Poetry Unit: Week 2- (Lesson 5)

Horrible like a medicine
My lirix change yer mood
As tasty as a mango
As bitter as a lime
Softa than a coconut
Endless as the time
Kickin like a reggae song
Much sadda than the blues
I'm as tiring as a marathon
Give yer all teh newz
Wilda than a stampede
As gentle as a breeze
Irritatin as a cough
More wicked than a sneeze
More lively than a child
Romantic that's me
Still harsh like the winter
Jus buzzin like a bee
The rimes 'n' times are signs
to blow 'n' show a flow

The wurdz
WURD UP!

Martin Glynn
Poetry Unit: Week 2- (Lesson 5)

**Cool Cat**
Well I'm a cat with nine
And I'm in my prime
I'm a Casanova Cat
And I'm feline fine
I'm strolling down the street
In my white slipper feet
Yeh, all the little lady cats
Are looking for a treat
Because I got style
I got a naughty smile
I'm gonna cross this street
In just a while
  to be with you
  to be with you
  to be with
You got grace
You got a lickable face
I'm gonna love ya and leave ya
And you'll never find a trace
Because I'm on my own
I like to be alone
I'm just swingin', strollin',
Rollin' stone

But it's your lucky day
I'm gonna pass your way
I can spare a little lovin'
If you wanna stop and
  play with me
  play with me
  play with me
  play with
Meeow my
I got a twinkling eye
I'm gonna cross this street
So don't you be too shy
But what's this I see
Comin' straight at me
It's a crazy car driver
Tryin' to make me flee
So I look up slow
Just to let the man know
That I don't go any faster
Than I really wanna......
X! X! X! X! X! X!
Well I'm a cat with eight
I guess he couldn't wait
But I'm looking good
And I'm feline great!  Mike Jubb
Write-A-Rap Rap

Hey, everybody, let’s write a rap.
First there’s a rhythm you’ll need to clap.
Keep that rhythm and stay in time,
‘cause a rap needs rhythm and a good strong rhyme.

The rhyme keeps coming in the very same place
so don’t fall behind and try not to race.
The rhythm keeps the rap on a regular beat
and the rhyme helps to wrap your rap up neat.

‘But what’ll we write?’ I hear you shout.
There ain’t no rules for what a rap’s about.
You can rap about a robber, you can rap about a king,
you can rap about a chewed up piece of string ...
(well, you can rap about almost ... anything!)
You can rap about the ceiling, you can rap about the floor, you can rap about the window, write a rap on the door. You can rap about things that are mean or pleasant, you can rap about wrapping up a Christmas present.

You can rap about a mystery hidden in a box, you can rap about a pair of smelly old socks. You can rap about something that’s over and gone, you can rap about something going on and on and on and on ...

But when you think there just ain’t nothing left to say ... you can wrap it all up and put it away. It’s a rap. It’s a rap. It’s a rap rap rap rap RAP!

Tony Mitton