

NOTES OF A SOULFUL SON

avery r. young

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notes of a
soulful son



i want cullud folk to say my poems
or songs or whats-in-ever i make
wif dese blk hands & from dis blk
mind meet dem in dey middle
lay a wicked night derr cold sweat
holla & pray on dey tail bone i
want folk to say dey be moved &
dis cook countyian make dem take
up dey beds & walk jerusalem
shiny & new like my face be when
i tell a jook-joint of folk *goodnight
god bless* if i cud pull a jib caper
& make a people jump back & kiss
demsleves in order to taste how
sweet a dark berry really be den i
wud know all dis humpin i be
doin in dese streets & all dis lan-
guage boogie i pop on dese pages
aint bein done in vain ... *avery r. young @ de crossroads*



blk nerd galatica presents:

we boogie in dese parts

funk & rare grooves fo u & yourn





side a

love having you around | first choice
i don't want to lose you love | the emotions
everything good to you (ain't always good for you) | b.t. express
take some time out for love | salsoul orchestra ft. jocelyn brown

b side

pleasure principal | parlet
don't give it up | linda clifford
give it up | millie jackson

side c

was that all it was | jean carne
you stepped into my life | melba moore
gotta get a hold on me | margie alexander

side d

ain't no love lost | patti jo
it should've been you | gwen guthrie
never buy texas from a cowboy | brides of funkenstein



compiled by: dj choir boy
him de one: who sings all while him spins
no drivin mr. charlie money: nowhere near dis herr projek
dis herr blazz fo yo azz: from de pocketbooks of workin ladies
who dug de way him reminded dem: of jee sus time
as dey was tryin: to stay warm on dem derr corners



produkt of big bruh soul records member of BMI Music Group. songs be bootlegged bkk!
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liner notes: twas @ de box 86 (wif 19 in front of it) i
1st saw de light from de bafroom shut off heard feel
good sin (smelt a lil of it too) dem starcrossed luvahs
hadta been gon off shrooms & tanya's tayta salad
definitely muze(ak) to keep dem unworried bout
shame or what my auntie called *decorum* him took him
pecker loose from him plakka hole strange banana(d)
her cul de sac liff-ed her good gainst de wall cried
cuss words in bohannon-nese & her hollered good
lawd her hollered like one of dem emotion gals & folk
came runnin in & outta dat hole in wall laffin pointin
foot stumpin catchin lets-fuk-i-tis but no nee-ger-row
in blues came tellin dem freak deeks dis herr party tank
waddnt no roach moe-moe (nasty buzzards) nookie
twas free too bak den or at least worf a super transfer
home so her cud get to de crib & fix herself up enuf to
keep sis. clemens & de mother board from throwin her
fass azz to de altar (chile) her had entered de box lena
horne but came out buckwheat | *from de recollections of booker t soltreyne*