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Mr. Powell period 5

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Canterbury Tale

Love comes in strange forms, full of much drama.

Always yo wife, yo girl, and yo mamma.

This love triangle is like my story,

some lovers, like Topanga and Cory.

This is yet another love polygon,

more specifically an octagon.

Eight lovers, more or less, all intertwined,

by random affairs they all end up bind.

Each individual is quite unique,

but not quite as ballin' as Keak da Sneak.

First off there was Bubbles, where to begin?

An award in deceiving, she should win.

Bubbles was thought to be both soft and sweet,

but frequently her husband she would beat.

Her husband, Rafael, was her true love

but lust of Leonardo ranked above

Leonardo, however, was a pimp,

strutting through with his diamond cane and limp.

Loved Blossom, the leader of her faction,

who also had some dissatisfaction.

Blossom had her eye on Donatello.

But he hates all people, crazy fellow!

And even old Olga, sick and yellow,

was checking out emo Donatello.

But the younger Olga was quite the tramp,

bore an illegitimate child, looked like a lamp.

Michelangelo still was the father,

but often stalks Buttercup, oh bother!

She is in an affair with Rafeal,

with many secret “meetings” in the mall.

Rafeal had a secret he shan’t tell,

he was under some kind of crazy spell.

He was man by day, unicorn by night.

If you ask me, that is pretty dang tight.

But, we cannot always get what we want.

Poor morals by which they would all be haunt.

Donatello wanted it all to end,

he failed at life, no love would he send.

He sought out the great lord of all the land,

hoping perhaps he would soon lend a hand.

There was T-pain, straight flowing on a boat!

The mother flippin’ boat, please do take note.

T-pain, so nice, said “shorty what you need?”

D-tell said “Homie, lend me a good deed!

My dawgs are fighting, all over dem chics.

I need to end this, do you have some tricks?”

T-Pain said “Aw, a rap battle fo sho’!

We will have it go down tomorrow, yo!

If you alone beat my most ghetto dawgs,

I will turn the others into tree frogs.

But if you lose, the octagon will stay,

and you will have to be happy, okay?”

D-Tell said, “I guess it will have to do,

although I doubt I can beat your whole crew.”

Donatello practiced busting some rhymes,

after his rampage of causing some crimes.

He told the seven what was to go down,

and all prepared to escort him to town.

They all awoke from their slumber early,

knowing their fate they would find out, surely.

Donatello was quite the nervous mess,

T-pain was straight up g, could he impress?

He went back to the mother flippin’ boat,

not quite yet confident enough to gloat.

D-Tell’s confidence took a total blow,

his competition's rap surpassed mere flow.
And there was, the entire Wu Tang Clan,
capping thugs and selling drugs was their plan.
He thought this battle would not turn out good,
since unlike them, he was not from the hood.
He got all dressed up in their hoods and chains,
looking much like a wannabe T-pain.
A twist then came; the battle should be done.
Out came the Notorious B.I.G.,
saying, "let's get this shizz started, fo shee'!"
T-pain was going to name the winner,
but Biggie would eat them all for dinner.
"What up my name is biggie smalls" he said.
"Yo' strait off the streets of the NYC,
the NYPD do not mess with me.
And sometimes my looks just hypnotize thee.
Hands on my glock when I ride up that street,
all up on 20's bouncing to the beat.
Don't talk smack, or prepare to meet my shank."
"We Wu Tang, we got money in the bank.
Don't mess when we cruise in the Cadillac.
Our 64 Benz is straight black on black.
Watch yourself when you are up in our crib,

Don't you think that we be tellin' a fib."

" I'm D-Tell, the flippin' ninja turtle.

Y'all best not mistake me fo' Squirtle.

All my home dawgs say I am way too sad,

but I a T.M.N.T., I'm no fad!

They all say I can't rap, that ain't no good.

But I'm D-Tell, I'm flippin' from the hood!

Next time you and all your boys walk the street,

watch out and prepare for defeat. Holla'!!"

T-Pain said that he had heard quite enough,

and finding a winner would be quite tough.

After waiting in anticipation,

T-Pain announced a great domination.

Donatello was named the rap master,

his seven "friends" thought what a disaster.

So all the others turned into gross frogs,

Biggie and Wu Tang complained to their dawgs.

Donatello became a true player,

always throwing his hands in the air.

His new rap career was going quite well,

and no longer on drama did he dwell.

