

1995

# reality check

COLUMNS

## Written By Troi Torain

Troi Torain aka STAR is a former Marketing specialist for WEA. Torain was also National Director for Virgin Records, a writer for the SOURCE Magazine and hosted MTV's Beat Suite. His syndicated radio show Star & Buc Wild gave birth to generations of freethinkers worldwide.

In 2011 STAR was inducted into News Ones Top 20 greatest radio personalities of all time.

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**SPECIAL EDITION**

10 COLUMNS INCL.

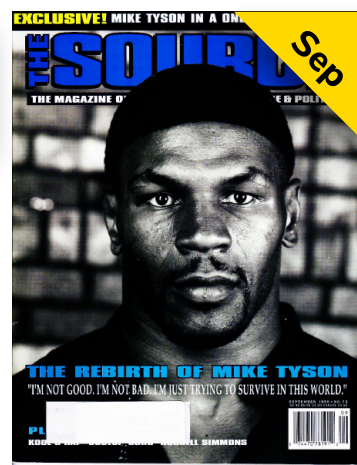
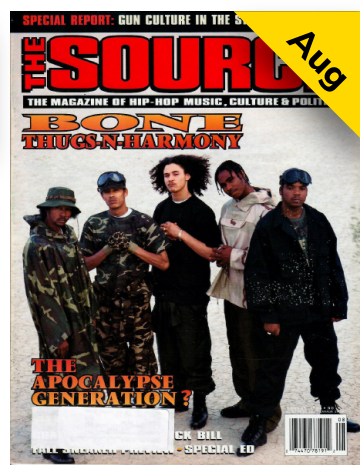
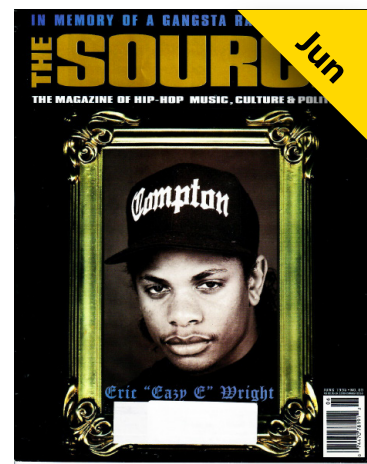
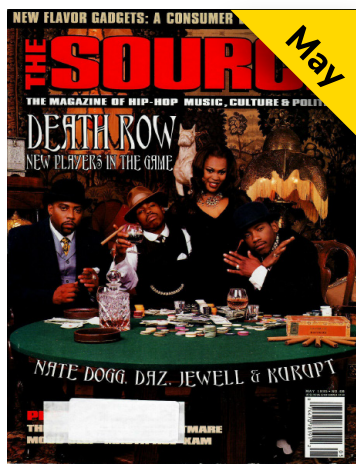
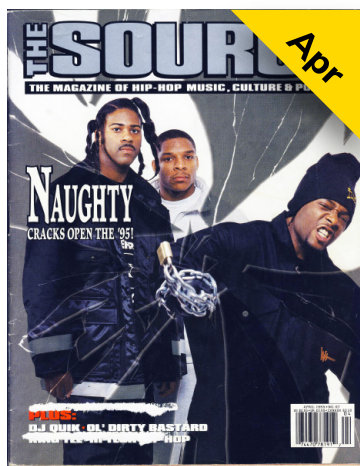
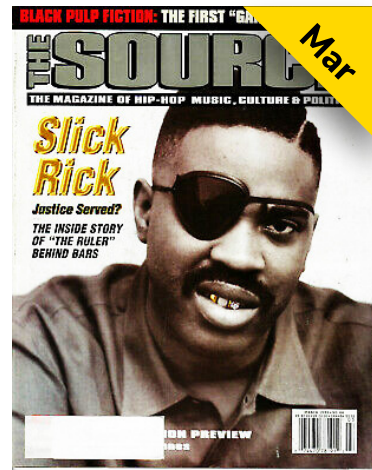
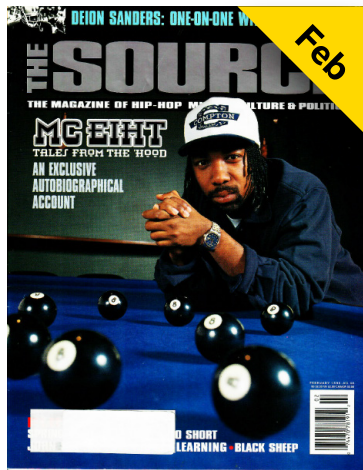
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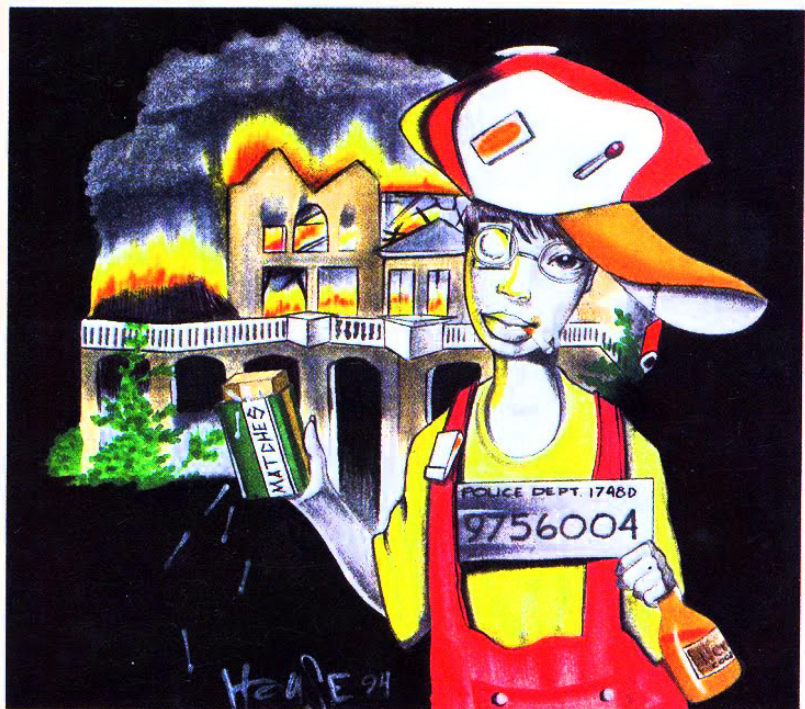
# Magazine Covers

Covers of The Source Magazine where the 1995 columns appear.





# reality



## BY BUC WILD

**You thought we fell off, but guess who's back? Our old shit was cool, but our new shit's like crack. Gone are the fakes, the fronts and the frauds. The second class niggas, the third class broads. Here to represent kid, or couldn't you tell? The new Source Mind Squad—harder than hell!**

**A**llow me to introduce myself: a nigga who just doesn't give a fuck. Anyway, let's talk about 1994 and the business of rap muzak—who caught wreck, who got put on, who fell off and who just filled the company quota. And being that I spend all of my money on weed and video games, I would say that makes me a pretty good source on the topic, wouldn't you? First up, **Teddy Riley** and **Kool Moe Dee** finally took off those tired ass glasses when they pose for pictures. Now if somebody could just talk to **Shinehead** and **Terminator X** we could move on. . . •Is horror-core rap the new direction? If so, would somebody please tell **Kid N Play** to get with **Metallica** on a duet rather than fucking around with House Party 4. . . •**Khallid Muhammad** caught wreck on **The Donahue Show**, and **Lisa "Left Eye" Lopez** clearly established herself as the wrong bitch to fuck with. . . •Cradle robbing was in full effect last year. **R. Kelly** took a little heat for his, now maybe my big brother Star can go public with his little 15-year-old as well. . . •The group **KMD** from Long Island, New York, got caught up in some corporate politics, whatever the fuck that means, and were released from their contract because the cover artwork for their album *Black Bastards* was too explicit for the heads at Elektra Records. Personally, I'm still offended by the **Young Black Teenagers** campaign. . . •Congratulations go out to **MC Lyte** and **Queen Latifah** for reaching gold selling album status. But can somebody please tell me what happened to **Sister Souljah**? Was she paid off by the man to be quiet, or what? Big up to my girl **Roxanne Shante**. That's right, you heard me, Shante! Get yours in 95, bitch—I love you!!

## HEADCRACKS OF THE YEAR

**RAPPERS THAT HAD NO BUSINESS TRYING TO MAKE COMEBACKS IN '94:** Big Daddy Kane, The Treacherous Three

**BEST VIDEOS OF THE YEAR:** Patra, "Workaman" and Nice & Smooth, "Old To The New"

**MOST BUSTED HOOKERS IN ONE VIDEO:** Warren G, "This DJ"

**VIDEO THAT LOOKS LIKE IT COST ABOUT \$236.00 TO MAKE:** Sista, "Brand New" (Devante, please check yourself)

**BEST SONG OF '94 TO CRUISE ON THE AVE TO, WHILE FRONTING ON A BROKEN CELLULAR PHONE AND PULLING MAD HONEYES:** Ill & Al Skratch, "I'll Take Her"

**RAPPERS WHO PUT OUT PRODUCT IN '94 BUT NOBODY CARED:** Leaders Of The New School, Quo, Kwame, PMD, Nefertiti, Quinton, UMC's and Kokane

**RAPPERS' PICTURES I SWORE I SAW ON THE POST OFFICE WALL:** Mic Geronimo, E-40 and Pudgee Tha Phat Bastard

**RAPPER I DON'T EVER WANT TO SEE IN A VIDEO WITHOUT A SHIRT AGAIN:** Pete Rock, "I Got A Love"

**SEXIEST HOOKERS IN ONE VIDEO:** Sir Mix-A-Lot, "Put'Em On The Glass"

**BEST ACTION-PACKED HOME VIDEO THAT'S GOT MORE KILLING THAN RAMBO 1, 2 AND 3, THE TERMINATOR 1 AND 2, PLATOON AND SCARFACE PUT TOGETHER:** *Hard Boiled* "Shit is real!"

**BEST CEREAL PRIZE OF '94:** *Cookie Crisps* (Mini Dunks game on the back panel)

**PEOPLE IN '94 WHO SAID "AH FUCK IT, LET ME JUST GET A JOB":** Chill Rob G, Larry Larr, Joe Ski Love, Queen Mother Rage, Finesse & Synquis, MC Serch and Tam Rock

**BROTHER WHO FINALLY REALIZED ALL THAT BELL HOPPING AND SHOE SHINING COULDN'T SAVE HIS ASS, AND DECIDED TO DO THE RIGHT THING BY PUTTING THE HONORABLE MINISTER LOUIS FARRAKHAN ON HIS SHOW:** Arsenio Hall "We still love you nigga!!!"

**THREE NIGGAS THAT BETTER RE-THINK THAT HOOTIE MACK SHIT AND COME HARD IN '95:** Bell Biv Devoe

**SWEET & SEXY QUEEN OF TEENAGE LUST WHO I WILL MARRY AND HAVE KIDS WITH—EVEN IF I HAVE TO FLY TO ATLANTA, BURN DOWN LAFACE RECORDS, GO TOE-TO-TOE WITH SUGE KNIGHT, HAVE A SHOOT OUT WITH TUPAC & THUG LIFE AND PIMP SLAP CHILLI:** T-Boz "I love you!!!"

*Buc Wild writes a monthly column in Around The Way Connections Magazine. You can write to Buc Wild at Around The Way, 824 St. Johns Place, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11216*

# check

# 1994



BY BUC WILD

**Excuse me white lady, but I don't want your purse. I'm not Funkdafied, but I do like to curse. I set trip 'cause I'm real and niggas know the time, yo I'm about to get loose, yo I'm about to drop dime.**

**T**hanks for all your letters, but personally I don't think I offended enough people last issue. Could someone please tell **Everlast** that niggas in Brooklyn have revoked his Ghetto Pass with no explanation, and if we catch him anywhere within the borough he will have to run his shit. . .•On another tip, Pierce Brosnan (who used to play Remington Steele on TV) is the new **James Bond** now. Not that I give a fuck, but if he's gonna start slaying at least 3 different bitches and murdering no less than 90 people per movie like Sean Connery did, then I think I might start checking for that 007 shit again. . .•Moving right along, I would just like to say that there is no doubt in my mind that **Michael Jackson** is The King Of Pop. And I think we all should respect his privacy, but if needed, I would like to state for the record that my services are available for private ferris wheel rides, 3 day sleep overs, and any other weird or abnormal requirements by His Majesty (as long as I can get hit off like the little white boy did). . .•Lastly, I would like to list a few things that have got to change in the music industry, or I'm seriously considering changing my name to Wild Flower and crossing over and getting myself a girl named Mary Joe. **ONE:** Niggas getting record deals just because they rhymed on somebody's bullshit track once. **TWO:** Record company promotion people hiding behind their voice mail machines because they haven't got a clue. **THREE:** Rappers who still tell the crowd somebody scream & say ho!! Alright, enough fucking around, let's get to what they pay me for.

## **BELOW IS A LIST OF PEOPLE I PLAN TO SUE FOR THE FOLLOWING REASONS:**

**MOP** - For influencing me to go out and purchase a Glock, and torch a Korean deli in my neighborhood.

**CL SMOOTH** - For catching so much wreck lyrically to the point where I don't want to be a rapper anymore.

**CHRISTOPHER WILLIAMS** - For convincing me that tearing up your record company's office is the right thing to do!!

**MARY J. BLIGE** - For what I perceive to be hidden messages in her music that encourage me to fondle myself.

**RICHARD SIMMONS** - For having more fat bitches on lock down than Keith Sweat, Jodeci and Babyface put together!!

**CYPRESS HILL** - For making corny-ass herb motherfuckers think that just because they smoke weed that they are hard core.

**LUTHER CAMPBELL** - For being a highly intelligent and successful corporate pimp who poses as a rapper.

**SPEECH & MONTEL WILLIAMS** - For making me curious about what it would be like to flaunt a white girl in public.



**PAUL MOONEY** - For telling the truth about white people and causing me to get suspended from school for playing his tape in the cafeteria.

**BIGGIE SMALLS** - For being my homeboy's ex-girl friend's second cousin's nephew's ex-roommate's little sister's 8th grade teacher's long lost nigga & not giving me a shout out on his album.

**DIONNE WARWICK** - For making me feel like I could have psychic powers and be able to notify niggas on the block who were pumping drugs as to when the police were coming.

**SNOOP DOGGY DOGG** - For influencing my young and very impressionable mind that bitches ain't nothing but hoes and tricks.

**OPRAH WINFREY** - For giving fat bitches of the world too much self-esteem, confidence, and willpower, thus fucking up my mind manipulation games.

**P.S.** I'm often asked why I use the word Bitch so much. I would like to take this time now to offer an explanation. Being the young man of 16 that I am, and having to deal with being both sexually promiscuous and emotionally insecure, I find it necessary to humiliate to the best of my abilities the female sex. I do this so that when the time comes (and it will come from what I understand) that I am either pussy-whipped by some slut, mentally abused by a nagging wife, or the victim of a beer belly and receding hairline, I'll be able to look back with a smile on my face and say "I once told these whores how I felt." See ya next month!!!

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# check



## BY BUC WILD

**I have a dream of muthafu\*\*as catching wreck, when all this sh\*t will burn, and I release the tec. Monkey shine will die 'cause I will cut him down, and Prince will get a job, and then be slapped and told he's brown.**

**Sorry if I scared you** but I just had to get that shit off my chest! Due to the outrageous prices of Hilfiger gear and a weed habit that is just out of control, I've decided to drop my lawsuit against Dionne Warwick and instead join forces with her and become Psychic again. For ghetto updates, information on who your man could be fucking and possible future ass whuppings send a picture of yourself along with \$2.95 (cash only, I don't have a bank account yet) to Buc Wild at the address listed on the bottom of the page. No fat bitches with finger waves please!

Before we go any further I just want to say everybody knows I can't stand Lords Of The Underground, but I want it to be known that I am not the one who keeps cursing out the receptionist at their record label. But for a fat 20 sack and a couple of loosies, I think I can be persuaded to rat out the culprit along with his mother's home address if needed. Now, before I drop a sample of my powers on you, I would just like to say could someone please tell Freddie Foxxx that I've started drinking Joe Weiders (French Vanilla) Dynamic Weight Gainer, and by June 1st, I should be a hard hitting one hundred and twelve-pound cock-diesel kid who would like to test his skills.

### **THE FOLLOWING PREDICTIONS CAME TO ME WHILE SITTING IN THIRD PERIOD CLASS SIPPING ON E&J BRANDY IN A SEVEN-UP CAN.**

- 1.** Del The Funky Homosapien will join forces with Kurious Jorge and Daddy O to form a new group. Production will be handled by Red Head Kingpin. But nobody will give a fuck!
- 2.** Biggie Smalls will continue to slay dime honeys from here to West Bubblefuck, while's a good looking stud like me will still have to occasionally masturbate.
- 3.** Rappers will finally stop getting up on stage and fronting about "Is Brooklyn in the house?!" when in reality they are really from every place else but Brooklyn.
- 4.** Craig G will be crowned King of Freestyling, but still won't be able to get a hit record to save his life.
- 5.** I will finally stop falling down in public restaurants and faking seizures, due to disbelief on the part of paramedics and non-cooperative insurance companies.



- 6.** Pepa will put an end to Naughty By Nature the same way Yoko Ono shut down the Beatles.
- 7.** Fat Joe Da Gangsta will go on Geraldo and talk about how the Bronx is now run by killers and thieves, and a two dollar toll will now be charged to enter and leave the borough.
- 8.** Vanilla Ice will go on the Jerry Springer Show and say he's tired of imitating Black people and if it's o.k. with white folks he'd like to come home now.
- 9.** Yo Yo will go on the Ricki Lake Show and confess that she has no skills and that her first and only hit was really one of Ice Cube's left-over tracks.
- 10.** Kool G Rap will go on the Montel Williams Show and admit that he has carried DJ Polo long enough and that now it's time to go for dolo.
- 11.** Sinbad will go on the Oprah Winfrey Show and say that he's tired of clowning for white folks and if it's o.k. he'd like to come home now.

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# check



# reality

Apr

## BY BUC WILD

**Blunt fiend writer, New Ghetto Prophet; or Judas with a pen who knows how to drop it. I keep it real for my brothers who made a wrong decision, I give it raw to my sister running wild without a vision.**

**Attention:** all demo tape carrying, played-out wanna-be ruffneck, New York City bicycle messenger, 3rd cousin Method Man screaming types. Starting July 1st the rules and requirements for the United States rap game will be changed. These decisions have been based upon the consumption of one pint of Brass Monkey, a phat dime bag of chocolate weed and a hooker named Tanika who really knows how to blow the bag pipes in "B" flat.

1. Anybody who got a record deal within the last 2 years on the strength of Hurby "Luv Bug" Azor will be politely asked to retire.
2. Any female rapper who brings her kids on stage while performing will be fined \$350.00 plus a twenty-five dollar surcharge (checks should be made payable to Real Niggas, Inc.).
3. Anybody caught doing duets with Paula Abdul, Luther Vandross, Madonna or Eddie Murphy will be suspended until further notice.
4. Any rapper given a 12-inch single deal (video or not) and does not sell a minimum of 8,000 units in his or her home town will be forced to work fries at the nearest McDonald's.
5. Anybody caught still opening shows saying "One two, one two, we about to do this..." will automatically be dismissed.
6. Anybody caught wearing dreds not of Jamaican descent and cannot explain the true meaning of Rastafari will be given a crew cut and a stamp on their forehead that will read "Strike One."
7. Any rapper caught fronting on The Box talking about "representing" and "shit is mad hectic" when in reality they are still riding public transportation and doing promo shows, will be given a stamp on the forehead that will read "Strike Two."
8. Any West Coast rapper caught lying about being locked up in the county jail will be forced to run through Crip territory butt-naked with a red bandana tied to his penis.
9. All demo tapes submitted to record companies will now have to be accompanied by a copy of your High School Diploma or GED, a two-page essay on why you deserve a record deal along with the definition of "But I'm sayin' though..."
10. Anybody caught lying overseas in England about how their shit is blowing up back in the States will receive a stamp on their forehead that will read "Ass Out."



11. Any rapper still confused about being a part of the family or just another commodity who has to reach a certain quota for a record company will be slapped and forced to let Prince Paul produce their next album.
12. Any rapper still talking about setting it off and keeping it real, but has no clue as to who Huey Newton, Eldridge Cleaver and Fred Hampton were will be slapped and forced to walk up and down 125th Street in Harlem for 3 hours with no shoes or socks on.
13. All rappers entering talent shows must qualify by reciting "Jack The Ripper" by LL Cool J, and if not possible, should seriously consider other future goals.
14. Any rapper from Houston caught lying about being down with the Fifth Ward will be fined \$200.00 and be forced to listen to Professor Griff's debut album 212 times.
15. All groupies, sluts, part-time prostitutes and unsatisfied house-wives will have to sign a standard 69-OU812 form before dropping to their knees at hotels after all concerts.

P.S. It has been told to me that due to excessive hate mail to THE SOURCE from concerned advertisers and various religious groups this will be my last Reality Check column. But fear not, for I am still Editor of Around The Way Connections Magazine and in our new issue I will continue to verbally abuse people and give the true definition of a bum bitch. See ya!

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# check



# reality

May

BY **BUC WILD**

I got ya locked on in the back of your mind,  
No need to front kid we're two of a kind.  
A Mad Max Ni\*\*a on the highway of fire,  
Dreads got my back while's I'm taking you higher.  
I'm causin' crazy trauma like the old James Brown,  
But I'm real with this kid and won't let you down.

**G**uess who's back? Thanks for all of your letters of support during my times of triple detention. After being falsely accused of trying to burn down the roller-skating rink around my way, 116 collect calls to Bryant Gumbel impostor Ed Young, urinating in THE SOURCE main lobby, slashing publisher Dave Mays' brand new Goodyear radial tires and ordering \$682.00 worth of Domino's pizza on behalf of editor Adario Strange, I have been kindly asked to resume my position as "Senior Offensive Big Tittie Loving Juvenile Terrorist Writer" for the nation's number one hip-hop rag.

Now let's get down to business: could someone please tell **Teddy Riley**, if he's not too upset about the dis back in the January issue, that my brother Star would like to talk to him about producing my debut album on Cold Chillin' Records. The contracts are in the final stages and all we're waiting on now is a 5-series Beamer and the resignation of **MC Shan**. People have told me that my style sounds like a combination of Rakim on Quaaludes and Pee Wee Herman on angel dust, and my music is kind of like a mix of Pearl Jam, H-Town, Brand Nubian, Black Sabbath and New Jack Swing, with a dash of Calypso. My first single will be called "Sorry I Slapped Your Daughter." The B-side will be a duet with **Gary Coleman** entitled "You Better Recognize, Beeyatch". . . Is it me or does **Ricki Lake** only put Black men on her show that are gay or what she considers to be dogs? Would someone please tell that busted Cow that I'm not impressed with her and to please get a new fucking hairdo (long live *Rolonda*)... Presently I am working on a TV script called *The Adventures of Buc Wild*, so I can bring my close-minded and frustrated opinions to your living rooms. I am in need of an agent and publicist, but, more importantly, I am in need of a fool whose only purpose in life is to seek the approval of white folks and play the part of my butler. If he's not too busy, please inform **Jimmy "J.J." Walker** he's got a job.

I would like to dedicate the rest of this page to the girl who's got me open: **T-Boz**. What's up baby? How are you?



Sorry about the collect calls to your record label, but shit is mad thick for me right now. I haven't stepped to you yet because I'm still scrambling like Warren Moon and my pockets aren't right. But I'm coming for you baby. I just got my driver's permit and I'm ready to catch some tickets for you baby. All you have to do is call. And please don't get me confused with the two other kids running around New York claiming to be Buc Wild. I'm the cute one from Brooklyn who wants to give you the world. I've got one conviction and three open cases, but all that should be squashed real soon. I heard you talk to one of those kids in Jodeci. I hope it's not true because I really don't like those kids. "Feenin" was cool, but fuck'em. It's all about me and you now. I Love You!!

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# reality

Jun

BY **BUC WILD**

**No rest for the wicked, who's hyped and now amped. I heard you want drama, well guess who's the champ? It's "The Omen-Part 5" for those who don't know, little Damien's alive with a gift and a glow.**

**S**ince we were last together I have been busy amusing myself by shooting paper clips at squeegee people who approach cars for change and all **Tevin Campbell** look-alikes, trying to perfect a four second hickie with the assistance of my cousin Pebbles, faxing hate mail to **Patrick Ewing** and slowly coming to terms with my sudden case of **Jungle Fever**. That's right, you heard me. **Jungle Fever!!!** After being rejected by **T-Boz** and my second period teacher, Mrs. Connally, I have decided to take out my frustrations on all of my Nubian sistas by selling out, jumping the gate and becoming infatuated with **Pamela Anderson** (of *Bay Watch*). As a result, my **Snoop Doggy Dogg** tape has been replaced with **Soundgarden**, my **Redman** tapes have been replaced by **Helmet** and my **Too Short** collection has been replaced with **R.E.M.**'s greatest hits. I don't know how long this will last but if you are a true fan, please bear with me.

On another tip, it has been brought to my attention through mail and phone calls that my remarks and comments are immature, foul, spiteful and disturbing. My response is "you're right." Now, let's move on. . . Anybody seen **Rudy** from the *Cosby Show* lately? That poor child is probably depressed and strung out on **Jolly Ranchers** somewhere talking about "I'll be back!" . . . Before I for-



get, me and my big brother **Star** will be moving to California soon to pursue our acting careers and become the new **Cheech & Chong** of the ghetto. We don't have a place to stay yet, but we figured we could crash out at our old friend **Queen Latifah**'s house and free-load off of her for a while. Someone please inform her that we are coming. . .

Also, I have recently formed the "Rap Refund Coalition." I strongly suggest that all dissatisfied customers and one-shot record deal "I-could-have-been-somebody-back-in-the-day" rapping niggas support this movement. This coalition is designed to protect the Ruff, Rugged and Real against the establishment and fake wanna-be MCs. In the name of **The Honorable Grand Master Melle Mel**, I ask that you please send **Dana Dane**, **Red Bandit**, **Deion Sanders**, **The Hooligans**, **All Dee** and **Tung Twista** tapes back to the companies that manufactured them along with a note saying, "I'm as mad as hell and I'm not going to take this anymore."

**The following artists have recently been inducted into the 1995 Reality Check Hall Of Fame, and due to their outstanding contributions to the Hip-Hop Nation, cannot be dissd for a period of one year:**

1. **DJ Quik** - "Just Like Compton"
2. **Scarface** - "I Never Seen A Man Cry"
3. **Brand Nubian** - "Word Is Bond"
4. **M.O.P.** - "How About Some Hardcore"
5. **Conscious Daughters** - "Something To Ride To"
6. **K-Solo** - "Your Moms Is In Our Business"
7. **N.W.A** - "Niggaz4Life"
8. **Erick Sermon** - "Hittin Switches"
9. **KRS-One** - "My Philosophy"
10. **Roxanne Shante** - "Brothers Ain't Shit"
11. **Souls of Mischief** - "93 Til Infinity"
12. **DJ Magic Mike** - "Bass Is The Name of The Game"
13. **Black Moon** - "Buck Em Down"
14. **The Pharcyde** - "Passin Me By"
15. **Wu-Tang Clan** - "Protect Ya Neck"
16. **Eric B. & Rakim** - "Let the Rhythm Hit Em"

**P.S.** I am anticipating a little trouble getting a hold of **Pamela Anderson** (*Bay Watch*). If there are any **Jungle Fever** stricken girls of the opposite race and between the ages of 16-21 in search of a cute, 9th grade, brown skin, 2 minute brother, please send me a picture to the address below. See Ya!!!

**Out of love and respect for one of my biggest idols, this page is dedicated to Eric "Eazy E" Wright. You paved the way for me. Much respect.**

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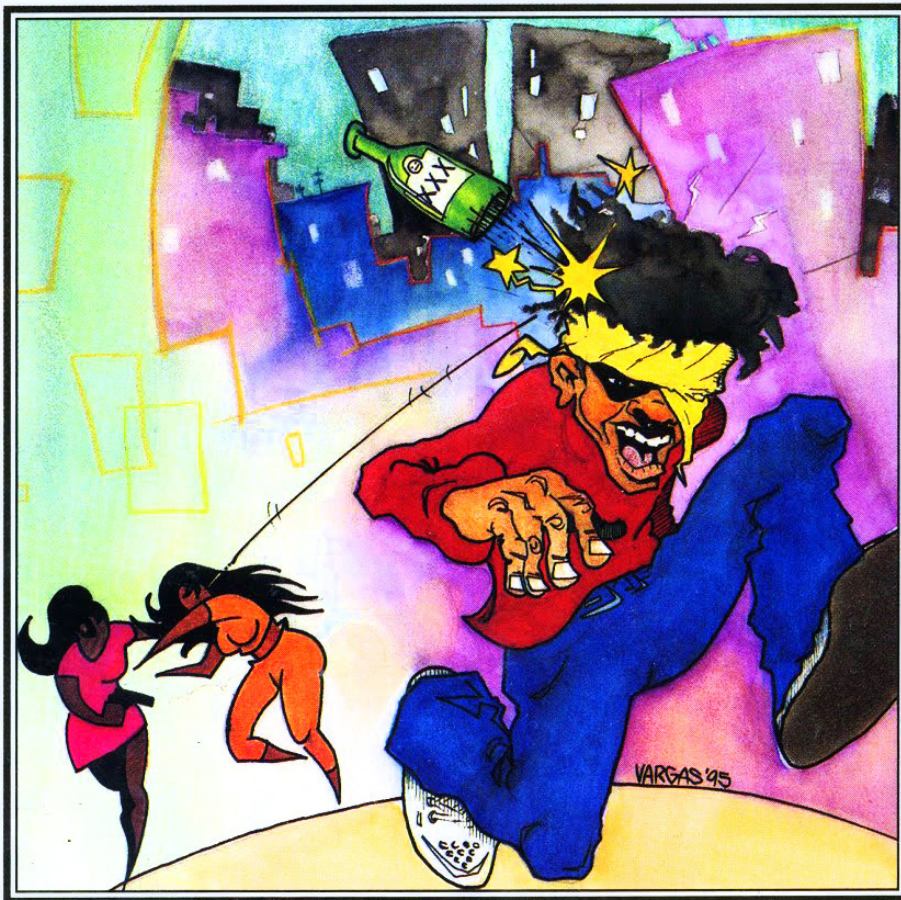
Jul

BY BUC WILD

**Hold me down kid 'cause I'm twisted and bent,  
I'm catching mad kites, and with love they are sent.  
You've got me choked up so I emptied the clip,  
I sat back and grooved, I dreamt then I flipped.**

**C**aptain's Log Star Date 5/3/95: for the past 3 days I have been trapped in a paranoid and confused state of mind. I can't be sure, but I think my Bite Size Shredded Wheat was laced with Extra Strength New & Improved Tide by my sister Aisha. This has been part of an on-going battle between me and this backstreet jezebel for most of

my life. Last year about this time, I straightened her ass out good when I sprinkled flea powder on one of her tampons. She hollered and screamed so much you would of thought Ike Turner had put a foot to that ass...•As of yesterday, I've decided to no longer pursue fortune & fame in the rap & film industry. I am now focusing my solar cosmic energy on becoming a Brooklyn street poet and redefining such popular 1960s slang terms as "Can you dig it," "Groovy" and "Right On." Having been born myself in 1979, you might say that's a little bit of a stretch. But after watching my new hero **Kato Kaelin** catch financial wreck over a double murder case, I think anything is now possible in this country. My new tag name will be Prince, Shabom, Divine, Supreme, Reese's Cup, Fuquan, Muhammad III. All interviews and requests for personal appearances should be forwarded to Jeremy Miller c/o THE SOURCE...•Not that you care, but for the past week I have been chased home from school by angry females over the controversy surrounding my definitions of a bum bitch in my brother's magazine. I'm not really one for apologies so my only alternative is to say, "If the shoe fits then wear it!!" Moving right along. I've just about had enough of **Omar Epps**. I was quiet when Hollywood tried to push **Cuba Gooding Jr.** down my throat, and I've said nothing to people who think Wesley snipes looks good. But I'm not trying to see old Fish Eyes slobbering dime honeys on the big screen. You might as well start calling **Chris Rock** the sexiest man alive...•As far as giving props to anybody, all I can say is those **Soul IV Real**



(Jersey City, NJ), Ed Scott (Charleston, SC), Tommy Dawson (Brunswick, GA), Jackie Henderson (Represa, CA), Micheal Tipton (Waco, TX), Dianne Coleman (St. Louis, MO), Tyberius Culler (Warner Robins, GA), Da Mac (Queens, NY), Richard Cliaton (Somerset, PA), Denise Anderson (Bronx, NY), Tameka Punch (Brooklyn, NY).

kids kinda got it going on. Now if they could just get their dance steps together, I think they could put all that Jackson 5 shit to rest. I'm a little ashamed to admit it, but I had a dream that I got pimp slapped by **Rupaul** and **The Artist Formerly Known As Prince** had to save me by doing an old rendition of "Purple Rain," while I was being chased by **Ol' Dirty Bastard**—who had a crowbar in one hand and a butter knife in the other...•Due to excessive police raids, uncontrollable fights during hooky parties and a \$900.00 phone bill, I am in the process of relocating The Rap Refund Coalition office. I don't have a new location yet, and my brother says I can't use his weed spot. So, for now, we will be holding meetings in the conference room at Tommy Boy Music. For dates and times contact **Scoop the Fat Man**. Tell him Buc told you to call...•Before I jet, I've got to come clean with something that has been both-

ering me for quite a while. I was arrested 3 times in the Bronx within the last month for Pit Bull fighting. In order to have the charges fully dropped and my name cleared, I had to cut a deal with the authorities and drop dime on everybody involved in this inhumane act. Alex, Flaco, Hector, Boogie from Long Island, Shawn from Queens and some smooth talking hustlin' nigga from Texas named Eddie Bone were all part of this weekend madness. Now I know what you're thinking, "Oh shit, this kid's a snitch!" Well, all I can say is that since May 1st, my new motto has been, "I keep my friends close, but my enemies even closer." Think about it. See ya!

**P.S.** Mad props go to those who sent me kites: Oktagon (Las Vegas, NV), Melissa Jacobs (Leland, NC), Crystal Pratner (Seattle, WA), Ray Dennis (Robinson, IL), Maurice Reed (Owings Mills, MD), Prince (Court Margate, FL), Robyn Mickel (Lenor City, TN), Chasity Lang, Kristal Stevens

(Jersey City, NJ), Ed Scott (Charleston, SC), Tommy Dawson (Brunswick, GA), Jackie Henderson (Represa, CA), Micheal Tipton (Waco, TX), Dianne Coleman (St. Louis, MO), Tyberius Culler (Warner Robins, GA), Da Mac (Queens, NY), Richard Cliaton (Somerset, PA), Denise Anderson (Bronx, NY), Tameka Punch (Brooklyn, NY).

*Buc Wild writes a monthly column in Around The Way Connections Magazine. You can write to Buc Wild at Around The Way, 824 St. Johns Pl., Brooklyn, NY 11216*

# check



# reality

Aug

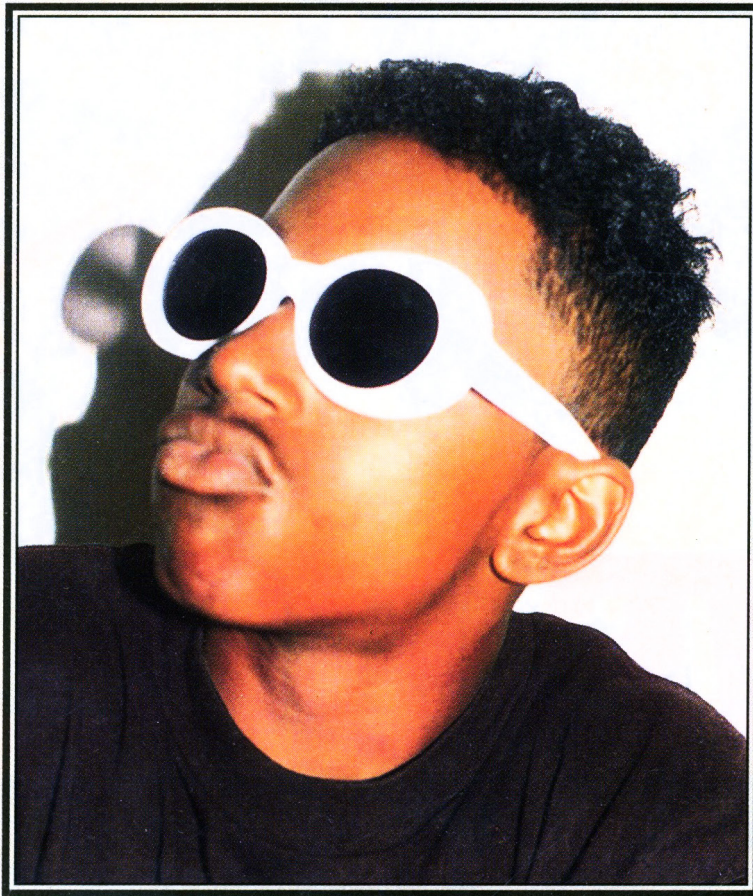
BY BUC WILD

**LIKE A STAR WARS KILLER WITH MAXIMUM FORCE, COMES THE HELLRAISING SWINGER AND THE ULTIMATE SOURCE. FROM BROOKLYN TO LONDON WITH A LICENSE TO GET ILL, IT'S 006 AND A SLAP TO YOUR GRILL.**

In case you haven't heard, I've been on some real bullshit lately. I signed my first autograph three weeks ago. Even though she was only twelve, I'm still kind of hyped and I'm seriously considering changing my name to the Honorable Buc Wild. My mother says this could be the start of something big, but my cousin Peter keeps telling me "a hero ain't nothing but a sandwich." Anyway, I have decided to put some light on a subject that I think needs to be brought to our attention, along with possibly being the answer for promiscuous teens like myself.

For some people this subject is going to be a little touchy, but I strongly feel that it needs to be discussed—Ugly Children. Now this does not include the handicapped or the snot-nosed and chubby. I'm talking about the cock-eyed, buck-toothed, big jar head, flat-faced, E.T. flashback, Webster TV show look-alikes. My Sunday school teacher says that all of God's creations are beautiful and I shouldn't discriminate. My mother's friend Ms. Williams, who sells guns at the laundromat in my neighborhood, says there is someone for everyone and this is the reason we have ugly kids. I don't know who to believe. All I know is everytime I eat a Burger King combo meal and glance at some little ugly crumb snatcher, I start to feel faint. Either way, I've got some advice to offer on this matter.

To the fellas: we have to make more of a conscious effort when hitting the skins of a shortie who's not all that. We need to ask ourselves, "If I bust off inside shortie, do I really want to be paying for a kid that could possibly resemble Jabba The Hut?" And to the ladies: the next time you're letting some big nose, box cutter-carrying errand boy get his groove on with you, ask yourself, "Would I really want a part of this kid inside of me for nine months of my life?" This might sound a little cruel, but if you ask yourself these simple questions before each animal act, chances are two out of every three times you will change your mind about the whole thing. I don't exactly know what we should do with all of the ugly kids that are already here. Maybe we should consider giving them the entire state of Nebraska and build a wall around it (along with a free one year subscription to THE SOURCE). I'm open for all suggestions.



The following list is a break down of what famous rappers' autographs will be worth in the year 2020:

**Onyx** - \$300.00 - It doesn't matter if they put out 5 wack albums from here on. These kids along with N.W.A helped define keeping it real.

**Biz Markie** - \$100.00 - This kid is one of my idols.

**Run-DMC** - \$500.00 - You'd have to be a fool not to recognize the real.

**Father MC** - \$5.00 - If this kid ever gets his own style, he might be alright.

**Mobb Deep** - \$80.00 - These kids pop a whole lot of shit. You gotta love 'em.

**Positive K** - \$40.00 - This kid looks like somebody's father, but he came with it on that "I Gotta Man" shit.

**69 Boyz** - \$75.00 - These country fools rocked the nation.

**Lord Finesse** - \$50.00 - There are no gimmicks with this kid. He just grabs the mic and catches straight wreck.

**Special Ed** - \$10.00 - This kid has got one more album to get back on track, or I'm gonna pull his whole fuckin' card.

**Hammer** - \$200.00 - He put a lot of people to work and for that he deserves big respect from us.

**Dru Down** - \$30.00 - Don't sleep. This is one of those pimps that just can't be denied.

**Tim Dog** - \$1.00 - I guess the joke was really on this kid after all, huh?

**3rd Bass** - \$40.00 - If these two white boys ever decide to get back together, I think the whole Soul Assassins family could be in trouble.

**Phife** - \$10.00 - I only weigh 106 pounds, but I think I could take this cream puff in a one on one.

**Grand Puba** - \$30.00 - Some people think this kid played himself when he

left Brand Nubian, but he still wears some fly gear.

**Main Source** - Some groups just ain't worth talking about.

**South Central Cartel** - \$25.00 - Although I can't name one of their songs, I saw these heads on THE BOX one day and they scared the shit out of me.

See ya at THE SOURCE Awards!!!

*Buc Wild writes a monthly column in Around The Way Connections Magazine. You can write to Buc Wild at Around The Way, 824 St. Johns Place, Brooklyn, NY 11216*

# check



**BY BUC WILD**

**ORDER IN THE COURT AND PLEASE REMOVE YOUR HAT, SMOKING IS ALLOWED 'CAUSE THIS ONE'S KIND OF PHAT. TESTED UNDER WATER AND BONDED BY THE STATE, IT'S QUESTIONED BY A FEW WHO SIMPLY CAN'T RELATE.**

**T**his is Jupiter 6 to Moon Dog, come in Moon Dog. . . This is Jupiter 6 to Moon Dog, come in Moon Dog. . . *This is Moon Dog, Jupiter 6. Go ahead.* Yeah, Moon Dog, can you help me out? I'm all fucked up in the game here. I'm losing pressure in engine #4 and I'm having those horrible dreams again about Full Force trying to make a comeback. Can you please send me some more of that blue shit on the next shuttle so I can mix it with my last 20 sack before I rendezvous with Alpha 9? . . . *That's a roger, Jupiter 6. Please stand by.*

Hey, are you with me? That was part of the movie script that I wrote and am currently trying to sell. It's called "Jupiter 6 & The Taco Bell Stick-Up Kids." In case you haven't guessed, it's a science fiction thriller. Anyway, I've got a new girlfriend and her name is Shireen. We met on the train about three weeks ago. I told her she needed a perm and she told me my Cross Color gear was played out. In other words, it was love at first sight. I'll keep you posted. . . Due to upset rappers still complaining about Reality Check #3 in the March issue of THE SOURCE, I was advised to seek out some legal counseling. After a free one-hour consultation with Riseman, Millburge and Abramson Attorneys-At-Law, I was advised that technically I am still considered a minor in the eyes of the state until my 17th birthday on January 3rd, and I cannot be held responsible for what some might consider wrongfully misleading my generation.

So with that in mind, I would just like to say, to all of my peoples in Brooklyn who continue to ruin parties and concerts by fighting and setting it off just because there's nothing else better to do, "please keep up the good work." Now I know that may sound kinda fucked up, but ya see I'm one of those kids who doesn't like to see people having too much fun without a little drama to help balance things out. As a result, I have started yet another movement called Misery Loves Company. This one is designed to give those who simply don't give a fuck how many tapes and CDs rappers sell an outlet where they can be heard. I am also requesting tax free donations of one dollar strictly for personal and financial gain from all the real niggas around the country. And for your personal list of my five best ways guaranteed to spoil someone's evening, send a self addressed stamped envelope to the address at the bottom of this page. Remember, cash only, I'm still working on that bank account.

Before we go any further, I must announce that I lost seven games of Mortal Kombat 3 in a row to my brother, Star. Part of the deal was if I lost, I would have to give props to some old school artists who he claims were keeping shit real back when I was drink-

ing Similac. So, big ups go out to Bizzy Bee, Grandmaster Caz and the Cold Crush Brothers, Grand Wizard Theodore, Kool Herc, The Funky Four Plus One, Crash Crew and DJ Starski. I can't go into the other part of the deal because it's kinda personal, and has something to do with perjury and helping him beat a date rape charge.

After getting well deserved raises from THE SOURCE and my brother's magazine, I have decided to become a full-fledged entrepreneur and no longer seek out ordinary day jobs. But for those who are not as fortunate as myself, I have put together my own personal list of Buc Wild's job hunting tips:

- 1.** When going on a job interview, never wear Karl Kani boots. They have too much ghetto appeal and tend to make the white man nervous.
- 2.** When asking the white man about a job, always scratch your head and look puzzled. This will make him feel confident and less concerned about losing his job to you.
- 3.** During interviews, always mention your beautiful wife Shaqueeda and your two daughters. This will reassure the interviewer that you won't be chasing white women around the office.
- 4.** When being interviewed by an African-American at a white corporation, *never* mention Farrakhan's name, or the house nigga will throw your application away as soon as you leave.
- 5.** When leaving the interview, always give a firm hand shake with a big Kool-Aid smile, and say, "Yes sir, yawl sho' do got a nice place here."

**P.S.** To all of my niggas on lock down in the belly of the beast who send me lyrics and are trying to get on in the rap game: I really feel for you kid, really, but I can't help you. I've got to focus on getting my grades up next semester or my moms is gonna dead this whole column. Besides, I don't have any friends in the industry, only enemies and associates.

Rebuild...

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# check



# reality

Oct

BY BUC WILD

**AT THE SPEED OF A TEC WITH A STROKE OF MY HAND,  
I'VE GOTTA GET MINE SO PLEASE UNDERSTAND.  
THE STYLE OF NO STYLE FOR TEN MONTHS THEY SHOOK,  
FROM WANNA BE THUGS TO USED TO BE CROOKS.**

I haven't been in a joking mood lately, so I don't know how this one is going to hit you. The main thing that has got me vexed is motherfuckers who pretend to be your friends. But when you need them the most, they've always got some sorry ass excuse, or they claim they have to go somewhere with their moms. I don't know if you feel as strong about this topic as I do, but maybe there should be a law. If your friend leaves you hanging five times in two months, they will be given a government-issued irremovable staple on their bottom lip that reads, "Be leery of me, I'm on some real bullshit."

Hey, wanna hear something funny? Just last week my brother Star, who gave me my tag name, finally told me what it stands for: **Born Under Conditions With Illustrious Large Dreams**. Well, I guess the joke is really on me because for the past two years I've been telling people it stood for **Bringing Underground Currents With Idiot Logic Distorted**—life is just full of surprises ain't it? I don't have a record out yet, but I'm amped so I've decided to go on tour starting in October. I don't know what I'll be doing on stage because I hear that Flavor Flav has got the trademark on Fool of the Century. . . My manager is trying to get me on one of those MTV tours, but I don't think it's going to happen. He said something about their insurance policy clearly stating Non-Threatening Negroes Only. So we're now setting our sights on BET's Teen Summit. Maybe they'll let me come on their show and curse a few people out for G.P. If that doesn't work out, we're going to try the shopping mall circuit and try to pick up where Debbie Gibson left off. Whatever the case may be, I will be ready—my wardrobe will consist of black bell bottom pants, one chainsaw, two packs of Krazy Glue, one large bottle of Johnson's baby oil and two ice cold 40 oz. bottles of Crazy Horse to help a ni\*\*a get open.

*Excuse me for one second please.* Bitch, are you trying to play me? Don't you know talking to your ex-man on the phone is total disrespect? I don't give a fuck about his partner who got wet up with oowops over drug money. Wait 'til I see you, I'm gonna choke the shit out of you with one of those Kawasaki dirt bike inner tubes. You ungrateful stunt. You must have me confused with some of those little frail kids who take you seriously. Trust me, as soon as I get some loot, I'm gonna drop you like a bad fuckin' habit. *Pardon me, kid, but that was some personal shit between me and my girl who has been avoiding me lately. I know it sounded kinda fucked up, but I strongly believe in the fine qualities of mental abuse and intimidation.*

## 10 Reasons I Have Terminated Friendships:

1. Not accepting my collect calls at 1:30 in the morning, even if your family can't stand me.
2. Not wanting to take money out of your sister's pocketbook when we are three dollars short on some chronic.
3. Leaving me stranded when kids are trying to jump me after school. (This one really counts for 2.)
4. Not wanting to come with me on Saturday afternoons to steal Tyco racing cars and accessories from Sears.
5. Not wanting to go along with my lies about having sex with certain girls and how you witnessed the whole thing.
6. Bitching up when it's your turn to pull the fire alarm at school when you know the crew wants to go get lifted and watch Karate flicks.
7. Not wanting to call Dave Mays at THE SOURCE and tell him if Buc can't have ten tickets to THE SOURCE Awards, there will be no more Reality Checks.
8. Refusing to let me rock your brother's brand new Nikes to school when you know he gets home an hour after we do.
9. Hiding from me when I needed you to charge a round trip ticket to Atlanta on your father's Visa so I could track down T-Boz, when you knew how stressed I was over her.
10. Getting mad at me just because I scratched up your father's Ohio Players album collection looking for hip-hop beats for my career.

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# Reality Check

## JAN-OCT 1995

E D I T I O N

### Shooting Star



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