

**\*The following is an exclusive excerpt for of the upcoming young adult novel *Got the Flow: The Hip-Hop Diary of a Young Rapper* by Carlos Salinas\***

Hello!

I am happy you are here and am looking forward to hearing feedback from each and every one of you about what you liked (and didn't like about this upcoming novel) *Got the Flow: The Hip-Hop Diary of a Young Rapper*. I am writing this book because I have seen (and worked with so many educationally-disenfranchised kids that "hate school and reading". This book is designed to be engaging and riveting for those students who feel like most books don't speak to them and can't connect to the characters of the book.

Book synopsis:

Troy Jones is a 16-yr-old high school student with the dream of becoming a successful rapper. Not chasing fame, Troy wants to help his mother who works three jobs to support her family after Troy's father was killed as a bystander in a tragic drive-by. Having problems in school, Troy tries to get I.S.S. as often as he can so he can work on his rap lyrics. Mrs. Hass, his science teacher hates rap & hip-hop music and constantly gives Troy a hard time. On the other hand Troy's English teacher, Mr. Salas, is a beacon of hope and inspiration to the young, aspiring rapper. Mr. Salas provides him with the tools to improve his craft of writing hip-hop lyrics. When Troy's best friend Jimmy moves to another school, Troy's opportunity to perform in rap battles arrives. Being a nobody, he has nothing to lose and everything to gain. Along the way, he meets his idol rapper, a love interest (Tonya), gets his music equipment stolen, and temporarily gives up on his "crazy" dream. He knows that he does not only want to succeed; he *needs* to succeed.

I hope you are as excited as I am for the completion of this young adult novel! Please consider sending me feedback on what you liked and didn't like about this excerpt to [authorcarlossalinas@gmail.com](mailto:authorcarlossalinas@gmail.com). As a thank-you, I will add your email to my free eBooks email list and will happily send you a copy of the finished eBook when it is published later this year!

Thank you kindly for reading.  
See you on page one,

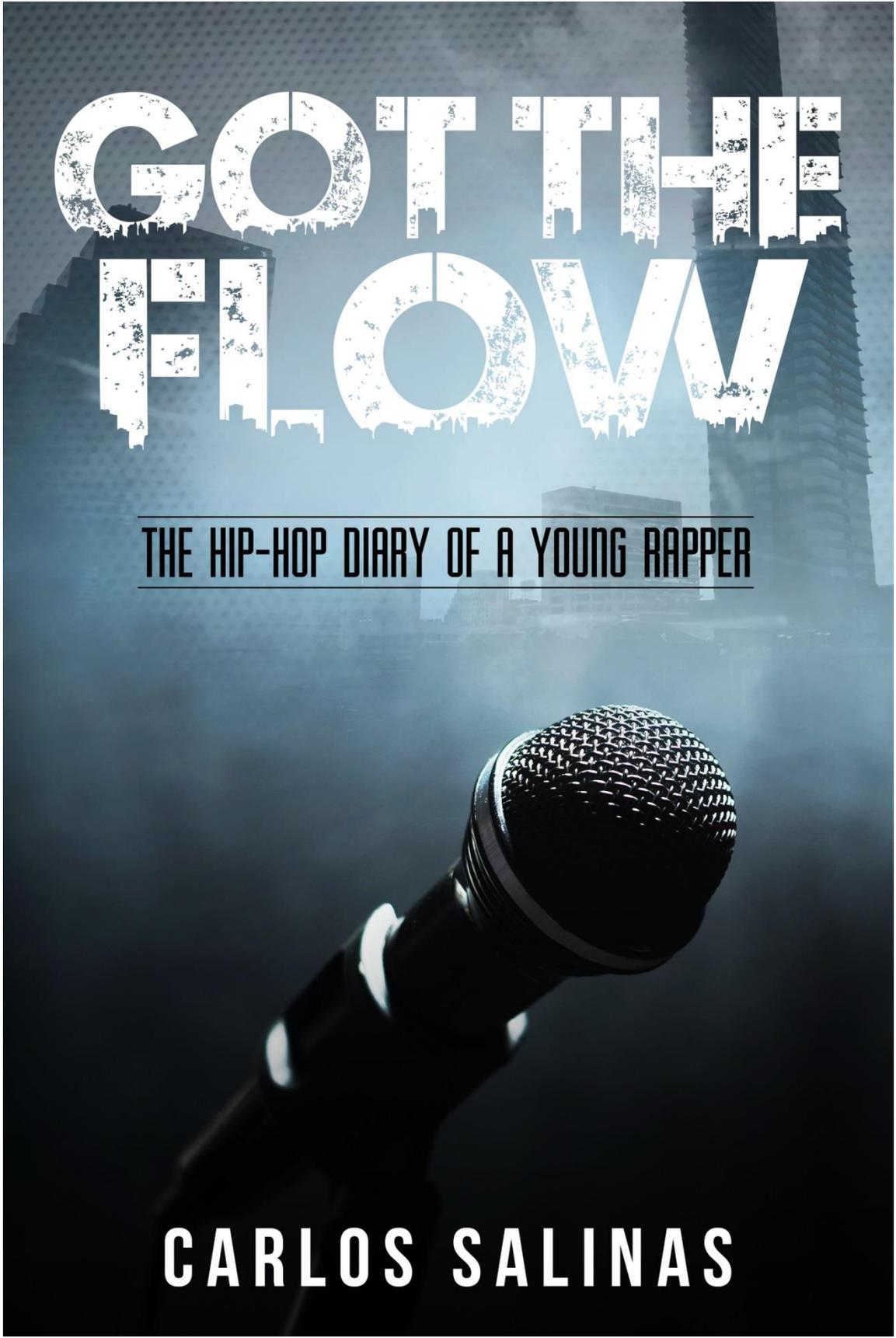
Carlos Salinas

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# GOT THE FLOW

THE HIP-HOP DIARY OF A YOUNG RAPPER

**CARLOS SALINAS**

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# “Got the Flow: The Hip-Hop Diary of a Young Rapper”

*For Eddie, Jake, John, Zenon, Riley, Joey, Boogie, and all my other students who have incredible rapping skills.*

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A note to the world:  
I'm just a kid with a  
notebook, a pen, and

a  
DREAM

[Got the Flow: The Hip-Hop Diary of a  
Young Rapper by Carlos Salinas YA Book  
Trailer](#)

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“They’re not *all* thugs!” I countered Mrs. Hass one day. I was gettin’ mad.

“Sure they are. They just rap about drugs, violence, and have no respect for women.”

“Which rappers are you referring to in particular?” I already knew a few she might say.

“All of them. I’ve never heard an intelligent rap, much less an intelligent rapper. They call it rap because it’s Ridiculous Attempts at Poetry. R-A-P.”

I thought long and hard about someone that didn’t rap about those negative things. I couldn’t think of one rapper that didn’t mention those things, or at least implied them in their songs. It was a sad truth; not because they were rapping about it, but because their lives were drowned in those things.

“They’re just rapping about their reality; that’s what they know. Mr. Salas says that a good writer writes about what he knows.”

“Whatever Mr. Salas does in his class is his business,” she shot back.

“It’s not his fault you’re too stupid to understand rap music.”

Mrs. Hass turned around with her eyes opened wider than the Pacific. “*What* did you just say to me?” she scowled.

“I didn’t stutter.” I knew I was in trouble.

“That’s what I thought you said. You can’t go around insulting people that are smarter and older than you.”

“Just because you’re older than me doesn’t necessarily make you smarter, Ma’am,” I stated in my most matter-of-factly, respectful tone.

“You need to respect your elders and teachers, Troy Jones.”

“Respect is earned and cannot be demanded from someone, *Mrs. Linda Hass.*”

With that she quickly walked to her desk, phoned the principal, and asked that I be removed from her class because of “a severely inappropriate classroom disruption”.

Within a minute, the hall monitor, a middle-aged, brawny man stood at the door of the classroom and waved me over to him. He didn’t know me but knew that by waving to the entire class he would get the exiled student. I stood up, grabbed my bag, and started walking toward him.

As I stepped out of the classroom, I said, “Have a good day, Mrs. Hass,” and walked out.

# In I.S.S.

“I got the fire,  
I’m takin’ the rap game even higher,  
I’m a Slim Samurai coming straight from the south,  
that’s dope alliteration comin’ straight out my mouth”

That was just a little something that I wrote in I.S.S. That stands for In School Suspension. That’s when they get tired of sending you home because they lose money if your butt isn’t in a chair somewhere on campus. I wasn’t a bad kid, it’s just that I knew what I wanted to do with my life. Rap. And only rap. It’s not that I didn’t *like* science; it was just that rap consumed most of my brain. I wanted to be a better rapper (possibly one of the best); I wanted to study the best rappers and learn from them, challenge myself, and make a living from what I loved. It wasn’t about the money, or the fame, or the girls. It was about the art and doing what I wanted to do with my life and helping my mom in the process.

There was only one problem I sucked as a rapper. I would come up with a few good rhymes every now and then but a lot of times my stuff wasn’t very good. That’s why I never showed it to anybody. I put my head down.

“Hey! This isn’t your bedroom, little boy!”shouted Mrs. Barnes.

I slowly looked up the plopped my head back down on my arms.

“You ain’t gon’ sleep in here, Sonny. Pick that head up.”

I sighed and lazily rested my head on my hand.

“Thank you,” she said sarcastically.

“You’re most welcome,” I replied with matching sarcasm. *Who knew tenth grade would be this much of a pain in the butt?*

As I sat there, I thought and thought and thought. I couldn’t just let Mrs. Hass disrespect my art and passion like that. That wasn’t me if somebody did something wrong I was in the speak up about it no matter if I got my butt kicked or written up. That was me. That wasn’t me if somebody did something wrong I was in the speak up about it don’t matter if I got my butt kicked or written up. That was me. What if I had talked the same about Albert Einstein, Isaac Newton, or Stephen Hawking like that? I knew that would make her erupt inside, too. My blood was still boiling from the encounter when Mrs. Hass came in and whispered something to the I.S.S. teacher and pointed to me. She then walked quickly to my study carrel and leaned over with a determined look. *What was she planning?*

“Hello, Troy. I think we need to talk. I’m not happy with what happened earlier, are you?” she started.

I shook my head without looking up from my lyrics.

“I’m ready to cancel the 3 days in I.S.S. you have coming if you are ready to apologize for your behavior.”

*Was she serious?* I chuckled and looked up at her. “Sure, I’ll apologize...after you do, as well.”

Her shock turned into disdain almost immediately in her gaze. “Why should I—”  
“Because you disrespected my passion.”

“But that’s irrelevant—”

“Is it? How would you feel if I spoke that exact same manner about Einstein, Newton, or Galileo Galilei?” She was markedly surprised that I knew those names. I paid attention and now it was paying off. I had her cornered.

“You’re entitled to your opinion, Troy—”

“After all you are the teacher, are you not supposed to model the behavior you want us to demonstrate?” *Man, I was good.*

After an eternal pause, she looked embarrassingly down at the ground. “Well I suppose...I suppose you’re right.” She took a long, deep breath. “I’m sorry for my rudeness and disrespect, Troy.”

“I’m sorry, too, Mrs. Hass,” I smiled and I meant it.

“Thank you, Troy, I really appreciate that. As for the three days, I will see what I can do—”

“How about I stay here and work on an educational rap involving some major scientists? I’d really like to do independent study for a while so I can really focus.” I did mean that, but I knew that would give me more time to work on more lyrics for my songs.

Mrs. Hass tilted her head in thought. “Einstein, Newton, Edison, Archimedes, Galileo, even Tesla?”

“*Even Tesla.*” I nodded.

“No cursing?”

“Not a word and I’ll record it and give you a copy for your future classes. It’ll help your future students learn.” *How could she resist that?*

“Hmm, interesting idea. I think we could work something out.” She smiled.

The blossoming rapper in me was excited about the challenge about writing and rapping about something I *didn’t* know a lot about. If I could rap about it, I was motivated to learn it. If I could do that, and do it well, I could rap about *anything*.

“Only one thing,” she paused. “You have to perform it in front of the class.”

-This is my story-

## A Little Bit about Me:

If this journal should ever be found, either by me publishing it or it being found after my death, I want the person reading it to know a little about me. This is not some fancy biography or autobiography –this is just a diary filled with the thoughts of a young man who dreams of being a rapper and who is addicted to words. I’m not the smartest (or even kind of smart), the most athletic, most popular, or

the coolest. I’m about average height, not very good-looking (at least from what I’ve heard from the girls at school), and I have a huge gap between my two front teeth. I do however have a lot of heart and determination, though, and that’s gotta count for *something*.



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## "Slim Samurai" Rap Intellirap Lyrics Music Video

A thinking rap by character Troy Jones from the upcoming novel *Got the Flow: The Hip-Hop Diary of a Young Rapper* by Carlos Salinas

Lyrics:

I'm a slim samurai comin' straight from the south  
That's dope alliteration comin' straight out my mouth

Cali's got the weather and they got hills  
I'm just a poet... that's flexin' my skills  
Yeah I slay the rhymes, and I kill the hooks  
I'm worse than the murderers in horror books

See me flowin' with the skills of a ninja  
Comin straight atcha with the heart of a soulja  
Me? I'm just an educated fool  
Not really interested in lookin' cool  
Never been behind bars but I been in school  
You gotta use your mind, man, cuz it's the tool

So gimme a clean beat and I will kill it  
So gimme a clean sheet and I will fill it  
Gimme a 10-second track and you'll start to feel it  
These rhymes are my property so don't try to steal it

I can keep it real and I can keep it clean  
Cuz life ain't always nice it can be mean  
But you gotta stay true and do your thing  
Cuz it ain't all about gold and rings

There's more to life than what we see  
But it takes an open mind and curiosity  
To change the world we gotta change ourselves  
It's more than just havin' books on the shelves  
Me? My name is Battle of Troy  
And if you're looking for rap wisdom then I'm yo boy

Gimme a pen and paper and I'll make ya think  
Open your mind up more than any drug or drink

Oh, yeahhh

My ambitions are simple n  
Easy to understand  
To make the world better  
Is my master plan  
How do I plan to do this

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You be askin',  
Let's start by not puttin' each other in a casket  
This is **intellirap**, somethin' you never heard  
It's a new, dope mix between a G and a nerd  
Since when was being dumb somethin' cool,  
I'd rather be actin' right than playin' a fool

The biggest lie you'll hear is that it's good not to know,  
But that's how they keep you from gettin' the dough

(end)

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## "A Rapper's Prayer" Music Video with Lyrics

(The main character of the book ("Got the Flow: The Hip-Hop Diary of a Young Rapper") 16-year-old Troy Jones is in the hospital as his mom just survived a heart attack from overworking and stress. He is determined to become a successful rapper to give his mom a better life. Inspired by the pain of the his mom's hospitalization and the fear of his upcoming 3rd rap battle (he lost his first two) he pens this rap to God. The book is due out Fall 2017. THIS SONG IS FREE FOR DOWNLOAD on [soundcloud](#) AND FEEL FREE TO SHARE THE MP3. :) Free excerpt and updates at [www.carlossalinaswriting.com](http://www.carlossalinaswriting.com)! Thanks for listening!)

Lyrics:

CHORUS

I pray to God to let my tongue keep up with my mind  
And stay true to my heart 'n not fall behind  
I got my mom in there, lyin' inches from death,  
If you must take somethin', let it be my breath

I just ask you, God, if you up there listenin'  
Help me get to that next level, grant me discipline  
I know one thing for sho Heaven's gotta have a ghetto  
Cuz where else in death do I get to go?  
So this is it time to give it all I got,  
I gotta do it now, whether I'm afraid or not,  
Every man's gotta face his dyin' day  
I just hope my ain't tomorrow, so this I pray  
I'm just a street soldier livin' with a code of honor  
Tryin' to help my mom with stress she feel on her  
Cuz even a gangsta rapper can find redemption  
For the sins committed before revelation  
So I Thank you, God, I was saved by your grace,  
for givin' me this gift to get my mom out this place  
So I ask watch over me as they drop the beats  
Guide my mic as I try to get up outta these streets  
It ain't only for me but more for my mom  
Cuz I'm burnin' inside but I gotta stay calm  
Some men are born to be good some born to be bad  
As for me I only came with just a pen 'n' a pad

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So before I go, 'n' before I die,  
Best believe I'm gonna bleed this pen dry

#### CHORUS

I pray to God to let my tongue keep up with my mind  
And stay true to my heart 'n not fall behind  
I got my mom in there, lyin' inches from death,  
If you must take somethin', let it be my breath

In this dark world hip hop's a ray of light  
'n' I'm a magnifying glass harnessin' its might,  
I know one day we all gon' end up in a hearse  
The only thing I ask for is for one last verse  
Violence all around me walking alongside killing  
There's gotta be a way to end this n' start the healin'  
I don't fear death, when it comes to toll the bell,  
One life's more than enough if it's lived well,  
So don't take her yet cuz it ain't her time  
She's gotta be 'round to sing my baby nursery rhymes  
As the clock ticks, I grab the mic even tighter  
Who really needs sleep? I'm pullin' an all-nighter  
I got the fire inside and it burns for hip-hop  
Won't stop til I die or I make it to the top  
So gimme a chance, gimme one more try  
And I promise to change this world before I die

#### CHORUS

I pray to God to let my tongue keep up with my mind  
And stay true to my heart 'n not fall behind  
I got my mom in there, lyin' inches from death,  
If you must take somethin', let it be my breath

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## About the Author:

Hello! I am a passionate teacher and writer that loves to create lessons that are interactive, student-centered, original, and truly help teachers & students. I make custom lesson plans and materials that engage students and help them take ownership of their learning. I have 9 years of teaching experience in upper grades across all subjects (including teaching abroad in Costa Rica!). I have published two books, [\*The Little Book of Big Quotes Vol. I\*](#) and [\*The Poems Vol. I\*](#), on [Amazon](#) and am currently working on a YA novel and collection of short stories (excerpts available soon). I hope you find these materials helpful!



See you on page one,  
Carlos Salinas

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