

A
SPOKEN WORD
COMPILATION
FROM BEHIND
THE WALL...

COMPILED BY: DE LYRICIST 2014 ©

consist of various artist on different topics

Some women just don't understand me. So although they might actually like what they see, they don't know how to take me. And this not only frustrates them, it frustrates me because, in a way, it seems like my personal experiences in life have limited me socially whereas, only a few can comprehend the magnitude of what I've been through.

And it's deep cause, at times like these I wish I had someone to kick it to. A woman to bust it up with. But it's like whenever I do come across a woman who's willing to write me, my letters are too intellectually complex and or intense for them. It's like they're looking for that commercial conversation, that radio friendly conversation and being that I ain't that kind of dude, it ultimately turns women off or scares them away. And it's crazy cause all I want is someone to vibe with.

I guess all most women expect is casual conversation that ain't really about nothing. But my life is far from casual. And this predicament of imprisonment that I'm in is far from casual. And my struggle behind these walls is far from casual. And I don't know how to simply just talk about something that ain't about nothing. I mean, it seems like men such as myself who talk about real things and express real feelings must make casual minded women feel something type inadequate and nondescript. But that ain't even my intention. That's just the way it is.

I mean, it's just awkward trying to connect with someone who's never been where you've been. Locked in a cell for twenty - three hours a day. Facing the same walls and the same bars day in and day out.

Struggling with doubts.

I mean, most women don't understand this, they have no idea what it's like. And so they can't really understand your hunger cause they ain't never really known hunger before. And never really had to rumble or fight to survive mentally, spiritually or even physically. And never had a pair of handcuffs or shackles on them. So essentially this is what separates me from them. And what divides our lives. And what sets the boundaries between us.

You might be looking for love, she might be looking for lust. And instead of a caress, she might just be suffice with a touch. It's like time has raped you and defiled you on your superficial social views and beliefs which illustrate the mind set of your so-called peers in the street. Nowadays, it's acceptable for a husband or a wife to commit adultery or cheat. It's like a common occurrence, so much so that if you ain't

practicing infidelity you ain't like everyone else. You're different. You're odd. For cheating is actually considered normal, as if morals have no actual importance anymore, as if values are value-less, so on and so forth.

Women say they want a good man. But yet they stray to guys who've got that bad guy reputation like myself. It's like they seek the exact opposite of what they speak and of what they claim they want, disregarding the man with good intentions and honest ambitions and who has his priorities in order. It's like most women nowadays yearn for excitement on the low. They don't wanna take things slow. They want fire and desire. And that man who makes them shiver, quiver and tremble uncontrollably until they explode.

It took me years to grow.

[And I became the man who I am while in prison. Enduring the emotional friction of insecurities to suffering from self doubts, to growing and maturing and recognizing the importance of being confident and self-assured and having a good sense of self-esteem. And simply just being attuned to understanding exactly who I am and to knowing exactly what I seek.] When I meet a woman now, I seek her as a human being with real feelings just like me. Instead of as an object of sexuality. And nowadays I yearn and crave and ache and long for the connection and the intimacy of simply just experiencing a woman's existence as we share each other's presence. Appreciating just talking to her. Enjoying just walking with her. Exulting in who she is and what she is and most of all, what she's about.]

Of course, I ain't gonna hold you. It was hard at first cause I was so caught up in the matrix of my old way of thought that I almost found it impossible to revert to thinking outside the confines of the box.

[But now, I ain't focused on lust so much as I once was. I'm focused on finding a good woman to love. And of course on simply just being a man. A responsible man. An honest man. A real man. A supportive man. An encouraging and mature man.]

And moreless, if a woman isn't ready or isn't interested, then so be it, I'm gonna keep it moving. Cause basically, I can do bad by myself. I don't need the baggage of someone else to hinder or stagnate my process.

A real woman knows she's worthy. And like minds seek and find one another. A real woman can spot a worthy man from a mile away. For it's in the eyes. And in the actions. And in the things that one says. And we ain't got time for the games that so many people play...

by
UNKNOWN

"The Blood Diamond of Belief"

You have absolutely no idea how much I wish I could look deep into the soul of your beautiful eyes and speak to you face to face. I mean, if only I could have you in my presence right now as you read this, perhaps I could prove to you how anxious I am for a sincere woman to talk to, confide in and share my innermost thoughts and feelings with. Perhaps I could show you that although I am in prison, I have a good heart, genuine ambitions and honest intentions of becoming a better man than I am. I mean, if only I could hold your hand in mine as I talk to you and tell you what's on my mind, maybe you would come to the understanding that you can't possibly go wrong with me. My heart is where it's supposed to be.

I mean, please forgive me if I seem a little bit thirsty. But, like, I feel as though I was destined from birth to be hungry by nature. [So I don't ascribe to simply just sitting back and watching life pass me by.] And therefore I refuse to surrender to loneliness and or submit to the cowardice of hopelessness, for in my heart I know that I can cope with this. I mean, like, can't you notice that aspiration is the ember of my fortitude and perseverance, smoldering within the bedroom of my dark brown eyes? I mean, like, [how can you possibly question my deepest desire to change the ill-fated direction of my life?] I mean, like, how can you possibly fault me for my determination to escape the villifying indignities, the disgraceful iniquities and or the discouraging injustices of 'strife'?

I mean, really though, what's wrong with me wanting a woman's companionship, especially after all these years of enduring the hardships of imprisonment, the mental and spiritual brutality, not to mention the social element of abandonment? I mean, like, perhaps the fact that I am essentially a stranger to you is hope of us sharing a more promising tomorrow. [I mean, because, neither of us really know each other that well. In fact, as it stands, you know more about me than I do about you. I mean, it seems like this letter in itself is evidence of my willingness to open up to you, bearing the hood of my heart and soul to you.]

I mean, like, I wish that I could express this missive to you in person so you could feel the penitentiary steel where I'm coming from. [I mean, like, it's one thing to read a letter and imagine it's meaning. While it's another thing to fathom the essence of what you're hearing, observing the traits of integrity through the intellectual values of a convicted man's morals and principles.] I mean, it's like few women are truly going to understand the language being spoken here. Just as few women are actually going to remain true to what they say and do. Needless to say, I believe one of those rare few women is you. The kind of woman who's the heart of a jewel.

I mean, like, would it be considered offensive to you if I express the fact I wish you were here with me at this specific moment in time sitting on my lap in this cinder block cell where I dwell, exiled within the uncaring and unforgiving confines of this hopelessly blind emotional hell? Wishing I could divulge the magnitude of my predicament with you. I mean, like, really though, [I just want to know that I haven't been forgotten, and that there is still someone special out there in society thinking about me praying for me. While at other times I simply seek the consolation of someone who I consider a friend; wanting to endeavor the warmth of a women's embrace. Anxious to experience

the intimacy of tracing the contours of her unforgettably gorgeous face. Silently acknowledging her lonesome grace, hoping to impress upon her the fact that although I've led a selfishly inconsiderate life, it is her who I worship, who I glorify and appreciate.

I mean, like, but then I guess it's really up to you whether you believe that I'm true and whether or not you believe that I'll continue to appreciate and respect you. I mean, because, no one likes to get hurt and or taken for a fool. But then, like, what have I got to gain from playing games or from lying, deceiving, purposely misleading or cheating on you? Perhaps this isn't what you're looking for? Maybe I'm mistaken about you? Perhaps I'm looking for something I want but which aint there? These possibilities exist, but then, so don't others. Some women want to be mistreated and taken advantage of. And some women simply expect to be because that's all they know and all they've been shown. But see you're a human being with real feelings just like me, so I don't perceive you as an object that I own. For oppression isn't something I could ever condone.

I mean, like, it seems like, I can visualize you in my mind as I sit here in my cell and write through out the night, describing to you the travesty of my plight. And as I stare at the wall, my thoughts and feelings are raw, written like scars on the bars; incarceration is deep. It's philosophy is unique. Oppressing the minds of men. Convicting the lives of those who choose to speak. Persecuting you for the truth. But love is a jewel of the struggle, the blood diamond of belief...

by UNKNOWN

"INDIGNITY"

It's difficult to endure the dehumanizing indignities of the penitentiary. It's like time itself weighs on your mind like drugs on a digital scale. Especially when your own wife don't even write and you ain't even receiving any mail. I mean, it's like the plight of my situation of incarceration retards the way I look at life, having to adopt to an environment wrought with raw animosity that's systematically designed to breed hostility and strife, perpetuating a relentless cycle of disdain. Surrounded by a multitude of anti-social personalities which subconsciously succumb to the stimata of the game, thinking it's thorough to propagate larceny when in truth, it's like we're a dying breed of humanity teetering on the edge of going insane. Treated like animals by a race of repugnant people who've been inbred with the beliefs of savages. Racists who stand by discrimination as if it were the constitutional foundation of the Amerikkkan flag. I mean, how can one call themselves a man and yet, subject another male to the disgusting behaviors of a stone cold fag? Staring at his genitals, capping it up as a search. Why would any self-respecting man submit himself to that kind of work? Knowingly accepting the fact that the system demeans us and degrades us through such humiliating instances because its indoctrinators believe its the only way that works. Attempting to break us by capping us of our individual identities, which essentially creates an ever bigger problem seeing as how those who support the criminal justice system's establishment consider us niggers as the problem. While, with all due respect we believe the exact opposite, it's been said that the majority rules, but yet we surrender ourselves to modern day slavery as if we were nothing but a race of ignorant fools. Adorning ourselves with chains, when four hundred years ago they were implemented as a means of imprisoning and containing the so-called untamed individuals of our ancestry. And here it is, four centuries later, after all these years of Jim Crow indoctrination, we embrace the very same tools implemented by slave master's to induce us into a mind state of psychological incarceration. Thinking the western culture is cool. Thinking we're privileged because we've been accepted to study at a white man's school, where we're taught and trained by racist bigots to disassociate ourselves from our history, and our heritage. For, in their eyes we're supposed to stay in our place. But in truth, their education itself is nothing more than a slap in the face,

meanwhile we condone such an indomitable disgrace by doing what
were doing. Because it's all we know how to do.

INDIGNITY

by UNKNOWN

"Five Day Prison Saga"

Day One!

Unconceivable fate,
unbearable headaches,
heartaches feels like acid rain,
eating away at my skull,
making it's way to my brain,
changing my outlook on life,
from here on out,
nothing is the same,
my eyes hurt so much,
my vision is blurred,
tears wont form,
and I can't say a word,
stuck in my standing,
the vultures pass me by,
each one moving slow,
with envy in it's eyes,
there's no doubt about it,
I must snap out of it,
I have to pull through,
this is only day one,
I have to make it to day two

The saga continues...

Steve

"Five Day Prison Saga"

Day Two!

Early in the morning,
before the dew hit's the ground,
eyes creepin, tryin to establish ground,
clowns stay sleep,
afraid to face danger,
but to danger,
I'm no stranger,
so I open my eyes, and rise to my feet,
whatever lies ahead,
I'm ready to meet,
a colossal of underground lies,
perpetuated by someone to keep you blind,
but I don't listen,
because I love my mind,
the battle is huge,
but I wont indulge,
it's the war I wanna win,
but this is only day two,
so of course,
I got some work to do!

The saga continues....

Steve

"Five Day Prison Saga"

Day Three!

I observe everything around me,
watch everyone around me,
I only go to the yard,
because that's where the clowns be,
playin basketball,
playin football,
even nittin a little ball,
all while confined,
in the JAWS of a huge wall,
bein eaten everyday,
the prey lay and wait,
and all they wanna do is play,
I observe their actions,
learn from their mistakes,
so when the time comes,
I'll be ready,
I hang with five militants,
and we sharpen our tools everyday,
we read books from back in the day,
molding our minds like clay,
we don't play!

The saga continues...

Steve The Simple
Poet...

"Five Day Prison Saga"

Day Four!

Our infrastructure supports each other,
we hate no-one,
but trust no-one
have no-one,
but fraternize with some,
information is key,
Loyalty is keen,
we have one objective,
and that's to learn and leave,
a closed mind can't see the prize,
and closed eyes will always be surprised,
so I open my ears to the grawls,
sharpen my tongue,
for those who lie,
Lift the weights of destruction,
for I will not be made weak,
I came in here with two feet,
and that's exactly how I'll leave!

The saga continues...

Steve the
Simple Poet

"Five Day Prison Saga"

CONCLUSION

Lurking in corners,
from every position,
the dead isn't missing,
they workin in the kitchen,
cookin up a stew,
to get rid of the few,
militant souljans,
who won't be told what to do,
paper wars is suppose to shake me,
twenty three and one is suppose to break me,
but I'm strong,
I was built to last,
ya feeble tactics only make me laugh,
so cook it up,
I'll drink it-eat it-swallow it-and enjoy it,
me and my comrades can't be broken,
from the door they scooped me,
showed me-then taught me the game,
survival is a must,
so I stay away from lames,
Greebo taught me to hustle,
Mac enhanced my tussle,
R provided the steal,
Sinbad provided the books,
that taught me never to kneel,
always stand,
it gave me a better understanding of me,
and my cousin Tawfiq, helped with the poetry,
this is for the five militant souljans who know me,
I LOVE YALL!

The saga continues...
The Simple Poet, Steve

"Five Day Prison Saga"

Day Five!

I'm in the yard,
building with the Gods,
and we all got that look,
in our eyes,
it comes from being buried,

ALIVE!

For so many years,
heartaches, blood, and tears,
but we show and prove,
and continue to school,
because wise men,
don't hang with fools,
and we use our tongues as tools,
to build strong minds,
and to open the eyes of the blind,
so we utilize this time,
and our thoughts we combine,
and move as a cadre,
in search for,
physical, spiritual, and mental liberty,
it's a hard task,
living around hostility,
so I can draw,
the power from within me,
and tomorrow start another day,
of this never ending cycle,
which makes it Deja Vu --

The saga continues!!!

TANK 19

"Three Day Prison Saga"

Day Five!

Another day alive,
this may be the day I ryde,
I sit back and get my thoughts together,
and turn on CNN to check the weather,
and as I leave my cell I'm ready for whatever!
I hit the yard and go at the weights hard,
with a look saying Fuck you guards,
as they watch me curl- surrounded by men,
who wish they were girls.
Same shit different day, and a sucker always,
got something tuff to say, like this a theater and
he's starring in a play.
I take it back to my cell, looking to see,
if I got mail, sit on my bed and dwell,
about being free and my family!
Next, I exercise my brain and read, then I
remembered to check on my
cousin Steve to see if he's at ease,
surrounded by murderers, rapist, molesters,
robbers, and petty thieves.
It's day 5,555 and I'm not feeling this vibe,
but I have to maintain in order to survive,
as I take it down for the night,
I look at tomorrows menu,
because the-saga,
continues...

"Three Day Prison Saga"

Day Six

I wake up on some other shit,
jump out the bed and piss,
angry I'm still here,
got me feeling like I don't care,
chasing a dream from last night,
when I was holding ,
Tiffany, real tight,
kissing and caressing her body,
and then woke up to nothing,
it felt like somebody robbed me!
It felt so real, I didn't know it was a dream,
I'm going through withdrawals,
like a dopefiend,
this is one of them days,
I want to be alone,
and later on I'll might jump on the phone,
to escape this depression, I submit a request,
to the psyche for a one on one session,
but he can keep the drugs,
all I need is a feminine hug!
Yea, thugs need love, this is nothing strange,
but living like this can make you deranged!

Four days plus two,
the saga continues....

"Three Day Prison Saga"

Day Seven!

I'm in the yard,
building with the Gods,
and we all got that look,
in our eyes,
it comes from being buried,

ALIVE!

For so many years,
heartaches, blood, and tears,
but we show and prove,
and continue to school,
because wise men,
don't hang with fools,
and we use our tongues as tools,
to build strong minds,
and to open the eyes of the blind,
so we utilize this time,
and our thoughts we combine,
and move as a cadre,
in search for,
physical, spiritual, and mental liberty,
it's a hard task,
living around hostility,
so I can draw,
the power from within me,
and tomorrow start another day,
of this never ending cycle,
which makes it Deja Vu --
The saga continues!!!

Tawfiq

"REALITY"

TO BECOME ONE WITH YOURSELF,
MEANS TO IDENTIFY WITH EVERYTHING WITHIN YOU,
TRY TO MAKE SENSE OF IT,
BECOME ONE WITH IT.
KNOW WHERE YOU'VE BEEN,
PICTURE WHERE YOU'RE AT,
AND SEE WHERE YOU'RE GOING.
BUT WHERE DO YOU BEGIN?
WHAT MAP DO YOU FOLLOW?
AND IF ALL YOU KNOW IS PAIN;
HOW DO YOU BECOME ONE WITH PAIN?
AND WHY SHOULD YOU?
BEING AN EMOTIONAL BEING WHO'S LIFE STARTS WITH A "P" AND ENDS
WITH AN "N"
ALL I KNOW IS PAIN.
I MEAN;
MY INSIDES HAVE DISINTEGRATED INTO TINY ASHES OF BLACK STAR DUST,
WHICH CAUSES MY EVERY SNEEZE TO EXPLODE
INTO VAGUE SHADOWS OF MY OWN PHYSICAL BEING.
LIGHTENING BOLT TEARS TATTOO MY FACE.
LIKE A SLAVE WHO HAS BEEN WHIPPED ALL NIGHT AND FORCED TO PICK
COTTON IN THE MORNING,
I CARRY THE BURDENS OF KNOWING WHERE I'VE BEEN ON MY SHOULDERS.
I'M ONLY 5'6"', 165 POUNDS
SO TRUST ME!
THAT'S TOO MUCH WEIGHT FOR ME TO CARRY.
I LIVED A LIFE TOO DEEP FOR A BOOK,
TOO SAD FOR A POEM
AND DOWN RIGHT WRONG!
FOR ANYONE TO HAVE TO EXPERIENCE.
SHIT!
I CAN'T EVEN PICTURE SUNNY DAYS WITHOUT FAKING A SMILE,
BECAUSE DEEP DOWN INSIDE,
I KNOW THAT SUN AINT SHINNING FOR ME.
LIKE A TWISTED TORNADO UPLIFTING A TREE FROM IT'S ROOTS SPINNING
IT AROUND, AND AROUND, AND AROUND,
AND THEN DROPPING IT, CAUSING IT'S LIMBS TO SCATTER AND BECOME
NOTHING MORE THAN DEBRIS.
SO LIES MY INSIDES, THAT TWISTER
THAT VERY SAME TORNADO HAS ATTACKED MY INSIDES
CAUSING ME TO VOMIT PAIN

AND GURGLE ON THE CONSTANT FLOW OF UN CRIED TEARS.
LEAVING INSTABILITY TO CARRY ME THROUGH DARKENED ROADS PAVED WITH
MANY PERSONALITIES.
PERSONALITIES!
THAT SEEM TO TAUNT AND TEASE ME BECAUSE OF THE SKELETONS I'M
FORCED TO HIDE.
THIS IS ME!
EVERYTHING THAT CAUSES A PERSON TO CRY MAKES UP MY ANATOMY,
MAKES ME WHO I AM.
AND FOR SOME,
IT GETS EASIER AS YOU GO ALONG,
BUT FOR ME!
IT JUST GETS HARDER...

THE SIMPLE POET
STEVE!!!

The Simple Poet

Steve

Give Me Free

heartache, hard time, trouble, and misery
give me free
you held me captive for years
you bought me to tears
I know you don't care
but PLEASE!

"give me free"

Your heartache equals emotions
your emotions equals hard time
your hard time equals trouble
your trouble equals misery
and your misery equals me
what did I do to desire your company

"give me free"

I'm a souljah
and in me
lies the ability
to fight any fight
conquer any war
but I must admit defeat
you have made me weak
you have taken my feat
you have brought me to my knees
so please

"give me free"

the war is no more
so what you regain for
I know you want my life
but that you can't take
you have taken everything else
my reason to reason
I resorted to pleadin
so please

"Give Me Free"

The Simple Poet

Steve

"A REALLY GOOD DUDE"

I STOOD AT A GATE WITH MY FINGER TIPS CLINGING ON TO THE INSIDE OF IT,
WHILE A ROW OF BLACK CARS SLOWLY DROVE BY.
EIGHT IN ALL.
THERE'S NO DOUBT THAT SOMEONE DIED OR GOT MURDERED,
BECAUSE THE LEAD CAR DISPLAYED AN OPEN CASKET.
I WANTED TO GET A CLOSER LOOK BECAUSE I KNEW THAT IT HAD TO BE A CELEBRITY.
I MEAN; WHY ELSE WOULD THERE BE AN OPEN CASKET FOR ALL TO SEE.
I REMEMBER THAT HAPPENING TO THE LATE GREAT NOTORIOUS B.I.G.
WANTING TO GET A CLOSER LOOK, I SCALED THIS GRAY GATE AND SOME HOW MANAGED TO GET OVER THE TOP OF IT.
AS SOON AS MY FEET HIT THE GROUND, I SAW TWO OFFICERS RUNNING AFTER ME YELLING STOP, STOP.
DETERMINED TO SEE WHO WAS IN THE CASKET,
I TOOK OFF RUNNING.
I MANAGED TO CATCH UP TO THE LEAD CAR, SO I JUMPED INFRONT OF IT AND HELD MY ARMS OUT FOR IT TO STOP, AND AS SOON AS IT DID, I JUMPED ON THE HOOD AND LOOKED INSIDE OF THE CASKET.
WHAT I SAW MADE MY HEART DROP,
IT WAS A FRIEND OF MINE.
PAUSING FOR A BRIEF SECOND, I LET REALITY KICK IN.

"THIS WAS A REALLY GOOD DUDE"

I JUST SHOOK MY HEAD AND SAID TO MYSELF,
I TOLD YOU IT WASN'T GOOD TO CROSS EVERYBODY.
AS I JUMPED DOWN, THE TWO OFFICERS THAT HAD BEEN CHASING ME CAUGHT UP TO ME.
WITH MASE CANS IN HAND, THEY ORDERED ME TO GET ON THE GROUND.
AFTER CUFFING ME, THEY PROCEEDED TO WALK ME THROUGH THIS BIG BLUE DOOR.
AS I WALKED INSIDE, I REALIZED THAT I WAS WALKING THROUGH A PRISON BLOCK.
SOME WHAT CONFUSED, I CONTINUED TO WALK.
THAT IS;
UNTIL I CAME UPON THIS ONE CELL THAT WAS YELLING ALL KINDS OF ABSENITIES AT ME,
IT WAS THERE THAT I LOOKED ON IN SHOCK.
IT WAS THE SAME DUDE I SAW IN THE CASKET.
THAT'S WHEN I REALIZED THAT HE WASN'T DEAD
IT WAS THE ANGER IN ME THAT WANTED HIM DEAD, BECAUSE HE WAS A REALLY GOOD DUDE, BUT HE CROSSED ME. . . .

"I WISH"

WHEN I WAS YOUNG I CRIED,
ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS IS MY TWO FRONT TEETH,
BUT!
I'M NOT YOUNG ANYMORE,
I'M GROWN, NO MORE BEING IMMATURE,
NO MORE WISHIN'
BUT!
I'VE DONE A WHOLE LOT OF LYIN'
AND A WHOLE LOT OF CRYIN'.
BECAUSE!
DEEP DOWN INSIDE,
I GOT A WHOLE LOT OF WISHES.
LIKE!
DOIN' ME, BEIN' FREE,
AND NOT JUST PHYSICALLY, BUT EMOTIONALLY.
BREAKING THE CHAINS THAT ENSLAVE ME,
EMBRACIN' MY LOVED ONES AS THEY CRAVE FOR ME.
SEE!
I HAVE A HOLE IN MY HEART THE SIZE OF THE EQUATOR,
IT CAUSES ME TO SLIP AND FALL MAKING MY APPEARANCE APPEAR TO BE
ONE THAT HATES,
WHEN IN ALL ACTUALITY,
IT'S HARD TO ESCAPE MY SELF MADE EARTHQUAKE.
I'VE ROCKED WORLDS IN A VERTICAL BRAY,
SHOOK TOWNS IN A HORIZONTAL WAY,
AND WHEN IT WAS ALL SAID AND DONE,
I LEFT A TRAIL OF LITTLE ONES.
MY LITTLE GIRLS, AND MY LITTLE BOYS.
THE ONES WHO MAKE ME, ME
THE REAL ME.
THEY'RE THE REASON I WISH,
I COULD GO BACK 20 YEARS
AND RE DO MY WISH LIST.
FOR I WOULD WISH TO BE A MAN INSTEAD OF A THUG
BECAUSE!
INSTEAD OF MISSIN' MY SEEDS,
I WOULD BE WITH THEM..

THE SIMPLE POET
STEVE!!!

"CAN YOU?"

THE POUNDING OF MY HEART BEATS OUTSIDE OF MY SHIRT,
SO INTENSE AT TIMES,
THAT I CAN FEEL IT IN MY THROAT.
IT CUT'S OFF MY AIR WAVES,
CAUSING ME TO SHAKE, PANIC, AND DRIP SWEATS OF THIRST.
SO I PRAY TO GOD,
PLEASE!
TAKE AWAY MY HURT.
THOUGHTS OF REVENGE PLAQUE MY MIND LIKE MY FAVORITE COMEDY,
ONLY THING;
I WISH HARM ON EVERYBODY.
BUT DEEP DOWN INSIDE, I KNOW IT AINT RIGHT,
SO LORD AGAIN,
PLEASE!!
RESTORE MY SIGHT.
TAKE ME BACK, TO BEFORE I GOT LOST,
TO A TIME WHEN I PROCLAIMED YOU,
NO MATTER THE COST.
THE TEARS I CRY, MAY NOT SHOW ON THE OUTSIDE,
THAT'S BECAUSE IT'S SLOWLY KILLING EVERYTHING,
ON THE INSIDE.
SOME PEOPLE SAY,
THAT THEY CAN FEEL MY PAIN,
SOME EVEN TRY TO CONSOLE ME,
BUT THEIR MOTIVES IS PLAIN,
I SEE STRAIGHT THREW,
THEIR LIES, DECEIT, AND CHILDISH GAMES.
ONLY BECAUSE I WAS THEM,
AT THE AGE OF 13.
BUT I'M GROWN NOW,
I ACCOMPLISHED EVERYTHING EXCEPT BUILDING MY OWN COFFIN.
I MURDERED, STOLE, AND SOLD DRUGS,
ALL IN THE NAME THE PROCLAIMED CITY,
OF BROTHERLY LOVE.
I BITE MY LIP,
WHEN I'M AT THE POINT OF NO RETURN,
I GET QUIET AS A CHURCH MOUSE,
WHEN IT IS I, WHO IS TOO STERN.
OUT OF A MILLION PEOPLE IN THE WORLD,
THERE IS NONE LIKE ME,
MY DNA PROVES,

THAT I AM JUST ME.
SO YOU SAY YOU KNOW ME,
CAN YOU FEEL MY PAIN?
WELL IF THAT WERE TRUE,
YOU WOULD HAVE MY FIRST AND LAST NAME...

THE SIMPLE POET
STEVE!!!

"MY WOMAN AND I"

I LAY IN MY BED WITH MY WOMAN,
HUGGING AND KISSING UNDERNEATH THE DARK SKIES.
I LAY ON MY BACK AS HALF HER BODY LAY DORMANT ON MY RIGHT ARM.
AS I CREASE THE LOWER PART OF HER BACK,
I CAN FEEL HER HEART BEATING SO CLOSE TO MINE.
IT FEELS LIKE A SLOW SONG PLAYING THE TUNES THAT EVERY MAN AND
WOMAN LOVES TO HEAR.

A LITTLE OF MARVIN GAYS; SEXUAL HEALING
OR SOME OF TINA MARIES; PORTUGUESE LOVE
MAYBE EVEN SOME OF SADA'S; THE SWEETEST TABOO.
HER KISSES FEEL LIKE A SOFTLY MELTED HERSY KISS, WITH A HINT
OF MARSH MELLOW STRAIGHT FROM OFF OF THE FIREWOOD WE HAVE
ROASTING JUST BENEATH THE CHIMNEY IN OUR BEDROOM.

SO SOFT AND TENDER,

MY WOMAN AND I.

THOUGH WE HAVE TWO BODIES,

I FEEL LIKE WE ARE ONE.

SHE COMPLETES ME IN SOOOO MANY WAYS.

I CLOSE MY EYES AND I SEE HER FUTURE ON THE INSIDE OF MY EYE LID'S,
PLAYING HER LOVELINESS ON THE SCREENS OF MY THEATER,
LEAVING ME WITH A SMILE THAT ONLY GOD CAN UNDERSTAND.

AS SHE KISSES ME I WANT SO BADLY TO CRY,

SHE FEELS SO GOOD THAT MY HEART IS SADDENED BY THE FACT THAT SHE
IS ONLY IN MY DREAMS,

AND I KNOW THAT IF I OPEN MY EYES SHE WON'T BE THERE ANY MORE.

SO I TRY MY BEST TO STAY SLEEP AND PRAY THAT WHEN I AWAKEN,

SHE WILL BE REAL,

WE WILL BE REAL,

MY WOMAN AND I....

THE SIMPLE POET

STEVE!!!!!!

I'M GETTING GOOD RIGHT!!!

Average is enough

When father and son day
Means mom has to take off work
To impersonate dad
Average is enough
When fatherless screams
Scare children out of there
Sleep into the arms of masculine security
Average is enough
When your daughter confuses
Black eyes and bruises
With displays of affection
Average is enough
When owning a home
Teaches your children the value
Of work and budget finance
Average is enough
When hard hands stimulate
Soft skin with the care
Of 9 to 5 affection
Average is enough
When success turns your partners
Ambition into false praise
And tender traps
Average is enough
When two years in the spotlight
Means ten years in the bing
With a legacy of outdated pictures
Average is enough
When commissaries and cemeteries
Are the only places where daddy
Pays respect to his friends
Average is enough
When you come home
After 10 years in a prison cell
And still prefer having sex
With yourself
Average is enough
When the only man that you can trust
Is the one whose loyalty
Don't require anything extra
Average is enough
When disaster unclouds our perception
With critical truths
We realize that average is a
Battle tested humility
Where-in mastery over artificial appetites
And egotistical illuminations
Displays the prowess of self control
In the man whose family embedded autonomy
Makes him exceptionally complete.

By Ron Forrest © 2/12/04

Where is the love

*Where is the love
What's the significance of kisses
When it's push and shove
Where temperatures freeze
And affection can't reach
Who you aim to please
Because sacrifice
Is the definition of love
When trial names price
I mean we enjoy the thrill
But when the pressure is on
We want to duck the bill
Then dream in reverse
Substitute the partner's
To relive the first
The dream is safe
But you hold our dream hostage
When you lose your faith
Cause you rank your man
In the trenches
He don't need a Chick
To hold his hand
If the love is true
You can hold another hand
And be a soldier too
Don't forget what's real
Get confused
And cross-addicted
For what you use to feel
I felt that too
But substitutions ain't the way
For me to keep it true
Not true to the past
True to a commitment
That I intend to last
But you chase a thirst*

*Bail on your man
Like the pain's a curse
The pain's a test
A challenge can either break you
Or bring out your best
Show you your heart
Teach you how to finish a task
From finish to start
Be devoted
If that ain't a word you know
Then you need to quote it
It's what all losers' lack
To get it
You have to give back
Not when it's best for you
But when it's needed
To show your man that the
Lovin's true.*

By Ron Forrest

Tough From Tender

*The hungry kid
Who does a bid
For a choice comprised if need
Must avoid the death
Of masculine theft
On the grounds where vultures feed
Trade the love
For the push and shove
On a code where feelings die
Conspire with years
To deprive you of tears
Just memories left to cry
In these places
Callous faces
Appear as cold as steal
And men play parts
To cover hearts
That's not suppose to feel
Killa Thug
Ice Grill Mug
All parts ascribed by pain
Then glorified
Cause the Mortified
Exaggerates the stain
You'll see no trace
Of the boys whose face
Was not afraid to care
Instead you'll see
A reflection of me
And the mask the vultures wear
The soul you sell
To thrive in hell
Distorts your noble plans
And gives the state
The course and fate
No longer in your hands
But meanwhile
You face the trial
To keep your hope alive
Left to rot
All you got
Is an instinct to survive
And a prisoner's hope
Is a form of dope
That projects a life ahead*

*And so it seems
That in his dreams
He'll never leave here dead
To see a hearst
Means he put you first
When his freedom was at stake
And I'll tell you this
He'll never kiss
His own cheek at his wake
Shrewd indeed
So don't you dare feed
Into them hugs out on the yard
It's not a lie
But the heart can die
When you got to keep it hard
If you can't feel
Then nothings real
In the kindness that you share
But whose keeping score
If it's love and War
And the outcome makes it fair
But this all goes wrong
When the tough ain't strong
And they die within their shell
And their hard ass face
Represents the place
Where their morals rot and fell
Frowning at air
Who else can you scare
When it's you that's try'na hide
Flexing around
A burial ground
With pretensions wrapped in pride**

By R. Forrest
11/03

"A WOMAN'S WORTH"

I understand your true place and your value, so I respect you to the fullest, while some men never understand the value of a good woman or it may be they do and behind the fact that they can't hold firm to there part, they try to beat you down physically and try to kill your self esteem, behind the fact that he can't hold firm to his part of the deal, he can't hold you up in your rightful place.

He lacks the power, you see you are a BLACK DIAMOND! at the size of a basketball, nobody can ever place a price on you, or even try to measure your worth. I know your given place and will always give you your rights and respect your value as a strong woman, the pure source of life, the true meaning of all men joy!

You are strong, firm in all your convictions, your always holding your head high, I now understand, why men try to beat women down physically and mentally, other than holding you up he holds you down by your shoulders, behind the fact he can't get pass the fact that your given place is always above your man, some men aim is to take you out of your given place, because he can't hold you up in your rightful place! Your to heavy for him, too much of a woman, he's soft, your given place is always above your man, he should hold you over his head with your feet in his hands for all to see, for she's my wife, my mother, my life, my queen!

Yes, look how beautiful she is, while weak men lacks the much needed support to hold you in your given place, so he tries to put you under him so he can be seen first when in fact a man doesn't have to be saw with one eyes to be saw, because a women is always a fine reflection of her man, standing with him, for him on the foundation he has made for her and only you!

I love and respect your worth and I'll never disrespect your mind, body, or soul. I'll always give you, your rights and hold you high in the air so it's known your royalty!!!

by Beyah Love of Life

Digable Planets

I was enjoying the spoken words and the scenery, from a distance I notice this women trying to flirt with me, so I walked up on her, she said Hi, my name is **Mercury**, I looked her up and down to check out her figure, if I was a gun she would have pulled my trigger. She was thick around the bottom and small up top, with a pretty round face the sisita was hot! So we started to talk she got carried away and wouldn't stop, she asked me a million questions as if she was the cops. I took control of the conversation when I ran out of patience, so I asked her what is your occupation? She said a stripper slash waitress. I looked in her eyes as if I was suprised, the whole time I was playing for the prize. So I asked do you have a Man? She said NO and don't think because of where I work at I'm some kind of hoe. I said don't jump to conclusions it'll only cause confusion, she calmed down as if my words were soothing. I asked her did she have children she said yea, a son, so on your spear time what do you do she said I like to have fun. I dug in my pocket and pulled out a stick of spearmint gum and put it in my mouth as I scanned the room. So I said what part of town are you from? She said Roxborough, "O", Yea, you are a good girl, yea, when I want to be, I said now I know why you was trying to flirt with me, she said call it what you want but don't get crazy, I said girl you something else you never seem to amaze me, all I want to do is make you my baby, she said I'm not an infant I'm a Lady! You know what you are full of game, we've been talking all this time and I don't even know your name, I said just call me slim, she said I can tell because you are tall and trim, I just looked and gave her a grin. Then I asked her was she down for a night of sin she said boy I just met you we aint even friends, I told you before that I'm not a hoe, matter of fact you have a nice night, I have to go.

I was a little upset about the way she spinned off but I noticed this chocolate sexy thing holding up the wall. She was an amazon on the scale of one to ten she was a dime, she had a nice firm chest and an apple bottom behind, I approached and asked how are you doing, she said fine, my name is Tawfiq, and to be in your presence is a treat, she blushed and smile and said you are so sweet, she asked now tall are you six feet, I said yea, six feet and three inches before I could say something else she cut off my sentence. I said dam can I talk, she said yea, but right now I want you to listen, I'm from New York over by Hells Kitchen, I come over here to Philly because I like the spoken word scenery and every now and then I smoke a little greenery. I said it's nothing wrong with getting your eyes all red all I was thinking about was getting her in my bed. She asked where do reside? I said Seven Street North Side, she asked is that close to Lehigh, because I have a cousin that lives west 1225, I said that's about five blocks up, she said well it's getting late can you walk me my truck? I said it's still early, she said I was waiting on my cousin but she never showed, I have to hit the freeway because the forecast predicted snow, yea, I wouldn't want you to get caught out in the cold, I wish you could stay she said I'll love to but I have to go, so I grabbed her hand and we headed for the door I looked at my watch it was only 9:44, I said we have to get togetner again it's a must, she said here's my phone number and my name is **Venus**. I said that's crazy all that time I forgot to ask you your name, your beauty over took me and paralyzed my brain. You have a safe trip before she responded I placed my hands on her hips and when she looked in my eyes I gave her a wet kiss. As I walked away she yelled Tawfeeq, I want to

see you some time next week, I blew her a kiss and gave her a wink.

As I reentered the club from behind I felt a nudge, when I turned around I was greeted with a hug, I couldn't recognize the face but I accepted the love, after we embraced, I started staring at her face, she looked familiar so I said tell me something I can remember, she said we went to Junior High and you use to be quiet and shy, I knew that was the truth and far from a lie, she was cute, fresh, and preferred older guys, I said dam time do fly, she said they used to call you Kurt, I said yea, if I'm not mistaken they call you Earth, she said, I remember the way you use to flirt, I said matter of fact you look good in that skirt she said Thank You, what have you been up to? I said after all these years I'm just glad to be here. What brings you out to a place like this? I'm into poetry, it's my second hobby. How long have you been writing? She said every since I became enlighten. Well I write too, I'm fresh at it just open to something new. She asked how many years you been writing, I said one and a half almost two, by looking at you, I'm going to write one and call it Boo, she said I rather you call it Mother Earth, if that's the case let me spit this one I wrote called a Black Women's Worth, she said it was good and you still know how to flirt but I'm not the same little girl, I'm heavy in the church, my mother raised me a protestant ever since birth. I don't believe in religion, I use to be a muslim and a christian, but I did research and went back to the origin of men and learned the black man and women has no beginning nor ending. She asked what are you saying, I am not comprehending, you can't hear because your ears are clogged. I'm working with reality man is God. She said you are crazy I see you later goodbye, I said you are crazy, you are the one believing in a lie. She rolled her eyes and sucked her teeth out of respect I left her with peace!

So I went and took a seat, I was approached by a redbone with the prettiest feet, her toe nails was painted candy red but as soon as she spoke, I knew she was an airhead. She said if you by me a drink, I'll keep you company, what made you think I was lonely? She said because I see you sitting by yourself, how do you know I'm not here with somebody else? She said I was just trying to be friendly, I said to myself this chic is silly, but I'm going to find out what she want really. Well my name is Slink and do you still want that drink? She said a Hienekien with a lemon, I played this game before so I started grinnig. I said walk me to the bar, by the way what's your name she said Mars. Then I asked her age, she said 26, when I seen her from behind dam shorty was thick, her feet was small she wore a size six, sexy legs with a pair of Tina Thompson lips. We walked back to my table and set down, she gave me the vibe she is the type that gets around. I can tell Mars was impressed with jewelry, clothes, and cars, all she talked about was ghetto celebrities and hood movie stars. She yelled across the room and called this girl to my table, she had on a halter top with an earring in her nable, Mars whispered in her ear, the girl looked my way and steared, then she said that's what's up, nodding her head. She started telling Mars about some guy she met and how he made her horny and wet. Mars said not to cut you off this is my friend Slink, the girl said "O", Hi, Dynk, I said naw, it's Slink, she said my name is Jupiter, I said to myself between her and Mars I don't know who is stupider. What do you do? She said I work on computers, I have my own web site called www.skintight.com, once she said that I started picking her mind, I can tell she was a freak by the way she speak, come to find out her and mars was roommates and they

had no problem sharing their dates. So I threw out some bait and they bit it hook, line and sinker the next thing I know we was in my 740 Beamer, it was a little cold so I turned on the heater, GGG UNIT, blasted out of the speaker, tonight I had the magic stick and a few tricks up my sleeve, so I told Mars to reach in the glove box and pull out the trees, she said where's the Dutch, I said in that bag under the c.d.'s, she twisted it up then put in an old c.d by Franky Beverly and Mays, she lit up the haze and drifted in a daze. She passed the blunt to Jupiter, I was still debating who was cuter, I pulled up in my drive way and turned off the car, Jupiter said I didn't know you live so far. I entered the house through the garage, I looked at the clock it was 12:45, they were walking around my house like they was in a maze, I thought to myself it had to be the haze. I cut on the t.v and turned to H.B.O, Jupiter changed the channel and turned to a porno, we watched for a while then the girls got hot and wild, Mars got horny and took off her blouse from that point on I became aroused, her and Jupiter took off all their clothes and gave me a show, now it's time to get in so I laid on the floor, Mars sat on my face while Jupiter rotated her nips around my waist the whole time I thought I was in space, I felt the gravity as I laid Mars on her back and entered her cavity, she said stop move slow it feels like you are stabbing me, I said just hold on and she grabbed me. She was hollering so loud I told Jupiter to sit on her mouth, when I was ready to buss I pulled it out, I told Jupiter to get on all four as I pushed my way through her back door, she kept yelling stick it in some more I squeezed her breast while I hit it from the back she started pucking and making it clap. She said Slink, put it in my butt, I said I'm not into that, that's not what's up after a couple of more strokes I started to nut. It felt real late, I looked at the time it was 2:28 after all the night turned out to be great. Now it was time for the girls to motivate, I called them a cab and gave Mars the fee to pay the tab. As soon as they left I took a hot bath.

I was awoken later by the first ring of the phone, I started to let it ring as if I wasn't at home, so I let it ring twice my usual pattern, when I answered the phone it was my baby's Mother Saturn, so I asked her what's up with my son, she said he's bad, I said you know kids just like to have fun. Anyway what have you been up to, she said all lonely thinking about you, I said you are good at doing what you do later on I'm coming to see lil. Tawfiq, she said that's sounds good because Mommi need a treat. I said bye and hung up the horn, I got out of the bed stretched and yawned, I cleaned myself up, got dressed and headed for my truck. I turned on my system and let I'm a Hustla Bump. I jumped on I-95 and exited at Center City, as I waited on the light this Afrocentric sister pulled up in a black Infiniti she had long Dred Locks and her eyes was pretty I turned the radio down and shot from the hip when she started smiling I knew she bit, we was holding up traffic and everybody was staring at us, she gave me her number and her name was Uranus. I pulled off while the other motorist beeped and fussed.

I made a few runs as the day got late I stopped over Mom's house and grabbed me a plate. I decided to call Uranus, but something told me to wait but I called anyway why wait, when she answered the phone, I said what's good it's me Slink, she got quiet, like she had to think, then said I'm suprised you called me so soon, I said I couldn't help it you was on my mind all afternoon she said by the way do you know a girl name Neptune? I said yea, I use to holla at her why? She said I just wanted to see if you was going to lie, because that's my girl, I thought to

myself it's a small world. She said I have to meet somebody at the Pub off of 4th & South, if you want come on out! I said no doubt. I nugged and kissed my Mother and exited the house. Jumped in the truck and headed to the Pub as soon as I stepped in the place, people was showing me love, I was talking to a friend and spotted Uranus out the corner of my eye, she was talking to some short ugly husky guy, I got her attention she used that to dismiss him, she took me to the booth where her and somebody were positioned she said "O", my cousin went outside to get air, I have to use the ladies room you wait right here. Things didn't seem right, I had a funny feeling but I relaxed and started chilling. I heard somebody say Tawfiq and I turned my head it was Venus looking good as ever, she said what are you doing here I thought you was under the weather, I said I took some Night Quil capsules so I feel a little bit better. She said how did you know I was sitting here, I said I spotted you from way over there, I decided to wait here until you got back (I couldn't believe I'm getting caught in the act, I gotta spin off before Uranus get back) Next thing I noticed Uranus was walking to the booth, I started to be honest and tell Venus the truth, but no matter how I played it I was getting the boot. When Uranus approached I almost choked, I had no idea they were kinfolks. Uranus said I see yall met, as soon as she said that I felt something wet, it was Venus's drink all over my face, she looked in her purse talking about where is my mace, I said hold it, wait it's not even like that. Venus said this is Tawfiq, I was telling you about. Uranus said yea, like she was in doubt, he told me his name Slink, then splashed me with her drink, Uranus said I don't believe you tried to play us, Venus said forget that fool, that's when Uranus said I guess drinks was on you. I felt like a nut and I wanted to stunt at the same time. I wasn't going to put my hands on them, so why front I went to the restroom and got myself together. That's when a brother asked me was I alright, I just nodded my head and said I'm tight.

I was ready to go until I was approached by a girl name Pluto we exchanged a kiss and a hug she took my hand and we exited the Pub. We went down the street and got something to eat. Pluto said I seen your little episode, then chics was bold, I didn't respond she could see the hurt in my eyes, she changed the subject and asked me why I didn't keep in contact. I said you live to far, you know I wasn't making that trip in no car. On the flipside it's definitely good to see you at the same time my mind is somewhere else, she took a sip of her soda and belched, I said excuse you, she smiled, I said you are still wild, she said I don't change my style. We started reminiscing about the good old days then she said lets roll out and fice up some haze so we sat in my truck and puffed and talked about all kinds of stuff, we drove down Penns Landing, that's when my manhood started demanding, I was sizing Pluto up, but I checked myself, it's not all about a nut. I have to look pass the breast and the big butt, even though I feel like Luther Vandross, when he said "Never to much, Never to much, Never to much, I realized playing on women is not what's up.

da-lyricist

BRIDGES

WE ALL HAVE OUR BRIDGES
TO CROSS WHEN THINGS DON'T GO JUST RIGHT...
BUT IF YOU FOLLOW IT
TO THE END....
THINGS MIGHT COME OUT
ALL RIGHT....
EVER NOTICE
HOW A BRIDGE IS BUILT?
HOW TREMENDOUS IS THE SPAN???
SO STRONG IT SEEMS
LIKE WISHFUL DREAMS,
HAVE FAITH AND KNOW
YOU CAN....

DONNA

"PHANTOM DAYS"

My days are phantom days, each one the shadow of hope, my real life never ha^s begun nor any of my real deeds done.

THIS TEAR IS DEDICATED

This tear is dedicated to all those incarcerated, in searched of something sacred yet all they find is hatred... This tear is dedicated to all of the men who can't cry, even though they've seen so many loved ones die.. THis tear is dedicated to all of the youth born to neglect and abuse...This tear is dedicated to all the young lives gone in haste, hoping Gods grace has led them to a better place... This tear is dedicated to all the innocent born as victims, due to the inflictions of their parents addictions....This tear is dedicated.

UNTITLED

I'm wishing you the inner strength to see a brighter day... and the wisdom that will guide you every step along the way...and, in time, when you look back from new horizons... May you find you've been blessed... with greater courage and a deeper peace of mind.

lil. kimo

FREEDOM'S DOOR

Can the desires of man be controlled? The heat of his passion put on hold? These are the questions that torment my nights, alone in my cell with no end in sight. Time is the enemy, it dulls the senses, year after year, behind barb wired fences. My heart has died from these years with out, or perhaps only hardened from this lonely drought. I miss your smile, your touch, your love. Now all I get is a push or shove. I still remember when I had love to share but I've lost all the feeling. I no longer care, I can not say, only time can tell, If love conquers all and breaks this spell. I pray someday that I'll love once more, when at last I'm allowed through "FREEDOM'S DOOR"!

RASHEEN WESTBROOK

It's not so simple!

It's not so simple, this thing called life... At times it's filled with anger, bitterness and strife... But we must keep in mind that we all play a roll.. So you must make wise decisions as you pass through life tolls... Because, before you know it, your days will soon end.. So it's to the little children of today that a strong message we send... Don't teach them to hate, let their emotions stay humble... For like I said, this thing called life. it's not so simple.

Lil. KIMO

Back in the Day

Rewind, back in the day, when candy was a penny and we use to chase Mr. Softee, to get an ice cream cone with jimmies. That's when I use to watch Saturday morning cartoons and be glued to the t.v until the afternoon, to catch Richie Rich and his dog Dollar, what about Captain Cave Man, how he use to holla and beat on his chest?

I can't forget about Johnny Quest and his side kick Hodgey, later that day me and my Dad would watch karate. Remember hot-bread and butter-come and get your supper, 123-green light and in the summer time we stayed up all night? Hide and Seek, count to ten, while you peek. You can't forget about spinning tops and throwing rocks over the roof, back then we wore Triple Fat Goose, girls played jump rope and hot scotch, while we stared and watched.

I can't forget about doll babies and jax, if you notice only a few girls had doll babies that were black. I had a colligual vision, Donkey Kong Jr., back then Apple was the only computer. We use to run through old houses, flipping on pissy mattresses. Remember Roger, Dwayne and Rerun, from "What's Happening?" Did you recall when Janet, played Penny, on "Good Times?" We definitely can't forget about Thelma, she was fine, Tootie was pretty from the "Facts of Life", but I had a thing for Clair Huchstable, Bill's wife. Back to the block, Flavor Flav, had everybody wearing a clock, remember how we use to fold up an extra pair of socks and place it under the tongue of our sneakers, to make it look puffy with a pair of New Yorkers.

RUN DMC, had everybody rocking Adidas, shell tops, dudes wore Neal Style frames, big gold chains, four, three, and two

finger rings, belt buckles with your name. How about the b-boy stand and all the hip ways to shake a persons hand. They would get a cardboard box, a big radio, break dance and pop-everybody wore windbreakers, around the same time the 76ers beat the Lakers for the chip, Doctor J, was the shit, one of my favorite movies was "Cooley High", at the end of the movie everybody cried. Can't forget "Cornbread, Earl, and Me", nor Bruce Lee's, "Fist Of Fury".

I miss Red Fox and Richard Pryor, one of the best cartoons were Fat Albert, around my way we shot basketball on a milk crate. I use to go to the Barber Shop and get a close tape, the sides would be bald, then I'll rush back to play two hand tag football, What about a Rubic Cube, I couldn't wait to wear my Easter clothes to school and play catch a girl get a girl, now it seems like a whole new world.

A couple of months before my B.M gave birth to my little girl, The Philadelphia Police Department killed my homey Earl. A year later I was carrying my homey Damon's casket, As time went on things became drastic, now I sit behind a concrete wall, trying to figure out what's going to happen tomorrow.

by da lyricist a.k.a Apollo a.k.a
LawFreeq

