the "graff" style.  
While zapp bumping, gang banging was hype with the juvenile.  
Graff grabbed my mind which led to expression and thought.  
Seventh and Hill I used to bus kill with "snap" and "skill";  
Fake bus passes with all city access, Insides and outsides going up was a must.  
Paying much "dues" from the "valle" to "Los",  
"One-Times" is on the sweat and they jacking for piece-books.  
Pocket full of Fatcaps! So what's up and where you at!  
Tag-banging toys hit me up like what you write "ese";  
But I'm not about beef just the burners and sketches.  
And respect is gained from the flavor of you phlexin'.  
Not by "capping" a piece and dissing tags for attention.  
Serious world-wide aerosolic expression.  
So focus the mind hit some surface and stop trippin'.  
Pocket full of Fatcaps! So what's up and where you at!  
Graffin' up in L.A. you can't act stupid and play,  
striking up in the wrong hood could mean your last day.  
Most every set has a blovk and every block has a mad set.  
With sick evil fools who love to see blood-hit pavement.  
L.A. area hip-hop under threats of existing.  
B-Boy culture in violence peace as purpose is drifting.  
So tag-banger afraid to be a real gangster.  
Get schooled on some roots and get that mission together.  
Graffiti writer ghetto culture provider.  
Facsist activist don't want me to exist. Propagated media hype.  
Stereo-type you try to make me look like the one with the "gat" and "knife";  
Lies after lies classist racist and mythical.  
But even suburbia child is down with ghetto cultural.  
Fears got three strikes. SKATE gets all the love I got.  
Under the influence of the hardcore that can't be stopped.