

Club Foot: The Remix

It was just last week
M' honey said, "hit the streets."
So we rolled on out on tennis tip.
"Mine or yours?" she said "we'll take yo' whip."



We gets to court, fall fly out the short,
I said, "Lovely day to embrace the sport"
She came back: "Yeah shorty, yeah it is
Stop jaw jackin' let's get to the biz."

So we gets ta groovin',
Makin the ball move when...

like a criminal,
Big pain but subliminal,
All shock, no pop
Right leg foldin', dare it go! Plop.
I said, "yo baby, my Achilles, no blood flow!
She said, "quit playin', we got two games to go."

Three o'clock in the mornin', incredible feats,
Black man in Laurel speakin' Greek:
In and out of consciousness, screaming "Achilles" yo!
Damn! Incoming replay in slow mo':

Look left, keep it volleyin'
Turn right, ma calf started hollerin'
Almost crawlin, I felt so low.
Back at the ride, couldn't open ma car doo'



Called ma doctor, said "what up slice?"
Had my foot laid up, you know, wrap tight with big ice.
Said, "may have bruise, not no emergency."
"I seriously doubt we talkin' surgery."
But then I rolled through wit' my MRI
Man when I seen dat dude face, I liked ta fell out and died.

It's a week later and I'm draggin' a cast.
In the crib all day, ma sanity fadin' fast,
Ma only forward motion is down on ma knees.
Man it take me 20 minutes to get to the freeze.

Laid up here like I'm livin' in jail.
High point of my day? reading ma mail.
What's dis, not a bill,
Let me check it out, this mail's for real.

I opens the joint, ma new USTA card.
Ain't dat a blip. I can't even play in the yard.
What was I thinkin'? I shouldda stuck wit' ma bike!
Ma baby still love me, I guess it's all right!