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Festival Ballet/Rhode Show Project

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Festival Ballet / Rhode Show Project

Written Word By:
David Arkins
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Stephanie Robbins
Her heart is fragile  
Tossed and turned between the past and present  
High school is out of question  
With two kids halfway under the states protection  
She plans schemes of diminishing hope with money as an upright hand  
Demanding support so she can stand as her own woman  
Welfare won't even try to define this divine feline  
With checks on the first and sixteenth  
She works a part time job at McDonald's  
3rd shift when her children are fast asleep  
Her baby's father isn't around he's too busy posting up on the block  
Trying to turn into a millionaire by selling crack rocks  
She consistently cries that he's the root to all evil  
And tries to make herself believe that her love towards this man is meaningful  
Her grandmother preaches to her whispering wise words delightfully  
Not understanding what part of life her granddaughter is mistaken to see

Shorty's ability to strive for success deteriorates inside of her soul  
The power she invested into herself is now sold  
She walks around head down and shoulders hunched over  
She manifests her time into schemes to get over  
She gives up on love and support for her kids  
And turns their lives over to the states child warden  
Depression drags her to a new isolated state  
Where brown powder is the only way she can feel straight  
Covered in needle tracks designing both arms  
Paraphernalia can cause Shorty to be locked behind bars  
Wakes up sick and crawls out of the shadows  
To find herself surrounded by dealers and trashy hoes  
She got nowhere to go and no money to spend  
Shorty begins a new prostitutional trend  
With a short skirt torn down to her ass cheeks  
And the same undergarments she's been wearing for weeks  
She finds a male friend and walks the dark alley streets  
Does the deed and isn't given cash but brutally beat  
She reaches to her stomach where she feels sharp pains  
Looks at her hands filled with blood and knows her life is at stakes  
So she reaches for her blade in the pocket of her jacket  
But is knocked out by a blow to the back of her chest bracket  
She's currently ecstatic stressing if life is at a destinational end  
Twitches and bends for her brown liquefied friend  
She feels the pain in her stomach increasing  
And gasps for breathe at the thought of diseasing  
Light appears and covers the calamity of the past  
I bet that shorty never knew that this breath would be her last ...
Verse
He was a young thirteen he always stayed in the streets
Menace to society getting beat down every week
November 24th that's when his whole life changed
Looking at his dads grave and engraved was his name
Struggled through his whole life with a hole in his heart
Getting caught up in the system he was falling apart
Heading down the wrong path but he stopped his self short
Tired of getting put in cuffs and always going to court
Gathered all his hopes and dreams and put that life style away
And said that I'm a change my life and I'm a do it today
But he still got this empty space it got him hurting real bad
And there is nothing in this world that could compare to his dad
Day by day he would just rap cause it made him feel good
And that's the only right thing that kept him out of the hood
The system got him down but he's still keeping his faith
Cause the mic that he be holding is his only escape

He's confidant yet nervous as he's at the mic stand
Begins to clear his throat and grabs the mic with both hands
As he spits his story you could feel the passion inside
Aggression in his voice, and no fear in his eyes
He holds the mic tighter as he catches his breath
His heart pops and locks, rock steady in his chest
He starts to feel relieved and not only to mention
He felt empowered with the mic the centerpiece of attention
She laced up her All Stars, Air Forces, Jordans, Classics and 'Roos
She'll say none hurt but if you looked at her torn-up pinky toe, it looked abused Countless minutes, hours, days spent on trying to perfect a move
She documents and journals every split, slide, and spin
With every crack and crease in her shoes
Her legs bruised from jumps and high kicks
Her arms burnt from constant movement
Her cousins Kiki and Jitty watched every glide across the basement floor
Even with the aches, sores, and nearly perfected moves, she practiced more
Ear pressed up against the speaker listening to the bass in the beat
It wasn't Ballet or Jazz; it was the classics that kept her body moving, straight street
She played no games when it came to express her love for art
Still working at "Stop & Shop" she rehearsed moves
While putting away the shopping carts
Constantly getting warnings from her boss for two stepping down the aisles
But she refused to believe her life was to stock
Lucky charms and arrange fruit and veggie piles
Between these grave shifts, school, and dance,
she tries to catch up on some sleep
But she wakes five in the AM because it's time for personal critique
Playing past recorded videos noticing what going on with her Hip Hop flow
The goal has the dopest motivation so she'll never let her self esteem get low
She's one of her mother's three children so that means there's no such thing as quiet The overcrowded house makes it hard to maintain
A positive attitude, exercise and a proper diet
And on a rare occasion, she loses determination
Like it was extracted from her heart
Plotting on just retiring from dance, because her body is just not enthused to restart Not practicing the moves, not waking up early or hearing the beat box
But this was irrational nonsense because baby girl had a passion and a love for art
Heartist – Inspiration
Written By: Jeremy ‘Suave” Richardson, Alex “A.Bap” Baptista
Performed By: Jeremy ‘Suave” Richardson, Alex “A.Bap” Baptista

Chorus: Alex
Suave
Alex
Suave
My art is worth its weight in inspiration
And my inspiration is worth my art
An artist in every walk of life with creation
And every rhyme I say comes from the heart

Verse 1: Alex
The muse touched the masses, immaculate
The artists the followers and those inspired to craft
The cipher verbalists and journalists
The architects versus aerosol burners
Visionaries’ lenses and the thespians
The scrutiny that every brush stroke is under pressure
HEARTist beyond his epitaph with a legacy
Heart worn on canvas instead of sleeve
In the moment the improv the freestyle the memory
The breath the subconscious the climax the dream
The muse came and touched me with an epiphany
HEARTist mind and body and blood’s my medium

Suave
Was it 911 that made my pen unstoppable
Every poetry slam turns tragedy to lyrical
Was it the death of BIG being irreplaceable?
Helping turn his lyrics into recyclable
My inspirations gave me my sensibilities
Those who were here before me who gain acceptability
Those who fought higher authority just for negotiability
Showing sustainability, after getting shutdown repeatedly
it took a wail for me to recognize
That those who made a difference didn’t get recognize
Only downsized
Until the day that they die before they end up being idolize

Chorus: Alex
Suave
Alex
Suave
My art is worth its weight in inspiration
And my inspiration is worth my art
An artist in every walk of life with creation
And every rhyme I say comes from the heart

Verse 2: Alex
His heart pumps paint through his veins
Done for love fuck money not art done in vain
The knack for image synthesis is magnificent
It’s the HEARTist on to something brilliant
From mom’s refrigerator to the museum curator
Respect the makers swinging off the mother of inventions labia
HEARTist hardly a Nikon icon
Population form skyscrapers to the sidewalks
Create for the sake of it
Fulfillment
Building brick by brick a vessel for posterity’s wonderment

Suave
A fist in the air might symbolize
That the Black Panther movement gave my peoples pride
Like a bring new batteries yeah they felt energized
I still listing for the church choir to harmonize
Amazing grace
Hearing the pastor words gives my mind exercise
Most of ya'll can't even recognize
Who's the real artist, I choose the man who works the hardest
My inspiration hits me directional,
Sometimes I even get by all life's obstacles

Chorus:   Alex   Suave
          My art is worth its weight in inspiration
          And my inspiration is worth my art
          Alex   An artist in every walk of life with creation
          Suave  And every rhyme I say comes from the heart
Heartist - Format in Rhyme
Written By: Michelle Mancoe and Anjel Newmann
Performed By: Michelle Mancoe and Anjel Newmann

Chorus
Makes visions possible when one is lacking sight
Walks through darkness but can always find the light
True to her morals, can't get caught up in the hype
His own experience makes his work come to life
Mindset of a hustler they always on the grind
Working 24/7 just to make a dime
Making something out of nothing so its one of a kind
Feelings sent from god formatted into rhyme

Verse 1
Validate silence to secure observation
A process known to gain a vast imagination
The system in a whole takes much contemplating
When you think about it, its quite fascinating
To achieve their hopes and dreams they'll always push the farthest
They're not in it for the fame their personalities modest
An artist that puts their heart into whatever their art is
Its something I've come to identify as a Heartist.

Chorus
Makes visions possible when one is lacking sight
Walks through darkness but can always find the light
True to her morals, can't get caught up in the hype
His own experience makes his work come to life
Mindset of a hustler they always on the grind
Working 24/7 just to make a dime
Making something out of nothing so its one of a kind
Feelings sent from god formatted into rhyme

Verse 2
One having character defying self image
Designs made to add definition to visions
Nothing accidental it's all about precision
Creating beauty is one of their addictions
The one using art to release heartache and sorrow
Not taking life for granted is somewhat of their motto
Heartist's make use of today never rush for tomorrow
For time is precious and they know it can't be barrowed
Energy comes from within they don't try to show it
Its about being humble 'cause cockiness will blow it
You can't look up this definition, when you see one you'll know it
Its your every day doctor, rapper, maid, or poet
Its not who's the illest wordsmith or who's the smartest
Cause when passion meets art it always equals a Heartist

Chorus
Makes visions possible when one is lacking sight
Walks through darkness but can always find the light
True to her morals, can't get caught up in the hype
His own experience makes his work come to life
Mindset of a hustler they always on the grind
Working 24/7 just to make a dime
Making something out of nothing so its one of a kind