



Nothing But Realness = Cope's Story

Yeah yeah, what's the deal? This is Cope 2, the Bronx Graffiti King, true legend, dogs, represent for Yellow Rat Bastard Magazine.

Kick a little history here and what's going on today in the New York City graffiti scene. I was born and raised up in the Bronx the boogie down. Known as the motherland of this underground graffiti art form called graffiti hip-hop. I been writing since '79, watching the subways. My cousin Chico schooled me on graffiti, he taught me the deal and showed me what was going on. I remember him having a pilot and his drawing and he used to go tagging around the neighborhood. He used to take me motion bombing on trains sometimes and that inspired me, seeing all them whole cars on the fours, watching the Mitch 77 whole cars. Seen, PJ, Fritos, Blade, it was crazy, Doctor Pepper. I could name hundreds, man. It was crazy, just unbelievable, man.

It was something you had to live to experience and feel it. And sometimes it kills me every time I think about it, how they just took our subways away. But it's history now and thank god I had a part of it, and played a big part of it, and lived it, and saw it, and felt it, and painted. It was definitely something you can take to your grave with you and be satisfied with, if you was a true writer from back in the days...you know what I'm talking about, all the old school niggas, all the old school cats know what I'm talkin'. And basically, man, I just started getting more influenced. Niggas from our block used to write, like this kid Sofie, Piz, this kid Boobie, this black kid, he was a crazy motherfucker. He used to just rock everywhere he went. He used to take me to 'niggers with him, we used to steal mountain bikes. Go to Gembley, rock fuckin' goods, leathers. I couldn't take that shit home, I was like twelve years old. So I'd have to sell my shit, my father would fuckin' flip out on me if I bring that shit home. One time I stole like a three hundred dollar Mongroose bike and I couldn't bring that shit home, my father would flipper. I had to sell it for like a hundred dollars and get weedin' up and shit.

And then I used to just check out the trains and watch the furs go by. Around the neighborhood there was this crew called the MC Boys, Mark 1982, Fritos, Russ 75, Ross, D2 the original...you know, KC 17, they used to all have pieces in the schoolyards and shit and that inspired me a lot also. I remember hookin' up with Come, THE Lew, Race 5, they was from the neighborhood too, and they were bombing also. We used to get weedin' up, take train rides on the twos and fives. I'd see Mitch cars, Come and Blade, Lee cars, it was crazy man. It was like, 'ohy shit this is the deal, this is the real thing here. I started meeting writers, then I heard about the Bench at 149th Street and Grand Concourse. I started



going over there and meeting all the old school writers like G-man, Skeme, Agent, Rex 167, Trap, Spank, Bam 2. I met everybody that was anybody back in the days, man. That was the shit. I was like twelve, thirteen years old going to the writers bench and seeing all the big time kings and niggas who had whole cars and insides bombed. I wanted to be like them and that inspired me a lot and just made me really want to bomb hardcore more and more. It wasn't until '81, '82 when I started really racking. I knew what racking was all about, I started killing racks and going to the trainyards and destroying the trains. I remember back in late '82, early '83 Delta and Sharp came to the fours and Spin and they destroyed it with whole cars and dominated it with pieces. That pushed me and inspired me more to really destroy shit. I took over the fours in '83, I took King after they had stopped kingin' it. Delta and Sharp kinged the six line, resulting in Seen coming back out of his retirement. Seen knows the deal. And then they went to the fours and rocked it. And then I rocked it when they left. I still kinged all the way to the end, when they died out in '84 and the new silvers came in. The four line was the first line to get silver trains. But then I moved over to the twos and fives. I was hitting the twos and fives anyway, since like '82, smacking them up a little something. And when they became white, me and Come at the time was partners, we destroyed them, we took King of the white trains, the twos and fives. We had the most throw-ups, which was outlines we did back then. Because Seen and Blade had killed them with big fat cap tags with flat black. And when their shit started getting buffed, we started rocking it, me and Come.

I also had a crew back in early '82 that I started, Kids Destroy. Those were my peoples back then, with Spiel and Reo and Kie and Ston3 who passed, may they rest in peace, and Am One, which he's the one who originally gave me my name. Cope-He's in Germany now, that's my nigga for life. We started our own KD Crews and my man Skeet also, who passed, may he rest in peace. And we just started rocking shit. When I became King I turned Kids Destroy to Kings Destroy. I started to really destroy the lines, Pose was king of the twos and fives. He had throw ups. Cap was notoriously destroying everybody. I remember always wanting to be like Cap, just with throw ups. And I remember meeting Cap through Come when Come used to work in this deli, this grocery store right there on Bronx, and he met Cap through there because MPC used to work in and on weekends, every night fuckin' buying cases of fuckin' Budweisers and that's how he met Cap. And he told me Cap wanted to meet me. I was kinda scared to meet Cap cuz Cap had such a notorious reputation. But when I met him he was cool, he gave me love. He showed me how to bomb, he gave me a throw up, the one I have today. He showed me how to destroy the lay ups in the yards. Which I already knew how to bomb but Cap knew how to take it to another level when he would go to a yard and just destroy every car on both sides. You know that's how you really destroy a yard. I took it to the next level and I started going to all the yards with thirty or forty cars and cleaning them out, man, hitting every car, resulting in a lot of haters. I had crews back then that were rocking whole cars that were hating me. You know I would go to the ghost yard and rock the whole ghost yard with throw ups and cars, and niggas would do pieces over my pieces. That would do whole cars over my whole cars. And I had crews hitting me, everyone was going over me. But I wasn't stressing it out it was the new king in town. It was like when Mike Tyson first came up and he was king of the ring. He was just knocking everybody out of the box. That's how I felt. I was the new king. I was a young kid, thirteen, fourteen years old and I was king of the fuckin' lines. I had all these grown men hating me. It was fat, it was really deep. It was something you really had to live...to really feel it.

The trains died out towards the eighties, like around '85, '86, '87oh they started to die out. And all these new trains came in and a lot of people were hitting clean trains. But the clean trains kept getting buffed. A lot of the old writers just stopped writing. A lot of writers took it to the highways, the streets, like Easy and Jaz they destroyed the gates. LilMan Moser, Cronis, Anise, they started killing the gates. Everyone started killing the gates. Then YFR, you had writers from all over, man, Heavy, it



was crazy, everyone started going all city on gates then a whole new breed of graffiti started to come out. A whole new culture just started to come out with the street bombing. Then you had the highway bombing, you know, niggas killing the highways-like Saint, PJ, One, Seen, Me, Quack KD, SP One, you had everyone killing the highways, JA, everyone having war, people going over each other. It was unbelievable, man. And graffiti today is so different. I guess when you are a big player you tend to have many toys fuck you. It's just crazy how these writers come out nowhere and just want to go over you for fame. It's unbelievable. Back then if people wanted fame they would go out there and take over a line or sometimes destroy shit for fame. Now toys just come out of nowhere and they want to go over your spot or they want to just do your shit to get quick instant fame. I'm an expert to get fame, a writer can go over my piece and they'll get fame anyway. Oh this dude just slammed Cope's piece. And they're famous all of a sudden. It doesn't even pay to write graffiti anymore. And especially in New York there are so many haters. New York is full of fuckin' furies. You got your own peoples that play hate you. They act like they cool with you but in reality they play hate you. Believe me, I know.

I just came out with a video called Kings Destroy thanks to Tommy Marlon and Phil Thorn. The video's one of the best videos ever made. You can't get no better than this video other than Style Wars which is a classic. Nothing can fuck with Style Wars but my video for the new millennium is the best shit right now. And nigga know it, they can't hate it. This video is definitely official. I've got special guests KR3 One, Fat Joe, Flava Flava, Rock Kim, PJ, Seen, Weed, Dope, Jayson, Jon One. This video is definitely official. You niggas gotta go out there and represent and support and get yourself a copy. You won't regret it.

Let me tell you, this whole video experience was fun, but I caught a lot of heat behind it with these dirty pigs the Vandal Squad. I also got player hated by the majority of the whole graffiti world. Even my so called peoples. Two of my niggas from Germany got into a problem with the Vandal Squad, they put the heat on themselves and they know it but can't admit it. It's a shame that your own niggas would believe the police instead of you. If you're going to believe police, especially dirty cops, ones against your dogs, then you shouldn't be writing graffiti. It resulted in me being arrested for my video. The Vandal Squad tried to get me to rat and make deals. I said 'fuck you' and 'speak to my lawyer' which is my evidence, thanks to Paul Howowitz. He knows the real truth, that's why I don't give a fuck what the world thinks. They're all haters and fuckin' fools. But when you have this asshole from Münster, Germany talking shit like a pussy, trying to rub my name in dirt, it makes you wanna kill someone. Especially when you gave niggas love in your video, let them sleep in your house, let them, showed them all the yards, even watched their back. Then they just totally flip and betray you all because of some phony rumor and dirty cops. Other writers were around, manipulating the whole situation from the Bronx. They're all just hater niggas that don't want to see Cope 2 on top, so they try any method to destroy you-even your own peoples. You know who you are. I told the world in the end you will all look like fools. The Vandal Squad are dirty and are using dirty tactics to stop us all. Ask Speck, Sime, Per, Seen, Ego, Rebel, Ader, Ovie, Came, Fresh, and video graff. They know the deal and many others are living proof. I'm sure the graffiti world knows the truth now. Some haters can't and won't admit they're wrong and had wrongfully accused a real nigga like me. It's so funny, I told you all I'll have the last laugh. This only makes me wiser and stronger. I saw the true colors behind niggas and all along they were phony ass haters. Even my peoples, so I live and learn to distance myself because there are only a few rare real breded motherfuckers like me still around. I'm just a cool nigga but you have these haters who keep on pushing issues and taking my kindness for granted. But let me tell you all, all of you have the wrong impression about Cope. There's pure evil behind this - trust me. Some day you will push it too far and the results will be deadly - feel me. Niggas wanna come to my crib and talk shit out the window. That's all good - no sweat - but come to my doorstep. Better have heat cause things won't be pretty. I ain't trying to prove anything. I paid my dues. I ain't trying to murder no one for graffiti. That shit is dead as fuck. It's more important. They need me. I don't need graffiti and all the phony bullshit haters behind it all. Graffiti needs me. I'm just doing my thing and being the best at it. I ain't scared to die cause when I die, I'll be a legend and I'll go to paradise, so fuck you all. If your gonna talk shit and call the police when you get cracked, or run to others to fight your battles, you shouldn't be a writer or in the game. Real niggas who supported me while this phony rumor was spreading, like Jayson, Cels, Need, Ovie, Chron, Ego, Carl, Reso, Scien, Klov, Tit, Daze, Mzee, Spok, BTC, Tred, Sio, Bek, Alamo, Flite. Just to name a few thanks. I told you what don't come out in the rinse. I was successful, too real to go out like that. To those



who denied and flipped on me and believed the whole phony corruption. Fuck you! Suck dick! Que Te Pasa? You ain't even in my class. Ha, ha, I'm laughing at you now. Now it's time to shut the whole graffiti industry. Nothing but realness, no more love you selfish motherfuckers. You can't turn a real nigga like me. Watch out for Kings Destroy, Part 2, The Realness-coming soon, you haters. Oh yeah, what ever happened to the evidence. Hello! I rest my case.

I just wanna thank YRB Magazine for giving me love and not being haters like the others. My wife Queen Fuxy, I love ya, thanks for always being there, my wife and best friend. My son Chuo, the best son in the world and my daughter Vanessa, the best that God did bless me. All my KD niggas, thanks for keeping it real and you know who you are. Thanks Tommy Marlon and Phil for giving me love and letting me share with my own video. Mad love for Tom! Thanks to West and Pacheco, FC for looking out for Ovie and believing the real, cause we're honorable soldiers. My moms, pops, Dese, Jee, Jeramy I love you all. I will return to destiny again so watch out for the Gods of Destruction!!!

I just want to say one more thing. Peace to the whole Terror Squad, my nigga Fat Joe, I love you, God bless you, do your thing, Big Pun, rest in peace, God bless his soul. The best and the best rapper ever in the motherfucking game. You niggas know. Considerles to his whole family, keep your head up, he's still with us. Rest in Peace, Big Pun. One.

Cope Two the Bronx Graffiti King, player haters never want to see me shine. ☘

