

"RAP AROUND THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD"

APRIL 2003: In recent years I have often been told by my wife Pat that my taste in music has never progressed past 1964. My son Darin asked me a question when the family was at our house for the feast of the seven fishes. "Dad, do you have anybody in your music collection that is still alive?" That is a slight exaggeration. He thinks he is a comedian, but I don't care! The old music to me will always be the best music. Maybe that's because I understand the lyrics and can relate to their meaning. During the blizzard of 2003, I found myself (probably like many of you) sitting in front of the TV waiting for it to stop snowing. I dreaded the thought of the snow ending and the twenty plus inches of snow having to be shoveled. I used every means of escape from that eventual reality. I began to flip channels and came upon the usual disgusting features. When I got to a certain music video channel it caught my attention. The sounds of the rap groups were usually repulsive to me with their abbreviated words and distorted meanings. They suddenly seemed to me to be similar to what we used to do back in the old neighborhood. You remember when we created nicknames to describe the peculiarity of many of our friends. I began in my ever convoluted imagination by picturing Santo and The Sultans our one time singing group as a Rap Group instead of a Doo Wop Group walking through the neighborhood circa 1960 filming a rap video. There we were with the maroon colored big Hip Hop pants ridding low on our hips. Each one of us with huge gold colored sweat shirts, with the letters, "SATS" on the back in silver glitter. On the front of the shirts they read respectively; Butchy, BG, Petchie, Boom-Boom and Aron. Our chicks were beside us, Vicky, Peggy, Marylou, Carmella and Patti. Franky Sciarra with his Brownie eight millimeter camera shouts, "Okay the camera's rolling!"

Read on and say a prayer of thanks that you can't hear me rapping this tune, but I guarantee you will relate to the lyrics!

S-A-T-S A Walk in Swamp Poodle My Son My Son Records

Lissen and u will hear the midnight rap of Eddie Ear.

Yo! Cat what's that? Harry Cal is cool in his hat!

Rags in his topless Cad waving to Slick Willie and McConnel Billy. Be on your de fence from Kick in The Head. He's a guy to dread.

Show Boat Al at the dance hall. Gettin lessons from Johnny Eight Ball.

Lena, Lena thumbing a ride doing the Black Bottom in her stride.

Yo! Need a Diamond my man?
U got to see Dan.
Javella water man will make it white.
All shinny, clean and bright
Sir Angel cutting Dolls My My!
Makin Riccardi Cry.

Charlie Barbells say what?
Using a straight cue and can't sink squat!
That's the Greek! On the felt he'll never be weak.
Loan, Loan need a Loan!
120 for 100 pay up and never moan!
Mooney and PA are the sharks.
But it's the bettin that makes the sparks.
March, March, March Of Dime.
Sorry! Provinzano doesn't Rhyme.

Everybody who knows, knows Joe Nose knows.
Little Atlas is his claim and Cousin Ernie is to blame.

What's that a snake? Shock! Shock!
Yoc says its because of Harry Boc!
Hey that's Jimminy Cricket what a scooch. Real name is Carmenucce.

Raspy, Raspy Jo Mary Tac.
Always hooked onto Jerry Ac.
Jabber and Bucky hangin with Nails.
Their loyalty never fails.

Mary Mary playing poker with Edith, Jeannete and Rose, quite the shark. Always playing 52 in the dark.

When in doubt of finding your guy!
Never overlook J&I!
Honk your Horn that's Pasquale you know. Always trying to get the Hermit to go.
Livin and the Dead. Trying to make cense of Puppets head.

That's Dooner givin Perna and Tac the facts. That chick had a face like wax!

Is that Trains, Turk or Clark Kent?
No it's Franny all Spic and Span.
Given the word to Trigger his number one fan.
Doc Musie my tooth it hurts!
Don't worry Balloons I'll give you the works.

Carpy, Carpy, Carpy there are three you know. I wonder which one today will show.
Beans, Beans is a true athalete.
In any league he will always compete.
Jar number 44 you are. As All-Catholic you are a star.

Roger Dodger who's the fairest of them all? Why it's Maid Marion that's an easy call.
Perky, Perky that's Mary Jo they say. Oxygen wishes they'll stay that way.
Bony, Lunger & NoNeck like a Machine rapping away. 22 & A is here to stay!
22 & A is here to stay!

Sisters Mary where are u today?
We need u to show our kids the way!
Sisters Mary where are u today? We need u to show our kids the way! Sisters Mary where are u today? We need u to show our kids the way! Sisters Mary where are u today? We need u to show our kids the way!