

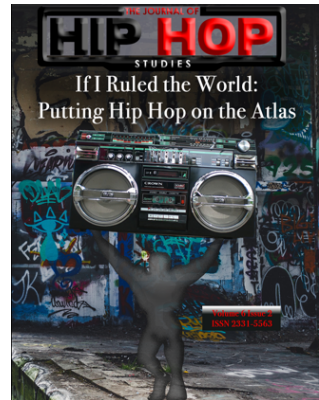
I Beg of You, Honey

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*Journal of Hip Hop Studies, Special Issue If I Ruled the World:
Putting Hip Hop on the Atlas*

Volume 6, Issue 2, Winter 2019, pp. 11 - 12

DOI: <https://doi.org/10.34718/ht7y-k507>



The Tupac Shakur Memorial Poems/Songs

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A Sequence¹

No. 1: I Beg of You, Honey

(For Rap Music, to the Memory of Tupac Shakur)

I beg of you, honey,
Don't beg me to part with money;
Many I loaned have not paid;
The sums are soaring in my head.

Chorus: Money's friends are long like a python.
They swallow it and then it's gone.
And if you fight them with a baton,
The cons will fight back with a gun.

} *May be rapped
or sung, like the
rest of the lyrics*

Borrowers, like boa constrictors,
Have strangled pity out of many.
They take a loan and turn detractors
Of those who cared to loan them money.

Repeat chorus.

So honey, buddy, dude and loved one,
Don't call me a heart of stone.
Go tell those I loaned before
To pay before you come for more.

¹**Author's Note:** The sense of this unconventional dedication is that I had always wanted to write a poem like this as a tribute to Tupac Shakur, whose music I love though I am not a great fan of rap music or Hip Hop, and whom I consider a highly gifted poet in his own right, the genius behind what I would call pop poetry as a respectable literary genre. The poem, written recently, is the realization of that aspiration, which I harbored for years since I first listened to Tupac's music, beginning with "Dear Mama" with the creative mix of the perfect and sporadic rhymes of its lyrics. I had imagined that it would be the type of poem Tupac himself would write if he were to write a formal poem/musical piece, with his characteristic bluntness and unabashed mirroring of the seamy side of our humanity, and which he would like to render as a song with the verve usually associated with rap or Hip Hop.

Repeat chorus.

They're quick to give a payback date;
You soon realize they meant forever:
Call them when their date is late;
Do they answer? Never! Never!

Repeat chorus.

And yes their phones can ring and go off
If they know it's you that's calling.
How a sucker-lender's "love"
Soon becomes a thing appalling!

Repeat chorus.

And go down to the place they're bunking;
They lock the door – you think they're not in?
You bruise your knuckles – Knocking! Knocking!
And wonder: "Lender, what's my sin?"

Repeat chorus.

So honey, buddy, dude and loved one,
I don't have a heart of stone.
I'll wait for those I loaned before
To pay before I lend you more.

Repeat chorus.

December 13, 2017