

1996

# 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**

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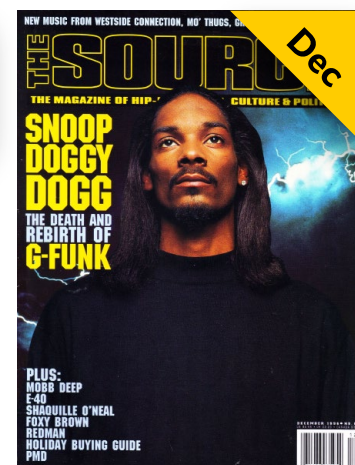
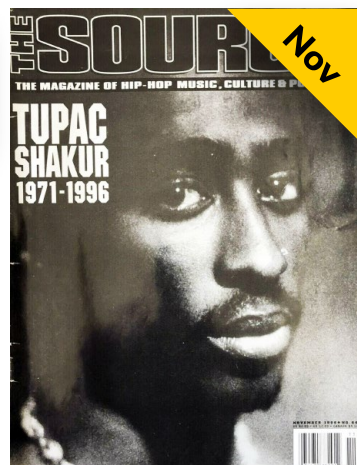
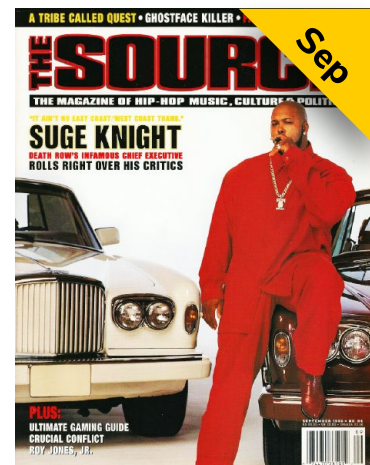
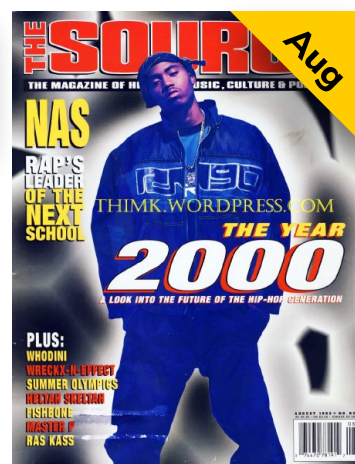
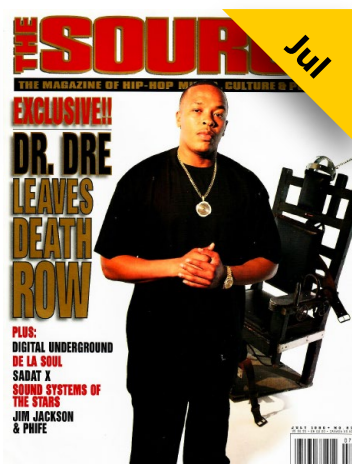
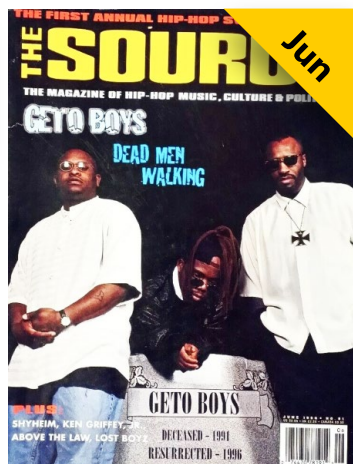
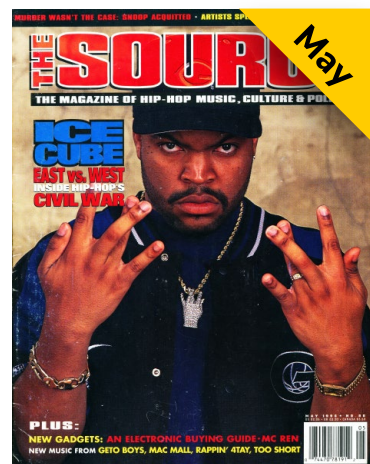
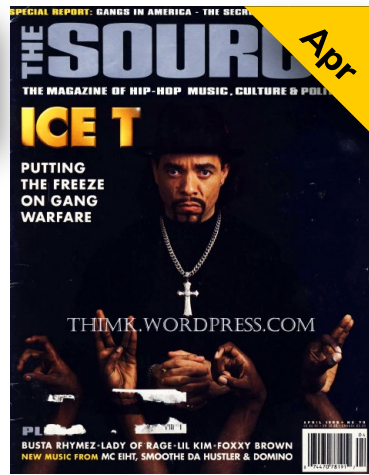
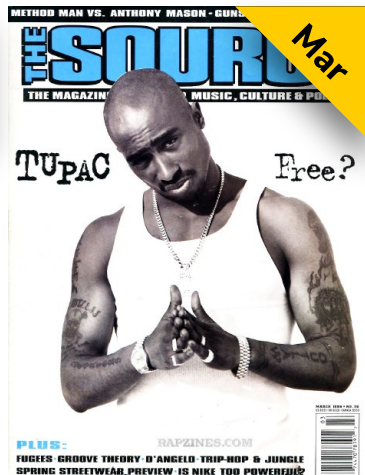
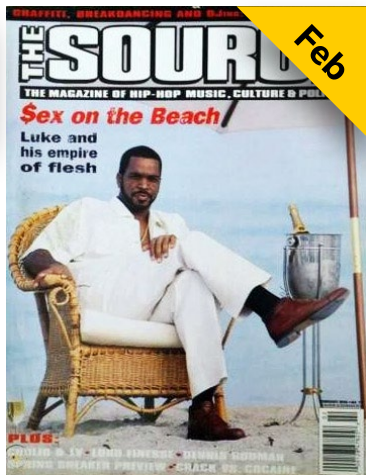
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# Magazine Covers

Covers of The Source Magazine where the 1996 columns appear.





# reality

Jan

BY BUC WILD

**KRS CAN MOVE THE CROWD BUT NO I'M NOT HIS FAN.  
PUNKS WILL DREAM OF GHETTO FAME WITH HOPES TO BE THE MAN.  
CHUMPS I CHOKE WITH DENTAL FLOSS WHEN PAYMENTS FALL BEHIND.  
BACK TO PULL SOME CARDS AND BUG SO BLIND CAN BE UN-BLIND.**

**A**llow me to reintroduce myself for 1996. To most chicken heads in Brooklyn, I'm known as "Tim." To all petty crime and stick up kids under the age of 19, I'm known as "Wild Buc." To all seventh and eighth graders who get extorted on a bi-weekly basis, I'm known as "That Motherfu\*\*er." To people who read *THE SOURCE* magazine worldwide I'm known as "Buc Wild." Hey, did you miss me? Well I sure as hell missed you. But sometimes we all need a break and business has to be checked and double checked, if you know what I mean. I just signed a contract with *THE SOURCE* to bring the ruckus for ya for 12 more months. I can't disclose the amount of money that was involved in the deal. All I can say is keep an eye out for a cute, curly-headed, skinny kid in a brand new white Rodeo coming soon to a high school near you.

My motivation for this page is often questioned, so I would like to take this time to offer an explanation as to why a brotha flips on the regular. (1) I don't claim to be a writer. (2) Hip-hop is not stamped on my ass. Now if you can understand that, you should also be able to understand this: "It's not enough that I succeed, but everyone else must fail." . . . Moving right along, I've just started a countdown for the cancellation of the "Tempest" show. Some things in life just make no fuckin' sense. . . Once again, I am single. For all those concerned, here are the reasons why. First of all, I caught the little hooker braiding some kid's hair. Could you imagine the shame of having some kid going around talking about, "Yeah, that kid's girl be greasing my scalp and shit while I'm sitting between her soft thighs sippin' on Bacardi Breezers." Second, she never had no money when we went out. I tried to teach her that the foundation of my game demands that my girl pimp her parents so we can parlay on their money. Over all, I guess it's just fair to say that mathematically we couldn't see eye to eye.

## BUC'S YEAR END AWARDS

**City That Has Shown the Most Support For Me With Fan Letters and Death Threats to *THE SOURCE***—Chicago (thanks!!!)

**Artist in Need of a New Stylist and Publicist When Accepting Awards**—Mary J. Blige (Sorry baby, I still love you.)

**Artists whom Tommy Boy Records Signed but Wouldn't Give Me a Single Deal**—Big Kap, Sabelle, Quinton, The Most Cru and Leshawn (I guess the Genius was right.)

**Worst Movie of the Year**—*The Show* (How can you have a movie about rap music and not have Public Enemy in it? Russell, please check yourself!)

**Classic Album of the Month**—Organized Konfusion's *Stress: The Extinction Agenda* (This shit was unreal.)

**Uncle Tom House Nigga Back Stabbin' Sellout Bitch Move of the Year**—Rick James on the television show "Extra" talkin' about "of course O.J. is guilty."

**Best R&B Album of the Year**—Jodeci's *The Show, The After Party, The Hotel* (I know I dissed these kids once. But after listening to my brother play "Pump It Back" every day for two months in our office, shit kinda grows on you.)

**Best Movie of the Year**—*Desperado* (If just twenty more people would have been killed, this could have become a classic.)

**Best Verbally Articulate Rapper When Speaking**—Bushwick Bill (This kid is kinda nice with his.)

**Ghetto Princess of the Year**—missjones (Please forgive me homegirl, you are definitely where I wanna be.)

**Best Talk Show of 1995**—Jenny Jones (This sexy old white lady makes me wanna walk into a Pizza Hut with an automatic weapon and spray innocent women and children.)

**1995 Rookies of the Year**—The Luniz (It's really not where you're from, it's where you're at.)

**Poet of the Year**—Buju Banton (Yes sir, much respect.)

**1995 Recipient of the Buc Wild Verbal Abuse Award**—The Jerky Boys (A movie called *Buc Wild Meets The Jerky Boys*—can you see it?)

**Best TV Show of the Year**—"The X Files" (This shit is mad hype.)

See Ya Next Month.

**P.S.** To the two white kids in Arkansas who wrote me a letter about your place in the hip-hop community, I will say this: If you have ever purchased a rap tape, then you have supported rap music in its purest form. And if you wear Karl Kani, Walker Wear, Phat Farm or any other Black-owned clothing line with pride, then, as far as I'm concerned, you are down by law just as much as the next man.



# check



## BY BUC WILD

**Long live thugs and cornball capers. Those who chase clouds and those who make papers. Those who get wrecked and those who stay strong. Those who sell dreams and those who pimp long.**

**H**ave you ever been stuck way out in west bubble fuck at 2:30 in the morning trying to get back home? Well I was, messing around with this sexy little groupie. But that's not all. While walking to the Long Island Railroad, some kids on a corner tried to rob me. One of them said, "Yo, ain't you that kid from THE SOURCE who be writin' that ill shit?" I said, "Yeah," thinking everything would be cool. Then he said, "Yo son, your shit is mad funny, but right now you gotta run all of your currency and personal belongings or else shit could get mad thick for you." After the shock (and realizing that death was knocking at my door), I reached in my pocket for what they thought was gonna be my loot. But, much to their surprise, out came old Becky in all her glory and precious chrome. I fired one of the two bullets she had in her up in the air and niggas parted like the red sea. I then ran about three miles in the wrong direction until I ran into some old white man in a 7-11 parking lot. I told him that I had just been car jacked by two Black guys in Pelle Pelle coats and could he please give me a ride to the train station. He said sure, and with all praises due to Allah, I made it home safe that night. . . Before we go any further, I need to send a few messages out to some people. To all record companies, when sending out invites for your industry parties: If you can't send me four or more passes so I can bring some of my boys, then please don't send any. I'm not tripping, but you see, my life is already filled with fame and excitement and I really don't give a fuck about rubbing elbows with shady corporate people. To Judge Weston at Brooklyn Juvenile Court, who released me to the custody of my uncle Duane last month: Your honor, sir, thank you for chance #4 and yes I am definitely trying to change my ways. As of last week my new schedule is as follows. On Friday nights, I go rollerskating in the Bronx; on Sundays, I rest from all the weed I've smoked Friday and Saturday; on Monday nights I gamble; on Tuesdays, I keep a look out for my cousin Shawn who pumps mad jumbos on Nostrand Ave.; on Wednesday nights I'm usually harassing somebody's daughter. Thursdays I'm pretty flexible, so maybe if you have that bitch ass counselor call me then, I might be able to squeeze him in, O.K.? Oh yeah, I almost forgot. During the week, if I'm not too busy, sometimes I go to school. . . Now on another note, I just got my Blockbuster movie card and I am presently catching up on all the hype shit from back in the days. But more important than that, when you walk in the door to rent your movies, the employees always say "hello" and "how are you" with a smile. I mean, just think about it. You could be a serial killer, rapist, nazi, or just a complete asshole and they're still polite to you. That's kinda fly. Big ups to everybody at Blockbuster. . . From time to time, I get letters from people trying to get in touch with their favorite rap artist. It's all good, but to put it simply, I'm nobody's fucking messenger boy. But just to show you that I do read every letter that comes my way, I've done some homework and come up with a way we can both benefit off other's personal lives:

**The following list of home and beeper numbers are for sale by money order only:**

**Erick Sermon:** Beeper, \$3.50 - If he doesn't recognize your number, it's a fifty-fifty chance he will call you back.

**AZ:** Beeper, \$2.50 - This kid takes a while to call you back, but the good part is you don't need a code or none of that bullshit.

**MC Lyte:** Home number, \$3.00 - She tries to fake people out by just having music on her machine with no voice.

**Jam Master Jay:** Home number, \$2.00 - For an extra \$3.00, I'll throw in the cellular number too.

**Treach:** Beeper, \$7.00 - It might take five or six hours, but you will get a call back from somebody.

**Ralph McDaniels (Video Music Box):** Beeper, \$2.00 - The king of shout outs usually has to be beeped twice before he takes the number seriously.

**Suga (formerly known as "Sweet T"):** Beeper, \$3.50 - This sexy chocolate thing will call any number back within twenty minutes. She's just a nice person who's real.

**Ice Cube:** Home number, \$10.00 - This is a hard kid to catch up with. I've been trying to reach him for three months now just to tell him *Friday* was the best movie of '95.

**Raekwon:** Beeper, \$3.00 - Don't beep this kid from your home. I hear he takes that street shit kinda serious. And there's a good chance he could come looking for that ass.

**Sir Mix-A-Lot:** Beeper, \$5.00 - I hear this kid picks up all tabs if you're one of his guests from out of town.

**Edo G.:** Home number, \$2.00 - I've been meaning to tell this kid for some time now that track he had called "Streets of The Ghetto" was the shit.

**Monie Love:** Home number, \$3.00 - I usually just call this chick and hang up. There's something about her voice first thing in the morning that just gives me an erection.

**Nate Dogg:** Beeper, \$2.00 - If anybody catches up with this kid, please tell him Buc is trying to get out to the West Coast but is short \$450 on a ticket and could he please help a nigga out.

**Spike Lee:** Home number, \$30.00. Either this kid is never home or he's got caller I.D. Anyway, somebody please tell him I just finished the bomb script called *More Pork Sausages Mom And I'll Shoot You Where You Stand*, and could he please get up with me.

See ya next month!!!

*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*



ILLO BY TODD JAMES

# check



# reality

Mar

BY BUC WILD

**I got moves to be made and hands to be shook, goals to be reached and tours to be booked, trees to be smoked and flicks to be made, heads to be tossed and dimes to be slayed.**

**C**aptain's log star date: 3/1/96. After being chased into enemy territory by Imperial death troopers, my only chance for survival was to shut down all secondary power, initiate the clocking device and try to drift unnoticed into sector 9 for refueling. In other words, I recently had a little drama with the police and had to go underground for a few weeks to regroup. I am now in the process of rebuilding my plantation so please bear with me. It was my intent to bring you "the art of shopping bag snatching" this month. But in between fighting for slot time and playing spades, I couldn't find time to concentrate on anything. So with the assistance of this kid named Deshawn, who I owe two packs of cigarettes, we decided to do an interview with yours truly and get some of the questions that people ask me out of the way. Here's how it went.

**What kind of girls do you like?**

It doesn't matter what color they are just as long as they are sexy and dumb.

**Could you expand on that?**

If I see a girl walking down the street and I say to her, "Psssst, yo shorty come here," and she doesn't come, then she's not dumb enough for me.

**Have you finally gotten over T-Boz?**

Yes, but I'm now stressing Lauryn from the Fugees. And if she's not checkin' for me either, I plan to make her life miserable.

**What are your future plans?**

Well right now I'm being pimped by my brother the same way Joe Jackson pimped Michael, and I've been told that we're going to be making some movies like Abbott & Costello.

**Do you have any acting experience?**

Yeah, I was in a low budget film last year called *Ghetto Princess*, and I've just been cast in a new film called *Stick-Up Kids On The Ave*.

**Can you rap, and if so, how long have you been doing it?**

Well, not including the sandwiches I wrap for my nephew before he goes to school, I would say a total of two months. But I feel like I'm ready to take it to Johnny Blaze for his title and belt.

**How old were you when you lost your virginity?**

Who said I lost it!!

**If you owned THE SOURCE magazine would you change anything?**

Yeah, I would have a section just for record company people called "Who The Fuck Is Responsible For Signing This Bullshit."

**Why do you call everybody collect?**

My moms is on some real bullshit about her jack, if the bill is over \$90.00 a month she locks it up.

**How did you become a writer?**

Back in February of 1993 I was about to be sent away to a juvenile group home in upstate New York for troubled teens. But my brother Star went before the judge and said that he had a job for me at his magazine if I could be given another chance. The judge said ok and I went to work at *Around The Way Connections*. My job title was Head Bell Hop Nigga; later on I got promoted to Senior Step & Fetch Nigga. One day while putting the finishing touches on one of our early issues we were left with a blank page due to an advertiser who backed out after finding out that the publication was chock-full of profanity, sexual references from teens and a centerfold called the Gangsta Bitch Of The Month. So Star told me to fill up the page with some record reviews. I said cool, but I really didn't know what the hell a record review was and I couldn't tell him that because he's the kind of person who

flips at the drop of a hat. So I wrote a page of what I considered to be reviews, but everyone else considered them insults and vicious personal attacks. That column was originally called Street Flavor, now it's known as The Hall of Fame and has branched into THE SOURCE as Reality Check.

**Do you like your writings?**

I don't really look at them like that. To me they're just reflections of where I was at that point in my life. But what I do like is the letters that people send me, especially the ones who try to bring it to me. It helps me stay on point.

**So I guess it makes no sense to ask you which one is your favorite?**

I don't have a favorite but I do read the (August) Reality Check #8 more than the others. It always make me laugh.

**How do you come up with your rhymes that start off each Reality Check column?**

Me and my brother Star usually do them together, he's kinda nice with his. After I finish writing a column we usually smoke a tree and based upon the theme of the page we come up with different intros and pick the best one. But don't let him hear you call them rhymes because he's a cross-over Negro and he says that they are poetic expressions that have nothing to do with rap.

**Do you think that you will blow up, and if so will you change for the better or worse?**

I'm definitely going to Hollywood, but as far as change, that all depends on what you consider to be for the better or worse. First thing I'm going to do when I get my hands on some big loot is get my hair fried, dyed and layed to the side. Then I'm gonna try and hook up with Jako and get some of that skin lightening cream so I can jump the gate and begin my denial period that I never had anything to do with THE SOURCE, *Around The Way Connections* or the 'hood.

**When was the last time you took a good ass whooping?**

Last summer when my cousin Pebbles sprayed me with some mace and then caught me with a few rabbit punches in the back of the head.

**Do you have any advice for someone who wants to become a writer?**

Not really, other than try to be original. People always expect the logical, but to really shine I suggest trying to give them the illogical. As far as getting it out there, I had help from my family but you should always think about starting your own. I heard that back in the days THE SOURCE was just one piece of paper, but look at it now.

See Ya next month!!

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ILLO BY TODD JAMES

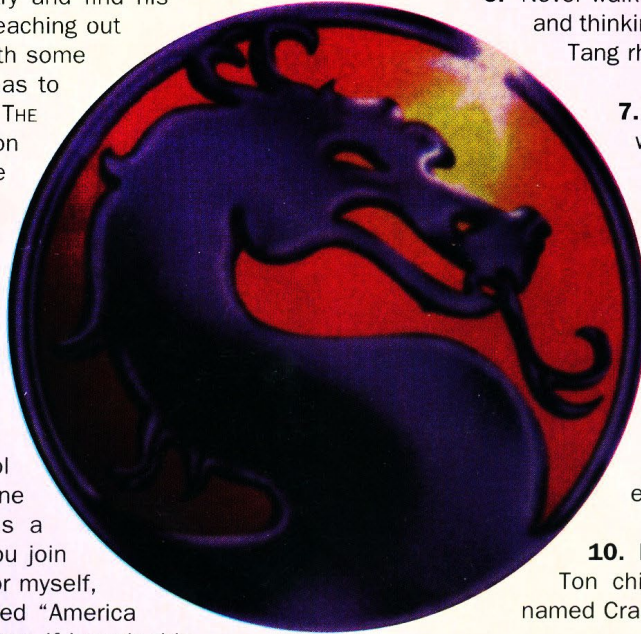
# check



## BY BUC WILD

Don't make me stab you, slice you and cut you.  
Beat down your moms with a Joe Frazier one-two.  
Car jack your pops with big guns and no ammo.  
Tongue kiss your girl, conversate  
and then whammo.

**C**aptain's Log, Star Date 4/1/96: After recently being given full control of Genesis (5) by The Federation, I am now in the process of hiring all shifty eyed, Nautica gear wearing personnel who could possibly enhance my chances for the Emperor's chair. In other words, ladies and gentlemen, I'm being censored and I have to find other ways to tell you how I'm moving phat Chronic on the streets of Crown Heights, NY. . . By the time this kite reaches you I should be on the first leg of the Star & Buc Wild "Kings of The Wild Frontier" high school tour. We're going to be bouncing to over 200 schools in the tri-state area, distributing everything from magazines to grape-flavored condoms to "Jesus Is Your Friend" pamphlets. It's gonna be something like Woodstock on wheels. Although Star's main purpose for wanting to tour is to try and find his future wife, I'm really looking forward to reaching out and touching people of all nationalities with some of the finest home grown indo Brooklyn has to offer. We tried to get Dave Mays to loan us THE SOURCE Mobile, but for some strange reason he hasn't been returning any of my phone calls. Maybe it has something to do with the fact that I wrecked my Rodeo two weeks after I got it. Either way, it's going down April 1st to June 17th. Oh yeah, before I forget, we will be giving away free subscriptions to *Around The Way* magazine to anyone who turns in a gun to us on the tour. No questions asked. . . Moving right along, I'm proud to announce that I have completed a full week of school without being late and without cutting one single class. My family says that this is a record setting event and they ask that you join them in their moment of celebration. As for myself, I learned about something that week called "America On-Line." One of my teachers, Ms. Kay, says if I study this new technology, there's a good chance that I could take all of my so-called psychic powers and cheap scams to the next level by setting up a Web site. I'll keep you posted. . . For those of you who are loyal SOURCE readers, you should know that our subtitle for quite some time now has been "The Magazine of Hip-Hop Music, Culture & Politics." That's all good, but I was thinking about talking to the rest of the Mind Squad to try and get "Weapons Information, Ghetto Apparel & Insults" added. I may not know a lot about the business just yet but I think this move could broaden our readership along with cornering the hip-hop market. Send me a kite and let me know what you think. . . Now, I don't know about the rest of the country but back in January we had the Blizzard of '96 here in New York. And with nothing else to do for about a week but slay kids on "Mortal Kombat 3," I took some notes and have now decided to share with you "Rules of The Arcade Room."



### The following rules are designed to help the average Herb, victim or mentally disabled child:

1. Never rest your coat more than 5 feet away from you when someone is standing around smoking a Newport and looking kinda shady.
2. Never get too involved with your game and leave your DJ Clue blend tape unguarded in the tape deck.
3. Never try to rob a game room with a kid named Knowledge Born and an old shot gun that hasn't been properly cleaned in about two years.
4. Never tell your girl to meet you at the game room if you think you might be late and you know that she will smoke weed with any 10 karat gold-wearing wannabe.
5. Never make a twenty dollar bet while playing pool with a kid named Crash, lose the game and then try to run.
6. Never walk into a game room wearing some new kicks and thinkin' just because you're reciting some old Wu-Tang rhymes that nobody will bring it to you.
7. Never break the cipher when smokin' trees with your peoples by passin' the El to some kid who looks like he just woke up and has got some white shit around his lips.
8. Never go on a Jook Mission (stick-up) and then go chill at the game room. It's always the first place the beast will check.
9. Never play a 10-year-old girl named Tianana in "Street Fighter Alpha." She catches mad wreck and knows crazy mother jokes to add insult to injury.
10. Never bring a fifty cent bag of Barbecue Bon Ton chips into the game room and deny a kid named Crash half the bag.

Big shouts go out to people who have been giving me mad love. **Wendi Williams**, Hot 97, NY—**Fernando Cesar**, KLAV, Las Vegas, NV—**Sharon Taylor**, Birmingham, England—**The Lifers Group**, Rahway State Prison, NJ—**Rebecca Bucholtz**, Des Moines, Iowa—**Jason III Kid**, Clearwater, FL—**Chantelle Torain**, Marthas Vineyard, MA—**The Baka Boys**, Burbank, CA—**Rod Weston**, U.S. Navy, thanks for everything.

P.S. To the kid out in Teaneck, NJ who I took money from for a subscription to THE SOURCE, "Sorry about that yo," but sometimes I'm on some real bullshit.

See Ya Next Month!!!

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# reality

May

## BY BUC WILD

**Say what you mean kid and mean what you say. Act like you know punk and watch how you play. Don't point that nine son when kids know you're shook. Please run your dough, miss, 'cause this here's a jook.**

**Due to the** ongoing drama between the East Coast and West Coast rappers, I've decided to drop a little light on the situation in hopes of squashing all the unnecessary beef that is fucking up all the money making opportunities for small time ni\*\*as like myself. I personally think the main reason for the beef is because a lot of people are confused about where they fit in with all of this so-called gangster shit. So with a little help from an old player from Harlem named Clint Edwards, I have compiled a gangster tree to help those who might be in need of some guidance. Although I could easily point a finger at who I think fits in where, I have decided to take a neutral position and not add any fuel to this fire.

**The following Gangster Tree can be used as a guide for those who suffer from the wanna be syndrome:**

**Gangster:** Usually has a legitimate business as a front; has good math skills; knowledge of history and fine foods; vacations overseas; believes strongly in extortion, murder and intimidation; donates money to a church; is a good father; doesn't do drugs; wears Stetson hats; respected and feared by those who know him; has a talent for turning nothing into something; a master of persuasion and a killer by nature.

**Drug Lord:** Has the best lawyers money can buy; owns no less than three homes and a boat; has all the latest guns; wears Giorgio Armani suits; untrustworthy; not a good family man; lives good for seven years but eventually falls and serves hard time; not necessarily a killer.

**Lawyer:** A master of words and the ultimate liar; has very little conscience; loyal to no one but the almighty dollar; believes strongly in trickery, deceit and tossing out vital evidence; wears cheap suits and often has ring around the collar.

**Killer:** Not necessarily a wealthy person but acquires large amounts of money in spurts; quiet and very observant; has few friends; likes cartoons; tries not to make eye contact with people; dates one girl at a time; not concerned with fashion.

**Thug:** Lives by the sword and usually dies by the sword; a master at shooting dice and black jack; gets hyped when he sees blood; often confused about his future; spends a lot of time in and out of the system.

**Drug Runner:** Wears all the latest hip-hop gear; values his car more than his woman; loves seafood; makes more money than most rappers; a master at shooting dice and black jack; lives good for four years but eventually falls and serves time.

**Wanna Be Gangster:** Always talking loud and saying nothing; slaps his girl around once in a while; still lives at home with his mom's; watches Scarface once a month; wants desperately to be the big boss but lacks the qualities; would kill you and your whole family just to get a rep.

**Part Time Drug Dealer:** Has at least one child; hustles just enough to buy a little gear and a new pair of kicks; occasionally gets high on his own sup-

ply; can tell you all about all the latest cars even though he still uses public transportation; doesn't do well under questioning from the authorities.

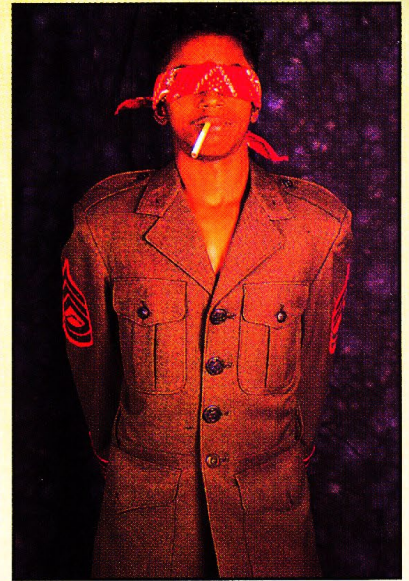
**Studio Gangster:** Writes rhymes about how he had shit on lock down back in the days and how he's now telling kids to stay in school; extremely paranoid; flinches every time he hears gun shots and has to pay off killers from around his way who know he's a fraud so they won't run up on him.

**Confused Child:** Always gets smoking weed confused with being hardcore; doesn't realize that most of the companies whose name brand clothing he wears don't give a fuck about him or his kind; knows all about guns and the latest remixes but couldn't fill out a job application if you paid him.

For those of you who are wondering why the definition of a pimp is not listed on this tree, please let me inform you that I was told by an old pimp from Chicago named Sweet Money that "pimps are born not made," and that they fall under the Politician tree, along with mayors, ministers, accountants, psychics and con men. . . Now that we've got all of that out in the open I feel much better, don't you? Moving right along, I've just finished putting the final touches on my first book entitled *Buc Wild's Lost Reality Checks*. It's a collection of all my columns and unpublished edits from January 1995 to March 1996 in THE SOURCE magazine. It's guaranteed to offend 26 rappers, 9 record companies, one part-time Muslim, 2 bisexual, female R&B singers and five crooked Brooklyn police officers. I'm in the process of looking for a publisher and an advance of no less than \$200,000 to get with me.

I get big shouts from mad kids who are serving time in the belly of the beast and although I don't get a chance to write back too much, I just want you to know that I'm catching your kites: M. Simmons #260048 Newark, NJ ; R. Washington #C-206046 Lake City, Florida; H. Ortiz #95A3216 Pine City, NY; G. Adams #175938 Eastlake, MI; F. Ferguson #7-25-61 Paterson, NJ ; W. Bivens #62915-061 Ashland, KY; S.Cooper #195301 Halifax, VA; W. Deary #590551 Beeville, TX; Curtis Jones #H23856 Tehachapi, CA; J. Alexie #J00163 Corcoran, CA; K. Allen #94-R-2498 Coxsackie, NY; L. Stoots #665077 Tennessee Colony, TX; H. Lyles #0231366 Raleigh, NC; R. Jackson #94-A-1616 Dannemora, NY; L. Sieteski #900705 Comstock, NY; I. Sanchez #92A1646 Altona, NY; A. Ortiz #C5-2965 Coal Township, PA ; T. Porter #CK 2295 Frackville, PA; R. Solomon #234316 Jessup, MD; S. Darnell #593265 Beeville, TX; J. Vasquez #91A6685 Elmira, NY.

P.S. I almost forgot to tell you what category I fall under in case your wondering. It's **Misguided Adolescent:** Insecure; petty crime expert; troublemaker; believes strongly in the fine qualities of back stabbing and mind manipulation; master of Mortal Kombat 3 and carries a wallet sized picture of Tupac. Stay Up!!



JOHN RICARD

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

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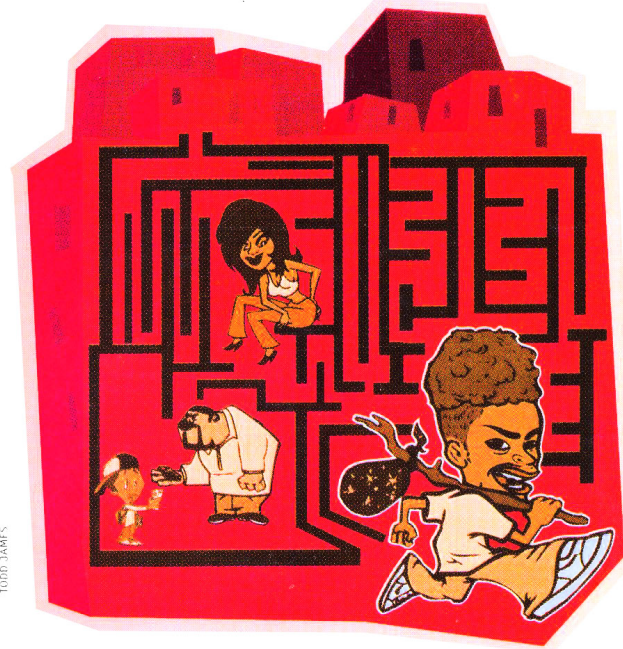


# reality

Jun

BY CBU DWL

IT IS WHAT IT IS OR MAYBE IT NEVER WAS. BUT SOMEHOW IT USED TO BE BUT THEN ONLY JUST BECAUSE. NOW IT'S A BURNING LIGHT OR IS IT A LITTLE FAME? MAYBE YOU'VE HEARD OF ME, OR MAYBE IT'S ALL THE SAME.



TODD JAMES

**Please take note of the name change this month. The reason why: I'm on the run.**

I can't really get into what happened, but I will say this—it has something to do with a package being snapped, one missing 380 Glock, a chickenhead named Stacy who lied to her man about where she was at 4:30 in the morning, my mom's being upset about "The Art Of Pistol Whipping" story in *Around The Way Magazine*, and eight hours of "Twilight Zone" marathon tapes being erased. . . Although they had nothing to do with any of the events that took place, I would like to put partial blame on the *The Source* magazine for giving a minor such a large platform at an early age, which I feel has lead me to this life of uncontrollable thoughts and actions. . . Before we move forward there's a few things I need to get off my chest: (1) I've had no luck trying to contact Lauryn from the Fugees, but that's cool because once again I have changed my mind and I am now wide open for that sexy female named Foxy Brown. I know she needs a little help with her weave but I'm willing to overlook all that right now because I think honey dip has got mad potential. I can't really say that I'm ready to shoot up the block over sugar draws just yet, but if there's anybody out there getting any bright fucking ideas about stepping to that piece before me, let it be known that I've got one hell of a sucker punch; and not too many kids have bounced back from it. . . (2) To all eighth grade students in school district #16, starting in September there will be a 5% tax increase on all protection plans, but it can be avoided now by simply having your legal guardian make

out a money order in the amount of \$65.00. This will cover the entire school year and two weekends of your choice. (No personal checks please). . . (3) It's been a while since I had to flip on anybody but I just couldn't let this one get away. Could someone please get a message to Heather B for me: homegirl, I don't know what the fuck that video ("If Heads Only Knew") was about, but someone needs to either be dropped, slapped or fired behind that piece of shit. Please check yourself. . . Now in between writing movie scripts and avoiding the clutches of Governor Pataki's new laws here in New York, I've decided to start an alternative rap band. I am now auditioning guitar players and drummers ages 16 to 21. Star will be on the bass and my homeboy Griz will be hyping up the set. We plan on giving those Red Hot Chili Peppers kids a run for their money. I've already got a few titles for some songs, see how they grab you. "Caress The Love Mussel," "Cop Killer Part 2" (The Remix) and "I Heard You Want Some Drama." We're gonna be managed by legendary hip-hop promoter Van Silk and if all goes according to plan we should have a CD out by mid November. . . Now getting back to being on the run. Just in case I am trapped off by one of the many people trying to put a rope around my neck, my diary and personal *Around The Way* Watergate phone tapes can be found at my mother's house located in the kitchen under the sink behind my new and improved power man weight gainer shake mix formula. And if my body is not found within 30 days from the day of my disappearance, please investigate—with the help of the tapes—the music industry dealings of the following people: Jeff Sledge, A&R rep for Epic Records; Jazz Young of Def Jam Recordings; Angelo Ellerbee, CEO, Double XXposure; Dan Charnas, American Recordings; Ethan Roberts of Interscope Records; Big D The Weatherman, Geffen Records, and Greg Jones of Loose Cannon Records. Since we're on the topic of record companies, I feel obligated to let you in on a few jack move tips for when you're traveling through the city shopping a demo tape or looking to kill sometime.

**Best Company to Steal Hot Chocolate, Lipton Tea and Instant Coffee from:** RCA Records

**Best Company to Steal Fax Paper and Markers for Graffiti Tags from:** MCA Records

**Best Company to Make All Your Long Distance Phone Calls From Without Being Hassled by the Receptionist or Nosy Interns:** Elektra Entertainment

**Most Stingy Company with Tapes and CD's:** Jive Records

**Best Company to Roll an EI in the Bathroom and Take a Few Pulls From Without Being Harassed by Anyone:** MTV Networks

**Company With the Tightest Security and Most Undercover Narks:** Polygram

**Company Whose Security Is So Bad You Could Walk Out With Anything That's Not Nailed Down If You Wanted To:** Capitol Records

See Ya Next Month!!!

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

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# reality

Jul

BY CBU DWL

STICK WITH YOUR MAN, BOO, 'CAUSE I'M NOT THE JOKE. HE'LL LOVE YOU ALL DAY BUT I'LL SEX YOU DEAD BROKE. HE'LL GIVE YOU MAD FUN LIKE HOMEY THE BIG CLOWN. BUT I'M ON SOME NEW SH\*T AND I'LL RUN YOUR KICK'S DOWN.

**T**his one goes out to all playa haters, tricks, marks and spineless boyfriends who think shit is all lovely back at home with wifey. . . The stories you are about to read are true, only the names have been changed to protect my chances of second visits on future booty calls.

**Case #1:** Thursday, 3:05, after school. I'm heading over to this little dime shorty's rest piece. As usual, I'm not invited. It doesn't matter who's home with her because what I have in mind will only take about three minutes to accomplish and the only space that I'll need is a broom closet or stairway. . . I knock on the door. *What do you want, Buc?* "Kelly, please hold me, boo, I'm scared." *What's wrong?* "It's those MOBB DEEP kids, they're after me again." *What did you do, Buc?* "I can't go into all that right now, just hold me, I'm so scared. Is there some place we can be alone?" She takes me to her little brother's room. Before she can say anything I say to her: "Listen boo, in case those kids do get a hold of me and put me in cement shoes like they said they would I want you to have my original Wu-Tang tour jacket that Ghost Face Killer gave me, all you have to do is contact my sister Tosha; she knows where I keep my stash." *For real?* "Absolutely!! Now listen to me baby girl, I been thinking. I know we've had mad problems in the past and I'm sorry I had your man jumped four times, but I want to make it up to you. I think it's time that I went down on you, boo. I know I've always said that I wouldn't eat anything that bled for two days and didn't die but this could be my last day in the physical form and I want it to be special. Please don't deny me, boo; just lay back. . . Are those the new Victoria Secrets you got on? You always do be rockin' some fly shit, you go, girl. I'm about to get busy with this tongue action real soon, but first just let me put on this raincoat and loosen that shit up a bit." (Three minutes later) "Yo, hold up, boo, that's my beeper. Let me see who that is, it could be important. . . Oh shit, that's those MOBB DEEP kids, let me call them right quick. Yo Havoc, what up, son? What did you say? Everything is squashed, all right cool. I'll call you later. Look here baby girl, I gotta run around my way and tell everyone it was all a big misunderstanding and everything is squashed, I'll be right back." *But what about that tongue action, boo?* "Oh yeah, I'm gonna take care of that shit as soon as I get back baby, just keep it warm for me." This is the sympathy technique. I only recommend it for people who have convincing straight faces and fresh hair cuts.

**Case #2:** Saturday afternoon at 2:00 PM. I'm riding my brand new PARKPRE freestyle bike, smoking some new Hydro shit and practicing my bunny hops when I see this pretty older-woman waiting for the bus with her two kids. I check my manual for women over twenty-five then move in for the kill. "Excuse me miss, but do you need a father figure for those kids?" She looks at me with a grin and says, *Why would you think that, little man?* "Well, no disrespect miss, but you've got on last year's Perry Ellis jacket and your jeans are mad faded. Now I'm no genius, but

I would guess that your man is either locked up and you're out here in the world all alone or he's just not on his job, which means you're up with the kids all day, leaving no time for your self. Either way, I think I could be of some assistance in your times of need." Right about now Miss lady started laughing which told me that my chance of running through that ass was about 80/20. *Could you be more specific, little man,* she says. "Well miss, around my way I'm known as the plumber and my specialty is laying strong pipe." She stared me dead in the eye for ten seconds and said nothing. To make a long story short, her kids now call me Uncle Buc and on Monday afternoons I can be found walking around Miss lady's house butt naked wearing some nigga's satin bathrobe. . . This case dealt with the Genesis technique. I recommend it only for those who have a lot of confidence and a strong back.

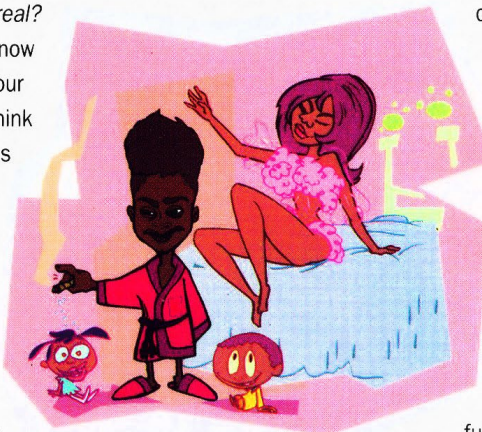
**The Marathon Technique:** It's called the marathon because if it works on the subject you can keep it going for a long time with out really having to prove anything and the sexual rewards are endless. Example: You're standing around and this dime piece is headed your way. "Excuse me miss, but did you see LL Cool J come through here in a white Lexus coupe? I was supposed to meet him here but I'm a little late..." Nine times out of ten they will stop just to see who you are. That's when you tell them, "Yeah, my name is Rondell. I'm Biggie Smalls' little nephew and I'm coming out on Bad Boy real soon." If she smiles for half a second, getting the number should be no problem. The rest is up to you.

**The Scorpion Technique:** It's called the Scorpion because if it works it leaves them paralyzed and sprung at the same time. Example: You see the subject and you approach her in a quick motion. With an angry look on your face you say to her, "I don't give a fuck if Mike Tyson is your man, I'll kick his ass just to taste your lips you sexy motherfucker." I recommend this technique only when you're out doors and a few of your friends are with you, just in case honey dip decides to take you up on the offer and her man is some cock diesel kid who might be standing near.

My brother Star says you can judge a man's power by the actions of his girl. With that in mind I have dedicated my life to testing and harassing all shorty's of the world to see who the real playas are and who is just a plain old mark. See Ya next month!!!

**P.S.** I am presently working on Hip-Hop Makeovers for a future Reality Check and I figured I'd let a few people get in on some of the fun. Please send all suggestions for your favorite artist to me right away at the address below.

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



# check



# reality

Aug

## BY 006 THE WILD ONE

BLACK TO THE FUTURE AND SIMPLY ELECTRIC, LIKE OL DIRTY'S CREW I'M HERE TO PROTECT IT. WITH GAMMA RAY SHIELDS AND INFRA RED LIGHTS, RAZOR SHARP SWORDS AND KIDS FROM CROWN HEIGHTS.

**C**aptain's log star date: 8/1/96. I can't be sure but I think I've been exposed to severe levels of radiation on Capricorn Three. I'm developing what appears to be a twitch in my left eye. As a result, Lieutenant Williams, who thought I was making a pass at him because of this twitch, has now confided in me about his occasional erections when watching videos by recording artist **Jay-Z**. . . Yesterday I was informed that the Federation will be having an honorary dinner for the emperor next week and I am not to bring the **Raven Simone** replica with me that I was caught fondling in sector five last month. . . On another note, it has been brought to my attention by flight instructor Hinds of THE SOURCE Squadron, that personal attacks on rappers will no longer be printed for casual viewing by civilians. . . As a result I have decided when the Reality Check contract runs out three months from now I will be committing myself into a thermal deep freeze pressure tank for 25 years. By making this move I feel that when I awake in the year 2021 not only will I still be seventeen years of age, but censorship should be completely obliterated and I will be able to shit on people like **Shyheim, Mack 10, Bahamadia, PMD, Da Brat** and **Whodini** without interference from the establishment. . . As senior offensive captain of the Voyager 2 vessel, I will soon be relinquishing full control of my command and log book to my 15-year-old brother named Genesis. Although he holds no rank yet, I feel very confident that his assault tactics will reinforce the foundation set up by myself and the Emperor. Before signing off I would like to set the record straight on a few things so no one can say I left them hanging. To everyone that I have ever swindled, conned, harassed, flim flammed, hoodwinked and led astray, all I can say is never have so many owed so much to so few. To all of the women in my life who I have shared special moments with, engaged in toe-to-toe combat, pretended to be your friend, then had you set up for your earrings to be snatched: it must be known that all of you played a very important role in my life and you have helped me become what I am today, "The most popular weed head in the borough of Brooklyn". . . To all of my family, friends and associates, in case some of you are not around when I return, always remember, "nothing comes to those who wait." To all of my enemies, only God knows the answers why we have chosen to clash. But I must admit after being rushed 3 times and having jumped over 12 people with my crew, I simply became addicted to the excitement. . . To the Emperor, as always, thanks for everything and if for some reason you feel the need to wake me from the deep freeze chamber, I am at your service, and once again I am sorry for selling your social security number to your new baby's mother for one Mango Passion Mystic, two Kit Kats and three Dutch Master cigars. To

my fans, aside from books soon to be published (i.e. "Buc Wild's Lost Reality Checks Volumes 1, 2 & 3"), I leave you the Generator files—detailed notes on extortion procedures for the young and aspiring. . . To **T-Boz**, I must be honest with you, you sexy mother-fucker, I lied. You're not out of my system yet. But since you have never called or even sent me a picture, I have decided that when I awake in the future one of your granddaughters or nieces will become Mrs. Wild, and along with bearing seven of my little demons she will pay dearly for your outright disrespect. . . To **Buckwild** the producer, I know more than anyone else you will be glad to see me go. I regret that we never had the chance to meet and I'm really sorry about taking money from 26 kids who thought that I made blend tapes. But don't worry, when I return I will be transmitting under the new tag name of 006 The Wild One. . . To THE SOURCE Mind Squad, I don't know if I can forgive you guys for putting those broke down and busted looking models up in the swimsuit issue, but since we've been through so much shit together I am going to try and overlook it for right now. One Love!!!

**The final frontier, for those who need to know.  
The passing of a torch, the ending of a show.  
A twister in the air, the biggest jook of time.  
Some dreams to fill your cup, some words to make you mine.**

Special thanks go out to Shawn Drayton and **BOSS** clothing for sponsoring me on my high school tour. See ya next month!!!

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



# check



# reality

Sep

## BY BUC WILD

**EPILOGUE #4: THE BIRTH OF ALTER EGO (GENESIS 39275). LOOK, UP IN THE SKY, IT'S A HERB, IT'S A LAME. NO, IT'S GENESIS 39275. FRIEND TO ALL HIP-HOP FRAUDS AND NON-SINGING FEMALE R&B GROUPS. DEDICATED AND DETERMINED TO RID THE WORLD OF THE EMPEROR'S MOST VICIOUS PAWN, BUC WILD. WHEN WE LAST LEFT THE WILD ONE, HE WAS IN A DELIRIOUS STATE OF CONFUSION AND BABBLING ON ABOUT COMMITTING HIMSELF INTO A DEEP SLEEP TANK. NOW HAVING SINCE BEEN TRICKED BY GENESIS INTO THINKING THAT HE WOULD REINFORCE THE WAYS OF THE EVIL ONE, BUC WILD'S MIND HAS BEEN INFILTRATED AND THE FATE OF THE TERM "KEEPIN' IT REAL" STANDS A GOOD CHANCE OF BEING BANISHED FROM THE GALAXY FOREVER.**

**A**llow us to introduce ourselves. We were born only yesterday and we hold no physical form. We live in the mind of the one you call Buc Wild. We serve no one and we have no mission. We are equipped with only energy and scraps of information. We are 15 years old forever. We are the council of equality and the bringer of new light. We never utter the forsaken word (I) for it is a selfish word and it holds a strong allegiance to the evil one known as The Emperor... Our thoughts are pure and we do not lust for the ones with soft voices and pretty smiles. At times, we have witnessed the Wild One touching himself in ungodly ways, but it never disturbs us nor do we say anything to him, for he is in us and we are in him.

We keep a straight face, although we have knowledge of laughter, pain, sadness and anger. Our new world is a peaceful one and these expressions are known as wrongful transgressions against all brothers. We hope to one day become a scholar of science and aviation but for now we are a street sweeper... As the Wild One sleeps in a deep freeze chamber, we have stumbled across his early log books. Although we cannot make heads or tails of his notes, we have decided to share them with the masses in hopes of exposing the ill poison that has saturated his mind for so long...

**9/3/95** - Possible intro for Reality Check column  
*Reach for the sky kid and act like you know.  
Slide down your draws miss 'cause Buc's  
here to flow. Don't sell me out son cause  
shit's about to flip. Hold down the noise Ma  
and load up the clip.*

Grades received on Reality Check columns from  
The Emperor:

**July '95** Only received a B. I was told that too many props/shout outs were given to mortals and crumbs.

**August '95** Received an A+ and a 20 sack bonus. The Emperor commented that the insults on ugly children brought tears of joy to his face.

**February '96** Although it was a little light on the profanity, I got an A. The Emperor has always had the hots for Monie Love... By the way, has anyone noticed that THE SOURCE is now available in Blockbuster Video stores?

**May '95** Received a B-. Comments from The Emperor: it was too short. He also said that to really get Blondie's attention I should have flown down to Atlanta and handcuffed myself to the reception desk at La Face records and screamed at the top of my lungs, "word to mother yawl better get that chick down here right now."

**June '95** Only received a C+. Comments From the Evil One: he thought it was funny and well structured but he said that "the white woman could never understand the Black man's struggle."

**October '95** Received a B+. I was told that the overall tone was good and that the placement of the word "bitch" was superb. But it lacked a few personal attacks on people.

**March '95** Received a B+ and a forearm smash from the Evil One who was extremely upset about comedian Sinbad getting a movie deal before us. He also said that my efforts could have been more severe in helping to put the final nail in Vanilla Ice's coffin.

**May '95** Received an A+, in spite of all the shout outs to kids locked down in the system. The Emperor has been quoted many times as saying, "I strongly believe in kicking a man when he is down."

**September 17th, 1996** - I have been given two books by The Emperor to read. He said they would help strengthen our mission: *The Virtue Of Selfishness* by Ayn Rand, *Anthem* by Ayn Rand.



We are alone, but we are many. Our eyes are now open and our mission is now clear. Although we are shook and realize by coming forward with this new regime our body will be looked upon as a pitiful traitor by the Evil One, we need your help. In the name of Young MC I ask you all to please help us prepare ourselves for battle when he confronts us, and together we can restore nonsense and silly party songs to the nation of hip-hop.

Next month's column will be written by the Emperor aka STAR!!

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

# check



# reality

Oct

## BY THE EMPEROR (STAR)

### Prelude: The Wrath of the Evil One

When we last left you, Senior Offensive Officer Buc Wild had fallen victim to his compromising hip-hop alter ego, Genesis 39275. He abandoned the Federation at a time when he was needed the most: mission (3K-5), the verbal assault on Beverly Hills cream puff Brian Green. Thus the emperor sent out his war dogs to retrieve the body of the one who once soared through the galaxy and brought drama to the lives of worthless crumbs. After weeks of being on the run and hiding out in middle-class, suburban America, the wild one has been captured and is about to stand trial.

**N**ailed to the wheel but never really turning. A prisoner of the mind and slowly are you burning. Now judgment day is here and you will walk the plank. Answer for your crime and no one shall you thank.

Timothy Joseph, aka Buc Wild, you have been charged with mutiny in the first degree by the Federation. Your plea of "No Contest" will be honored and, for not wasting the court's money and time, your carcass will be spared. It has been decided by this court that you shall be assigned for a period of 60

days to the Federation farm for reprogramming and new lessons in objective thinking. For your own protection you will be held in the CMC unit (Central Monitored Cases). Within that sixty day period, if you are found reciting any rhymes from Kris Kross, Diggable Planets, Def Jeff or Kid Frost, you could be fined and face new charges of treason and blasphemy. . . While receiving new treatment, your rations will consist of two dollar heroes to remind you of our struggle; Orange Tropical Fantasy soda to remind you of our brothers who have passed on; Wise salt and vinegar potato chips to remind you of our sweet Ghetto Princess; and Drakes honey buns to remind you of the strength needed for our endless battle. During your stay, if you are spotted consuming any type of yuppie food—i.e. Sushi, garden salads, Evian water or granola bars—you will be fined and dragged through the streets of Brooklyn with a sign strapped to your back that will read, "I was once hard core". . . Your daily schedule will be as follows: at 9:00 AM you will awake to the sounds of Faith Evans; then, after your morning shower and coffee, you will watch The Box for a period of three hours and randomly criticize all videos. I need not remind you that the basis for this procedure is the self-reassurance of our highest law (without the hands of evil there are no wings of good). . . At 12:00 noon you will be per-

mitted to take a thirty minute lunch break and smoke half of an L. From 12:30 to 4 PM you will be escorted to wealthy areas of New Jersey where you will go door to door and say that you are the nephew of super producer Quincy Jones and if you could please borrow \$20.00 to catch a cab to New York, your uncle Q will pay the money back double within 24 hours. After you have collected no less than \$80.00, you will be escorted back to the farm where your earnings will be turned over to help contribute to our new Saturn (1) defense station.

From 7:00 PM to 7:30 PM you will have dinner. When you are finished, you will return to your quarters and recite the five pillars of doom from our sacred scroll:

1. I am the river from which they flow; when I am gone they will have never been.
2. There were none before me and only I can close the door.
3. I have no fear and my heart skips no beats.
4. I diss them not out of hate, but rather to let them know "no one is untouchable."
5. I will watch them when they rise and catch them when they fall, tell them how to come and be there when they call.



Although disappointed with your ill mutiny, I have strong confidence in your full recovery and for the war in your mind that you are about to fight. Remember: "We all must face our demons one day, but it is our destiny that is unavoidable."

Revolution. . . . .

You can write to The Emperor & Buc Wild c/o Around the Way Magazine, 824 Saint Johns Place, Brooklyn, NY 11216

# cheek



# reality

Nov

BY BUC WILD

## CHAPTER #2: THE BATTLE AT ODIAN (5)

Last month you witnessed the trial of Buc Wild's alter ego, Geneses 39275, along with the wrath of the Evil Emperor (Star). Now, with no outside interference, the Wild One has been locked up in a dark room somewhere in the desert of Brooklyn where his inner battle for mind supremacy is being fought out on the forbidden level of Odian (5).

**A**s the world turns, I'm burning with desire. Blinded by the smoke and wishing I was higher. Caught up in the drift and tortured by the flame. Drunken from the air and yet to choose a name.

I'm real raw plus my style is hard core... I'm real raw plus my style is hard core... I'm real raw plus my style is hard core... Captain's Log star date: Unknown. Having recited the preceding lyrics 431 times, I think I am finally regaining consciousness and can soon start putting the frazzled pieces of my life back together. For the record, I would like to apologize to the entire Federation for losing focus and falling victim to the onslaught of fan mail and Judas's who pretended to be my friends. I expect to be back at full capacity soon and would now like to give advance warning to the following people for next month's up and coming smear campaign: New Edition, Aaliyah, former NY Knick Anthony Mason, Immature, 112 and the cast of Homeboys in Outer Space... On another note, I'm a little disappointed about the absence of THE SOURCE Awards this year. I had my heart set on shooting paper clips at Suge and Puffy in hopes of starting up the rivalry ruckus all over again. My own personal awards go out to Bone Thugs-n-Harmony, Rappin' 4-Tay, Chino XL, Sir Mix-A-Lot, The RZA and The Lost Boyz—you niggas kept it real in '96... Scared to death, scared to look we shook... Scared to death, scared to look we shook... Scared to death, scared to look we shook... Pardon the intrusion boys and girls, this is your friendly hip-hop neighbor Geneses 39275 now signing on. Although the Wild One has awakened from his deep sleep, it must be known that he only occupies 75% of our shell, and even though our days are probably numbered, we hope that you have sided with us against him. In the event of my disappearance, I beg of you to carry on the good work of telling all rappers to please, in the name of Kid-N-Play, rejoice and let's make hip-hop silly and safe once again. I also ask that you forgive me for using the evil word (I), but as you can

see, I am faced with a serious crisis and must now resort to harsh tactics... I'm real raw plus my style is hard core... I'm real raw plus my style is hard core... I'm real raw plus my style is hard core... Buc here again, kid, I'm trying to get a grip on shit, but for some strange reason I keep having nightmares about groups like Stetsasonic and Black Sheep trying to make comebacks in the rap game... At this point, due to my situation, I've decided to share with you some of my darkest secrets. By coming forward with this privileged information I hope that you are not the squirmish or tattle tale type. Number one: I've never written a column under the influence of weed or alcohol. I was told by the Emperor two years ago that the mind cannot properly attack with obstacles in its path. Number two: even though I was born and raised in New York, I have always been more fond of southern flavored rap music. I guess it has something to do with all those summers spent down in North Calalaka. (Long live 95 South, Outkast and Quad City DJ's). Number three: I'm guilty of accepting bribes in the form of 236 CD's from the Sony corporation to not flip on any of their new artists like that corn ball kid named Kino. Number four: a couple of years ago, when I was just a mere mortal, I joined the PM Dawn fan club and although ashamed to admit it, I still kinda like those kids... Scared to death, scared to look we shook... Scared to death, scared to look we shook... Hi, it's me again, your pal Geneses 39275. Just wanted to remind you all that "the man in blue is a friend to you and Rodney King was nothing more than a trouble maker"... I'm real raw, Scared to death, hard core, hard core, hard core, Scared to death, Scared to death, Scared to death, my style is, my style is, my style is, my style is....



Next Month: The return of 006 The Wild One!!

Buc Wild is Co-Publisher of Around The Way Magazine. You can write to Buc at Around The Way, 824 St. Johns Pl., Brooklyn, NY 11216

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ILLUSTRATION BY TODD JAMES



# reality

Dec

## BY 006 THE WILD ONE

**SEND IN THE CLOWN BUT CHECK HIM FOR HIS GUN. LISTEN TO YOUR CHILD AND TEACH HIM HOW TO RUN. DON'T FORGET TO DREAM 'CAUSE LIFE CAN BE UNFAIR. IF I RULED THE WORLD I'D PIMP YOU ALL FOR AIR.**

**C**aptain's Log, Star Date 12/1/96: After pulling myself up by my boot straps from a mental state of seclusion, I now feel that I have fully recovered and can resume my position and command. I am sad to report that someone who I had the pleasure of meeting once has passed on. His name was Tupac Shakur and for the record, it must be known that he was one of the few who shook the world. I am suggesting to all Federation officers that rather than mourn his passing we instead celebrate his life and accomplishments... On another

note, I would like to thank all civilians who sent me kites during my time of sickness and distress. I read every one of them... Since we are slowly leaving '96 and entering '97, I think it's only right that we get back to the basics of taking cheap shots at the Hip-Hop Nation and the New York Knicks. First up, could someone please tell SWV and Nas I got love for them, but their stage shows need a whole lot of work. Last month I also saw MC Ren, The Fugees, Keith Sweat and Bone Thugs-n-Harmony in concert. They all caught wreck, but none of them gave me a shout out, so fuck 'em... Next week I will be getting signatures for a petition that I am starting against the New York Knicks. It will state that, "We the People demand that Patrick Ewing, Charles "Clayface" Oakley and the boys take pay cuts and receive monthly slaps from one Buc Wild until they bring home a championship trophy for the Big Apple"... In the past I've joked around about getting record deals and shit, but this time it's on the real. Star and myself just signed a contract with PMP Records out of California to do a comedy album called *Reality Checks*. I'll keep you posted... During the past year, I think that you and I have

bonded at least once or twice on issues that sometimes hit home. I don't know if it's a case of me getting older or wiser or both, but I'm starting to feel like the justice system here in America was designed with the Black man in mind. Question: why is it that every time a nigga gets in a jam everybody, including your own fucking lawyer, wants you to cop out for a lesser charge? My cousin Mario says that most of the time our cases are lost before they even get to trial. I mean if you're guilty that's one thing, but think hard and long before you cop out to some bullshit, because I hear that later on in life that little shit can stop you from getting certain jobs... Sorry to report, there

will be no year-end awards this year; instead I've decided to share with you the fine art of impersonating a police officer. These techniques can be used when in times of financial strain. The charge for this is a felony in some states, so you'll have to use your own discretion as to whether or not you can stand the pressure if caught by the beast. Now, when impersonating a cop you must first convince yourself that everyone is a fucking liar and complete asshole. This procedure will give you the needed confidence to become the total scumbag of authority. There are many different beneficial reasons for impersonating the beast, my thing is shaking down weed heads who pull up to the spot from out of town. For this scam you don't necessarily need a weapon, just one confident partner and a badge. Step one, you're outside the weed spot and you notice a customer pull up in a car. Wait until he or she gets out of the vehicle, makes their purchase, and returns to the car. People with cars usually have more to lose and are more willing to cut deals than someone on foot. As soon as the law breaker closes the door to the vehicle you should be right there in their face with your badge: "Take the keys out of the ignition slowly and everybody put your hands where I can see them: Please don't make any sudden moves, this is my first day on the job and I'm a little nervous, so we wouldn't want anybody to get shot by mistake." Keep everyone in the car at all times, just in case the real police happen to drive by. After you've questioned the driver and looked over the license, registration and insurance card, you should now start the negotiating for their release, nine times out of ten everything from jewelry, to brand new walkmans, to cash, and of course weed, will be graciously surrendered for hopes of an immediate pardon. "My partner wants to cuff you all and impound your vehicle, but I think if I let you go chances are you'll never show your faces around here again, what do you guys say?" Of course the answer is the obvious. With your mission just about complete, after confiscating all valuables you should always give the offenders a warning that if you see them anywhere in the vicinity again, their asses will be history... Good Luck!!



"My partner wants to cuff you all and impound your vehicle, but I think if I let you go chances are you'll never show your faces around here again, what do you guys say?" Of course the answer is the obvious. With your mission just about complete, after confiscating all valuables you should always give the offenders a warning that if you see them anywhere in the vicinity again, their asses will be history... Good Luck!!

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# Reality Check

## JAN-DEC 1996

E D I T I O N

### Shooting Star



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