

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

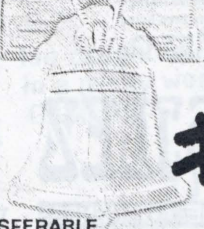
U.S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

FOOD COUPON

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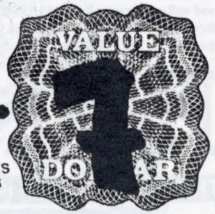
DO NOT FOLD OR SPINDLE

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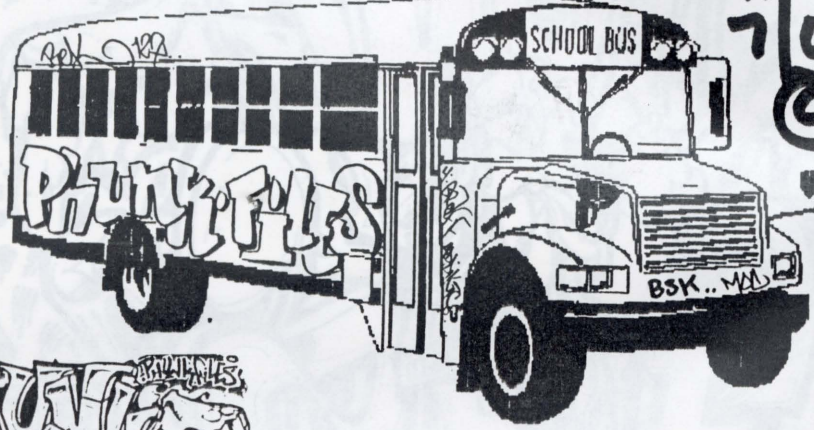
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309

PHUNK FILES
 THE LOW BUDGET FUNK
 ZINE...

ISSUE # 7 THIRD MADE IN MIAMI

7/97.
©!



We at PHUNK PHILEZ are dedicated to bringing you the PHUNKE (shit) You find for PHUNK PHILEZ is a collaboration of thoughts, experiences, and expressions. We are taking it upon ourselves to document a culture that we have been living and will continue to live it. PHUNK PHILEZ will never conform, misinform, or sell out! So all you Hip Hop Junkies be on the look out for

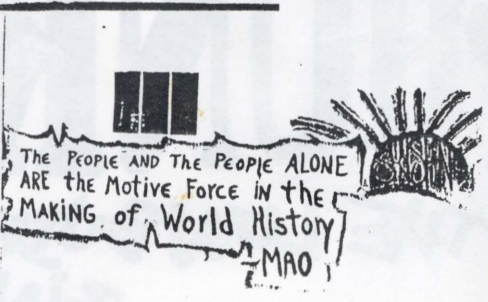
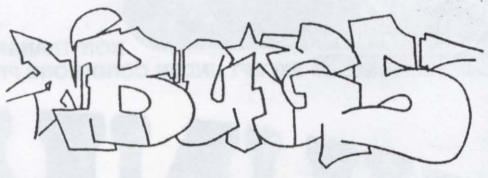
PHUNK PHILEZ
THE KRONICLE OF KULTURE AWARENESS

c/o Mendez,

511 SW 9 Ave. #2,

Miami, FL 33130

TAKE TIME OFF AND
THINK ABOUT WHAT
YOU'RE DOING....



FOUL



captives of our own wicked inventions!!!!

They won't listen to me, they keep saying that I'm dumb, cause the ghetto and the streets is where I speak my tongue. And even my ghetto people are getting hypnotised, talking when will I grow up and start to realise. They listen to "great speakers" who don't even have a clue, about how hard these days are getting for me and all of you, it's true. They tell me I'm to old a rebel with no cause but the mayor says one word "money" and ghetto people all applaud, it's fraud. You'd rather listen to these people that talk all attractive, but where my soul is from, that is not how I live. Cause ghetto people have risen and they have said and taught alot, but these ghetto people that have risen know how it is and they've gotten locked up or shot. But they'll still won't listen to me, keep saying that I'm dumb, saying that I'm some crazy looking man with no money and no gun.

[the word ghetto in this writing refers to we the sufferers]

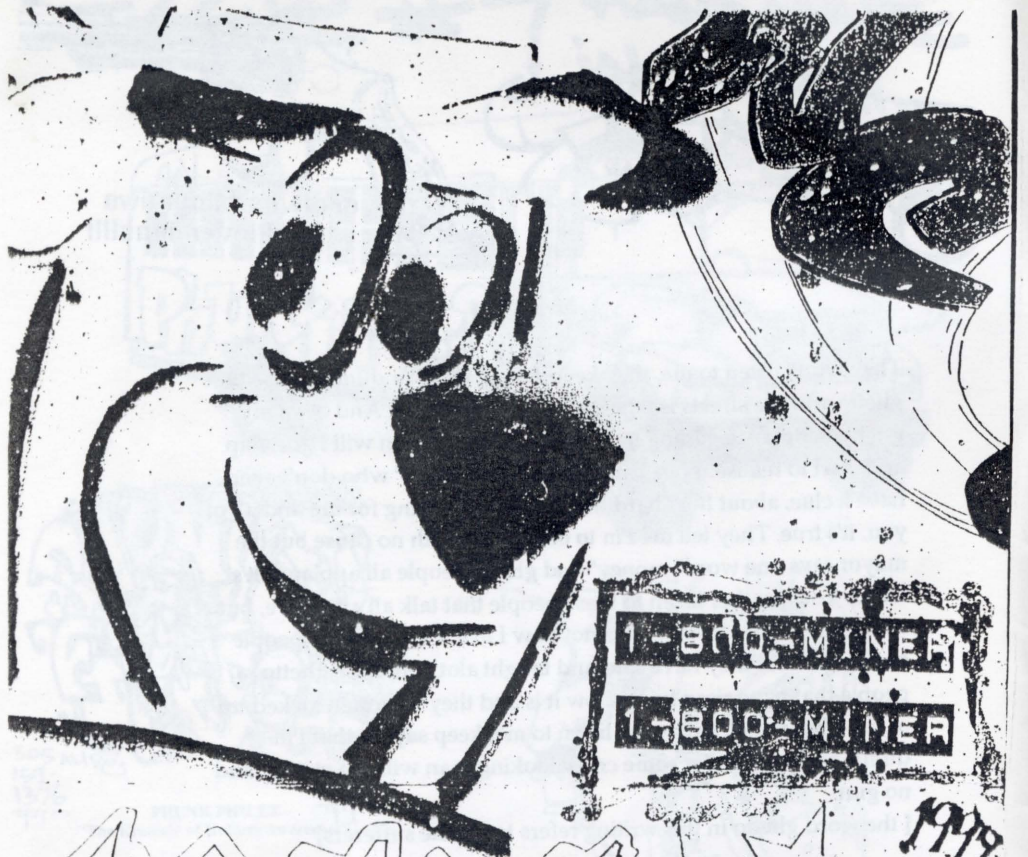
TMFS
...SO DEDICATED MY DREAMZ
ARE GRAFF RELATED...
"ART" "NG"

too caught up
in a pretty world
GAME!!!!!!

TM CREM
BC TM B3



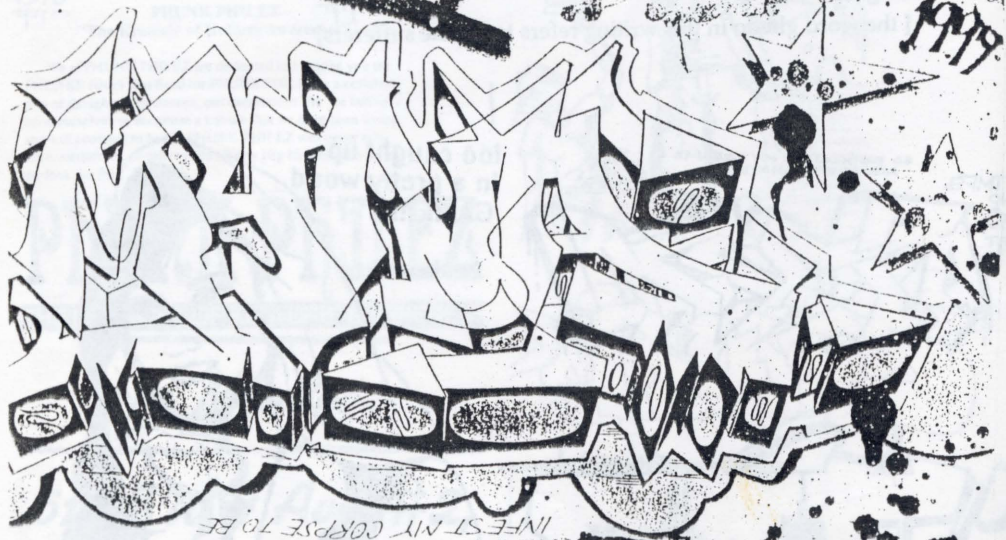
save
humanity



1-800-MINER

1-800-MINER

1999



BREEDING FAST IN ROVERETS
INFECTIOUS DRIVING DOMINANT SPEED
INSIDE YOUR CARCASS START TO RAY
LEFT IN CHARGE TO DOMINATE
WAITING TO UNFOLD RAGING WAVE
ADAPT A POTENCY LEATH MACHINE
INFEST MY CORPSE TO BE

RANDOM

SENSE SENSE

MINEA

WC 1007

He seems to be happy eternally but just like me he bleeds, he bleeds a deep crimson.

I wish he'd open his most sensual mouth and speak the words that hold him to the ground like an anchor.

I hold him as he slips into depression, i cry the happiness we shared.

I lose the pounds of lust we gained together.
I strip my mind of the thoughts of his smile.
Filled with hate and regret he sounded like gods striking lightning.

Why dose he build this wall around him like mine?
My double image, my equal and yet he thinks i'm blind.
A mute with more than enough creativity because i haven't spoke my mind, just illustrated it.

Am i an author who hasn't found the end to his novel?
I think i'm loosing my grip of him now.
His smiles look sadder and more feelingless every day.
I'm loosing him.

I had him so close.
I had brought a smile to his face then eagerly and knowingly took it away.

Stole it away, i didn't realize.
Who am i to do this evil crime?
Couldn't i have kept my fantasies to myself?
I am a greedy and envious human. I lost him.
Dear god, heaven fell tonight and i brought it down,
i brought heaven down to the hell i set fire to.
Now i sit and watch myself fall apart like i watched him.
Such pain and agony i've caused every one, i brought sadness into our undestructible oasis.

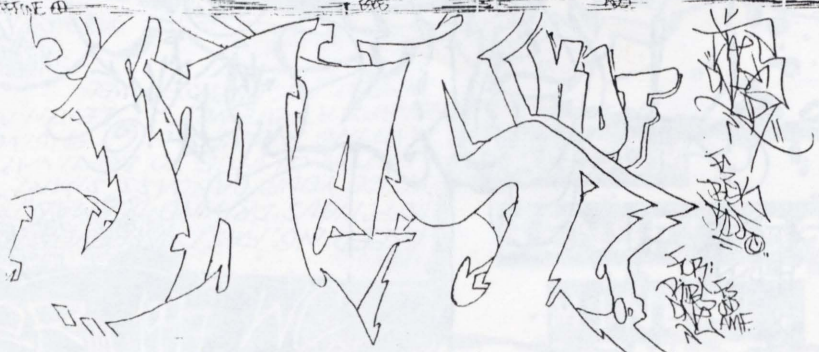
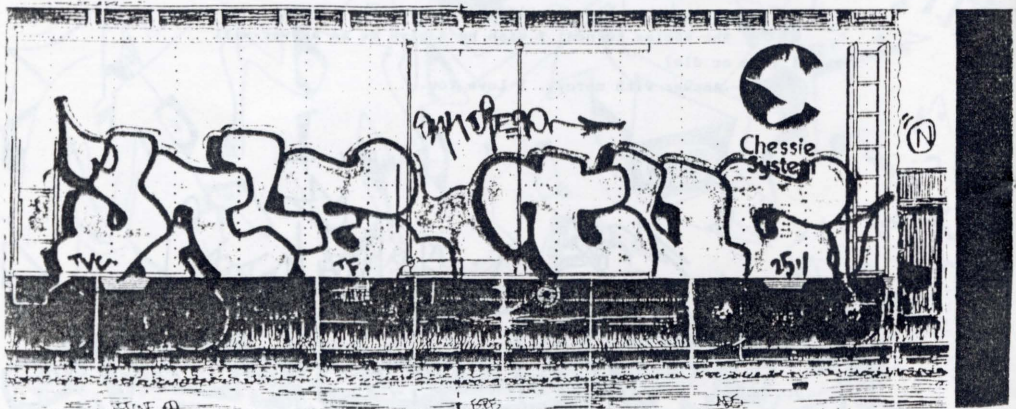
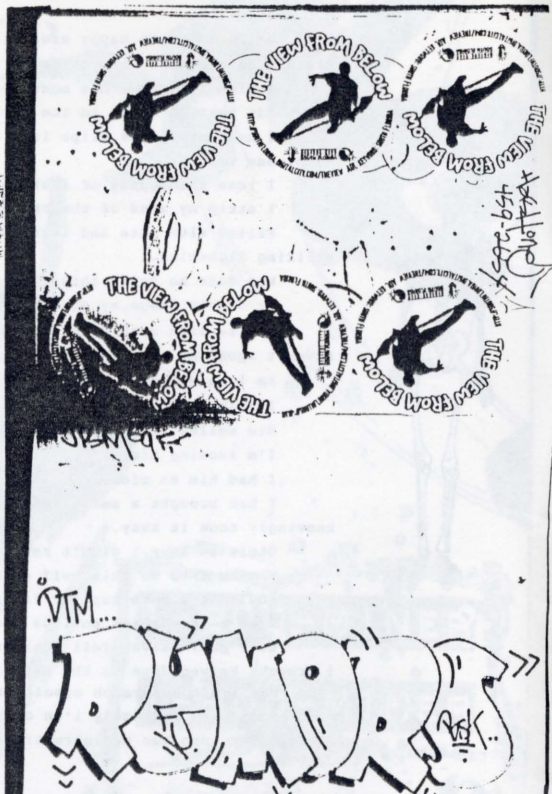
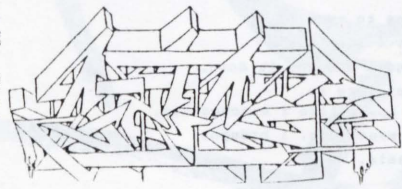
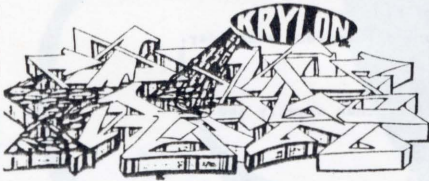
Now i wish it gone and it is not possible.
It is up to him, my life is up to him.
The tables turned. I wish he'd give me an answer-will i live or die?

Answer with mercy.. I Love You.

By; DELV...FLA.

WELCOME TO THE UNITED STATES





G. I. F. T. S.
(GATHERED INFORMATION FOR THE SOUL)

THE G.I.F.T.S. YOU RECIEVE

IS G I F T S FROM THE SOUL TO BRING AND SPARK NEW IDEAS, QUESTIONS AND A COMMON LOVE THAT ACTS AS TWO OLD LADIES ON A PARK BENCH THROWING BREAD, AND WE ARE THE PIGEONS THAT FEED FROM THIS ONE SOURCE.

THE G.I.F.T.S. YOU RECIEVE

IS NOT A HISTORY LESSON, BUT A QUICK COMMERCIAL TO PROMOTE THE SCHOOL OF KNOWLEDGE, NOT HATE, NOT VIOLENCE, BUT THE ABSOLUTE TRUTH.

IT'S CALLED PICTURE PERFECT ???

AN EXTREMIST IS NOT MY LABEL

THE G.I.F.T.S. YOU RECIEVE

IS NOT FOR SALE

EVERYTHING = \$, AND \$ = EVERYTHING

BUT WE ARE TRYING TO SLOW THIS DOWN

POLITICS AND MONEY WEAR THE CROWN

THE CROWN OF POWER AND EVERYONE WANTS TO BE AT LEAST A COURT

JESTER, CLOSE ENOUGH TO BRAG

ACTING A FOOL, FIRST PRIORITY MATERIALS THAT MAKE THE MASSES DROOL.

THE G.I.F.T.S. YOU RECEIVE

BECAUSE TALENT BUILDS CHARACTER, BUT HUMILIATION BRING SUCCESS

NEVERTHELESS NOWADAYS THE WORLD, IT SEEMS IS HOLDING ONE BIG STICK

OF **DY-NO-MITE!** BUT THEY AIN'T GOT NO SPARK.

WANTING TO BLOW UP JUST FOR THE SAKE OF THE NOISE

THE ROCK BOTTOM X(UNKNOWN)PRESS IS ABOUT TO HATCH AND UNLOCK

THE LATCH OF UNITY AND CREATIVENESS, CAUSE THERE EXISTS A LACK OF,

AND ITS NEEDED TO MOVE FORWARD AND RISE ABOVE,

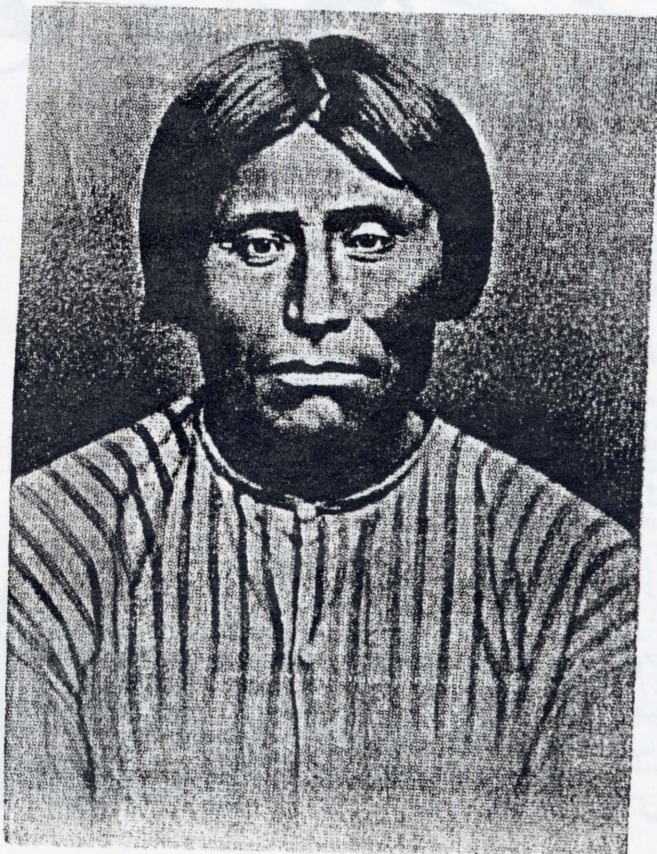
THE KINGS WHICH IS REPESTED IN EVERY PICTURE

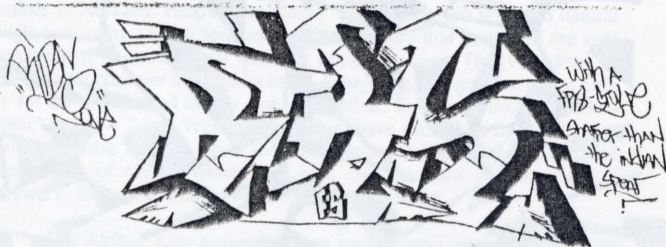
SOMETHING OF IMPORTANCE WE NEED TO TELL YOU, ITS TIME FOR A DIFFERENT

COLLAGE TO BE MADE.

"DOWN WITH THE KINGS!"

THE G.I.F.T.S. YOU RECIEVED





118001248892

BARCODE BLUES...

I HAVE THE BARCODE BLUES
IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD AND THERE'S NOTHING
I CAN DO.
EVERYONE HAS A NUMBER AND A BARCODE TATTOO.
I MAY DIE SOON BECAUSE I REFUSE.
NO FOOD, NO CLOTHES, NO WATER, WHAT CAN I DO.
SATAN RULES THE WORLD
I'M NOT CONFUSED,
I STAND PROUD OF MY DECISION.
I'M SURE OF WHAT I DO
I WON'T GIVE IN TO THE NEW WORLD ORDER
I WILL NOT HAVE A BARCODE TATTOO,

The American Death Ceremony

The death ceremony started as a crude ritual, back in the days of witchcraft. In recent years it has been developed into a science. It usually takes from 10 to 15 years, however modern scientific advancements are shortening this period of time.

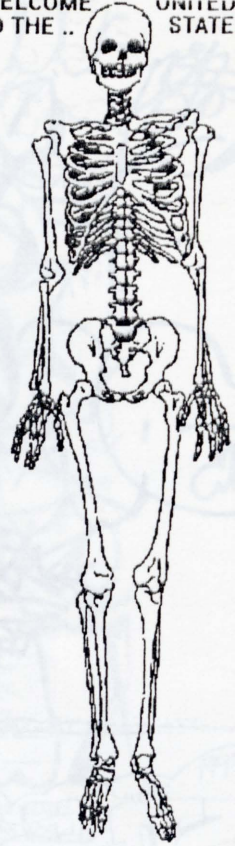
It starts with one simple aspirin for a simple headache. When the one aspirin will no longer cover up the headache, take two. After a few months, when two aspirin will no longer cover up the headache, you take one of the stronger compounds. By this time it becomes necessary to take something for the ulcers that have been caused by the aspirin. Now that you are taking two medicines, you have a good start. After a few months these medications will disrupt your liver function. If a good infection develops, you can take some penicillin. Of course the penicillin will damage your red blood corpuscles and spleen so that you develop anemia. Another medication is then taken to cover up the anemia. By this time all of these medications will put such a strain on your kidneys they should break down. It is now time to take some antibiotics. When these destroy your natural resistance to disease, you can expect a general flair-up of all of your symptoms. The next step is to cover up all of these symptoms with sulfa drugs. When the kidneys finally plug up you can have them drained. Some poisons will build up in your system but you can keep going quite a while this way.

By now the medications will be so confused they won't know what they are supposed to be doing, but it doesn't really matter. If you have followed every step as directed you can now make an appointment with your undertaker.

This game is played by practically all Americans, except for the few ignorant souls who follow nature.

—By Dr. L.I.

WELCOME TO THE .. UNITED STATES



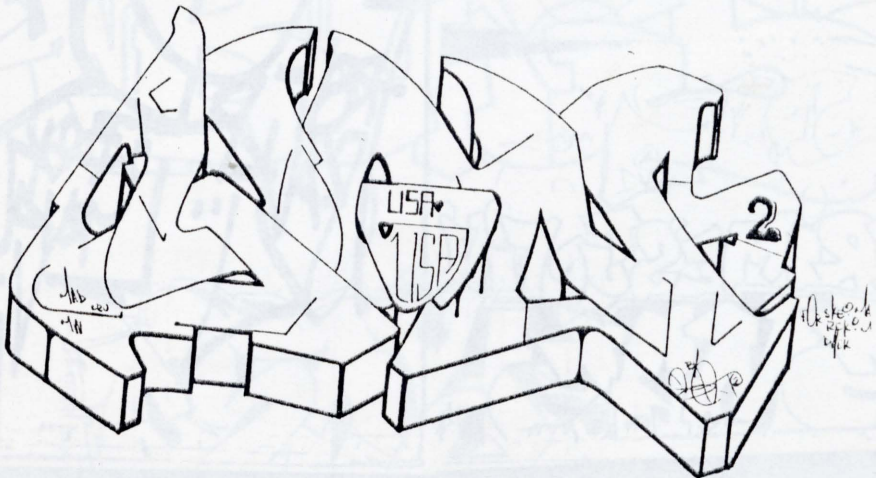
TOM & DIANE SLIDER - CNHP

Ceritical Hermians

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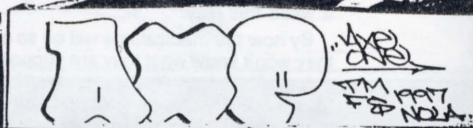
4408 Fuchsia Circle North

Palm Beach Gardens, FL 33418





PHUNK PHILEZ
"The Chronicle of Culture Awareness"





細妹站

細妹站

THIS APPENDIX WILL BE HERE YOU CAN SEE IT... SAY HII...
DONT TELL ANYBODY
OK...



「大器」人格



Precious was your ways when we came to reason My journey
with your words had no explanation You took me on a trip a
voyage thru the move-ment of yourlips Our minds connected
Africa handed me a gift , you wrapped with flowers and great
waterfalls, fruits and a feeling of having you all The roots came
forward and blessed where your words I swam in your eyes
and God's music is all I heard All clean feelings, innocent, I
smelled your breath and felt born again A cool breeze around
your neck I waiting and thinking what will she say next
Africa at work Africa at her best A queen from Mount Zion
born within Jah trees Sitting with me was a wonderful reality
Speaking about good vibes and Holy Heaven This African
flower with I she reasoned Just pure power of truth no
wicked thoughts OH blessed African queen Jah know I thank
you for that little talk Give thanks mother Africa.....

QUEEN

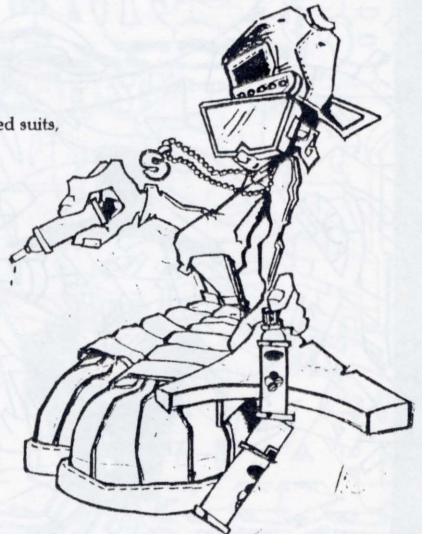


I'm gonna keep you talking
 Know yourselves, and be yourselves,
 I'm gonna keep you talking
 Women stop being prostitutes, and men stop treating them that way,
 I'm gonna keep you talking
 Rightousness will destroy the wicked,
 I'm gonna keep you talking
 Cigarettes and alcohol keep the government rich
 I'm gonna keep you talking
 Fags will not stand in this judgement,
 I'm gonna keep you talking
 You talk about peaceout and one love, where is it,
 I'm gonna keep you talking
 Cops are trained to be racist,
 I'm gonna keep you talking
 KKKmembers still call black people niggers, do you?
 I'm gonna keep you talking
 The things of this Earth you do will perish,
 I'm gonna keep you talking
 If cash rules everything around you ,
 then anybody with money rules your life,
 I'm gonna keep you talking
 The battle within your soul matters the most,
 I'm gonna keep you talking
 Animals love their lives too, so why eat them,
 I'm gonna keep you talking
 There is a new race being born today,
 I'm gonna keep you talking



PHUNK PHILEZ
 "The Kronicle of Kulture Awareness"

A racial and spiritual war is being plotted,
 I'm gonna keep you talking
 Most of these things you've thought of before,
 I'm gonna keep you talking
 Stop saying Christ was white,
 I'm gonna keep you talking
 Stop waiting for God to fall from your sky,
 I'm gonna keep you talking
 Cherish that love you have,
 I'm gonna keep you talking
 Screw your ties, lipsticks, hair weaves, high heels, and two pieced suits,
 I'm gonna keep you talking
 Silver, gold, and fame is not worth losing your soul,
 I'm gonna keep you talking
 We are all AFRICANS,
 I'm gonna keep you talking
 Someday you'll die and it could tomorrow,
 I'm gonna keep you talking
 Don't think the governments will make everything okay,
 I'm gonna keep you talking
 Life for all is going to get harder cause of your ignorance,
 I'm gonna keep you talking
 Rejoice off your wickedness now,
 I'm gonna keep you talking
 Do you follow the laws of men, or laws of God
 I'm gonna keep you talking
 Don't get caught sleeping,
 NOW I'M JUST GONNA LEAVE YOU THINKING.



ARW

EATERS-
MINTA
*

ARW

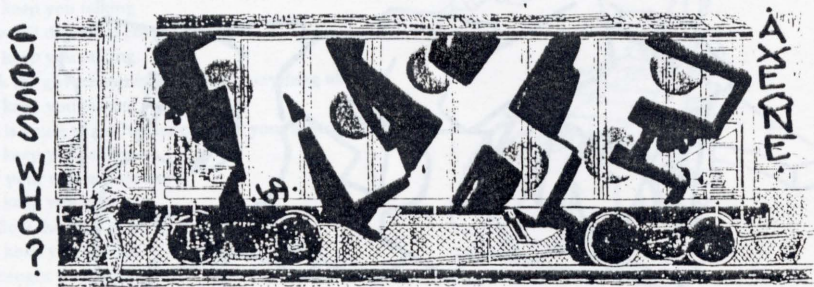
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No
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needed

ARW

OXO
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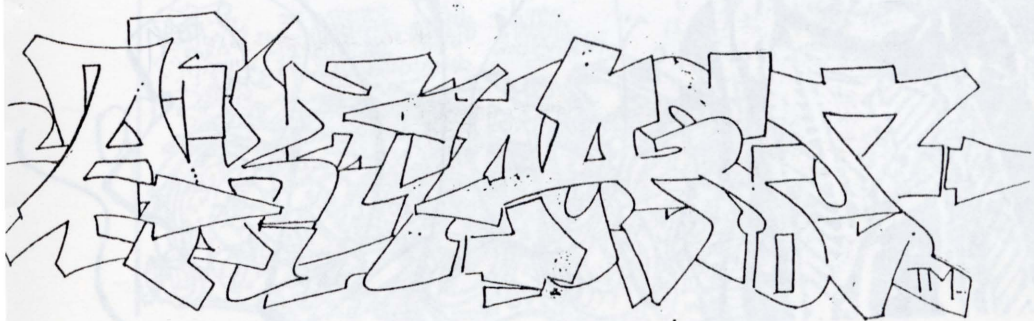
ARW

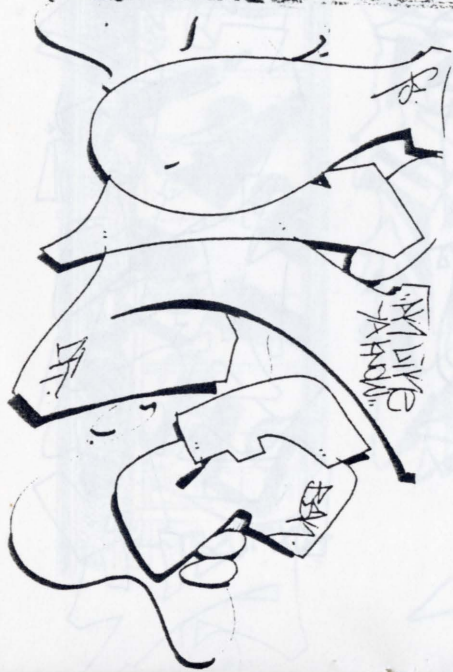
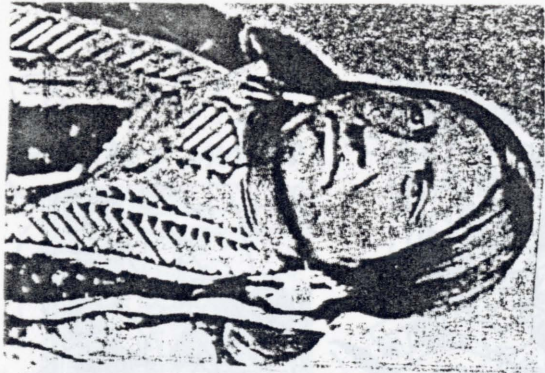




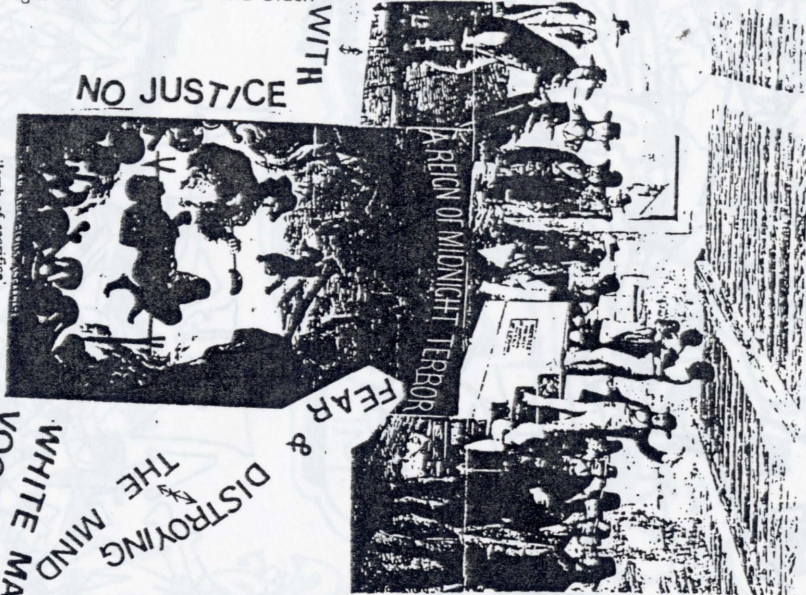
ITS AWAY OF
the hearts

the New York
TM. Vandal
L.A. 2000





War crimes charges again all the European nation and their so call "brotherhood of light" or New Rome World Order.



Africans being executed in Virginia, 1861.

GLOBAL GENOCIDE OF NATURAL CREATION
 THE AFRIKAN HOLOCAUST
 BRAKING THE SPRITE

The Afrikan race and indigenous people who were the caretakers (not landowners) have become the sacrificial lamb for our half-brothers' new false civilizations and false religions and false gods.

poem for Phink Philiz . Peace →

Limited Refills: Consumptions of Empty Life

As the clock ticks,
the confusion continues.
My hungry soul,
searching for an answer.
Is this life I'm living, real?
Or is it nothing,
but a nightmare.
I keep waiting to be woken up,
but I'm trapped, and tortured everyday.
The length of suffering is undetermined,
building up rapidly
or very, very slowly, vanishing from existence.
Perhaps I'm the only prisoner.
Maybe there are many others,
all alone, scared and confused.
Trapped in dungeons of their own.
Desperately looking for a map,
in search of some freedom.
Everyone's around,
but is this ever spoken?
Not one answer or clue.
We might feel it is forbidden
Forbidden to find a map,
directing us to the door of our dungeons, →

a place to where there is so much pain.
Could death be an exit to this nightmare?
Or is it as simple,
as being woken up?

by: Rock Bottom Xpress



HANGIN' OUT ON THE CORNER IS MY BEAT, BECAUSE I BAME
 MOST SIGNS AND I CAN REST MY FEET. I STAND AND THINK
 OR SIT DOWN AND COMPLETE THE MANY THOUGHTS I HOLD
 IN DEEP. I SAY WAKE-UP TO MY FRIENDS AND EVIL-
 EYE THE REST. THIS IS THE FRESHEST THING TO DO
 ON MIAMI BEACH. MOST CLUBS ARE TIRED AND THE
 REST ARE WEAK. THE GALLERIES ARE COOL BUT THE
 ONE THAT HOLDS THE NEWEST STYLE IS
 THE STREET. MY FAVORITE PLACE, HONEST.
 WHERE ELSE WOULD I BE? MY HOUSE? MAYBE



The Key

As i put all my faith and trust in a wooden box, the key,
 it's locked. I can put the key on a string and hang it around
 my neck, but i'll be reminded everyday... I can put the key
 in my wallet but then when i open it it'll look back at me
 and just remind me of every time....

I can put the key in my pocket but if i slip my hand in it by
 mistake i'll feel the key and it'll just remind me of everything
 i felt; how every day; of every time you put all my faith and
 trust in a box, locked it, and threw away the key.



DELV
 F.S
 DTM



HEATHEN
HLOVE

I'm reprinting this essay from #15, in memory of PAUL X (that's what prison do to you). He wrote this in 1993 at Chippewa Regional Corr. Facility in Kirchoeok, MI. R.I.P. brother.

The End of the Day

Laying in my bunk again, listening to my bunky grind his teeth between congestive snores. The drag queen in for credit card fraud and the Muslim stud are breaking speed records to the right of me, and the hip hop twins to the left do battle with rhythm and rhyme. The sounds of fucking to the beat of DJ Quick. I think I'm gonna be sick.

"It's finally the end of the day." I whisper to myself like I'm afraid someone will hear me, like I'm afraid I'll hear myself. My stomach turns acidic and I swallow back down a mouthful of vomit. Then I reminisce about the three hots I had to eat in five minutes when I had to wait in line for ten. I remember the day room and its soap opera drama: watching predators chase future fuck boys, or trading punks like baseball cards. And I have to keep remembering what they tell me, "the fuck boys the assay fagot." But what are you when you paid him to suck your dick?

If I'm tired of that, I can sit down and listen to some young buck who came to prison and found "Allah" lecture me on the natural order of things. I'm informed the "black man" (whatever that is) is God, whites are blue-eyed devils created by an evil "black" (that word again) mad scientist. I heard it all before, nothing new, nothin' intelligent to me. I walk away, one POI asks me, "Who's side are you on?" I reply, "my side..."

I could always get a bag of raw on credit or for a shot of my guts, down a quart of apud juice and pray I don't get food poisoning, or some nutmeg for a cheap get-high feel. Either way, it's a lost cause now. Reality might be bitter, but the aftertaste of illusion is death.

So I keep walking 'round like I'm casing the joint, in and out of conversations I go, in and out of my mind I fall... couldn't go back to my two-man cell built for one cuz my bunky is doin' the butt-naked thang with his man. No offense, just don't like the concentrated stench of sweat, seed, and shit.

Want to talk to someone, do something before I explode. Can't see the shrink, he blew his brains out just before Christmas. Yeah, it's the end of the day and I'm here, falling to metaphysical pieces, step by step thru the endless maze. I think about sleep, little slices of death without dreams. Will I come to my senses realizing I am staring into space? Or will I run from my invisible-man all night, just like every night for the last 18 years?

I'm floating away.

Listen to my heart beat.

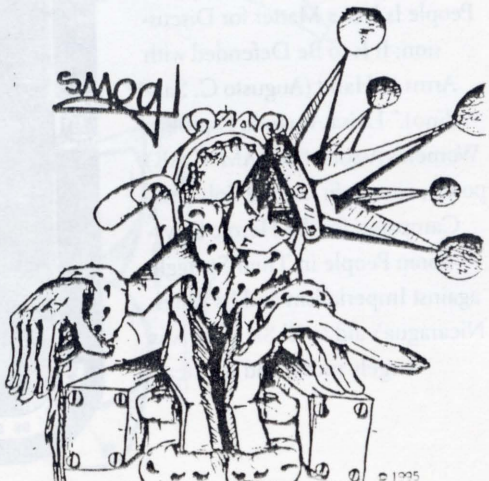
Listen to the tortured cries of hue-manity I don't want to see tomorrow's sunshine.



305 ALIVE
BEST-
9376
TIT

5115 W 9TH →
AVE. #2
MIAMI, FL.
33130
TIT

PHUNK PHILEZ
"The Kronicle of Kulture Awareness"



TAKE TIME OFF AND
THINK ABOUT WHAT
YOU'RE DOING.....



YOU'LL BE LIVING
LIKE THAT FOR
A WHILE.....

We hold this tool so dear-it runs our life,it times our thoughts and expressions.

We rather starve than loose any second of it. We wear it, we hang it in view,we think of it more than ourselves.

As the hand makes it way slowly around the hemisphere we run to catch up with it,it's ticking away.

Why do we love time more than life? We pay more attention to it, and we lust after it more than anything.

Well, i wonder if time was not so important if we'd more about eachother?Are the 24hrs you live more significant than the world and people you live with?

Is that revolving hand so passionate and addicting that you just can't let it go? "Time is Money"-money is paper and time is a fraction of civilization-so whats the meaning of that phrase? Nothing,exactly.

Yeah,i have a watch and i use it,i need too we built our whole civilization on these twelve numbers in a circle.

We love that slide of the hand when it's time to go. The tick of the seconds we waste remenicing about the past...TICK!

While your reading this your loosing the race.

Should you worry less about time and more about knowing yourself? Should you look at your watch with such interest? I don't know what to say.

I mean it's so stupid how 60seconds,60minutes can mean so much. Don't belive me? Well how many times do you use the time a day? What time is it? What time are you going?How much time do i have left?

Time is a power,a ruler,it tells us when to do things controlling and restricting so many things,even me.

"For the Victory of Oppressed Peoples . . . El Salvador Will Win!" and "The Sovereignty of a People Is Not a Matter for Discussion; It Is to Be Defended with Arms in Hand (Augusto C. Sandino)." Luisa Amanda Espinoza Women's Association (AMNLAE) poster, circa 1981, for the Solidarity Campaign for the Heroic Salvadoran People in Their Struggle against Imperialism and Its Allies. Nicaragua's aid to El Salvador was largely moral and political.

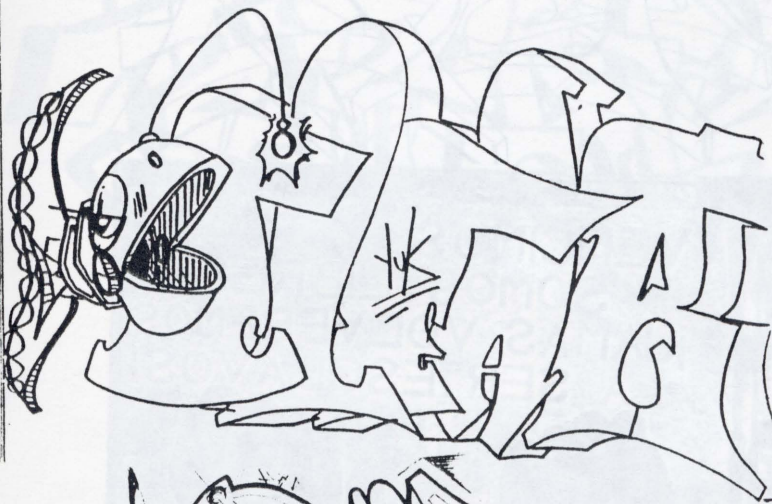


PHUNK FILES

THIRST

Don't look away, it's a starving man and family.
Question.why? They tell me i'm negative.I'm not just honest.
I see the world with open eyes and most of all an open mind
and this is what i see;a world hungry for love,attention, and
true understanding. Wondering where to find it as they
substitute mental anguish with physical satisfaction. The only
thing we can really survive on is eachother. A long talk
sooths the soul and a good cry is the glass of water god drank.
WE ARE EACHOTHER. WE are food from heaven,the blood of the
earth. The good and bad, the knife of life, the blaze of
creation.The humans are dying of starvation. Who can save us?
I don't think anyone can. Maybe that person you blew off,
that person you paid no mind too, the one you passed by has the
answer. What would you do if they had the last glass of water?

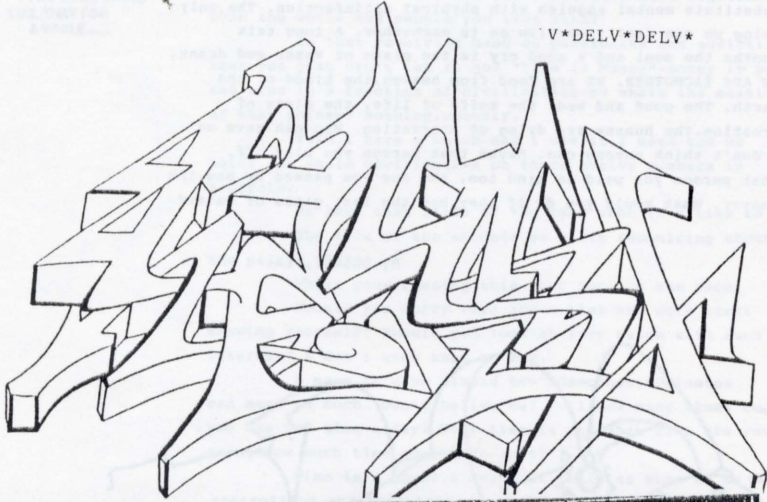
By:DELV.,FLA.



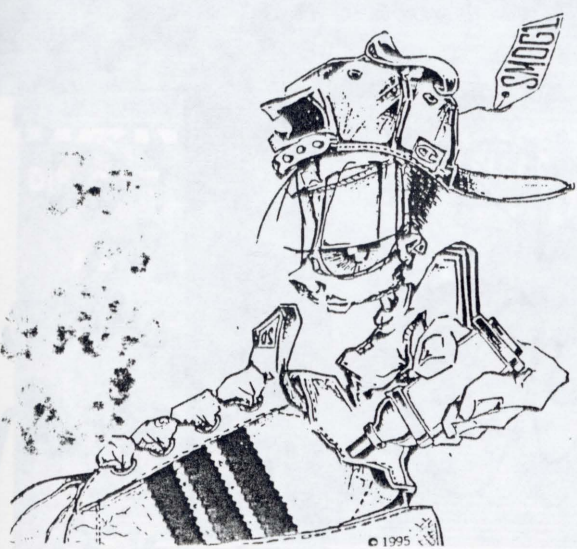
#THE END#

The phone rang again today and it was you. Your persistence is incredible; will anything get through your hard head? It's over, the end. The phone rings again tonight and since there was no answer you hung up. You must realize there's someone home. Will you just give up. Get it through your head! It's over, the end. A confrontation once again. NO change of mind but your persistence is incredible. Can't you just realize this is over, the end!?!

V*DELV*DELV*



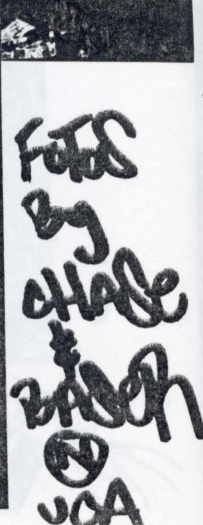
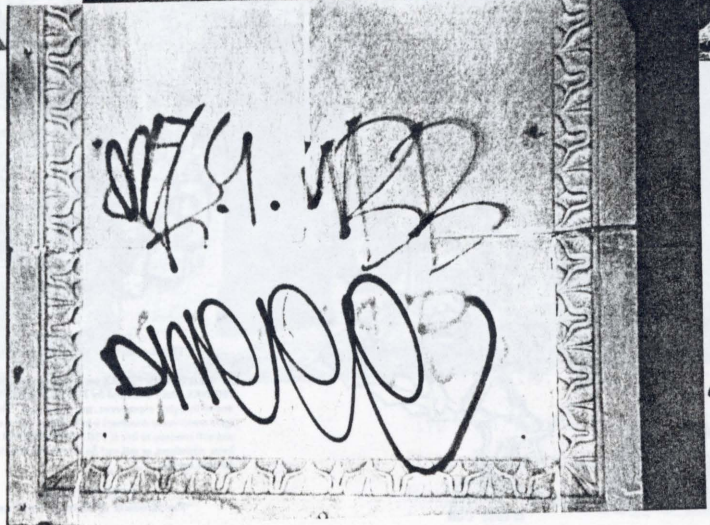
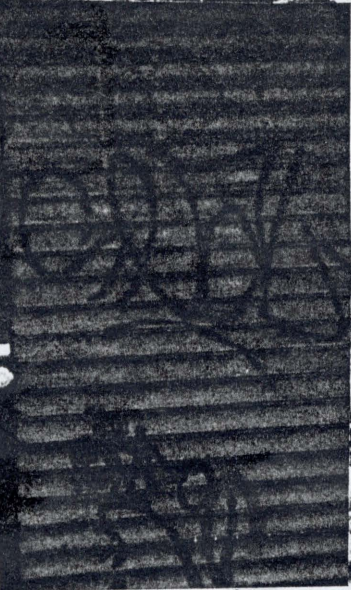
"We Won, We Are Free, We Will Never Be Slaves Again!" Mural, Bluefields, 1961 (no. 134).



PHUNK PHILEZ
 "The Kronicle of Culture Awareness"

We at PHUNK PHILEZ are dedicated to bringing you the PHUNKE (shit) You find for PHUNK PHILEZ is a collaboration of thoughts, experiences, and expressions. We are taking upon ourselves to document a culture that we have been living and will continue to live it. PHUNK PHILEZ will never conform, misinform, or sell out! So all you Hip Hop Junkies be or the look out for.....

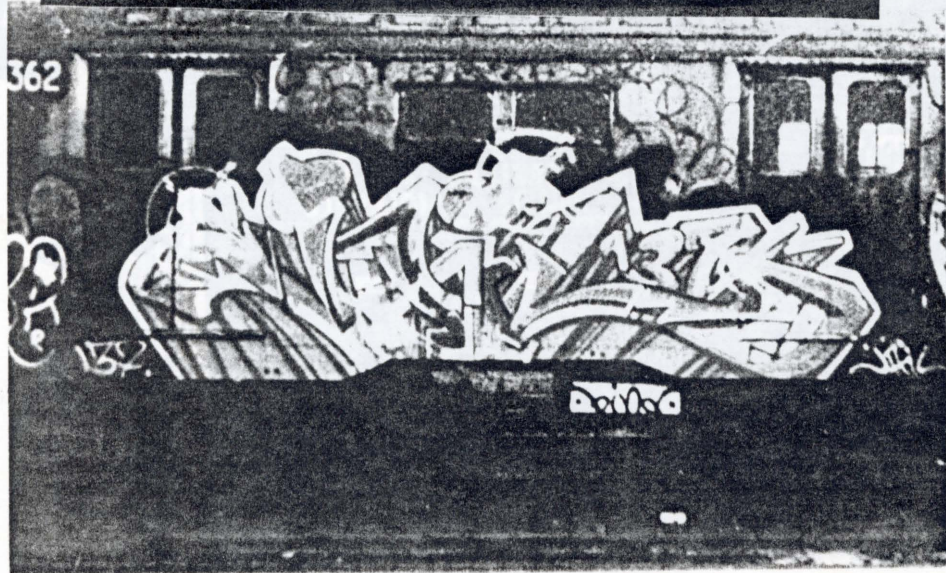
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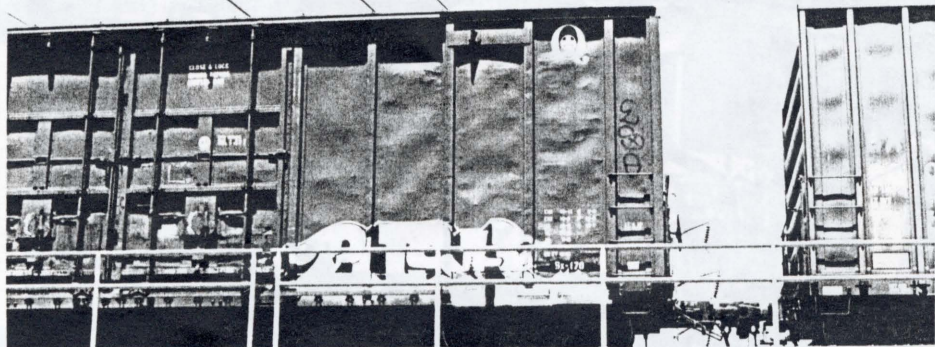
PHOTOS
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②

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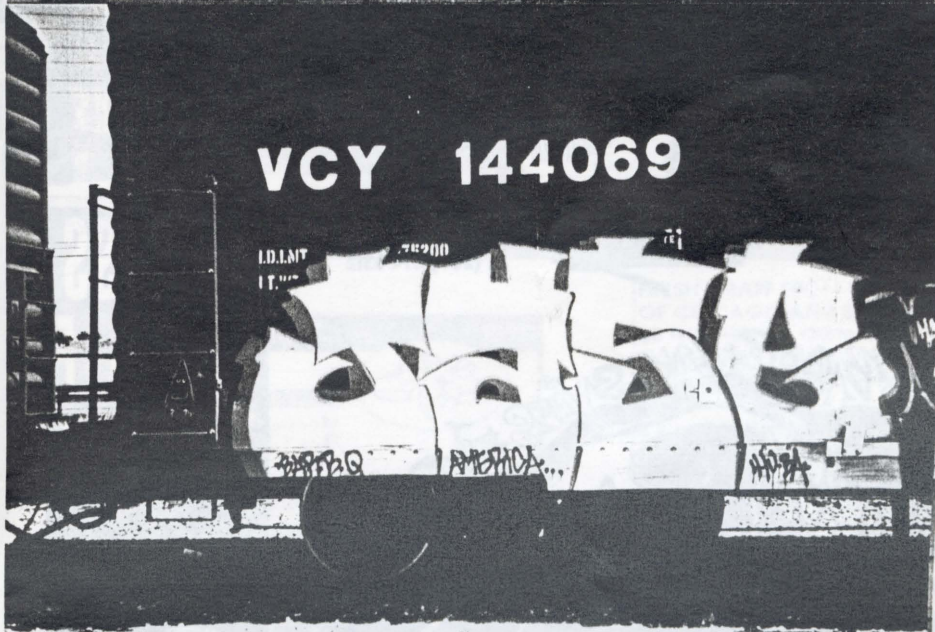
Photos by Fotokings colud & mendez
N.Y.C.



FREIGHT STAINS

*Rolling Stock, c/a Mendez,
511 SW 9 Ave. #2, Miami, FL 33130*

*ALL POTOS: (N). NFHA, FS. (ATL.
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