

Beowulf Dead in L.A. *

*Make haste to look upon our king where he lies,
It's the City of Angels and constant danger
and carry him who gave us gold to his funeral pyre...
South Central L.A., can't get no stranger
This wealth shall be consumed with the hero,
Full of drama like a soap opera,
on the curb for there is a hoard of treasure...
Watchin' the ghetto bird helicopters,
I observe gold won at terrible cost,
So many niggaz getting' three strikes,
tossed in jail and rings which, in the end,
I swear the pen there right across from hell,
I can't cry he paid for with his own life
'Cause it's on now,
I'm just a niggah on his own, now
– these must the flames lick up,
Livin' life thug-style,
so I can't smile and fire cover over.
Writin' to my peoples when they ask for pictures
No man shall wear an ornament in his memory,
Thinkin' Cali just fun and bitches,
and no beautiful woman
Better learn about the dress code,
B's and C's a necklet about her throat;
All them other niggaz copycats,
these is G's but stripped of finery,
I love Cali like I love woman
and in dejection, she must tread*

Cause every nigga in L.A. got a little bit of thug in him
We might fight with each other, but I promise you this:
not once but many times
We'll burn this bitch down,
get us pissed *the paths of exile*,
To live and die in L.A.
now that the hero has done
(Let my angel sing) *with happiness, laughter, and delight.*
'Cause would it be L.A. without Mexicans?
For this the finger must grasp
Black love, brown pride,
and the sets again
and the hand lift up
Pete Wilson tryin' to see us all broke,
I'm on some bullshit
many a cold spear in the morning.
Out for everything they owe, remember K-Day

Music of the harp will not awake the heroes.
Weekends, Crenshaw – M.L.K.
But the black raven flapping over the dead
Automatics rang free, niggaz lost they way
Shall...tell the eagle of his luck at dinner,
Gang signs being showed,
niggah love your hood
when along with the wolf
But reconize and it's all good, where the weed at?
it plundered the slain. Niggaz
getting' shermed out

Snoop Dogg in this
muhfuckah perved out, M.O.B. *Loathsome...*
Fearful, glittering, scorched with fire,
Big Shugge in the Low-Low,
bounce and turn *the Dragon...*
now lay stone dead...
Dogg Pound in the Lex,
wit a ounce to burn
Goblets, flagons, dishes,
and rich swords lay beside it,
Got them Watts niggaz with me,
O.F.T.B. *eaten with rust,*
They got some hash
took the stash
left the rest for me
as they had lain
buried in the bosom of the earth
Neckbone, Trey, Head Ron, Punchy too
for a thousand years.
Big Rock got knocked,
but this one's for you
...the vast golden heritage of the ancients
I hit the studio and drop a jewel,
hopin' it pay...*secured by a spell.*
Getting' high watchin' time fly,
to live and die in L.A.

* *Pastiche by ©Pascual Delgado (2005)*

** N.B. All quotations in Verdana font are from the song "To Live & Die in L.A."
from the Album *The Don Killuminati: The 7 Day Theory* by Makaveli (2pac Shakur)
& Val Young (November 5th 1996).
All text in italics is quoted from lines 2965-3057 of *Beowulf. Prose Translation with
an Introduction by David Wright.* (Pp. 97f) Penguin Books, Baltimore, Maryland,
1957.