

BASED ON DECADES OF CONVERSATIONS WITH MY BROTHER ELLIS.

THE EVER FONKY LOW DOWN PART 1

1. 6/8 March—We are the Greatest in the World - instrumental

Mr. Game, here at your everlasting service. I'm here for your edification, elucidation and your education. Here's the situation. I run a game of numbers, though I'm not a numbers man. I inspire and sell confidence. Don't laugh—confidence determines the direction of the markets. And there's nothing in the world more important than money, especially if it's yours.

We are **here** tonight, but this is an international hustle. It has played out many times across time and space, and is not specific to any language or race. It takes on different flavors according to people's taste, but always ends up in the same old place.

Since we here like to talk about freedom, that subject will set tonight's pace.

I want you to sit back and hear me out. What I show you will eliminate all doubt. I'm a gourmet chef and a short order cook, the author of a best-selling book called, "leap before you look". For the first time, tonight, I'm going to give you the opportunity to buy into the method for pursuing what we all call democratic freedoms for yourself and for resolving nasty stressful conflicts with **others**. I teach it through this timeless game, but you will learn just the same. That's right, a game played by me, Mr. Game and you O Glorious People, complete with a wildcard which I will choose for you when the time is right.

This game tests your aptitude for accepting the revelations and democratic opportunities I make available. If you embrace these concepts and emerge with your sanity, vanity, and humanity intact, you will be awarded some very liberating prizes. You all are so great. I'm sure there will be many winners in here tonight. Lest you think I'm a happy rhyming fool, this is a game that took Solomon to school. I'm your host but no TV star. Though we play, the subject is **war**, but the point is Power! Pure power and only power!

It starts with a predilection for absolute slaughter become a call for order. It ends with the opportunity for greatness, wealth and fame for all time. Beat them, make them work to increase yours; defile and control their sexuality; ruin their experiencing of life and birth them into shame for what was done to **them** (in the name of a righteous God); redefine their place in history; teach them that they deserved all that was done to them; corrupt their children by rewarding them for their aptitude in regurgitating **their** pathology according to **your** narrative; and finally, sit right down and entertain yourself with their mocking and shaming themselves by singing and dancing about it. Well... that's just too much fun to go undone.

There 'tis. It's the rebound after the beat down, the hump on the brown round, and the 'green you-lost', I found". It's Ever Fonky and it's all the way Low Down.

Did I tell you that my number one hustle is winning? I am a winner, and everyone **loves** a winner. Even the losers of a very bitterly fought war will try to join the winners. And y'all are **all** winners. You are the greatest people in the world. And we, together, are the best ever.

PART ONE

1. We Are the Greatest (Music)

Oh, we are the greatest the world has ever seen

And we are the greatest that there has ever been

Oh, I am the greatest

No, you are the greatest

No, we are the greatest and we are the best of the best

If you not with us then you're back in the pack with the rest

Oh, we are the greatest, everybody knows

You are degraded, that's just how it goes

I, me, mine, myself,

me I, mine, myself,

mine, me, myself, I mean

We are the greatest in the world

We are the best that's ever been

We know that you know that we know that we're number one

We see that you see that we see that we've just begun

Let's talk about I, me, mine, myself

We, our, us, ourselves

We are number one

Our crimes are much better

Our water is wetter

Our lies are much truer

Our sorrows are bluer

Oh, we are the best in the world as beginners

And we are the never say never again-ers

And we are the grinning-est gridders

The winning-est in the whole wide!

Mr. Game:

Yes, You have to believe in yourself to be successful. I see you have accepted that concept quite well.

Too much negativity and reflection are like all vegetables and no cake. Follow me while I explain what this is gonna take. I'm Mr Game. Success is my middle name. I became famous for my financial twerking that showed folks how to make money, without **even** the money working. We could go on and on about me, but we have a lot of stuff to do and tonight's proceedings are all about **you**. Believe me, O Glorious People! You are great and we are **sooo** fantastic. But have you noticed a growing population of 'others' who look suspicious?

They seem to be everywhere. Who are they? Count them, I think they may soon outnumber us.

2. **They/Let's Call Them This**

They are over here

They are over there

They are everywhere

What's that in her hair?

What are their children playing?

What's that baby saying?

Can we ask them?

They are over here

They are over there

They are everywhere

Let's call them this

Let's call them that

Or something funny, maybe this and that
Where do they live?
What do they eat?
What do they talk about when they meet?
What do they think?
What does it matter?
What's with their crazy, noisy, silly chatter?
Let me ask
I wouldn't broach it
Now's the perfect time to approach them
Don't look for trouble
I want to meet them
Don't even greet them
Let's take a seat, then
We're here to count them
What's the amount, then?
Three fifty three
Oh, let them be
I have to see
Let's call them this
Let's call them that
Or something funny, maybe this and that
Where do they live?
What do they eat?
What do they talk about when they meet?

Mr. Game: Yes, yes, well now, there's quite a few of them. We must keep an eye on them. They may want to challenge our greatness. How are they different from us? How many are there again? Hmmm...I think that's a lot. They may want to take our things.

O Glorious People! The world is divided into haves and have nots, strong and weak. It is a struggle between right and wrong, a battle for supremacy. Are we not winners and are we not the greatest? Do those people accept that? With God as my witness. We need to watch them!! Beware. They're going to cause problems.

3. The Ever Fonky Lowdown in 4

It's the ever fonky lowdown

It's the ever fonky lowdown

It's the ever fonky lowdown

It's the fonky, fonky get down

O can you see

O can you see

It's the ever fonky slow down

It's the lowdown fonky throw down

O can you see

You and me

The ever fonky lowdown

What can you see?

Ever fonky lowdown

Ever fonky lowdown

Mr Game:

I'm a preacher and a teacher, a soul- reacher and a defense- breacher. As I feared, there are about to be more of them than us. They're like rabbits. Are we going to let them sit there breeding away our freedom? We are winners. We can't have them competing with us, because competition **is** an act of aggression.

Some have suggested talking to them, but talk is a waste of time. And we don't have time. Every second wasted is a second given to them. Believe me, O Glorious People! I think I

heard they have been committing nefarious crimes, and—they don't believe in God. We must hold them accountable. Let me take care of this. Please folks, don't take our freedoms for granted. Thank you for your trust. You're doing quite well.

4. I Don't Like Nobody But Myself

I don't like Black people

I don't like Fat people

I don't like White people

I don't like Short people

I don't like Old People

I don't like people who talk

I don't like the way they walk

I don't like people who tell

I don't like when they yell in the street on they cell because

I don't like Loud people

I don't like women

I can't stand men

I don't trust laughter and

I hate a silly grin, you see

I don't like the rich people

Oh, I don't like poor people

I can't stand no holy people

I hate roly, poly people

I don't like tall people

I don't like small people

I don't like nobody at all

That's why I'm gonna take

As much as I can confiscate

I can't stand whities
I can't stand blackies
I don't have to choose
I don't like Muslims
And I don't like Jews
I don't like people who walk
I don't like people who talk
I can't stand people who can
When they stand like they stand
I don't like
I don't like
I don't like
I don't like nobody but myself

Mr Game:

Yes! We are truly something the world has never seen. We're really really great! These people are killing each other and jailing their opposition leaders. We can't abide this. They torture people, they steal from each other, live in chaos and soon....that chaos will be here!! We have to liberate them from themselves. O Glorious People! We must strike first to prevent what they may be trying to do to us, and to save them. Their leaders must feel our power. Believe me. Trust me.

We will spare no measure or expense in the pursuit of their salvation. Can you find it in your hearts to save these poor people? **Yes. I knew you would agree!** Your position will be made clear when I represent you to our governing body. They will understand. Our greatness has burdened us with this struggle. We **will** meet its demands. We must "extend" our principles to take this action. Then, we will no longer be constrained by worrisome teachings and archaic customs that have suppressed our ambitions.

Our government has agreed to make a few small changes to our laws. The path is now cleared for us to liberate these people, extend our dominion **and** increase our wealth, It's a win, win, win for us. And in this game, winning is the only thing.

5. It May Sound Like the Drums of War

It sound like the drums of war
But it's actually the stealing of money
It sound like the drums of war
But it's actually the stealing of money
It sound like the drums of war
But it's actually the stealing of money
It sound like the drums of war
But it's actually the stealing of money
It sound like the drums of war
But it's actually the stealing of
It's the stealing of
It's the stealing of
It's the stealing of
It sound like the drums of war
But it's actually the stealing of money
Where did our money go?
no no no no one knows
Where did their money go?
It sound like the drums of war
But it's actually the stealing of money
It sound like the drums of war
But it's really the stealing of money
It's the stealing of
It's the stealing of
It's the stealing of

Stealing of money

Mr Game:

To fulfill the mandates of our democracy O Glorious People, we've set aside a specific time and space for you to voice your uncertainties and to consult with your leaders. These are very serious actions we've taken.

6. Consideration Blues/I Know I Must Fight, Drums of War Return

How many did they say?

They were what?

Their own people?

What weapons?

How do you know?

But the Lord said

But weren't they

353 thousand

I thought they

But didn't we?

Well...

When did we?

But we would never

But didn't the Savior

I guess

*I really don't
Well they must have
I guess we should
Help me to
Did our Lord say*

*I just don't
Yes, I think
I guess so
Well, I don't
I guess it's too
Here we go
There's no choice*

*The band says:
I know I must fight I know I must fight
I know I must fight I know I must fight
I know I must fight I know I must fight
I know I must fight I know I must fight*

It may sound like the drums of war
But it's actually the stealing of money
It sound like the drums of war
But it's actually the stealing of money
It sound like the drums of war
But it's actually the stealing of money
It sound like the drums of war

But it's actually the stealing of money

It sound like the drums of war

But it's actually the stealing of money

Won't you tell me?

'Bout that enemy

Won't you tell me?

Where's that enemy

Mr. Game:

We have handled these people very honorably and executed this war professionally. We lost very few people. Who is We? **We** are participants. This is your will, O Glorious People!

7. **What Would the Savior Think?**

What would the Savior think?

(Am I not a brother and a sister too?)

What would the Savior think?

(Remember the golden rule)

What would the Savior think?

Hallelu

Hallelujah

What would our Lord have done?

What would the Savior think?

(see the world anew, create the right instead of avenging the wrong. Love)

What would the Savior think?

Hmmmmmm.....

Mr Game:

That's so naive, it makes me want to puke. Too much thinking and praying will give you a headache. Winners don't reflect, we celebrate. We don't have time for all this Savior nonsense and questioning whether you're with us. You should have questioned who we were before their innocents became **collateral damage**.

There is only one savior: Power!!!... and **money** is his lone disciple. You may question our conquests but they are **your** prosperity. Why, all across our landscape today, you see the result of past glories against others. You see them destitute and half insane, not working or working in service to us. You must agree, that's far better than us serving them. You see, trust me, you are thinking about right and wrong and all that Savior nonsense. Everything is relative.

Some for me, some for you,

Some for you, Some for me, Some for me, None for You,

Some for me, some for me, some for me,

None for you, none for you, none for you.

8. **Some for Me None for You-instrumental**

Mr. Game:

Let me break some history down for you. We created a community based on freedom. In the name of freedom, we defeated some uncivilized people who had never **heard** of freedom. Because there was work we needed done, we were forced to enslave them, and then...we freed them. They were living wrong. These people didn't believe in God. Some of their own people sold them to us. We were right in liberating them from being themselves, we were only wrong in waiting so long to do it. And hey, we were so absolutely right about deserving nice things for ourselves.

Now you, O Glorious people, may not get any of the spoils of this war, but you're winners. A winner shouldn't let the vicissitudes of money dampen their euphoria. You don't get any Super Bowl money when your team wins, but it still feels damned good to wear their jersey you bought. It just feels so right: We won! we won! We won! And....we're number one!!!

9. **The Ever Fonky Lowdown in 5**

It's the ever fonky lowdown

It's the dirty, lowdown smack down

It's the smack down, it's the crack down

It's the fonky, fonky back down
It's the ever dirty showdown
It's a low down, dirty smack down
It's a fonky fonky back down
It's the ever fonky lowdown
Oh can't you
O can you
It's the ever fonky lowdown
It's the ever fonky lowdown

Mr Game:

Ah yes we are all in this together. Oh Glorious people. The war was executed with such professionalism, the governing body has granted me the privilege of writing the official record. We all know what happened: they attacked us...we defended ourselves. They deserved everything they got, they abused their own people, and they were living in filth too, with a bunch of unkempt children.

If they believed in God, and if God was on their side, they wouldn't have lost." O Glorious People! Our people were heroic in battle as always. Let me find the right words, so the official records and textbooks will show that the good are celebrated and the bad are rightly punished. This act solidifies our bond. We are truly a community fighting for freedom. Do you agree to the wealth these actions have brought to us? Well, don't ask 'who is we'? Enjoy the spoils of war. Even if it's only the acquired air of superiority that comes with **identifying** with winners, you got something for nothing, something for nothing. And there's always more.

I'm a seer and a mind freer. Cash is my middle name, but I'm called Mr. Game. It all happened just as I said.

When the books are read about the dragons we slayed, and all our golden trophies are displayed, the world will gape at the fortunes (some of us) have made. The memory of our greatness will last and last, but we still have to keep moving fast fast fast. We have won the day, but must also master the night. Don't worry about your money, **it's gon' be right**. We will increase your green under the cloak of night when the amateurs sleep. What I earn, we get to keep. I work for you like a Grey Ghost Raider, trust me baby, I'm a night trader. Always remember:

The speed of consumption far outruns the pace of corruption. I have to stay ahead of your appetite.

10. Night Trader

Sleight of hand by trade

Sign a bill, don't even read the bill

I sign a bill, don't even read a bill

Enforce a law, a law I never saw

I enforce a law, a law I never even saw.

Put 'em in jail did they commit a crime.

Put 'em away for a long, long time.

I'm a night trader, baby, I'm a night trader,

Sleight of hand by trade.

I'm a night trader,

I'm a night trader,

I'm a night trader,

I'm a night trader,

I'm a night trader.

Sell you a home, I'll give you a loan

Sell you a loan, I'll give you a home

Sell you a home, I'll give you a loan.

Give you a loan that'll take your home

Gimme some stock on private prisons

Don't you worry, we'll get good bids
I'm a judge — I'm sending kids

Night trader, baby, I'm a night trader,
I'm a night trader,
I'm a night trader,
I'm a night trader,
I'm a night trader,
I'm a night trader.

Sign a bill, don't even read a bill.
Enforce a law, I never studied law
Who cares if they committed the crime,
There's money to make, give 'em some time.

There's no time for all this "who struck John",
Time is money, I'm moving on

Night trader, baby,
Sleight of hand by trade
I'm a night trader,
I'm a night trader,
I'm a night trader,
I'm a night trader,

Mr Game:

Let me teach you, children: we beat other people; **therefore** we are better than them.
Group thinking baby, we are the greatest nation in the world, we are right and they are

wrong (applause from band); the world is black and white and of course, because we won, God is on our side. And the Ever Fonky becomes deep down skonky when you see the terms of surrender for the defeated. Remember, O Glorious People! They **too** want to be winners. That's right. When we hear songs celebrating our victory pouring from the mouths of the very people we defeated, we know that they have made peace with our supremacy.

That, O Glorious People!

Let me take you back to the schoolyard: Most kids just give in and follow the bully, but a few back away threatening some type of retaliation. Whether subservient or resistant, each will adjust their philosophy to accommodate defeat. That's the illusion of choice. Haha, the old binary hustle. Tutsi versus Hutu, God fearing versus heathens, Democrats versus Republicans. Yes, there are two sides to every coin, **but it's still the same coin.**

It's so wonderfully gamey. Losers have two choices: entertain us by playing out our vision of them as meek, emasculated jesters....or excite us by playing out our vision of them as dangerous captured savages. Well, it's natural to the defeated, all of that bowing and scraping, but it's also ok to let a little pressure out of the system and listen to the most aggressive ones roar and shout insults about what they think we've done to them...and so on. I love the anguished fiery testimonials, I love them **owning** the bad names we called them. I just can't figure out why they think all of that noise and blaming inspires guilt or shame—it's actually therapeutic for me. Tell us again. What did we do to you?

11. Mr. Good Time Man

Do you remember good and glory days,

When slappy, happy minstrels traveled cross the land bringing such joy and cheer with every song, and when they danced the buck and wing we knew they missed the old plantation,

And our hearts did burst with sorrow at the telling of a tale from old Dixie

Oh, come and play Mister good time man

Make us feel everything's all right.

Oh let me smile your blues away,

I'm ready.

Yet there's another type of fellow and he turns my legs to jello

When he brags about the violent string of crimes he has committed.
He is such a dashing fellow all bedecked in golden chains
And though the years have passed his story is the same.

Oh, can I buy a ghetto song
So I can dance and sing along
We'll share a rhyme while you do time
I'm ready.

And so the Janus headed minstrel that has filled our lives with glee
Forever whether he be happy grinning or an angry lion spinning
Either way I love the ghetto and the old plantation cause the
good ol' time attracting
character detracting stories and the acting is for me

Oh, won't you play mister good time man
Oh, can you bust a gangsta rhyme.
Then we'd have you both on hand.

Oh, mister good time man
Oh, mister bad time man
Smile, mister good time
scowl, mister bad man
Smile, mister good time
Show us your grill

Mr Game:

Yes. There's only one more step to complete the dispositional portion of this game. You must understand and embody the easy attitude of entitlement that comes with freedom and wealth. Our riches affirm that we are the greatest of the world. Everyone knows it. That's why they want to be us.

Shame is for losers or for those who have done something wrong. We only did to them what they would have done to us, if they could. Don't think about it, just follow the stories in all the books, movies, and everything else. We are number one. If you're not us, you're them. They will complain, but don't look back, don't look around, history is now. Can you accept this? I knew you would. It's the Ever Fonky Low Down.

12. Because I Want To, Because I Like To, Because I Can

My brother

My sister

Why? Why? Why, Why?

Why do you keep doin' it to me

Because I want to

Because I like to

Because I can

My sister

My brother

Why? Why? Why?

Why? Why? Why?

Oh, Why do you treat me so bad

Because I want to

Because I like to

Because I can

Oh, tell me why

Why eye

Why-y-y tell me, won't you, oh why-y

Because I want to

Because I like to

Because I can

Mr Game:

That's a ridiculous plea. This is how it all seems to me.

13. I Wants My Ice Cream

I wants my ice cream.

So good to me.

I loves my ice cream.

Oh, can't you see.

Oh, yes I see you,

Sleeping in these streets.

Got me to thinking

What a poor man eats.

I likes my ice cream.

Would you like a lick?

Ah-ah I'm playin'.

Just a dirty trick.

I see you eyeing,

My brand new shoes.

I wants my ice cream.

Got the sidewalk blues.

I hear you brother.

I feel your pain.

I loves my ice cream.

That's my refrain.

Ain't got no money.

Even if I could.

I wants my ice cream.

Don't think I would.

What's all this hollerin'

And stumbin' down the street?

Can't you be quiet?

I'm trying to eat.

I see you eyeing

This ice cream cone.

But, you can't have none

I'm on my phone

Mr Game:

Somebody's got to rule. It might as well be us.

14. The Ever Fonky Lowdown in 6

It's the ever fonky lowdown

It's the ever fonky lowdown
Oh can't you see
'Bout you and me
It's the fonky fonky fake down
It's the ever, fonky break down
Why can't you see
What it could be
'bout you, you and me
It's the ever fonky take down
It's the ever fonky shake down
It's the ever fonky shake down
It's the fonky, fonky break down
It's the ever fonky blow down
Of the fonky, fonky brown brown
Across time, across space,
Across the whole human race
Across time, across space,
Across the whole human race
Across time, across space,
Across the whole human race

15. What Would The Savior Think:

Church rumble and someone shouts as the singers hum: **But what would Savior Think**
and Chris says: **The word is the will of God, NOT the will of the people.**

END OF FIRST HALF

THE EVER FONKY LOWDOWN PART 2

1. The Ever Fonky Lowdown in 5 and 6

It's the ever fonky lowdown
It's the nappy, nappy slap down
It's the fonky, fonky trap down
It's the lowdown dirty dap down
Oh say, can you see
It's right, can you see
To fight, fight to be
You and me
It's the ever fonky lowdown
It's the never nappy hoe-down
For all to see
It's the never nappy no down
For all to see
It's right, can't you see
The fight just to be
be free you and me

Mr. Game:

Mr. Game back for your international delight. Though our game has been played across time and space, I give out prizes of value to only **this** time and place. You will receive five gifts of various sizes, each enlivened by hand picked surprises which further apprise you of what was earned and learned from our handling of 'others' and their brothers, sisters, fathers and mothers. What we did to them or *for them* taught us how to achieve prosperity and order.

Each prize is accompanied with a clear explanation. I give some local history. Then, I tell you exactly what's happening (that's called the breakdown). Explain how our choices worked out over time (that's the hand me down) and finally, we look underneath the sheets where the big dog eats, (that's the Low Down).

DESCRIPTION OF FIRST PRIZE:

Here's some historical fact.

These people weren't doing anything productive and our lives gave them purpose.. to serve us. We gave them separate living quarters and encouraged them to pursue that same type of housing after we freed them.

What you do is what you will do and that you do makes it true.

Try as we might, most have proven to be beyond rehabilitation. Look around. You see them doing nothing and always involved in some type of mayhem and madness.

Here's the breakdown:

Nothing is more important than living in a comfortable environment. Just seeing them can bring up fear and bad feelings. We've got to keep them largely out of sight and mind. They are, however, very good at games and at playing things.

Here's the hand me down:

O mighty people! We must be inhospitable to them and to **any** group of outsiders who come here disrespecting our flag and our beliefs.

Here's the Low Down:

Keep them down. Keep them away. Let no wound be too small to inflict. Quietly make sure they are slowly strangled by all of the systems across this mighty nation.

Your first prize, great and glorious people, is **the freedom of segregation, segmentation and homogenization**. Everywhere you look, you will only see yourself. Congratulations!!

2. Isms, Schisms

I GOT isms, schisms

Isms, schisms

Isms, schisms

All for me

Schisms, isms

Schisms, isms

Schisms, isms

I can't see

Schisms, isms

Schisms, isms

Schisms, isms

All day long

Isms, schisms

Isms, schisms

Isms, schisms

Loud and strong

We don't want the aggravation

Does not matter what they know

If I see one anywhere around my place
Our police may shoot them dead and win the case
We've got Racism, Sexism, Textism, Wow!
Leftism, Rightism, hit me now
Classism, Snobism, Fakism, True
Malism, Hoodism, Love them too!
Fakery, Snakery, Never Awakery
Bribery, Takery, What you say?
Racism, Ageism, Racism, Sexism
Racism, Classism, Every day
I'm just happy in these run-down places
And our segregated schools
If they see us anywhere around their homes
The police will beat us back where we belong
Isms, schisms
Isms, schisms
Isms, schisms
All for me
Classism, Snobism, Fakism True
Malism, Hoodism, Can you see
Racism, Ageism, Racism, Sexism
Racism, Classism, What you say?
Isms, schisms
Isms, schisms
Isms, schisms
Every day
I'm just happy in these rundown places
Does not matter what they know
If they see us anywhere around their homes
Our police will beat them back until they're gone
Schisms, isms
Schisms, isms
Isms, schisms
Isms, schisms
Schisms, isms
Schisms, isms
Isms, schisms
Isms, schisms

Mr Game:

Each of our five prizes comes naturally from the last. The battles we've won over these last years to segregate ourselves have led to purity in education, housing and employment. Just look around. All of that winning is addictive, but **if you don't fight, you can't win**. When you beat one group of others, you must use that inspiration to go on to the next and the next, until you work through **all** the groups that displease you.

DESCRIPTION OF SECOND PRIZE:

You will enjoy endless campaigns: old versus young, smart versus dumb, fat versus skinny, Democrats vs Republican. Finally, you will work your way all the way up to the most sacred battleground: your own home. For drama and intensity, nothing surpasses a passionate, extended domestic battle. Don't forget the binary narrative: others are wrong and you are right. It's a wonderful way of understanding that keeps you on the battlefield.

Here's a snapshot from our history: We broke **their** families up for centuries and consistently destroyed the bond between their men and women. However, they were very productive for us as workers, as stock and as property. It was gloriously efficient and effective. We learned to value human beings economically. With the passage of time, the accurate valuation of people is just in our DNA, and their home life has **still** not recovered.

Let me free you from old thinking. Families are no longer what they were. Kids are disrespectful. Men and women at each other's throats all the time.

Let's consider, if you will, the poetic demands and uncertain terrains of romance. Think about all of the time it takes to develop a relationship with another person. Now, add the investment required to properly raise a child. You see, a traditional family just takes too much damned time and effort. The modern family is mobile and you need that mobility to make more money.

O Mighty People! Let me explain: life is just a big transaction. Look around. It costs to be born, it costs to die, it costs when you get sick, it costs 'in case' you get sick and everything in between is bills and taxes. Try paying for some food with the depth of your humanity. **Nothing is more important than money.**

Here's the breakdown:

A winner buys the life he or she wants to live! (Everyone else will fall in line based on their payout).

Here's the hand me down: Romance interferes with fighting. When the other is the enemy and everything becomes a transaction, intimacy is too nuanced. Who has time for love when the most important victory is yet to be won?

Here's the Low Down: Now you are free to purchase all the personal space you want. If you get lonely, just swipe a picture on an app. Your prize is **freedom from the rigmarole of romance and escalation of the domestic war in the court of transaction.**

3. Yes/No **Where Has the Love Gone?**

Yes No Yes No
Yes No Yes No

Yes No Yes Yes Yes No Yes
No Yes Yes No Yes Yes No
No No No No
Yes Yes Yes No Yes Yes Yes
No
No Yes No Yes
Yes No Yes No
No No No No
Yes Yes Yes Yes Yes Yes
Yes No Yes No Yes No Yes
No No No No
Yes Yes Yes No Yes
Yes Yes Yes Yes Yes Yes Yes Yes
No No No No No No No No
Yes/No Yes/No Yes/No Yes/No Yes/No Yes/No Yes/No Yes/No

Where has the love gone?
Where has the love gone?
Where has the love gone?
Where has the love gone?
Where has the love gone?
Where has the love gone?
Where has the love gone?

Mr Game:

Our next wonderful prize is actually two in one. We touched on the difficulties of contemporary parenting. Now, consider the impossibility of accounting for members of your community. **It's all so involved.** If we just strip away needless complexity, we can sell more of our ideas. What are we selling? Well.....*participation*. The new community accepts everyone that can buy in. You can join the church. Don't worry about reading the book. Send some money! That's the sole requirement. "If you **bring** a check, we **will** not check."

DESCRIPTION OF THE THIRD PRIZE

Hear me folks, just as today's community is more fluid, the family of now doesn't need all those old restrictions with the draconian nonsense of parents telling their kids what to do. You can now be the parents you wish **you** had. Your youngsters should be free to define their world with other youngsters, a momma should be free to be with her group and a daddy free to be with his. When the generations, genders and preferences are separated, they are unencumbered to create the exact environment they want and can purchase. Then, we can enjoy **real** participation.

O Glorious People! All this freedom must have a purpose. What greater purpose than selling? What better to sell than perfectly crafted entertainment products with a little sexual electricity (from the world of taboo) targeted at everyone in your home, especially the kids.

The only thing that feels better than selling is being liberated to give full expression to the cathartic euphoria of **buying**. It's powerful and it feels so good. The real world will be delivered to your home, for a nominal monthly fee, when everyone is together.... or at any time on your mobile device. Our hard fought freedoms have allowed us to make available all of the things you were unjustly denied in the past.

Folks! We're going full throttle, a candescent cocktail of freedom tailored to excite the group it targets. Look around. The kids love it! Choice and culture!

Here's the breakdown:

(Sing) Give the people what they want.

(Sing) Shake your money maker.

(Spoken) Don't sit on it, sell it!!

Here's the hand me down:

Trash piles up if no one takes the garbage out. That's why we pay people to clean.

Everything is for sale--even a community. Like an old New Orleans auction house.

We used to sell and buy them as a community so's all the mommas and daddys and children and all the relatives could be sold and bought in a very grand public spectacle. You know, selling and buying is in our DNA. **What you do is what you will do and that you do makes it true.** Hey! Didn't that boy from Facebook just sell a bunch of people's information?

Here's the Low Down:

Don't let other people exploit you. Own your **own** identity. We all have something worth selling. This prize gives you permission to sell whatever you have to whoever is willing to pay for it. Forget about shame.

Your prize is **prime time pornography and the commodification of community**

4. Consider This 'Bout the Filth We Love

Consider this 'bout the filth we love

Consider this from a view above

We love it

We like it

We sell it

Ooo

Consider this 'bout the filth we make

Consider this 'bout the filth we take

We like it

We love it
We buy it
Ooo
Consider this 'bout the filth we love
Consider this from a view above
We like it
We love it
We buy it
We sell it
We believe it
We achieved it
We live it
And we just got to have got to have
What we need what we want now

WE LIKE IT
WE LIKE IT
WE LIKE IT
We love it
We love it
We love it
I say everything is for sale
Everything is for sale
Everything is for sale
Everything is for sale
Everything is for sale
Consider this 'bout the filth we love
Consider this 'bout the filth we make
Consider this from a view above
Consider this bout the filth we take
Oh we won't see
The reality
Oh we won't see
The reality

Oh we won't see
The reality
Oh we won't see
The reality

Mr Game:

Our greatness has created jealous enemies everywhere. There are menaces within and without. We have a wide open country with very very porous borders. O Glorious People!
We intend to protect every square inch of our homeland...but we can't do it without your help, folks.

DESCRIPTION OF FOURTH PRIZE

We need you to register all pertinent personal, medical and financial information; to obtain the standard identification card which allows you to get in and out of public places; and please!! Keep your phone with you at all times. It's for your safety! We already have access to your spending habits, entertainment preferences, daily routines, **and** the tendencies of your most frequently called friends. These last bits of information will enable us to completely protect you.

Here's some history:

When we owned them, we would issue papers that accounted for **them**. For the very few who were able to ascend from their God given position, we issued freedom papers. **If you didn't have those papers, you weren't free.** We really kept track of those people because you couldn't have them out spreading public mischief and mayhem.

Sometimes, to avoid work, they ran away. We posted the most beautiful descriptions of their person complete with dispositional observations. These advertisements allowed our citizens North and South to repatriate them back to their owners. We all participated and were very successful. When we all come together, success is guaranteed.

If it was important to account for a runaway, you can imagine, O Glorious People! **You are far too important to go uncounted.** Register now so we can protect you!

Folks, these are troubled times. Corruption is all around us in the form of deception. Open your eyes: doctors addicting you to drugs they're paid to prescribe, heads of stock exchanges running Ponzi schemes, priests molesting kids, citizens supporting criminals over our officers, I could go on and on. Let's not even mention the minorities and the terrorists, Lord save us!!

Look around at all the public violence. You **cannot** have enough surveillance and security. Our technological devices are far more trustworthy than the judgment of a person, a camera does not lie.

Here's the breakdown:

You are the only one you can trust.

Anyone could be doing anything at any time. "Be afraid-Be prepared."

Here's the hand me down:

Surveillance equipment is steadily improving. Soon, we will be able to surreptitiously record every interaction, **in every home**, so that each accusation can be supported or contested with accurate documentation. Be amongst the first to participate.

Here's the Low Down:

It's important to know **more** than what everyone is doing. We need to know what's on their minds. Privacy is an enemy of freedom.

This wonderful and timely prize grants you: **Freedom through constant surveillance and relentless security.**

5. Everybody Wears A Mask

I said everybody wear they mask
Why you got to be like that?
I said everybody wears a mask
Why you got to be like that?

I said everybody wear they mask
Why you got to be like that?
I said everybody wears a mask
Why you got to be like that?

Everybody wear they mask
Why you got to be like that?
Oh, everybody
Oh, everybody be like that.

Everybody wear they mask
Why you got to be like that?
Oh, everybody
Oh, everybody be like that.

Everybody where your mask?
Why you gotta make me ask?
Everybody wear that mask, you hear me?

Everybody where your mask?
Why you gotta make me ask?
Everybody wear that mask, you hear me?

We got to see what you're doing
All the time
We got to see what you're doing
All the time
We got to

Why you got to be like that
Everybody wear they
Why you got to be like

that?

Mr. Game:

O Glorious People! I know you love these prizes because you live them.

What you do is what you will do and that you do makes it true. This is The Ever Fonky Lowdown and you are getting rewarded for being winners. Big winners!

6. The Ever Fonky Lowdown in 7

It's the ever fonky lowdown

It's the ever fonky lowdown

Oh do you see?

It's the low-down, fonky beat down

It's the shake down till you break down

It's the ever fonky get down

O say, can't you see

'bout us, you and me

Our fight, fight to be

It's forever fonky

It's forever fonky

It's forever fonky

It's forever fonky

Mr Game:

I can't just give away this final prize so easily. There's one more test to determine if you are indeed the best of the best. It's my wildcard. Unpredictable and capable of catapulting you to the top of the food chain or thrusting you down to the dungeon **in** chains, the wildcard fights against **our** understanding of freedom and is called a "freedom **fighter**".

Though not believers in our winning ways and traditions, they are formidable persons of courage, clarity and charity. These battlers challenge us to stay in winning form. **I respect 'em.**

If you can survive exposure to this freedom fighter by maintaining your defense of the freedoms we have secured for ourselves across time, you will receive the final and greatest prize. If you waver, however, you could lose everything.

This particular wildcard is a lady, and I mention her now, because I'm confident in your confidence. Hear me, O Glorious Ones! All the others wildcards who have tried to defeat us,

have failed: Harriet Tubman, saved hundreds but tens of thousands remained slaves, Lincoln Steffens uncovered corruption in our politics and won awards for it. But has the corruption ever slowed down? Hell, even Jesus failed in front of the people, they chose Barabbas.

O Judicious People! You want and deserve to be free to do what you **want to do**. Nobody wants to hear no mouthy preaching about whether we can see what's wrong or not. We want the things that **make us feel good! Money!!** That's our stuff. Forget all the judgement, we're not interested in sharing our resources with others we can't stand.

Some history:

Real freedom fighters come from a long way off. They bring a lot of history with them.

We had the enslaved well in hand or under our thumb, everything designed to keep them deaf, mute and dumb. It was illegal for them to read but not to breed, to write but not to fight, to say but not to pray. Somehow, they all got a hold of words from our Bible and created songs of survival, disguised as prayers, applied our sacred learning to their wretched affairs.

Here's the breakdown and the hand me down:

All this singing about salvation was not good for their spirit. We had to encourage music that was more real to their condition and pull the old bones and tambo out. As was their way, they began to self-deprecate and the popularity of their music began to appreciate. As it was then, so it is today.

Here's the Low Down:

While we were so focused on stamping out those damned drums, these people had created their own notions about "our" freedom. coming from a book they couldn't even read. And they filled the air with this noise as they worked.

7. I Got a Nagging Feeling

I got a naggin' feelin'
Deep down in my soul
I said I got a tale to tell
Can't rest till its' told
Gonna lift up that heavy feelin
Let that light shine inside
Oh this life don't bother me
Soon I will be free
I was a bitty baby

On my mamma's knee
When Jesus angel told me
I was meant to be
I got a naggin' feelin'
Deep down in my soul
I've had some mighty troubles
Since my kids was sold
I said I got a tale to tell
Can't rest till it's told
Gon' lift up that heavy feelin'
Let the light shine inside
Oh this life don't bother me
Soon I will be free

Mr Game:

From this absolute din came a feeling of hope. As time passed, that hope became belief which eventually became action in the person of a freedom **fighter**. She was determined to remake the world according to the dreams and struggles of her ancestors. Even though it was a failing cause, this particular woman was remarkable. I'm talking about someone who came from the absolute bottom of our society and grew up picking cotton as the eldest of twenty kids.

As a youngster, she was a voracious reader. She learned to understand and believe in our system. In the same way that the enslaved had twisted our religious intentions to serve their purposes, she figured out how to use our system to fight for **her** people's version of freedom.

Here's the breakdown:

She believed she could defeat democracy as **we** mean it to be and was willing to try.

Here's the hand me down:

People of now don't have the time to jeopardize their health on no poor person's dream. Why risk life and limb when you can just get on line, and anonymously express your mind or open your heart to friends and neighbors in less than 280 characters?

Here's the Low Down:

She was unwavering in the execution of her duty, refused to be silenced, followed the word and held to it. Her name was Fannie Lou Hamer.

8. The Ballad of Fannie Lou part 1

Fannie Lou was born
in a fertile land

Oh, Fannie Lou came up
workin' harder than any man.
and when they dropped down
Fannie Fannie she would stand

She could see
'round Saturn rings
And she heard songs
The holy angels sing
When she spoke
every word had wings BOY

Fannie Fannie
Oh sweet Fannie Lou

I'm a Southern boy
from a Southern town
I used to see Fannie
Well she used to be around
Boy, she was something
something touch you way deep down

Oh, Fannie Lou
With your eyes so clear
Voice so strong
it drew the people near
When she spoke
she calmed the people's fear BOY

Fannie Fannie
Oh sweet Fannie Lou

In a Southern style
They beat Fannie blue
And they did things to her
as it was their Southern way to do.
That didn't stop Fannie
from doin' what she was here to do.

On freedom farm
people pickin' poke
Fannie Lou
Liked to laugh and joke
what she did
Caused folks to count their vote LORD

Fannie Fannie
What'd they do to you
Fannie Fannie
O Sweet Fannie Lou

9. The Ballad of Fannie Lou Part 2

Fannie Lou Hamer
Fannie Lou Hamer
Fannie Lou Fannie Lou
Fannie Lou Fannie Lou
Fannie Lou Hamer
Fannie Lou Hamer
Fannie Lou
Fannie Lou Fannie Lou
Fannie Lou Fannie Lou Hamer
Fannie Lou Fannie Lou
Fannie Lou Fannie Lou
Fannie Lou Fannie Lou
Fannie Lou Hamer
Fannie Lou Fannie Lou
Fannie Lou Fannie Lou Hamer
Fannie Lou Hamer

Mr Game:

Yes Fannie Lou, Fannie Lou! She was truly something. Too bad she was on the losing side. We **invented** freedom. We're not about to fight **against** the freedoms we abundantly enjoy because somebody with no money is uncomfortable! And when you, O Glorious people, get behind something, it's a done deal. You weren't with her. You're with us. Who wants to face public ridicule and humiliation for defending a position that gives them less than what they have?

Here's the break own:

You almost never have to kill a freedom fighter, just let their memory die. There's no need to bury information no one cares about. Put it on the front page of the paper. They'll be wrapping fish in it the next day. Put a game on and everybody loses their mind.

The hand me down:

You have done well in this game. You overcame Fannie Lou's overtures to the point of forgetting her very name. This is a great moment for our way of life. We should reflect in honor of her sacrifice.

10. Why do we pick slavery over freedom?

Well, that was that.

O Glorious People!

This is your last prize and it's the best one.

Now we're really about to have some fun.

When you act against your best interest to attack a remote enemy with no power to do you any harm; when you're ecstatic about identifying yourself as a winner even though you never get a single spoil; when you are happy to accept far less than your participation could have earned and honored to be rewarded for the achievement of staying home, congratulations! You've won one game of the Ever Fonky Low Down....and you're the donkey.

George Clinton said, "Free your mind and your behind will follow." Well, this is about your mind when you are behind that every day monkey and the air turns foul and you don't even know it's Fonky.

O Glorious People, My People, Our People, The People, hear me, this game was never about **"them"**. It's been about **you**....and all of what has been sold to **you**. I'm talking about the machine, the system, the grind, the chart from birth to the grave. It's all figured out for you. One hustle after another designed to analyze, paralyze, bind and blind you. O Can't you see? Corrupt laws, endless litigation over trivia, ridiculous rules, bureaucratic incompetence; pay to live, pay to die, pay to get married, pay to divorce, pay for school, pay for the hospital, pay pay pay, ha ha! Indifferent government wasting and stealing piles of your money that you can't even and don't even want to trace, endorsing tribal policies that violate your self-interest as you all swallow the fake binary narrative of Democrat vs Republican, white vs black, man versus woman, haha. Fools!! Games, games, games! Here's some history:

Did you know that over 700,000 people died in the American Civil War..... "Us **and** Them"?

Here's the breakdown:

Leave everything up to us and we'll make sure you never have to do anything except pay. And while you hate each other and fight against a never-ending "them", we will remain us. Who is us? Haha, **we're you when you get the opportunity to be.**

Here's the hand me down:

The Savior and all of these freedom fighters continue to get it wrong. You don't actually **want** to grapple with more than two choices. You don't **want** to sacrifice anything meaningful for your fellow citizens. You want to live in a fantasy world in which you may perhaps **see** others suffer, but from far enough away to change the page at a click. Be honest with yourself, you don't actually **want** real freedom because, if it's turned loose, it

might just go anywhere. Why should your freedom be given to anyone? You fought for it. And **we beat people**, we are winners. Why should a winner give anything to a loser? They lost.

That's why you repeatedly **choose** those who will jam the human soul into the cold, cold ground, drag it around like a jagged plough, pull it up and thrust it even further down, and up and down again even deeper if it make a single solitary sound.

Yeah... you really just want to be entertained by games, games!! This is a game, goddammit!! The game **of** games. You think paying for a football stadium cost cost you? Winning the Ever Fonky Low Down cost you your humanity, but every day, millions are dying just to get a place in line to pay the price of admission.

This is an international hustle. It has played out many times across time and space, and is not specific to any language or race. It takes on different flavors according to people's taste, but always ends up in the same old place.

I'm your host, by the name of Game, MISTER Game, a player, a soothsayer and a dragon slayer, I'm a night trader **and** a soul raider. I steps with lightning, walks with thunder, climbs the wall, puts the dead on the wonder, following **me** was your biggest blunder. I don't recognize any "us" or "them", him, her or you. When you see me coming, all I know is what **I'm** gonna do. **I'm gon' get paid, and somebody gonna get played.** That's just how my money is made!!

Here's the Low Down:

Wasting time is the greatest drug in the world. Your last prize is **freedom from thought and constructive engagement.** You don't ever have to do a single damned thing about **anything** going on out here that DOES NOT DIRECTLY BENEFIT YOU! Survival of the fittest.....That's as Fonky as it gets, baby.

11. The Ever Fonky Lowdown in 4

It's the ever fonky lowdown
It's the ever fonky lowdown
It's the ever fonky lowdown
It's the fonky, fonky get down

O can you see
O can you see
It's the ever fonky slow down
It's the lowdown fonky throw down

O can you see

You and me
The ever fonky lowdown
What can you see?

Ever fonky lowdown
Ever fonky lowdown

12. I Wants My Ice Cream

I hear you brother.
I feel your pain.
I loves my ice cream.
That's my refrain.

Ain't got no money.
Even if I could.
I wants my ice cream.
Don't think I would.

What's all this hollerin'
And stumbin' down the street?
Can't you be quiet?
I'm trying to eat.

I see you eyeing
This ice cream cone.
But, you can't have none
I'm on my phone

THE END