

## HIP-HOP ARTIST

If you're born again in this tuneful time, you should name yourself LudaMir, form a squad of hip-hop band, detonate grisly songs as your mob rhyme bomb with tomb.

*Roadrunners, mockingbirds come on, come on, convert yourself and become a dharma bum, stick melody into your vein while drinking some rum.*

Everyone invites you. You sign a million dollar treaty with Universal. Three little mice again thrive under your tutelage. Your fortune is fully funded. The lyrical arsenal chamber-loaded.

Chicks cheep into your pierced ears as you veer a Benz through Long Island. You give cops run for their bucks, priests for their prayers. No brother affords to bother you. You have become the god of seduction, the bard of metaphysical deconstruction.

You should let bygones be bygones and claim your poetical restitution. You shouldn't tolerate any game, make the fuckheads go up in flame.