

1997

# 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**

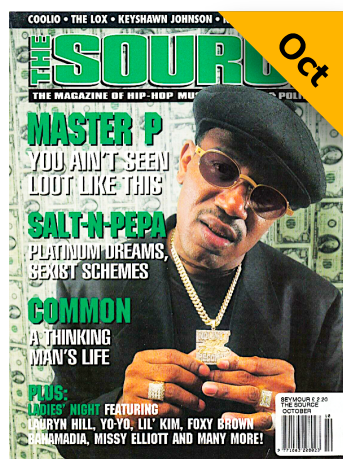
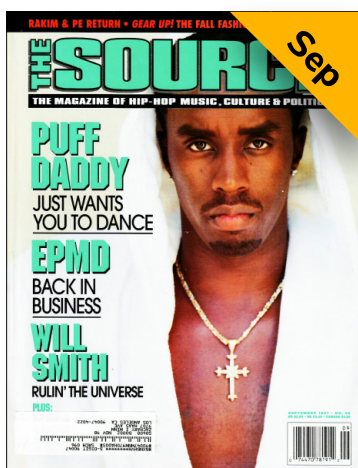
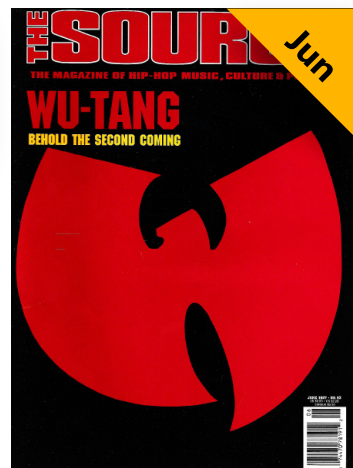
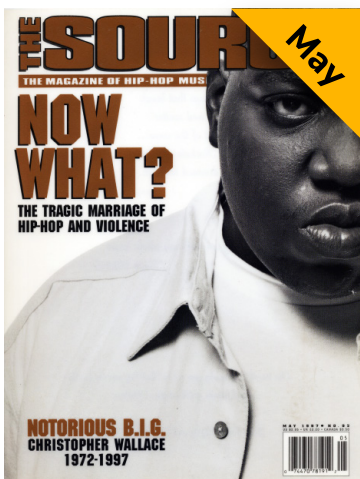
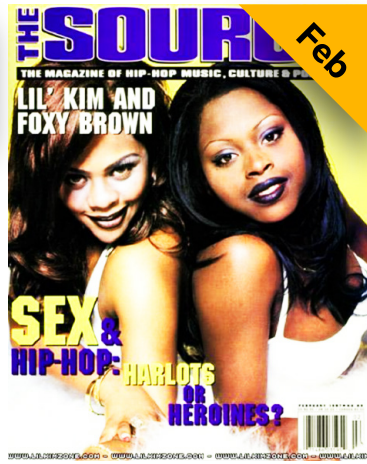
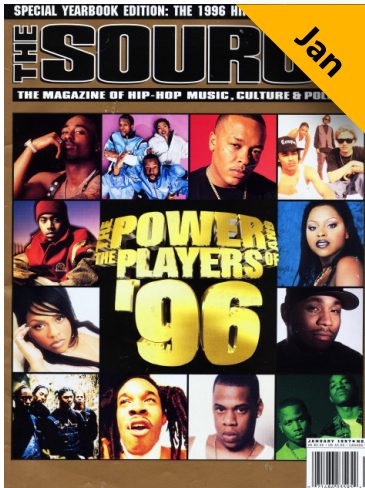
11 COLUMNS INCL.

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# Magazine Covers

Covers of The Source Magazine where the 1997 columns appear.



# reality

BY BUC WILD

Won't you be my neighbor and help me roll a spliff. Won't you share my labor and join me while's I riff. Won't you help me chill before the shit gets thick. Or will you help me laugh and tell them suck my D\*@#

**C**aptain's Log Star Date 1/1/97: After finally realizing that Gangster Rap is over and its most popular icon is gone, I have decided to get a head start on all MCs and writers by embracing the true pioneer of friendship and love. He is known worldwide and has been fighting the war against prejudice and ignorance for over thirty years; and if any of you are really serious about stopping the violence, I ask that you join me in giving mad props to my friend and yours, **Mr. Rogers**... That's right boys and girls, the true O.F., short for Original Friend... Now moving right along, I've decided to ride my own tip for a minute and take on the uneasy task of trying to classify my style of writing, rather than have some broken-wrist fruit loop tell you one day that I was saying one thing when in reality I was really saying something totally different. For the record, I would like my style to be listed as the "ungrounded, professional back stabber, classroom clown, Interracial fornicator project style," inspired mostly by everyday ghetto life and Pauly Gravono's fresh Italian canolies. Now when it's all said and done and I am no longer the center of ridicule and hate, I would like to be remembered as one of the great ones like William Shakespeare or Curtis Wellington Jones, B.C.A.P (Brooklyn Certified Alcoholic Prophet)... By the way, I hear there's a small group of teens out in Denver who are claiming that I'm the anti Christ and that I should be considered an outcast by today's generation. As always, my usual response to false allegations is, "Hold it down son or I'll kick down your door and place copper bullets from ceiling to floor." Now then, since everybody is probably making a whole lot of corny ass new year's resolutions about giving up cigarettes and stopping to smoke weed, I've decided to share with you a few of my own personal goals for '97. First of all, I will be a good neighbor, but just for G.P. (short for General Principle) I will be shitting on the entire old school of hip-hop. Second, I must turn up the flames on the following artists who either escaped my wrath due to editing by *THE SOURCE*, or I just plain old forgot to bring the drama to you back in the days. **Snow**, **Warren G**, **Redman** (That's right son, you heard me), **Ronnie DeVoe** from New Edition ("God I hate that kid"), the whole **Duck Down** family, unless BuckShot pays me the \$380 dollars he owes me for shooting dice on Franklin Ave. last month, and **Shaquille O'Neal**, yo son, maybe if you stopped making wack movies and wack records and practiced your foul shots a little more you might be able to take your game to the next level and win the big one. **Sadat X**, look here, son, I don't ever, ever, ever, ever, ever, ever, ever, ever want to hear you trying to make a solo record again. I know you and the crew got some differences, but please sit down at the round table and try to work shit



out to put that Brand Nubian thang back on the map before it's too late. **A+**, I've only got you by a couple of years son, but I think I'm qualified enough to give you some good advice: save your money, don't get too gassed, and remember nothing lasts forever, just ask **The Boys**, **Chi Ali** and **ABC**... Last up, **Faith Evans**, look here "Miss Mary J wanna be," I don't care what the Emperor says about you being a dime piece and all that shit, I'm not impressed with you and furthermore, if I catch you trying to flip any more duets in '97, I'll finish off what Lil' Kim started. By the way, **Lil' Kim**, baby girl, I just gotta tell ya you're giving this Rap Thang a new shot of life. Get yours b\*tch, I Love You. P.S. The next time you pass through the Heights please stop by my office so I can talk to you... And now, without further delay, here are the winners of the 1996 Reality Check awards.

**Weakest artist of the year—Case.** Either Mary pulled a whole lot of strings to get this kid put on or he's got to be related to **Russell**.

**Best comeback of the year—De La Soul.** Congratulations and I wish you all the best on your "Keeping it right" campaign. But as you should know, I'm trying to keep it wrong. So just as long as you niggas don't get in my fucking way we shouldn't have any problems.

**Most popular artist in need of an image and style—Horace Brown.** I saw this kid on Soul Train once and said to myself, "Shit maybe I should make a record about going down on bitches so I can catch mad props too."

**Best video of the year—Jeru Tha Damaja.** "Ya Playin' Yaself." In spite of the fact that I think he's trying to shit on my people's in *The Firm*, I've always liked this kid.

**Winner of the 1996 Buc Wild troublemaker award—New York's very own Funkmaster Flex.** Lately this kid has been flipping like hot cakes on music industry promotion people over the radio airwaves. Keep up the good work, kid, and may God keep you healthy and strong.

**Winner of the 1996 Please Check Yourself award—Snoop Doggy Dogg.** Look here homeboy, I don't want to lose you over some senseless bullshit too, so don't get offended by me saying that maybe you should start rocking a bullet proof vest on the regular. And as for the new album, well let's just say please consider crawling back to Dr. Dre on your hands and knees so you can start working on *Doggy Style Part 2*.

See Ya Next Month!!!

Buc Wild is Co-Publisher of *Around The Way Magazine*. You can write to Buc Wild c/o *Around The Way*, 824 St. Johns Place, Brooklyn, NY 11216

# check

# reality

Feb

BY BUC WILD

**SURF'S UP, DUDE, AND WHICH WAY TO COMPTON? DON'T TRY TO TRIP OR THAT ASS I WILL STOMP IN. TELL DRE IT'S ON AND HERE'S HOW I'M COMING. A POCKET FULL OF EL'S & NO FUNKY DRUMMER DRUMMING.**

**C**aptain's Log Star Date: 2/1/97. By the time this kite reaches you, the Emperor and myself should be in Los Angeles working on our Reality Check album. We plan to parlay and viciously harass people on the West Coast for about two months. For all those concerned, for the next sixty days please send all fan mail, death threats and soiled panties to Star & Buc Wild c/o PMP Records, 8455 Beverly Boulevard, Los Angeles, CA 90048. Although I can't tell you too much about the album just yet, I will say that the following people might want to consider filing lawsuits for what will probably be viewed as slanderous and unwarranted personal attacks on tape: KRS-1, Jermaine Dupri, Grant Hill, The Bush Babees, Monifa, Mike Tyson, Too Short, E-40, Mayor Marion Barry, D'Angelo, Total, Mad Lion, Jada Pinkett, Malik Yoba, and about 35 other randomly chosen targets...Now moving right along, I would like to share with you a short story on one of my favorite topics—peer pressure. This story was inspired by true events that occurred in the summer of '96. All names have been changed to protect those who have escaped the clutches of the law thus far and are scared to death of the RICO statue. As always, I'm a little undecided on the title, so for now let's just call this one, "Excuse Me Sir, But Is That A Medium Size Rigo Sport Jacket You're Wearing?" Saturday morning, 10:05 AM. I'm waiting for my socks to dry in the microwave when suddenly my phone rings.

**Buc:** Hello Chin Fow Garden, can I take your order? **Griz (my homeboy):** Yes sir, good morning, I was wondering if I could order one shrimp roll with extra duck sauce, and two grape sodas? **Buc:** That was one shrimp roll with extra duck sauce, and two grape sodas you said? **Griz:** Yes sir. **Buc:** OK that will be about twenty minutes. **Griz:** That will be fine. **Buc:** No problem, see ya then...Now in case you're a little lost I'll break it down for you. First of all, I only talk in codes on my phone because of the RICO Statue—that's the new law that can implicate you in a crime for being guilty by association. Shrimp roll is a code name for starter pistol. Had he said 'egg roll' then that would have meant he needed the real gat. Extra duck sauce means two box cutters just in case shit gets thick and you have to slash your way out of a jam. Grape soda is a code name for ski mask. Now let's continue. I'm headed to meet Griz with a kid named Shamel that I picked up along the way. Now this kid has been bugging me for about three months about how he wants to hang out with me. I think he's kinda open on the fact that I'm down with THE SOURCE, and that I've got a picture of me and Method Man on my wall. Anyway, we meet Griz behind Dr. Jays in downtown Brooklyn. **Buc:** Yo, what up son? **Griz:** What up son, who the fuck is this mark ass looking nigga you got with you? **Buc:** Oh this is my "buddy" Shamel from around the way, and he's down by law. (Buddy and down by law are old school codes that Griz and I use when we're trying to tell one another that this nigga ain't shit to me and if you want to set it on this fool just let me know). **Griz:** Oh yeah,

I think I've heard of you kid. What up, fool? **Shamel:** Oh I'm just chillin'...Now that we've all made contact, the plan is to hang out in front of Dr. Jays and wait for someone to come out with some new shit on, and then fall down and fake a spastic seizure. To make a long story short, here's what happened. Some tall kid comes out of the store in a lovely crisp Rigo Sport jacket when all of a sudden I fall down on the ground and proceed to bite my tongue and make loud duck noises. Over comes the chump to see what's wrong and then Griz brings up the rear. **Griz:** Oh my God, he's having a seizure! Someone call EMS quick. Now Shamel's part is to say, "there's no time for that. Let's get him in a cab and get him to a hospital." Griz looks at the chump and says, "in the name of God please help me get this kid in a cab and I'll give you 10 bucks. When we're all in the cab and leaving the crowd behind, I look at the chump and say, "Excuse Me Sir, But Is That A Medium Size Rigo Sport Jacket You're Wearing?" The chump looks puzzled; but before he can respond, Griz puts the shrimp roll to his neck and demands that he slip out of his garment and exit the vehicle. **Griz:** And don't try nothing funny sir or the kid with down syndrome sitting next to you will give you a buck fifty across your grill with his box cutter. The chump was in shock, but I gave him credit because he paused, then asked, "is that a real gat or what?" At first I thought we were gonna have to rumble in the back of the cab with this kid, but all of a sudden Shamel speaks up and tells the chump: "look here son, never mind the little orange piece in the barrel. If you don't run your shit and raise up out of here I'll bite your eyeball out of your fuckin' head." With no more hesitations the chump told the cabby to stop the car so he could get out...Now in case you're wondering what the moral to the story is, I'm sorry to inform you that I don't really think there is one.

But for argument sake, let's just say, "Shit ain't always what it seems." As for Shamel, we still haven't let him join the crew yet, but he did show strong initiative that day, so from time to time we do burn a spliff with him. Next month, if permitted, I will bring you the 1997 Crown Heights Glue Sniffing Championships...Big Shouts out to Paul Stewart at PMP, MoJo at LOUD, all kids locked down in the penile, Phat Man Scoop at Hot 97, and everybody on Saint John's and Nostrand.

Peace!!!

P.S. When I get to LA I will be looking for three indo connections and a tour guide to take me to some historical drive-by murder sites, while the emperor's agenda will consist of shopping for Hugo Boss suits and Stetson hats. Keep an eye out for us.

Buc Wild is Co-Publisher of the teen magazine *Around The Way*. You can write to Buc c/o *Around The Way*, 824 St. John's Place, Brooklyn, NY 11216



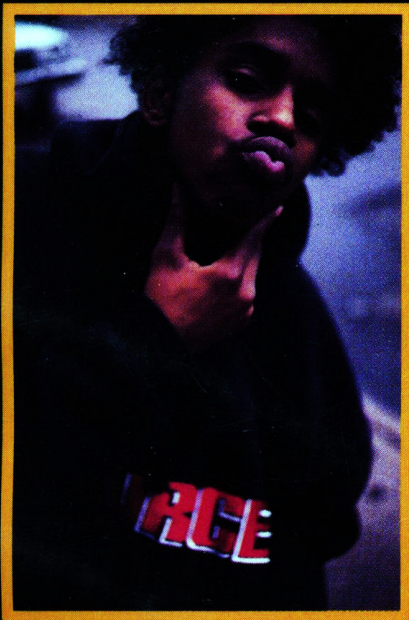
# check

# reality

Mar

BY BUC WILD

**I'M ALMOST WHERE I WANT TO BE, BUT NOT TOO FAR FROM YOU. IT'S ALMOST WHAT I THOUGHT I'D SEE, BUT SLIGHTLY OUT OF VIEW. IT'S JUST THE WAY I WANT TO LIVE, WITHOUT THE FEAR AND PAIN. I THOUGHT I WAS THE ONLY ONE BUT HELL, WE'RE ALL THE SAME.**



#### Captain's Log Star Date:

3/1/97. After putting the final touches on the Reality Check album with the Emperor, he has informed me that the time has finally come to separate the men from the boys and that judgment day will be upon all crumbs very soon. For my remaining twenty days here in LA, my schedule will include shopping around some of my television and movie scripts and trying to sell secret information to the *National Enquirer* on the following artists: Keith Murray, Adina Howard, Domino and Trigger Tha Gambler. I was thinking of throwing a few Aaron Hall tid-

bits in the pot, but since R. Kelly took his whole style and flipped it into super-platinum status, I figure maybe I'll just leave him alone. Upon my arrival back in NY, I would like to give fair warning to all tight spandex-wearing, old, caked-up fingerwave-sporting fat chicks from the borough of Brooklyn. It is my deepest regret to inform you that no longer will you be permitted to walk to the store in broad daylight in your house slippers while making innocent people sick at the stomach. As of February 1st, fines will range from one hundred to five hundred dollars, and if convicted, you could spend up to sixty days in jail.

Moving right along, I would like to share with you a short story on domestic violence that I was working on last year, but never had the time to finish. I'm a little undecided right now, but I'm considering the following titles (see which one grabs you): "Waiting to Ejaculate," "Please Let Me Hurt You to Show You How Much I Care," "Do It Again And I'll Slap The Fuck Out Of You." This story takes place in the Bronx, NY. The characters are a 16-year-old kid named Rondell and his 17-year-old abusive girlfriend named Evelyn. Now usually it's the guy who is the abuser and the girl who is the victim but since I'm always accused of trying to play girls out, I figured I'd give all stunts of the world one page of glory to keep them off my back for a little while...

Tuesday morning, 7:57 a.m. Evelyn is standing on the corner talking to her friend Leaha, smoking a Newport and getting ready to go to their first period class. Evelyn: *Now I know I told this fucking loser to have his ass here at 7:30 sharp. You see what I gotta put up with, Leaha?! Word to my mother, if this nigga ain't got some kinda good excuse for not being here on time I'm gonna beat him in his fucking head with this Yoo Hoo bottle.*

Leaha: *Look E, here he comes.* Crossing the street looking shook as hell is Rondell. Not only is he late, but more importantly, he doesn't have the four dollars to contribute for the morning chronic needed by Evelyn before 1st period. Evelyn: *Yo, what the fuck took you so long?* Rondell: *I had to help my mother do something.* Evelyn: *So I been standing here for damn near twenty minutes because of your fat ass wig wearing moms, is that what the fuck you trying to tell me, nigga?* Rondell: *Yo, on the real. I couldn't get here any sooner.* Evelyn: *Alright, we'll discuss this shit later. Give Leaha the four dollars so she can go get the boom.* Rondell: *Yo, I know you're gonna be mad but I couldn't get no money this morning. My moms was on some bull-shit.* Evelyn: *What..?!* Now before you could say "why is Chubb Rock still making records," Rondell had received two speed knots across his forehead from a 20 oz. Yoo Hoo bottle. As Leaha started walking to her first period class, Evelyn proceeded to stomp on Rondell's head with her brand new Gore-tex boots, you know the ones with the key and spikes in the heel? Now I know some of you guys are thinking: "Yo god, I woulda' put that chick's head out." Well, sorry to tell, but our boy Rondell just folded up in a cheese curl and begged for mercy. *Yo come on, Evelyn, chill baby, I'm gonna hit you off with some ends by the lunch period, boo, that's my word.* After six minutes of beating fire out of Rondell's ass, Evelyn suddenly stopped and just started crying. *Look what you made me do! Why do you push me to the edge like that? I'm so ashamed of myself...* Rondell slowly pulls his JanSport knapsack from in front of his face and says, *It's ok, boo. I'm here for you and I'm gonna help you get through this.* Later on that day at the park, Rondell is playing handball with one of his classmates, Clarissa. Evelyn and her crew, B.W.G (short for Bitches With Gats), enter the park. One of Evelyn's homegirls looks at Evelyn and says, "Yo E, ain't that your man over there playing handball with that chickenhead slut from school?" All of a sudden Evelyn starts having flashbacks from when she was nine years old and her father took away her Barbie Townhouse just to be mean, which then sent her into an uncontrollable rage that lead to her stabbing him 36 times with an ice pick. Now out of the corner of his eye our boy Rondell notices his wisdom approaching and starts to tremble because he knows it's about to be on. One of Evelyn's main rules is, "If I ever catch you with another girl having fun who's not related to you, I will set it on you and her just for G.P. (short for General Principal). Now before you could say, "fuck the Hip-Hop Old School," our boy Rondell grabbed his new Helly Hansen jacket, hurdled over the park fence and jetted without looking back. As for Clarissa, all I can say is she now wears hats to school everyday to cover up the permanent gash marks in her head. I haven't quite figured out the moral to the story just yet, but for now let's just say that the power of the pussy can be a motherfucker.

Buc Wild is the co-publisher of AROUND THE WAY magazine. You can now visit Buc on his web site at [www.aroundtheway.com](http://www.aroundtheway.com) or write to: AROUND THE WAY, 824 St. John's Place, Brooklyn, NY 11216.

# check

# Reality Check

By Buc Wild

AIN'T THAT MY GIRL IN THE NEXT MAN'S CAR? SIPPING ON A HEINEKEN WHILE I WORK HARD. TALKING ABOUT I MISSED YOU AND WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN. I'M NOT ROLLING WITH BUC, AND HE'S ONLY A FRIEND.

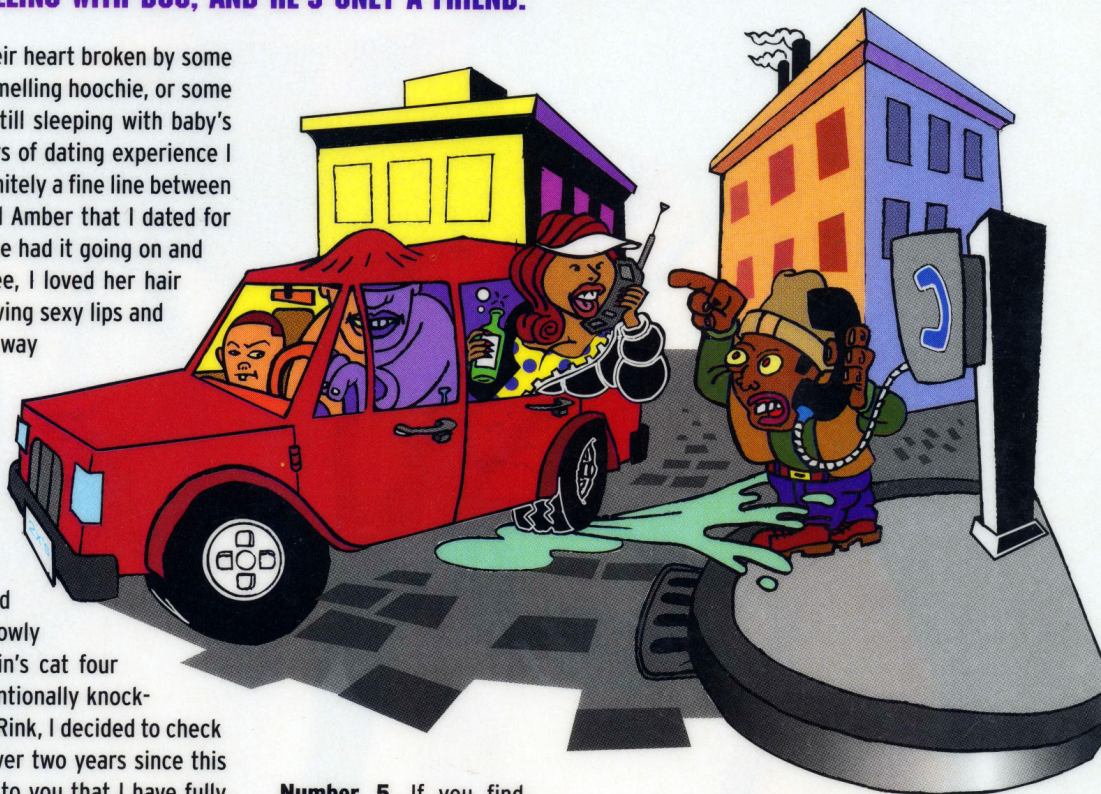
**T**his one goes out to anyone who's ever had their heart broken by some sexy little Guess bag-swinging, Estee Lauder-smelling hoochie, or some slick-talking, fresh hair cut-having, no good, still sleeping with baby's moms street corner thug... Based upon my five years of dating experience I have come to the strong conclusion that there is definitely a fine line between love and hate. Case in point, there was a girl named Amber that I dated for about three months back in the day, and although she had it going on and the poonany was all that, I really hated her. You see, I loved her hair styles and the way she kissed, but I hated her for having sexy lips and pretty nails that turned other niggas on. I loved the way she cried and called my name when I gave her the love muscle, but I hated her for being friendly and laughing at other kids' jokes. I was also kinda open on the fact that her breath always smelled like peach Jolly Ranchers, but I hated her because niggas always used to ask her for candy when we were walking to school. During those emotionally straining three months, I not only became obsessed with this beautiful chicken, but I also started to slowly lose my composure. Finally, after choking my cousin's cat four times, making 36 false 911 emergency calls, and intentionally knocking down more than 114 little kids at Skate Key Roller Rink, I decided to check myself and get some help. Although it's been well over two years since this traumatic experience occurred, I can't honestly say to you that I have fully recovered; not so much from the clutches of Amber, but from the realization that I am a very sensitive individual and if pushed too far I think I could really do some ill shit like going to the top of the World Trade Center and dropping a fax machine on somebody's head... Now then, based upon the preceding confession I'm sure that you don't feel like I'm qualified to give any advice on dating. But just in case there's anyone out there who can relate to where I'm coming from, I have compiled a list of signs to look for just in case you think you might be headed for emotional disaster like I was:

**Number 1.** If you find yourself going through his or her pockets you could have a slight insecurity problem, but it's nothing to worry about because a lot of people do take phone and beeper numbers and claim that they just took it so the other person would leave them alone.

**Number 2.** If you find yourself pushing \*69 every time he or she uses the phone, you might have a small problem; but it's ok, because I did catch this one little hooker with dishpan hands trying to call her X on my jack.

**Number 3.** If you find yourself always accusing the other person of fooling around and cheating on you, chances are you're probably in denial and you're the one who's game is not really on point; but if there is sufficient evidence to back up your accusations and there are no kids involved, try videotaping a sexual act with you and this person and then making copies so you can blackmail them into acting right. If there are kids involved then all I can say is try crying and the "please don't leave me baby" technique.

**Number 4.** If you find yourself telling your boo that on payday you will hit them off with some ends to go shopping, you don't really have any kind of problem, but just make sure that when your funds are low you can get that same kind of treatment in return.



**Number 5.** If you find yourself smelling his or her pillows and sheets when you visit their house, you don't really have any kind of problem, you're just making sure that nobody is playing Russian roulette with your fucking life.

**Number 6.** If you find yourself trying to get information from your boo's best friend about where and what they do, you don't really have any kind of problem, but be careful that they don't start developing feelings for you because sometimes they will start making up shit just to have you for themselves.

**Number 7.** If you find yourself needing porno flicks and magazines to help you get in the mood to be with your boo, then you've got a problem, which could simply be that the fire has just plain old burnt the hell out of the relationship.

**Number 8.** If you find yourself calling his or her parents' house and cursing everybody out because they don't mind their fuckin' business when it comes to how you dress and feed your kids, you do not have a problem.

**Number 9.** If you find yourself calling the police to come and lock up your man when you started the argument over some senseless bullshit and he never laid a hand on you, then you've got a real problem.

**Number 10.** If you find yourself hiding in bushes, riding on the back of buses, scaling roof tops, wearing disguises, taking pubic hair samples, and crawling under cars to try and catch your boo doing something, then you've definitely got a problem.

See Ya Next month!!

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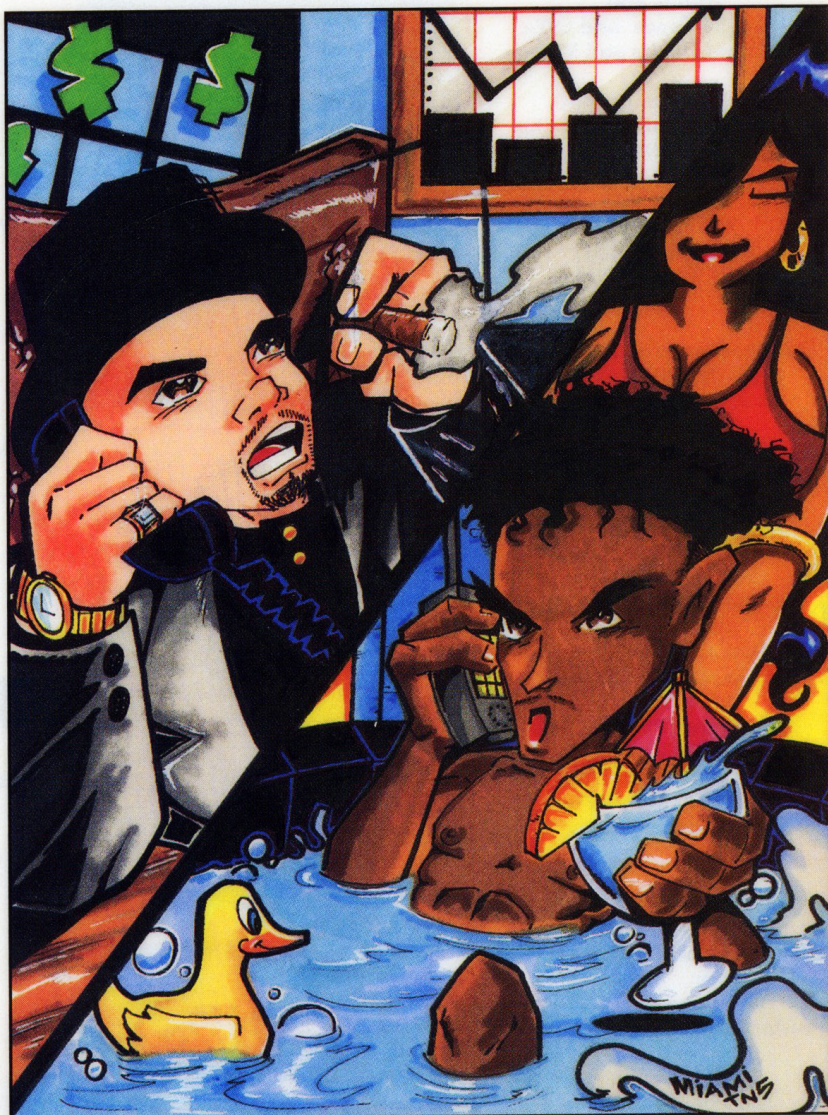
# Reality Check

By Star & Buc Wild

May

WE'VE SEEN THEM COME AND GO, THE LION AND THE LAMB. OUR BATTLE SCARS ARE MANY, BUT HERE IS WHERE WE STAND. RIGHTEOUS FOR THE CAUSE WITH PICTURES CAUGHT IN TIME. HUNGRY FROM THE FIELDS, LIKE KINGS WE PLAN TO DINE. SOME HAVE TALKED THE TALK WHILE WE HAVE WALKED THE WALK. SOME ARE ALL THE SAME WITH JOKES AND TRENDY NAMES. WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, THE PRICE OF GHETTO FAME? CALL US WHAT YOU WILL, BUT OUR SONG REMAINS THE SAME.

**A**fter a grueling but productive trip to Cali, the land of freaks, flakes, thugs, thugettes and has-been movie stars, I have granted the Wild One a thirty day vacation period. I'm not exactly sure, but I hear he's held up in a hotel somewhere in Atlantic City with a stripper named Ebony and three gallons of baby oil...For those of you who were expecting a little off beat humor this month, you might be disappointed; but rest assured because someone's card will definitely be pulled just for the hell of it. Now when it comes to Hip-Hop, I'm not one of the most informative people, so for this month's feature I have chosen to present to you what I think is just as important as the new Wu-Tang album: entrepreneurship, the key to survival for today's generation. As far as I'm concerned it should be printed at the bottom of every job application that "nothing lasts forever" and "the only thing that is guaranteed in life is death." I mean college is cool and in a lot of cases you definitely need a degree, but college does not make the person. And within the last ten years we have seen a harsh reality come to life: there is no such thing as job security anymore. In fact...excuse me for one second, my phone keeps ringing. **Star:** Hello!! **Buc:** Yo Star, what up nigga. **Star:** Yo, where are you son? **Buc:** Huh, damn son, I thought you said I could kick back for thirty days and shit. **Star:** Yeah son, I'm not saying where are you like that, I'm just wondering if you're all right, nigga. **Buc:** Oh yeah, shit is type phat here son. I'm down here in A.C. creased up in the Trump Mansion or whatever the fuck you call this piece. **Star:** All right. **Buc:** Yo what's up with the column in THE SOURCE, can you handle it or should I fax you some notes? **Star:** I'm working on it as we speak. **Buc:** Oh word, who you gonna flip on? **Star:** I don't know just yet. **Buc:** Ay yo, can you diss Toni Braxton for me? **Star:** Come on son, what's your problem with that little dime piece? I think she's got it going on. **Buc:** Exactly, and I can't have her. **Star:** True, true, all right, what do you want to say about her? **Buc:** I don't know, maybe mention something about her dish pan looking hands or something about one of her implants looking lop-sided. **Star:** All right, ay yo what about Father MC? Should we finish him off or what? **Buc:** Na, chill son. I heard that kid is looking for a real job now since he posed in his birthday suit; let's just let him go like Joe Ski Love. **Star:** Yo have you seen my brand new black Eddie Bauer shoes? **Buc:** Oh yeah, I'm rocking those shits right now, son. **Star:** Yo, I'm gonna break your fucking arm when I see you son. **Buc:** Damn ese, why you trippin'? **Star:** 'Cause you're still a grimy rug rat and stop calling me ese you fucking clown, we ain't in Los Angeles no more. **Buc:** Yo when I get back I'll buy you some new kicks, all right nigga? **Star:** Yo son, when you see me just put your hands up and get down for yours. **Buc:** Yo that's fucked up, son. You gonna throw away our partnership over a pair of kicks? **Star:** I'm not trying to hear you right now, son; I gotta bounce (click)...Like I was saying, you have to do more than just go through the motions of school and then look for a job, and for those of you who already have good jobs, remember: "all good things must come to an end." Excuse me for one second, hello? **Buc:** Yo Star, it's me Buc. **Star:** Yo son, I told you I ain't got no more words for you. **Buc:** Yeah I know; but check this out son, I been thinking and I've decided if you touch me I'll call the 77th precinct and tell them who really shot out the windows at that Popeye's chicken on Eastern Parkway back in November just because he was mad at his girl and drunk off of berry flavored Cisco. **Star:** Ay yo son, you would do some old bitch ass



snitch shit like that? **Buc:** Don't act surprised nigga, you know there ain't no shame in my game. **Star:** Well if that's the case then maybe I should call your boss over at the bike shop and ask him why does three hundred dollars in BMX parts get Federal Expressed to our office every week. **Buc:** So you wanna play rough, huh, well how about I call the IRS and give them your government name along with copies of your loan sharking books. **Star:** Well how about I call the police and tell them I know who is responsible for torching two corner stores and a donut shop last year. **Buc:** Well how about if I call the FBI and tell them that I know who's mattress they can look under and find close to 9,000 dollars in counterfeit money. **Star:** Well you know, now that I think of it, why don't we forget the whole thing. What do you say buddy boy? **Buc:** Yeah, sounds good to me pal. **Star:** Listen, I gotta run now but you take care, ok? And I'll see ya real soon chum. **Buc:** Ok neighbor, see ya, bye bye now.

Star & Buc Wild publish *Around The Way Magazine*. You can visit their web site at [www.AroundTheWay.com](http://www.AroundTheWay.com) or write to Star & Buc Wild at 824 Saint Johns Pl., Brooklyn, NY 11216.

# Reality Check

By Star and Buc Wild

LIVE FROM NEW YORK IT'S NOT SATURDAY NIGHT, BUT THE BRINGERS OF DOOM WITH HUGS FOR THE FIGHT. A MESSAGE SO PURE WITH FOOD FOR THE MASSES, A LESSON SO REAL THERE'S NO NEED FOR GLASSES.

**E**mperor's Scroll, 4/1/97. At the request of a sexy little cupcake in sector 5 named Angela, I have decided to resurface and address the very relevant issue of violence and those who use hip-hop as its vehicle. As always, I have brought "The Wild One" along for the ride, not so much for reinforcement, but for the mere fact that one day when he is promoted to commander of the U.S.S. Shaqueeta, he will be familiar with all strategic and defense moves throughout the galaxy. . . Now, for those of you who are down in the trenches keeping this thing called hip-hop alive in a positive manner, I commend you. For those of you who have pioneered the journey thus far and till this day are still broke as hell, trust me you will not be forgotten. But for those of you who lack good common sense and cannot find any personal satisfaction in life outside of confusing fantasy with reality, you must not only pay attention to this kite, but you must also run and tell your insensitive and misguided associates that your savage ways and your reckless days are soon coming to an abrupt end. You see, some of us still enjoy the blessing of life and have decided that due to the recent assaults on the Rap world, we must now unite more so than ever for the sake of its survival. . . Now then, for further briefing I will be giving the floor to my illustrious and praiseworthy Jackal, better known to you as Buc Wild. . . Testing, testing: one, two, yeah, yeah, I would like to give a shout out to all my niggas locked down in the, oh shit, my bad, wrong column.

. . . Yeah son, like the man said, we got a plan to put in motion in regards to this hip-hop shit. Although I would like to receive credit for starting this new movement, it must be known that there are no leaders or big nosed, South Bronx, "I Am Hip-Hop" screaming niggas needed to keep it going. We will call ourselves Tattle Tales In the Name Of Hip-Hop and our logo is simply a quarter, which represents our intention to call the beast if a crime has been or is about to be committed against our music and culture. Our monthly ritual will demand that you approach a total stranger and say, "Excuse me, but I was wondering if I could hug you in the name of hip-hop?" We are strongly suggesting that guys hug other guys and girls hug other girls. This approach should rule out all arguments and possible fights over some kid accidentally sliding his hands across your girl's ass. As for you thugs talking about, "yo son, that sounds like some old homo shit," let me say this, I'd rather hug some big, 300-pound bald head nigga before the party than have to run from the Tek of some 98-pound short kid during the party. Oh yeah, and for the record let it be known that we don't discriminate in this movement and our doors are open to all crack

heads, wiggers, cheap prostitutes, crooked cops, reformed convicts and racially confused Negroes. . . I really hope you're feeling me on this one kid because I would bet you any amount of money that right now 2Pac, Biggie, MC Trouble, Cowboy, Mercury and Stretch are sitting at a table playing dominoes talking about, "them fools down there better break themselves. . ." Now in the past I know I've been guilty of amping shit up and kicking people when they were down, but just to show you how much of an effort I'm willing to put into this campaign, I've come up with a list of artists who have had beefs over the years and who could really make a difference if they stepped forward and set a positive example:

- (1) MC Eiht and DJ Quik should get together, hug, laugh, and just admit to each other, "Hey, what were we ever fighting for? We've both sold millions of records and neither one of us can rhyme for shit." (2) Spike Lee and Luke should hug and then do a film together with Vanessa Del Rio and call it, "Watch this old b\*tch get loose." (3) Puffy should go visit Suge with a warm bottle of Night Train, and after they hug and cry they should just look at each other and say, "Hey man, we both made too much money last year and things just got a little sloppy, let's be friends." (4) Erick and Parrish should hug, get back together and just admit that "the needs of the many far outweigh the problems of the few." (5) KRS-One should go hug Prince B from PM Dawn and apologize that he was just frustrated about making six albums and only selling 225,000 copies worldwide and that's the real reason why he threw him off that stage. (6) Salt 'N Pepa should go hug Foxy Brown and just say, "look, we know it's your ball game right now, but could you please stop blowing us out the frame, we're just trying to finish paying our house notes, ok?" (7) Ice Cube and Common should hug and squash their silly beef and at the same time realize that nobody ever cared in the first place. . . Finally, I would like to extend a hug to someone that I've been trying to sucker punch with no luck for the past five months—Ray J, better known as Brandy's little brother.

See Ya!!

Star & Buc Wild publish *Around The Way Magazine*. You can write to them at 824 St. Johns Place, Brooklyn, NY 11216, or [www.AroundTheWay.com](http://www.AroundTheWay.com).





# Reality Check

By the Wild One...

Jul

**STOP FAKIN' JACKS SON 'CAUSE HERE COMES THE SOURCE. WARP FACTOR (9) KID, AND HOLD DOWN THE COURSE. WATCH WHAT YOU SAY MISS 'CAUSE I'LL DIG YA BACK OUT. STICK BY MY SIDE BOO AND I'LL NEVER BURN OUT.**

**C**aptain's log star date: 7/1/97. Although fully recharged and alert since my return from vacation, for some strange reason I am experiencing one of my darkest moods ever. Everything seems to be in order, with the exception of my brand new Primo radial tires which were slightly moved three inches on my dresser; but not to worry, I have already informed the culprit—my five-year-old nephew Squinky—that soon as I finish this column he will be dancing with Mr. Spoon. . . Now, as we gear up for battle in a new millennium there're a few things I would like to announce to all civilians and division one missionaries. The Emperor and myself have just joined forces with **THE SOURCE** magazine to really put the clamps on this hip-hop thing nationwide. Starting immediately, the following things will be put in motion. Number 1: To all soldiers serving no less than five years in federal penitentiaries, collect calls that used to go to the *Around The Way* office on Wednesdays should be forwarded to the new plantation on Tuesdays only. Number 2: To all groupies, weed heads and dime shorties, hooky parties from the old office will now become after school "rah rah" sessions in **THE SOURCE**'s conference room, dates will be announced next month. Number 3: To all class B & C felony offenders who are on the Emperor's payroll, all shady business transactions will still take place at the same location and time until we have totally sniffed out all and any possible narks at the new spot. . . Now then, here's what's going down. *Around The Way* magazine is still going strong, but to get it, you have to be on the internet. [www.AroundTheWay.com](http://www.AroundTheWay.com) is the address and that's also where you can find all of our raw shit like "The Player Hater Hotline," "Confessions," "The Joy Of Masturbation," over 400 personal teen ads, and much much more... As far as **THE SOURCE** goes, well let's just say shit's about to get real, and keep your eyes open for **SOURCE** Entertainment; I'll keep you posted... Now then, for this month's feature I have decided, since some of you are probably not online yet, to share with you "The 3rd annual Around The Way Project Awards." The categories are as follows: (1) Most popular person always begging for a cigarette or bini. (2) Most popular neighbor always trying to borrow food until check day. (3) Most popular booster, male or female. (4) Most popular crack head. (5) Most popular stick up kid, male or female. (6) Most popular family. (7) Most popular female gold digger. (8) Most popular broke ass nigga. (9) Hardest working mother. (10) Couple of the year. (11) Cutest newborn baby. (12) Ugliest newborn baby. (13) Most positive role model, male or female. (14)

Most popular drug dealer, male or female. (15) Most popular Ghetto princess. (16) Most popular thug. (17) Most likely to succeed. (18) Most likely to fold under pressure and rat out the entire crew. (19) Most ass whippings taken, male or female. (20) Most ass whippings given out, male or female. (21) Most popular liar, male or female. (22) Most popular mom who knows how to beat the system for Medicaid and government assistance. In the past, this award ceremony has been strictly a New York thing, but since I've had the opportunity to do some traveling, I've noticed that all projects have the same drama, flavor and love worldwide. All entries must be submitted in writing before August 1st. Good luck and may **THE SOURCE** be with you. . . On another tip, I wanna give mad props to my nigga Tiger Woods for tearin' shit up on the golf course this year and making everybody feel the blast. I'm with you all the way baby, and right now I'm rounding up the whole click from Flatbush, Bedstuy and Crown Heights to come out to your next tournament and help you keep it most real. I hope you won't mind us burning spliffs, swigging on forties and pumping the Lost Boyz new shit whiles you get busy. If you think you might have a small problem with this, maybe you could be so kind to send 275 brand new 19-inch Sony TV's to my mom's house so me and my crew can split them up and watch you catch wreck. . .

Lastly, I would like to announce that the Emperor and myself have decided to get back into radio broadcasting, and next month we will be kicking off a new college radio show with all the same madness, insults and sexually perverted topics as before. I've learned a lot since being thrown off the air back in '95 from WBAU in Garden City, Long Island, and this time around I'm gonna try really, really hard not to use curse words in every sentence while taking on air requests. We're looking for a new DJ since "Clue" is on some real bullshit these days; so if you live in the New York area and you're ready to soar through the galaxy and jeopardize your whole career and reputation, get with me as soon as possible. Big Shouts go out to Miles Kelly, Noah Evens, Mackie Jason, Neal Jackson, Choice, John Attles, Eric Wattenburg, Mia Perez, Justice, Mufi, Hangman and the staff at PMP Records. P.S. One love to everybody who came out and supported the "1997 Buc Wild spring break smoke out."

See Ya !!

*Buc Wild is co-publisher of Around The Way magazine. You can write to him at 824 St. Johns Place, Brooklyn, NY 11216.*



# Reality Check By Buc Wild

**BILLY'S GOT A NINE SO MAYBE YOU AUGHTA, SCURRY FOR THE HILLS OR SHIMMY FOR THE BORDER. LOCK HIM IN A CELL AND THROW AWAY THE KEY, BUT THIS IS WHO HE IS AND THIS IS WHO HE BE. TRY TO BE HIS FRIEND WITH LITTLE CHITTER CHATTER, BUT SHOW HIM WHERE YOU REST AND YOU COULD FEEL A DAGGER.**

**C**aptain's log, star date: 7/1/97. After slowly probing through four bags of fan mail and some two hundred and twenty e-mails, I have decided that you wonderful people have made me the most popular slacker of our time...I mean, five years ago I never would have thought that anybody would give a flying fuck what I think or do throughout the course of the day. But, much to my surprise, I feel loved, and in some weird way, needed...Due to this new and overwhelming feeling, I am promising for one year to no longer take part in the following wrongful acts against the government or ordinary people: (1) I promise not to shoot paper clips and marbles at speeding cars on the FDR Drive Wednesday afternoons between the hours of 4:30 and 5:00; (2) I promise not to drop water balloons on Officer Polanski on the corner of Fulton Street and Nostrand Avenue; (3) I promise to stop switching one single for two five's in the collection plate at church on Sundays; (4) I promise to no longer use Geffen Records' Federal Express account number for my own selfish and personal shipping needs; (5) I promise to either finish the comedy album for PMP Records or return some of the twenty thousand dollar advance money they gave me back in January...Now that we've got all that out in the open, I wanna take a few seconds to try and respond to everybody who has ever sent me a letter and, for one reason or another, I didn't get back to you. For some of you these next few lines will seem a little strange but please bear with me because my moms told me to either write people back or get the 16 crates of fan mail the hell out of her basement:

HEY SOLDIER, THANKS FOR THE KITE; MY AGE? 41 X 5 + 2 - 190 +1; JUST SAY NO; YES, CHRIS TUCKER PLAYED HIMSELF IN "THE FIFTH ELEMENT"; WHAT GRADE AM I IN? WELL, I'M NOT EXACTLY SURE BECAUSE IT'S AN ALTERNATIVE SCHOOL FOR THOSE WITH SPECIAL NEEDS; FUCK WHAT YOU HEARD, SON, JAIL IS NOT THE MOVE; YEAH, BUT I DON'T BELIEVE IN FAIR FIGHTS OR ONE-ON-ONE'S; ROUGH RIDERS LUBRICATED!!; I REALLY DIDN'T CARE WHO WON JUST AS LONG AS THE KNICKS LOST; NO I'M NOT "READY TO DIE," SON, I'M ACTUALLY "READY TO LIVE"; FAVORITE ALBUM? JIMMY HENDRIX "AXIS BOLD AS LOVE"; FAVORITE RAP ARTIST? JZ; SORRY KID, BUT I DON'T RUN AN ADVICE COLUMN; NO I'M NOT IN A GANG, I ROLL WITH THE EMPEROR AND HIS CREW, "THE TORAIN FAMILY"; FAVORITE BOOK? SORRY, BUT I DON'T LIKE TO READ; SLOGAN? YOU'VE GOT PLENTY OF TIME, BUT NO TIME TO WASTE; FEBRUARY '97 REALITY CHECK? YEAH, IT'S TRUE; DON'T SING IT, BRING IT; NO, STUPID, HE'S NOT HIDING IN CANADA, TUPAC'S CHILLIN' IN MEXICO WITH ELVIS & BRUCE LEE

Moving right along, for the remainder of our time together, I would like to share with you another story that I have been working on. As always, I'm not sure about the title, so for now, let's just call

this one "How Can I Be Down?" It's Thursday afternoon and speeding down 6th Avenue in midtown Manhattan is Billy Mitchell, a bicycle messenger by day, but an up-and-coming rap star by night. He's got one more delivery to make [at How Can We Pimp Your Records?] before heading home. As he locks up his brand new Cannondale bike, he runs inside crazy amped and says, "Yo I'm trying to get put on, who can I give my demo to?" Now, with a real stink look on her face, Quashanda, the receptionist [who prefers to be called 'She' because her boss told her it has more corporate appeal], tells Billy, "drop your tape in that big blue box over there and someone will call you in a couple of days." So, without second guessing Quashanda's word, Billy did just that, dropping his tape in the box. With a big Kool Aid smile on his grill, he said, "Thank you so much, Miss." Now when Billy left the building and got outside, he noticed his new bike was stolen; but he wasn't really mad, because he figured when he got signed [with How Can We Pimp You Records?] he could buy two bikes and a white Lexus Coupe. Every day after work for the next three weeks when Billy came home he would ask his sister Karen, "did anybody call about a record deal?" Now Karen, who, unlike most people's sisters, takes accurate messages, told Billy, "nobody called," so he decided to call the company himself. For the next eight days Billy called every day to see about his demo tape, but little did he know that the same day he dropped it off, Quashanda the receptionist took his tape out of the box so she could use it to make a copy of R. Kelly's new remix that was being played on the radio. Now after making 24 calls and leaving twelve voice mail messages for the A&R department, Billy started getting vexed and one day while he was watching an old rerun of *Married With Children*, he suddenly snapped and said, "Yo, these niggas are trying to play me! They must take me for a joke!" So the next day, around lunch time, Billy headed over to the record company and decided that he was gonna do what most rappers only talk about. Now, as Billy entered the reception area, he noticed a security guard lounging on the couch sipping on a berry-flavored Snapple thinking everything was all lovely. Before you could say who told Malcolm Jamal Warner he was cute, our boy Billy let off one round and in a matter of seconds the security guard caught a hot one right in the forehead. At this point Billy knew there was no turning back, so after pistol-whipping Quashanda he headed for the A&R department where he emptied two clips and then stopped in the kitchen for a cup of hot coffee. After putting two sugars and three creams in his cup, Billy noticed Steven Goldberg, CEO of How Can We Pimp You?, hiding behind the water cooler and trembling like a leaf. As Billy reloaded and started to clap the CEO, Mr. Goldberg, being the smooth talking sales man that he was, stood up and said: "In the name of God, please wait one second, I've got an idea!!"

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH!!!!!!



# Reality Check

By Star & Buc Wild

Sep

**LOOK MA, I MADE IT TOP OF THE WORLD. CRUISIN' THROUGH THE GHETTO, JUST ME AND MY GIRL. I GAVE IT TO THEM RAW, I HIT THEM WITH A FLURRY. MY NAME IS UP IN LIGHTS AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY.**

**W**hen we left you last month, part time bicycle messenger Billy Mitchell had just finished emptying two clips from his 380 Glock in the entire A&R department at How Can We Pimp You Records, after flipping out 'cause they would not return any of his calls in regards to his demo tape. . . Our story picks up in the kitchen of the record company, where Billy has just fixed himself a hot cup of coffee to calm his nerves because, in his mind, the battle has just begun. Now, as Steven Goldberg, CEO of How Can We Pimp You, is about to get clapped by Billy, he stands up and frantically says: "In the name of God please wait one second; I've got an idea. Hey bro, I don't know what the hell is happening here, but you're like totally hardcore and if you just listen to me for two minutes I can make it happen for you." Now with a firm grip on his burner and the ultimate screw face, Billy reaches in to his knapsack, pulls out a Kit Kat, takes one small bite and says, "start talking." Mr. Goldberg: "Ok, first of all my name is Steven Goldberg, CEO of How Can We Pimp You Records, and I want to make you rich and famous. What you've just done here is horrible, yes, but from a business standpoint you could be entitled to a large cash settlement and grand prizes worth well over 20,000 dollars." Billy: "What the fuck are you talking about penis breath?" Mr. Goldberg: "I'm talking about bright lights, magazine covers, MTV, The Box and all the chronic you can smoke." All of a sudden Billy starts getting visions of cruising down Sunset Boulevard in a white Lexus Coupe, snacking on granola bars, sipping on Evian water and speaking grammatically correct with a blue-eyed, blond-haired chick named Claire in his passenger seat. Billy: "But what about all of these bodies I just caught?" Mr. Goldberg: "Never mind that, we're looking at the big picture now and all you have to do is sit back and let me handle the business end of things from here on out; are you with me?" At this point, being dazed and confused about fame and stardom, our boy Billy is starting to soften up and foolishly puts his glock on the counter next to the donuts and bagels. Feeling very confident, Mr. Goldberg says, "Bro, listen to me, everything is gonna work out just fine, come with me to my office so I can get you a promo T-shirt and a couple of tapes so you can hit your friends off around your way." Right about now, Billy forgets all about his mission and walks with Mr. Goldberg to his office. Crawling towards the kitchen and leaking like a drive-by victim is Quashanda the receptionist, who is solely responsible for this whole massacre taking place because she never gave Billy's demo tape to the A&R department when he delivered it to the label weeks ago. Meanwhile, Billy and Mr. Goldberg are laughing and shaking hands over the twenty album deal Billy just signed with How Can We Pimp You Records. Billy: "Hey Mr. Goldberg, do you think when my shit comes out you can hook it up so I can open up for Heavy D. I saw that kid at the Hot 97 Summer Jam and his show was all that." Mr. Goldberg: "Billy, please call me Steve, and look here dude, not only will you be doing duets with the Overweight Lover himself, but I'm gonna see to it that Puff Daddy and Mase are hosting your album release party." Back in the kitchen, Quashanda notices Billy's glock on the table next to the donuts, grabs it and heads for Mr. Goldberg's office. Now just as Billy puts the glass of Moet to his lips and gets ready to take his victory swig, Quashanda bursts into Mr. Goldberg's office and screams at the top of her lungs, "Don't worry boss, I'll get that unruly Ghetto thug for you!" With a surprised look on his face Billy suddenly drops the champagne glass and starts reaching in his knapsack for his Desert Eagle so he can go head up with this house nigga once and for all. Steve Goldberg, now only concerned with how he's gonna set up the promotional campaign for Hardcore Billy's first single, looks at Quashanda and says, "What the fuck do you think you're doing? This is 'Hardcore Billy,' our

new artist." Quashanda: "But boss, he just sprayed the whole office and pistol whipped the shit out of me in the reception area." Mr. Goldberg: "Never mind the casualties, we're about to make millions here." Just as Billy put the infrared beam on Quashanda's neck and was getting ready to send her to meet her maker, Steve Goldberg snaps his fingers and says, "Hey I've got another idea. Shé, didn't you tell me that you used to be a dancer for Ice T back in the days?" Quashanda: "Nah, that was Ice G." Mr. Goldberg: "Whatever, now listen to me, we'll probably need some dancers for Billy's stage show, what do you say, are you with us or what?" Quashanda: "Can I get a raise boss?" Mr. Goldberg: "Absolutely. Billy, I want you to go home and work on some rhymes so you can get ready for next week's video shoot." Billy: "Alright Steve, but what about this mess here?" Mr. Goldberg: "Don't worry about a thing, I'll just tell the cops that three Mexicans with shotguns came in here, mumbled something about fuck a green card, and then started blasting away. Billy: "Alright Steve, cool, I'm out of here, I'll call you tomorrow." FIVE YEARS AND SIX PLATINUM ALBUMS LATER: "Hardcore Billy" retires from the business of Rap Music a wealthy man, and is now a Jehovah's Witness living in Seattle with his Nubian Queen Quashanda and their three kids. . . There's really no moral to this particular story, but just for the sake of consistency, let's say that TRUE LOVE ALWAYS FINDS A WAY.

See ya next month & may THE SOURCE be with you!!!!



# Reality Check

By Star

**DISASTER WITH A SMILE, LIKE WINDOWS WITH A VIEW. THE EVIL WINGS OF LOVE, THE WICKED CHOSEN FEW. IT'S PLAYER HATER TIME, OR HAVEN'T YOU BEEN TOLD. THE DEMONS THAT WE SHARE, LIKE THOSE WHO ONCE WERE SOLD. OUR STORY NEVER ENDS, OUR MISSION IS TO SOAR. OUR DESTINY IS REAL, AND THIS, MY SON, IS WAR.**

**E**mperor's scroll star date: September 1, 1997. As I drift into the palace of solitude and destruction, I realize that I must tune-up and reenergize the Jackal, now more so than ever. He has served me well, and for that, he will soon be allowed to reap the benefits of honor and hate from those of you who await his downfall. In the past, the Wild One has spoken to you about our venom that we will be spilling into the streets and the minds of the young, but until now I have delayed this vicious and unwarranted attack so that my favorite studio gangster, "Bluff Daddy & The Family," could rightfully lock down the summer months with concerts, tributes to Big Poppa and a string of hits to reassure us that Hip-Hop is not only still alive, but once again growing...Coming soon and dedicated to all of those who realize that the pen is mightier than the sword, you will bear witness to the ultimate Reality Check that will be sold in record stores, weed spots, gun shops, school stores and all K-Mart chains. I warn you now that this piece of art should not be viewed or perceived as comedy and jokes, but rather as a massacre and annihilation of American history and all that is good. Skit titles include: "Confessions of a Snitch;" "You Are My Fly Bitch;" "Run Nigger Run;" "Eulogy Of A Street Corner Thug;" "The Rise and Fall of MC Crossover;" "Ugly Children and Hip-Hop Fraud (Public Service Announcements);" and much more...

Now then, for a preview of what we have in store for the rich and famous, it is my deepest pleasure to introduce to you "Ishmael," the one and only "Player Hater" ... Ring, ring, ring.

*Operator:* Hello, Player Hater Hotline, how may I assist you?

*Ishmael:* Yeah, ah can I talk to somebody; I got a problem duke's, a real motherfuckin' problem.

*Operator:* You can talk to me, my name is Eddie. *Ishmael:* Eddie, how you feel, man? Yo check this out, I'm sittin here on the sofa, just me and my chick and we're kickin' back eating a couple of Chicken McNuggets and thangs when all of a sudden, this nigga LL comes on TV lickin' his motherfuckin' lips, yo. What the fuck's up with that nigga and that shit?

*Operator:* Does this bother you, sir? *Ishmael:* Look here duke's, I work for UPS, you know what I'm sayin'? And I got six little crumb snatchers I got to feed. I mean, back in the days when the boy was dropping "I Need Love" and "Rock the Bells," it was kinda cute; but come on duke's, it's motherfuckin' 1997. What all that shit about now? You know? Lickin' his chops like shit is sweet or something; what's up? *Operator:* Sir, can I ask you how old you are? *Ishmael:* Yo, I'm from the old school baby, I was back in the parks with Cool Herc, Grand Wizard Theodore and Kurtis Blow, the original niggas, you know what I'm sayin'? *Operator:* Sir, do you feel like you could use some counseling? *Ishmael:* Look here duke's, I work a thirteen hour shift and I ain't got no time to be layin' up on a couch talking to some educated mufucka. I just

wanted to holler at somebody and get that shit off my chest because I'm a consumer, you know what I'm sayin'? I purchase motherfuckin' CD's, tapes, incense and Muslim oils; you understand! *Operator:* Yes, sir, I understand. *Ishmael:* And another thing Eddie, what the fuck is up with Spinderella? *Operator:* What do you mean? *Ishmael:* I mean, don't them chicks got a band and shit? Every time I see that dizzy chick she's jumping around like a crazy rag doll, so I'm wondering: what the fuck is she spinnin' duke's? *Operator:* Sir, if you'd like to come in for a free consultation, our office hours are Monday through Friday, 10 am to 5 pm. *Ishmael:* Well, like I said duke's, I work a thirteen hour shift and I just don't think I can do that; but Eddie, let me just ask you one more thing. *Operator:* OK, go ahead. *Ishmael:* What the fuck's up with Fredro from Onyx? *Operator:*

What do you mean? *Ishmael:* I'm sayin' duke's, back in the days the nigga was all grimy and talking about "Throw Ya Guns In The Air," now he's on a little TV show and all of a sudden the nigga took all the bass out of his voice; what the fuck's up? *Operator:* Just what are you trying to say? *Ishmael:* Well, this kid's getting paid, you understand. I mean he's probably laying up on Venice Beach right now talking about, "motherfuck Hip-Hop, I'm gonna be the new Denzel." *Operator:* Sir, you sound very angry, I must really suggest that you come in and get some help. *Ishmael:* Let me just ask you one more thing Eddie, please! What the fuck is up with Shyheim The Rugged Child? *Operator:* What do you mean? *Ishmael:* I'm sayin', come on now. I'm with the whole Shaolin Island thang, but this little rug-rat nigga, at first he was talking about flipping keys, emptying clips, you know, all that fantasy bullshit. Now I see the nigga doing videos with creampuffs like Immature. I mean, talk to me Eddie, 'cause I'm lost on that one baby, talk to me. *Operator:* Sir, does this offend you? *Ishmael:* Yeah, 'cause I don't

know whether the cat's hardcore or whether he's on some old bitch shit. I know when I look at his grill I think of Walt Disney, so I'm just wondering what the fuck's up? *Operator:* Sir, I really do have to help some other people now, but please feel free to call us again during normal business hours. *Ishmael:* Allright duke's, I'm out.

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# Reality Check

By 006 The Wild One

**WE'RE ENGINES OF PRODUCTION, WE'RE MASTERS AT THE WHEEL. OUR VICIOUS MANIFESTO, WITH VENOM WE REVEAL. ELECTRIC FOR THE TIMES AND DISTANT FOR THE FEW, A CHANCE TO MAKE A FRIEND AND A CHANCE TO RUN YOU THROUGH. A KITE THAT NEVER LANDS, A COLOR NOT QUITE SURE. A PRISONER SET ADRIFT, AND A NEW REVOLVING DOOR.**

Captain's Log star date: 9/1/97, 11:36pm. I have just been handed a note from a Federation soldier. The enclosed simply reads, "GRAB HOLD OF YOUR SELF MAN, YOU HAVE BEEN SLACKING ON YOUR JOB." It was signed by none other than The Emperor. At first I was a little shook because I wasn't sure just what the hell he was talking about. During the past few weeks, I had been involved in a dozen or so petty crimes over in Sector 3, Coney Island Amusement Park, but there's no way he could have found out about them. One of his main henchmen that used to follow me around was fired last month for breaking a company rule, "No discussing Federation business in bed at night with your b\*tch." As I looked up at soldier Wilkins, who had just handed me this kite, I noticed a swollen abrasion on the side of his face. Being the concerned Captain of Doom Squadron Six that I am, I asked him, "What happened to your face, soldier?" He replied with a snuffle, "Oh, it's nothing sir, The Emperor was reaching for a Coors Light and I think my face just got in the way." Now, usually I stand up for my platoon team, but this kid was new in the family and I wasn't the one who recruited him; so maybe a little tune-up was what

he needed. With that in mind, I just saluted him and said, "You're dismissed soldier." When you receive a kite of this magnitude from The Emperor [who also goes by the tag name of Star, which stands for Strange Thoughts And Revelations], you must not only try to interpret its full meaning, but you must also choose your reply very wisely. Although I now reap the benefits of honor and hate on a large scale from the Hip-Hop Nation via THE SOURCE, I remember like it was yesterday how the Emperor plowed through the ruins like a lone warrior, building not only The Evil Federation, but AROUND THE WAY MAGAZINE as well. This is what strengthens my dedication to him to this day. . . I take a final pull from the challis, gaze into the mirror on the wall, then I slowly get dressed to go find out just what's going on. . . 12:15am, Federation Headquarters, Crown Heights, Brooklyn. I ring the bell with my secret code and wait for the keys to be thrown down. As I look up to the second floor window, the Emperor's wisdom, "Daisy" The Evil Queen, hollers down at me: "Here nigga, catch." Now between you and I, me and this chick don't get along.



Oh yeah, did I mention she's only seventeen? He likes them young. . . I put my bike in the office on the first floor and head upstairs. You've got to walk very soft and slow on the Emperor's plantation. You see, his two pit bulls, Zero and Odyssey, don't like any loud noises or unauthorized, sudden movements. After I close the door behind me and get ready to head into the computer room where The Emperor spends most of his time, his Evil Queen yells out to me again, "I hope you wiped your feet on the door mat before you walked on my fresh mopped floor, nigga!!!" Now, rather than trying to curse this chick out who speaks three different languages at one hundred miles per hour, I usually just smile, throw up a middle finger and politely say, "fuck with me and I'll have you deported, bitch." But this time I was too baked from all the chronic and I didn't want to get into a verbal confrontation; so I just smiled at her and kept it moving. As I opened the door to the computer room I noticed Odyssey gnawing on an old X-Clan CD, and Krazo sitting at terminal #4 working on his Bedroom Talk column. Krazo is one of the Emperor's newest pawns. He has been down with the Federation for over a year, and next month we will be promoting him to Senior Director of Ghetto Romance Affairs. . . The Emperor greets me: "What's up, cupcake?" He calls everybody cupcake; it's nothing personal. I take

a seat and we converse. . . **Buc:** What's up with the kite, yo? **Star:** I thought I told you when things calmed down from all the Biggie drama that we needed to get back to the basics of disrespecting and humiliating rappers on all levels. **Buc:** But what about the Hugs In The Name Of Hip-Hop Organization we started? **Star:** What, are you kidding me? That shit was just a front so everybody could think everything was all peaches and cream.

We gotta get busy again. This kid Wyclef Jean is making me sick at the fuckin' stomach. **Buc:** Yeah I know, this nigga is taking himself too serious. **Star:** I also want you to rain on Riddick Bowe's parade. Let that big Rambo-wanna-be-military-reject know that we're really not trying to see his grill in anymore hip-hop videos this year or next year. **Buc:** What about Eight Ball & MJG? That fat kid gives me the creeps. **Star:** Nah, let them slide for a hot minute, I kinda dig that track they did called "Candy." **Buc:** Don't worry boss, I've already got a plan for next month's column. How do these losers grab you? Little Shawn, The UMC's, Mellow Man Ace, MC Ren, Arrested Development, Da Youngstas, Two Kings In A Cypher, The Fuschnickens and Linque. **Star:** Yeah, sounds good to me, but don't forget Too Short. I think he finally got his teeth fixed. **Buc:**

Allright, I'm out. I'll call you in the morning.

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# Reality Check

## JAN-NOV 1996

E D I T I O N

### Shooting Star



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