

DREAM

OF

A

CONVICT

THE

ANTHROLOGY

CHRISTOPHER T. JONES
DREAM OF A CONVICT
BOOK OF POETRY
2-14-15

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DREAM OF A CONVICT ALL THREW OUT
"MY CHILDHOOD YEARS I FELT ALIVE WHEN I DREAMED"
WAS WRITTEN TO CAPTURE MY ASPIRATIONS OF THINGS
THAT WERE OUT OF MY REACH, THOUGH THE THOUGHT OF
THEM WERE STIMULATING AND STRENGTHENED MY URGE
TO DISPLAY IT THROUGH POETRY, WHICH GAVE BIRTH TO THIS
WORK. - DREAM OF A CONVICT THE ANTHOLOGY -

"Dreams Of A Convict"

Drama Sensitivity.
Cruel world Courage and valor
how I picture me:

government engrossed with empower-
ment, Consequentially, still got my eyes on the
sparrow, life is but a dream:

Im the oneforsaken me:
If pressure busspipes, then high aspiration
ambition and pride will break a dream;
make it seem like,
I was prone to live a hard life, hard knock
sirens all night, bloody gun fight:
I was fortunate enough to get the first shot off,
It took investigators an hour to tape the
block off:

everybody looking in suspense
luckly, the bullet graze my head and hithim:
It was destiny supposed to be dead.

Obviously something greater than myself
protecting me, haloes on my head:
dreams late night coldsweats my gun in
my bed:

never mind sublime
dreams of a Convict:

"The Storm Is So Much Bigger Now"

I didn't have an idea, misguided wondered
eighteen years:

untill i started having visions of my destiny,
that came as premonitions after years of
captivity:

thoughts and ambitions kept my soul motivated,
fighting back tears, filled full of hatred":
tried"

Can't blame my environment caused i didn't die,
a couple peers a few eulogies but i couldn't cry:
hear me out".

If it means anything to you, i was holding on to
my dreams. don't you have em too"?

dealing with all of the pain stemming from
92":

listen it's a thin line seven years old
it was cold im awaken in the night like
where mom?

adversity forcing me to be great, i can't
make it it was simple as learning from a
mistake, Ms. Carolyn hugging me asking
me if i ate:

hear me out".
Dreams of a Convict:

I was looking Compassion right in the face. mind state still play when they shot at my uncle ray:

and my mom she was telling her friend to cover my face, but the image in my brain:

but the image in my brain, I understand then that drama was addictive as heroin and cocaine,
links in a chain:

I was gradually affected by the things that I seen so I eventually became them:

the storm is so much bigger now,
and you know, I don't need you
I don't need you:

"Religiosity"

Somebody asked me why im so religious.
I hesitated to reply cause I didn't think they
listen:

With all these preconceived notions
and these different Ism's, I fear allah
but they may think im fearing something
different:

I said look at all these Organizims," we
breath in and breath out, but it ain't your
decision:

I orate you preciere and Conjure
up a vision, if the topic deep enough you
shake ya head cause you can feel it:

gritty like the ganges, but pure enough
to take the sleeper hold of my people like,
Karamchand Gandhi:

dreams of a Convi "

I suffer from post traumatic stress disorder
substance abuse but it was self induced:

I figure that the fact of me dying alone,
would put a stop to the pressure that I
feel in the dome:

Intense migraine, brain start
to pulsate heart rate beating at a fast
pace:

ain't nothing gonna change me,
quickest way to ease the pain is to
prostrate, I love you for the sake of allah,
my sword double edged to annihilate,
and when it hit the bone
it just vibrates."

"Discouraged"

I know you wanna see me discouraged
chopped up drugs sitting in the kitchen living
life in a hurry:

With syringes hanging out of my arm
heroin in my veins speed ballin trying to ease
the pain:

I ain't fully understand the calamities
of life, but being driven by ambition is a hell
of a price:

this is a prison poem
the ones I love so long, you mad now but you
gonna hate it when im gone:

wanna dry my tears?
I dropped free me on some chain gang people,
it erased their fears, and half of them been
contained for years, relatives dying on em,
on medication, hanging themselves
with blankets hoping the sun shine on em!

Crying on the phone
ma ma, I been violated, I gotta handle my business
I'll call you back later:

but he never called back nomore
his mother told his kids he was a soldier
and he died in a war"
for hours she ain't know what to do, she cried
hard when the sheriff called and told her
where the body could be viewed:

he had two stab wounds
in his back, six holes in his neck, they
found him dead with a note in his lap:
It said:

I know you wanna see me discouraged I had
to rush and write this cause I live life in a
hurry, ps. I know my mom's is worried, please
tell her to visit my grave soon as possible
when I'm buried:

man I know you wanna see me
discouraged,"

shots fired out a forty five knocked
the windows out the suburban:

left two kids dead in the back,
everybody in shock," Cause they ain't never
seen nothing like that:

man I know you wanna see me
discouraged!"

"Hundred Rounds"

I see your vision held captive
behind brick walls inside a prison:

It ain't a doubt in my mind, at anytime
I'll snap if I don't get a chance to,
get away"...

Mom left and dad pressed for years trying,
to get me in gear, new airmax I wan't em'
first impression my peers will laugh at me
if I got something that ain't like his
they made me
get away"...

yeah" tears rolled down his cheeks the
same night, I seen his body in the street:

I took the chain off his neck as a sign
of respect but his expression said:
get away"...

I figured he wouldn't need it I could pawn
it for some money and get me some new
adidas

yeah I shoulda fled the scene now im
wanted for murder at sixteen I need to
get away"...

life a produce trauma, Karma going in
circles hundred rounds from the lama,

another bites the dust in the ghetto it's
evident that the beef will never get settled
so I

get away"...

life a produce drama, I came to the wake
and seen em burry your momma

and I ain't even part of the family but im
having cold sweats in my sleep I need to
get away"...

So what if I envision relief to comfort my
people for we all meet the reaper!

a drug dealer's destiny's to reach a couple
keys for he's knocked by the d's and
get away"...

and I can feel it in my bones he don't like
me I can tell by his tone;
the beef is everlasting I stay with the
automatic, just in case I have to let off
a couple and it don't matter if I
get away"...

Just imagine seeing someone
you killed, in your sleep, that would
mess with you for real:

It got me looking back on my life
like got damn why I pull that trigger
twice he tried to
get away"...

"Strung Out"

Still chasing a dream I see,
fell in love with the streets hundred grand
at the age of sixteen:

twenty three's so yo' chevy sitting tall,
everyday you at the mall, wanna splurg
with a couple of g's:

but they ain't told you that the folks
got the drop, and they found out about the
blocks;

and they know about that murder
you did:

ain't no sense in you pretending like you
innocent, the family of the victim
upset about you killing they kid:

Ok let's say that we just blame it on the block
cause he was toating plenty glocks,

"robbing people there he go right, there,
gang threw a life of total complication, robbing
was his occupation,

cause his mom and his pop's
ain't care:

but they ain't notice all the pain in his eyes, he was struggling to strive,

saying life ain't what he thought it would be:

untill he came up on his first baby glock
accidently let it pop, and left his best friend
dead in the streets:

he run with young people strung out
on the block, live and died by the glock
everybody cried but me:

his pop said, that he never would amount,
mom's crying on the couch saying
every body tried but me:

"Crime Tape"

people really ain't wanna see me in a drop
all they seen was the greed.

let me go ahead and say what I mean:

money wasn't circulating I was coming up with
schemes for the future that was time consuming
so I was used to all the crime tape and poverty
that baracade the block:

neighborhood petrified "like" when it's gonna
stop, if it do it'll happen to another black youth
before they ban all the guns and try to beat
us black and blue:

and I was pushing for promotions trying to
sell a million copies, as say he'll pay me
if I pose for papperazzi:

but my sister having babies and im feeling
obligated, if the good die young, they ain't gone
be able to save me:

we succumbing to the street full of trauma
when we meet, something small but it's powerful
and knock you off your feet, it'll be a prophecy
fulfilled, if I died in a six by nine for popping
too many pills:

"Mercenary Comrad"

I see you running from the world akhi,
 so im a gone and pull ya coat, press you for
 the fine treasure till a pearl fall out:

im in prison but im buffin ik out
 I Orchestrate masschoirs burned bridges so I suffer
 without:

I met the don, Joe Cartigena, he was wilding
 in statin Island sitting in a lexus putting on a beanie:
 street hood riches with the money to be a king,
 but people scared of him cause he reign supreme
 bow ya head akhi,"

and show me you love the money, and if it get thick
 im chewing threw the cud dummie,
 remember this here, blood thicker than mud
 dummie:

regardless how a convict live lower ya wig
 bow ya head akhi,"

to all the people in the street, if the bread was
 my body you'll be picking at my meat, alot of
 people in the clique really kick it just to eat:
 but theyll be lucky if I let em' get the grease
 naw im bussing at ya feet

I been shining this diamond from projects,
who invested in the hustle of pointing a object:
your honor im guilty

I admit the crime filthy but i had to pull the
trigger otherwise he would of killed me:
Lost bribe!

Conquest suffer from oppression discretion has
been advised, tears falling out his eyes:
epidemics,

spread like plagues platoon fled mercenary comrads
mourn their dead, some fled, batallions and brigades
were scared, blood shead left a paranormal image
to bare:

Some stricken with the urge to kill cause
the blood spill making everything fake seem so real
Dow ya head akhi!
don't get caught up in yo adrenaline, life paint pictures
and some of her work interesting:

alot of people make it, luckily she don't get to them,

knowing it's a way out, drama gone play out,
slugs gone spray out,

and rigormortis set in
a fifth of hennessey this in memory of my
best friend, cycle of depression i tossed the
murder weapon, then i start sweating:

akhi, I see you running from the world
Final revelation condoned, unknown
how they decipher rosetta stone:

prominent activist turned catholic immaculate
serengetti solidified purified platinum, Im lying
in the pasture waiting for my shepherd cause
somebody struck him over the head and the
sheep scattered!"
bow ya head akhi,"

"Cyber Space"

Im bout to take off, apollo thirteen im in orbit
Im bout to breakoff, savor nature,
the crime rate paused
nobody seen nothing at all just bullets lodged
in a car:

but yet they picked me out the entourage
fingerprint the stolen car, seen the forty five and swore
to god it was a forty Quad:

enforcements of the law they baracade me in this
brick wall, forced to peddle crack with felonies it
ain't no day job:

lets say I been forsaken you, taking you through
different situations and the bending so severe
it end's up breaking you:

Imagine that",
Coming from a kid who pulled a ratchet back
pursued rap cancelled that, had to bring the
ratched back, cancelled that, back to rap, now
Im gang for the platinum plaque:

Single file line this where Im signing
autographs at:

Coping more ice" for these people to reach their
hands at:

puffing real good so my chauffeur be catching
contact,

I ain't messing with you your number
ain't in my contact;

how is that for a young black male
who fall victim to the street's so it left
him three choices:

death college or jail,

Cyberspace"

So much been taking for granted, my mental
vast as atlantic don't get flown around the
planet"

Cyber space"

sit back and apply pressure react and rely lesser
but don't go against the grain with it

"Cyber Space II"

OK do you remember me?
I ain't dead, I can't be talking about pouring out
hennessy:

living life in limbo sympathizing with my
ken folk minimizing poverty deprived me
I supposed to be blown,
or featured on a Intro:
my Inauguration Court case felonies dropped
now in in a box and can't bell out genuine
to the bone I can't sell out:

but everybody begging me to yell out the
window of a flamed house,
naw!!

I ain't giving up im staying hard, tears in
my eyes to this day from that stolen car:

ask big rob i hid that k" in a garage
and with that same ak", I caught a fresh
ass charge:

Jones said i been hard
I said i wanna make a mill, cause we doing
real real bad and this ain't how i wanna
live:

he asked me what i got to give?

I said blood sweat and tears determination
and integrity,

pressure from my peers
and for four more years ill be honing all my
skills forced to keep it real cause being me
is harder than it feel:

It's hard for me to fake it every part
of me is real,

this is flame house
you want the product i need a deal
Cy-ber-space

So much been taking for granted my mental
Vast as atlantic don't get flown around the
planet "

Cy-ber-space
Sit back and apply pressure react and rely
lesser but don't go against the grain with
it...

"Dreams"

hit from the blindside:
Compromised everything I knew
never mind I:

Seen a better way though viewed as a
problem child, tears on my pellepelle:

another seven day theory, another shakur,
another Makarelli,
no comment, dreams of a Convict:
violence."

persuaded by my peers my environment,
all thought my childhood years I felt alive
when I dream, and escape the close quarters
of insanity:

never ending pitfalls, sweating from the
withdrawals, I tried. although I fight the
pain and the tears from being picked on
but when im all alone I reflect and then
I cry:

It's just my way of dealing with it I ignited,
you can finally feel it, get rich or die of
hunger, I wonder how I keep from going under
this concrete jungle tearing me asunder:

and my dreams define my lyrical Content
 things in Involved in pursued by a Squadron:
 under fire yet I get higher while I be dodging,
 living in a Fantasy wasn't in the plan for me:

dreams,"
 Unfortunately," the door is not ajar I can't
 deploy from a Bentley:

finally absolved it wasn't hard to convict me
 but life inside a brick wall and scarred
 I wasn't ready for:
 dreams," let it go:

everything is obsolete, defeat consistent
 in the feat, I mean I hit the ground running.
 tripped and fell in love with the streets:

and the luxury influenced me, substances
 ruined me:

love the attention so I get fly, quite naturally
 you feel some type of way so when I leave
 you'll speak me down:

rose from the ghetto to, know what a felon
 do, ditch the ski mask and just roll with
 the metal loose:
 dreams,"

huh"

product of my environment, yeah
when I grow up I wanna be a fireman:
sounds so inspiring, twisting on a hydrant
It's logical but children think anything is
possible:

dreams";

Creme of the crop, door stayed locked
so opportunity ain't knock,
then I almost got shot, robberies botched,
car could of flipped and threw me
out from the whiplash:

dreams";

and my heart full of literature adolescent
years. I guess I wasn't good enough,
thoughts of a prisoner:

It took a decade and a half for me
to realize life was so critical "...

dreams:

" Summer Time "
" Summer Time "

not a single poem sold still awaiting parole,
forced to take a stand I turned into a man in
the hole:

politicizing with the convicts living without a goal,
watching my life flourish while poverty taking toll:

Corruption is for the government, they loving it
the pendulum rocking and it'll cause a devilstation
if you stop it:

litigation and dominance in every other topic
why we stuck in the ghetto the reason we ain't
in college

and half of my people toating a pistol and
selling powder, if you ain't from the block they
from, you can't get nada,

yeah" they'll kill people just like that
genocide getting common like the selling
of crack:

but in the summer time,
summer time, man it's like hell every-
day:

and I still can't seem to relax,
 Martin Luther King Jr. had a dream
 for blacks;

and on a mild summer night he caught
 a slug to the front of the cranium:

and the documents had substance of
 pollution, and they ain't want Martin
 to televise the revolution:

It's beginning to be a burden on the
 black's and if I can't get a response
 then how am I suppose to put this
 on wax:

look at the shots fly when the Glock rang
 out, look at the cops drive by, after the
 shots rang out,

my people get strapped up forget a blaze
 we stay high, and if you feel like I feel
 man throw your hands high
 but in the summer time, summer time, man
 It's like hell every day,

these people robbing and they killing on
 the block trying to make em some
 pay"...

"Valor and Harmony"

try to publish my works valor and
harmony, receive a nobel peace perform
it at Carnegie!

what a wonderful vision,
looking for some redemption, it's not that
I don't feel pain, I just see it as another way
of living:

but my grief too deep for words,
so I prefer to yearn on the inside, freedom
of the mind addicted to the passion in crime:

maybe im not humble,
maybe I just suffer from the hunger:
IS this apart of being affluent?

hard head truant. who would of knew it if
I listened when they said don't pursue it:

Overruled by a cruel thought provoked and
ignited look at the Carnage and the violence
from the riot:

but my grief too deep for words,
I guess I could try to publish my works for
what it's worth:

a full scholarship study theology and politics
projects crowded infested and impoverished:

but how could you understand?
this wasn't part of the plan, im responsible
the touch is in my hand now:

"never would of thought the dark complexion
kid in the park would be performing his
works at Carnegie hall!"

but my grief too deep for words."

I guess I should see if I could inspire you
by my words, all I ever knew was poverty
look inside of the verse,

I just put forth the effort I never thought
it would work:

but my grief too deep for words."

I wish I could gain your trust and inspire
you by my words it's a cruel cold world and
im trying to strengthen my third.
you could deen or die regardless of what
you heard

"Valor and Harmony II"

Some things you just learn to let go,
and when you do, if they come back, they're
better than before:

I wonder what's the use of me trying...?
the concept of living is a lot, when you think
about dying:

well I am "

and what will it take to cultivate me and render me
triumphant?...

I'm under the impression that it's something
and granted, me being stranded left crying on
the planet":

but my grief too deep for words,
embodied by the factions that we live in,
driven by the passion so we give in:

I thought I wouldn't last in the beginning, cause
of drama and intensity, from so many condemning
me:

I had to find a new identity despite the bondage
I learned a lot living in the penitentiary.
carefully composed like a symphony.

deep thought":

every other line defines what the streets
meant to me, my grief too deep for words":

In debt to society I don't even own my own life,

Something ain't right.
I was eighteen, and barely had a firm
grip on life:
but my grief too deep for words,"

I guess I could see if I could inspire you by
my words, all I ever knew was poverty look
inside of the verse,
I just put forth the effort I never thought
it would work".

"I don't Care"

my life is like a book, dreams of a convict
Confessions of a Crook:

didn't wanna look, product of my environment
heinous acts rogue thoughts what I conspired
in:

even with being booted up with false hope,
Cast out and rejected I quote:

"I'm out for everything you owe"

this is not a false sense of entitlement,
strumming my pain tips of my fingers on a
violin:

I might have been a doctor or a lawyer
or a laker, importing at emporiums or
speaking at symposiums on nature:

but usually the youth die ruthlessly, every-
body crying. I don't think they listened to my
eulogy:

I promise it's a never ending cycle, what comes
around goes around, sounds suicidal, it
didn't help they pushing on his chest to get
a vital:

odds are, rapid gun fire murdered
by a rifle:

and they wonder what my life is like
question me regarding my Sincerity
like Chris' what you doing in the lime
lite:

forbidden to be spoken with
percussions it's nothing,
but strings from the violin make
it sound touching:

I don't care
what they say or what they think about
me, I just wanna be free, cause if not
then my life's in vein:

Dreams of a Convict".
I swallowed my pride, and tried to be
what they want me to be, which I could
never achieve, if I have to carry around
these chains:

I don't care
shine bright like a beacon of light",
im having difficulties sleeping at night:
So concerned with the treatment
of life, still thinking about the article front
page crime ware, it done been a whole
damn decade:

so many thought i'd give up or viewed
my success a mistake, that is not the
case:

you wonder if i changed.

What good would it do me if I did but
you didn't so you look at me the same:
I don't care.

I understand we all have preconceived notions,
and triggered by emotions, don't be so judgemental,
at least have the nerve to approach me,
face the facts, cause you don't really
know me.

It's like I couldn't ever break free it's
me dreams of a convict, the anthology:
forbidden to be spoken with percussions,
It's nothing.
but strings from the violin,
make it sound touching:"

I,
don't care.

what they say or what they think about me
I just want to be free, cause if not then my
life's in vein,

dreams of a convict."
I swallowed my pride and tried to be what they
want me to be which I could never achieve if
I have to carry around these chains:
I don't care...

"Sacriligious"

even if I wasn't petrified from the murder crimes unheard of, never spoke a word of...:

looking forward to the benefit loyalty is everything. maintain your innocence:

even if I had the opportunity to be something far greater than a poet or a priest, "behold"

you have taken on facades contrary to the way you were risen and the result is sacrilegiousness:

to add to the stress, the slow process, of being held back for so damn long you die wretched, and we just mourn at our peers tombstones at the cemetery.

names flood the obituary,
age varies:

It's kinda scary when it hits that close to home picture that aneurysm died on the phone, so long...:

antagonise critiquing my religion I disseminate, you won't accept the fact that I am gifted. I refuse to die wretched:

"Can't stop"

time still ticking, im wishing I could
execute my plans and ambitions:

instead of being crammed in a can
reminiscent, shots from the hammer
ambulance wizzing:

we got evicted for crack stench,
that was back then stereotyped for the
slang in the accent:

never graduated but that's typical for
black men, we get incarcerated lose
hope and start going in:

no,

and the pain start showing cause we
coming in as boy's and then turning into
grown men, I got handcuffed photographed
I should of known then that this is someth-
ing different, sitting in the chair shifting,
I can't stop:

I could of been a victim a while ago I should
of been dead, car crashed, botched robberies
a gun going off in my head I was scared
heavy breathing, tell me what's the meaning
of Malcolm palming the AK while Martin
Luther was dreaming, they was looking at death,
right in the face:

Send my Condolences, I do care though
you never noticed it, you thinking all I
got is cold shoulders. I regret that:

Cause I had dead weight on my chest
and it effected the people that I addressed
and I admit that:

If I ever conquer the land, I promise
that I'll be humble as I can, you gotta
believe in something,
even if the Sun don't shine, your on my
mind, you gotta believe in something:

I won't fail you and im a tell you this
time, so take my word for what its
worth:

you gotta believe in something

I can't believe you,
why you so Irreligious?...

"Beacon of Light"

I should of never been an influence, and I
knew it, I blew it,

I understand it, and granted, it's only for the
world to see a role model or a beacon of
light, though I seem so contrite un like the
agony and ecstasy:

Clandestine avoid questions about protection
we concealed for our safety.

hurts when it rain don't it?...

but if you plant a seed in fertile ground it's
most likely to change won't it?...

I'm a hold you down if you ever feel weary
through the burdens and the pains of life
linked in the chain:

nothing else to gain but the fame from plight
evidently we agree to disagree, its just advice
gone live yo life!

Carry on with my condolences, my deepest
thoughts and my emotion, the thought of
provoking you to come closer sympathizing
with my situation, I broke your heart mine
racing:

and honestly I prefer you to leave,
It's evident that you slowly slipping
off of the deen,

you did good planting you gotta
water the seed it's all apart of the
process;

be optimistic it's possible, you
could die wretched:

We digress:

remain silent about my short comings
I never thought I would spark something
I seen it with my own eyes.

you born, and you live, then you die".

"The Ballad"

What you wanna see me up held in a casket state,
or in a cell facing multiple charges cause I ain't tell:
my bell was eighty thousands,
but I couldn't make it cause my people still living
in hud houses:

my prior conviction shattered my vision
now im stuck in a prison, head twisted now vision
me embalmed and missing:

and im missing my mom's kisses and dad's permission
to leave the house, after I iron my clothes and wash the
dishes.

I could picture me on the center fold striking a
pose, but being smart with no goals was the life I chose:
it got me fifteen in prison, ten more on parole:
and I witnessed a rude awakening
at twelve years old:

my life is crazy,
and right to this day I don't take pictures cause
I never saw my pictures as a baby, im wallowing
daily thinking that maybe if I do a one eighty
and change my life, then I can be a politician for
slavery:

ban prison systems,
raise economical living I paid homage, by projecting
how im living in the system:

won't you sign my petition the headline
reads: death, drama, homicide, violent crimes
and heroin,

im driven

In my journal I wrote a ballad to the governor
and asked him why the head of the constitution
is furniture, for me to sit in a cell and dwell
on my past got me scared to move forward
Cause im thinking im a crash:

from the womb they assumed im doomed
untill i bloomed, im like a catapillar trying
to come out my cocoon:

this wound need healing what im a do with
my life? i better make it quick man i could
be gone tonight,

its just the little things you
do that's keeping me crying

i don't know what im going threw mine
as well be dying:

"Hard in my Life"

Snatched out of plain sight,
never would imagine I survived in a gunfight:
they was coming
get low,"

forty five echo I was shocked screaming in
my pcs metro, but times changed drastically,
aftermath court case prison time two trials
a list full of casualties:

conscious still blast me."
eighteen I was just confused, peer pressure
long chain saggy jeans:
It's hard in my life,

I wanna be a poet but im struggling and
feeling like a burden to the family, school
programming me, get a job go pro or feel
hunger pains from a whole year of famining":

I finally built the nerve up
after 12 years shed tears, lead peers like I
discovered the gold rush;

they was screaming
hold up! ...

four fifth slug in the arm second time
sad news whole car crushed:

It's hard in my life,
I understand the difference between living on
the edge compared to living on a thin mat:

voices in my head saying concentrate
and sit back, the other part of me saying
you gotta get ya grip back:

and that's what's killing me, im feeling
like I fell off course,

im confined by the Law force
public enemy number one, they know me
where im from raised in the hood
but I hail from the slums:

It's hard in my life,
Feel my pain, I don't know if you gone
understand my aim.

but growing up in the slums you don't
know whether your predator or prey
It's hard in my life:

"Unsaid"

I prayed all night instead of going to sleep, fell victim to the street instead of spreading peace:

not a commodity,
knowing the outcome of the situation may follow me institutional conduct is like a rivalry:

robberies put me in this position to get a grip on reality and sharpen my vision, allah will when permitted, im a keep on living untill im at a feeble age and he weakens my vision

Its a cruel cold world but it keep on spinning my sister keep spitting babies and i keep on sending, me regards to the heart
though it tear me apart

nothing changes in the manger so we keep on sinning, pop's hostile attitude instilled firmness in me, i ain't wanna be like he was so i showed em whats in me, :

multiple rounds out the semi running threw the vacinity they was trying to gun me down but knocked the bricks off the chemini :

"listen"

this a petition,
 hostile I do live or die in displaying the
 truth in the rendition, I was still in the state
 of depression, when I refused to call it quits
 when I seen they tried to alter my religion
 and truly I'm professing that my
 path is the sunni,
 and every thing prescribed is hasan for the
 sunni,
 and I will give or take and even die
 by the sunni,
 may allah snatch my soul when I die
 in the state of the sunni.
 I refuse to be a product of the
 system,
 shackled down stripped naked
 with out permission, shackled down and
 stripped naked cause the intentions of the
 one in charge love to see a negro in submission,
 im driven to know the difference in reality and
 fiction, they expect a young one like me to
 stop living, when im giving a chance to show a
 path to a man which is
 testification and conditions
 Compliance,
 I prayed all night insted of going
 to sleep:
