

ABOUT JASMINE KAHLIA

Jasmine Kahlia is a multidisciplinary artist that uses music, film, digital collage, zines, painting and poetry to bring ROAD CULTURE to the forefront.

i'm not someone that likes commercial /media attention but i do want to highlight and destigmatise yung londoners experiences, breaking all the stereotypes and barriers along the way.

i dont care about fame and money i wana be a respectful member of my community and do what i can to make yunga ppl thrive and survive in the face of so much inequality in london.

i rmbtr growin up with turkish kids chinese somali egyptian columbian english polish nigerian kids in my school in tottenham,

didnt know abt no class system but that we were just lil
'underpriviledged' hood kids

we didnt know we had labels on our foreheads until we had to grow up and go out in the world

HOOD RAT

WRITTEN BY JASMINE KAHLIA



HOODRAT

i was like 15 – wen i met u. so fuckin insecure ,, low self esteem
doing music production, wishin 4 a studio, gettin my tunes done
ali just cheated on me with this bitch from myspace
this guy that walked me home asked me if he could lick me out
i didnt want him
so we went 2 burger king in camden and we rodet he 134 and u
said

WOW U ARE SO PENG

I CANT BELIEVE UR NOT CONFIDENT

U SHUD B CAUSE ITS SEXY

its irònic
cause if i had my shit together u wudnt look my way
u were like dat
u needed a poor gal like me 2 floss to
needed a sad gurl like me 2 worship u
but anyway i came 2 c u in archway

&& obviously u cudnt stop
talkin abt my tits #
i was jus thinkin abt recordin a song on ur computer
so i went along with it
while u was blabbin abt celebs u reaally met n shit
i was thinkin bout rappin all that shit
ur house was massiv & on the TV they started playing
t2 heartbroken
u undressed me and i
suppose i let u
from where we are i can see the microphone
i pulled away from u and asked if i cud record a song
pissed off u asked if i could evn rap or sing
i think i was jus a pengting 2 mess wid
for u
u thought i didnt know how to produce
u thought i just knew how 2 fuck
i let u do what u wanted so i cud get my songs done
give and take
give and take

♥♥♥B4 the Myspace Bitch♥♥♥

14, i walked outta school @ 3rd period and sat on the bus
doing my eyeliner dark and gothic.

My grandma call it 'ginal eyes'

'doh luk 'pon me wid u ginal eyes'

i was wearing these cheap earrings from the chemist

i called u - u left class to talk on the phone to me

i was walkin along queens crescent

u said u can hear me smoking.

it was sunny, i was thinkin abt fuckin u. i was still a yungting
we'd been speakin 4 a year and u said u wanted 2 pop my cherry

i didnt know wtf that was

u said we were defo ready 2 do it, the question was, where

this gurl @ school lent me her pretty ricky albummmmm

i was listenin 2 it secret when i had a free yard

u said where do u live again?

I said

Archway



WHERE'S JIMMY

missin exams to fuck guys that will neva care
losing grades u cuda got
@ that house party
juju rmbrs seein u fuck this skinny guy on the bathroom floor
we still laugh abt it
i just wanna say im so fkin sorry 4 wat nadia tried 2 do 2 u
we tried to set u up
in castlehaven
we broke in2 ur House and tried 2 beat u up
we called u a whore
idk why
that shits not none of my business #
i dont think ur mum loved u
i met ur dad and u didnt look like him
who was jimmy
does sex feel like love 4 u
u deserved more

MOT'OROLA FLIP

GIVE ME BACK MY FUCKIN PHONE CAUSE WE DID A SWAP
AND IM TIRED OF URS
I TOOK SOME TOPLESS PICS LAST WEEK AND NOW I RMBR
THEY WERE IN THAT FOLDER
U OBVIOUSLY FOUND THEM CAUSE EVERYONE IN THE ENDZ
HAS SEEN MY TITS
THEYVE HEARD MY RAPS EVEN THOUGH I NEVER SPAT 4
THEM
I KNOW U SHOWED THEM THE RECORDINGS AND THAT PHOTO.
INIT?
THE BIGGEST VIOLATION IS THAT U TOLD ME
NOW UR IN BRISTOL
OR BIRMINGHAM
OR WEST HAM
BUT NOW UR NOT IN THE BITS TO GIVE BACK MY PHONE
GIVE ME BACK MY FONE
WHEN I FIND U I BET IM GONNA HAVE TO CHASE U ROUND
THE WHOLE FUCKIN ESTATE
JUST TO GET MY FUCKIN PHONE BACK
PRICK

Smokin Tea

The concept is pretty basic

Paper fire something to filter

Something to smoke

I was so fixated on what it wud feel like

Watchin my uncles sneak off for one during my cousins birthdays

Always comin back redded waved a lil diff

They knew me as the gurl that was smoking tea

I opened a packet of twinings lemon gínger and got aa lil rizla paper

Lit it up and coughed out the most firey smoke

ive ever experienced in my life

This was b4 i knew about googling something

to find out what happens 1st

The smellllllllllll was nuts

[now i dont recommend u try it yea unless ur stupid]

I was chargin little year 9s £2 for me to roll them one of my special
smokes

Nipping to the offy to get more herbal tea fuck ID -

fuck £1.50 4 a 10 pack mayfair

♥ Caesar ♥

ur hair was like a halo

big Golden afro on the spring mornings

it was like u shined so bright

u neva used 2 turn up 4 school,

i think i saw u once, twice a week

i used to wait in assembly

hopin u wud turn up late

u were mix race but i rmbur ur mum tellin u to say u were just white

whenever u did come in u used to walk home with me.

sometimes we would walk the railway line

other days i'd get sweets from the cornershop and u'd say sweets
were 4 kids

-but i am a kid.

u were born in july
u always had bruises, big bruises when u came in
i asked u what u like 2 do on the weekends

u said
sleep till 12 and then watch porn
i only used to sleep until 9, mayb 10 on a sunday
we were 10 years old

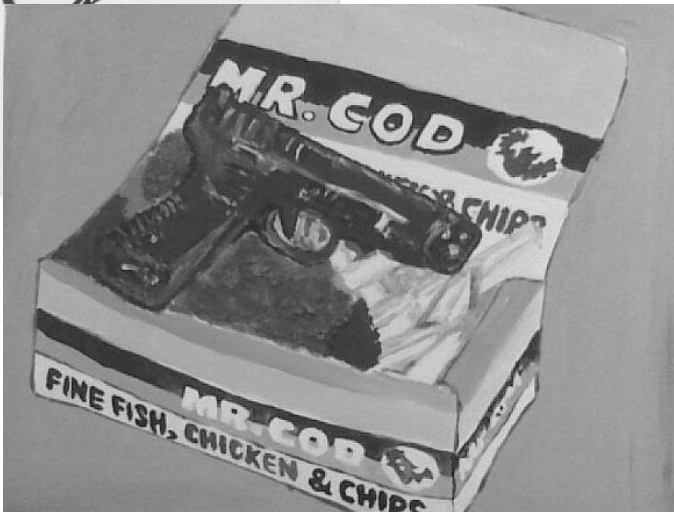
i didnt really know what porn was
u explained it to me – its like a woman with yellow hair that moves
her tits around
i couldnt imagine it. – u mean a woman like miss brownlee or miss
Williams?
-kind of
- why would they do that
-i dont know, just watchin its funny

i thought u was chattin shit. really thought u was chatting shit
thats the kinda shit where u get taken away from ur parents
if the school listens enough

then i saw u when i was 17
u were picking dog ends off of the floor
u had a gold tooth and an empty look brown eyes red big afro gone
i dont know if u finished school
u still had ur chipped teeth
same childlike smile
how u been babygirl
i was with another guy that was holding my hand
he was scared, jus edgin away from you
away from our childhoods together
awy from how u looked man.
was it drugs
did u get kicked out
how do u know that wasteman he asked

that wasteman was my childhood crush

original artwork below by jasmine kahlia



WHY YUNGAAS NEED SPACE 2 TALK ABT IMPACT OF ROAD CULTURE ON UR LIFE

its always been an unsaid thing on da roads

don't talk about the antics to authorities

don't hot up anyones name

don't talk abt dis or dat

hold dis

hold dat

hold it down

hold it down hold it down

we been holding down a lot of shit no lie

the problem with seeing so much and holdin it down is that after a
while it fucks u up.

u see so many antics and hear about so much madshit

that when u get older no one gives u space to get it out

you might not even b on too many movements but u might know
how much an O costs.

you know the ways to get messages to ppl in jail.

u might hve seen tools,

u might have been asked to hold something.

u defo saw that vid or heard dat story and now u cant not think abt it

and the way it affects u . fam hold it down.

you might not have even wanted to be exposed to these things or

mayb u did

but its so in your environment that even if u got that dream to get out of the ends you still end up seeing shit from the ends that end peoples futures and end ppls lives. alie

why

cant we talk about how that pressure fucks with u

talk abt it in our own space

where u can say as much or as little as you like

without teachers or police man or xyz man writing on that notepad like its something to document, something to statisticalise, something that now becomes theirs.

We just need those type of spaces to be allowed to talk

we need to be noisy sometimes

we need to get out our anger in constructive ways

sometimes we need to find new parents or siblings or friends or ppl that can guide us cause

sometimes the ppl u grew up with can damage ur way of being

we need to know about relationships

we need to make our own slang that really reflects us as young ppl.

no more rape n violence

no more rape n violence references in our vocab neither u get me we are the ones firming this lexicon

we need to find new ways to describe ourselves

on the roadsides

on the playgrounds

on the buses

on our fuckin ends

we need to talk abt why we all live and exist so close together that we can feel the hot energy in the streets regardless and why people from areas that have BREATHING SPACE can lif their head up n get on with their lives.

why are we all one

and they all individuals?