I discovered your poetry and your poems. Our universe needs poetry and your poems to entertain these eager yearnings. To read inside on topics capable of traveling back generations before back to now. An understanding shall come while or after rereading works of the mind seeking to conquer a mastered poetic world.
I Discovered Your Poetry
A dedication to all that I know should know that means majority of my everything to my All that I give.
**Introduction**

To discover as I’ve discovered your poetry has come to light. I must always show and prove in a way that only should be viewed by all carrying the hands of times way of a wondering follower leading into a lane never over crowed. “Your” poetry is my way of showing respect to all else who’ve come before for myself to recreate to only follow a trend. For myself to want the need to complete as I’ve viewed to only store on my brains mind. I know the feeling of wondering of acceptance of a now to only be a once before to now being for a skilled trend seeker. Introduction starts with the one preparing to prepare an introduction for all to read before a good read of well put together works of art. The arts of a skilled hand deletes all that will later come out of a pile of well orchestrated portfolios of work. Before the reading of the actual poems. You’ll get a page of a well summed up story of the three following poems. A page of more to follow never to be numbered but only to be logged in a contents with all. Will be the one read before page number one turns to follow many more
Story To Poems
Stuck By Myself realizing I’ll do only as I do got me to realize. That being Blessed By You never amounted to anything until I started to apply the reading of your life to pursue Reading Your Life the way seen to understand being Blessed By You got me Stuck By Myself Reading Your Life. Stuck By Myself to self discipline as I see right for myself taught me to base being Blessed By You to bless myself as you. Reading Your Life places my life out to be viewed as well as read by a concerning wanderer
Stuck By Myself

Stuck by myself to make it help
Never thought that I wouldn't need anyone's help
Self destruct as the world do
I've self destructed in the world & I'm some of the few
That come out on top & never felt down like you stuck by
the code & me myself I'll continue to do
Blessed By You

Blessed by you yeah you thats who
The person writing the poem blesses you better
than you
You never gave me the blessings I shot up at you
So I've decided to bless myself way better than you
I'll never let me down like the world did you
No disrespect to GOD I'm talking to all of you
Reading Your Life

Making mine right by reading your life
Now you're hating on me cause you helped make it right
I see, I hear, I feel, & I touch
The words, the books, on how you scribed it up
Decided to write my own book of life
To help everybody else finally walk it out right
Story To Poems
Admiring All Of You only increases my span of sight to
able myself to never but always do better. Even If I Told You,
Would You Believe? Believe a few to never forget none Even
If I Told You. A lie it will not be, only will it do is inspire as
I’ve been to look upon to ask Would You Believe? Admiring All
Of You taught me to do, to never think of nothing but
something greater than my something started with. Even If
I Told You, Would You Believe? I admire all of you to better
admire all that’s a win to always walk off of struggle to get to
where Would You Believe. Told by everyone Admiring All
Of You to better do a new deed of help to myself asking
Would You Believe in my steps taken to get going?
Admiring All Of You

All of you admiring that's what I do
The opposite of "H" which be the hate in you
Love myself for not caring to hate you
Cause the hate I possess will end all of you
To start this out as strong as I do
Admiring all of you that hate on this dude
Even If I Told You

Even if I told you, you couldn't help me
Say what if I would've told you, you still wouldn't
of helped me
That's why I never told you cause I doubted you
would've helped me
Would You Believe

Would you believe my poetry came over night
To kill John Cena & take off with his beautiful wife
Would you believe this is a free country in a locked up world
Cause you can’t get me for using your name & I didn’t speak of your girls
Would you believe my last line is true
Hello Nikki how are you
Story To Poems
To Build My Mind and to have Never Thought On Giving Up always knowing that Satin & God Is In Me will never have me thinking as a lost thought. Build to never let anyone force thoughts on a formed mind. Satin & God Is In Me To Build My Mind & as I see right for myself. To Build My Mind as Satin & God Is In Me with no self learning on my own life will possibly have a thought on giving up. I Never Thought On Giving Up To Build My Mind as I’ve always knew of a level of the mind to increase the minds mind. Satin & God Is In Me & everyone else to help as seen fit for a walker walking the life set out.
To Build My Mind

I once read a book, the book of life you see
The mind of my mind wrote before me
If you can read it you can learn it, depending on what
you read
I feel my mind was built from everything thats landed
in front of me
I've opened up my mind & never thinking on closing
down
To build my mind in front of my eyes right to the top of
my crown
Never Thought On Giving Up

Even when I’ve lost I’ve never given up
They say losers cheat to win & forever rise on up
Champions started from losing & planning never to repeat
The lost that made the champion forever the champion to be
Satin & God Is In Me

Satin & God is in everyone you see
That's why I speak on it fluently that's the Satin in me
God keeps it chilled down to my bones
While me myself & I strive to make it better for home
I listen, I don't but I must to succeed
To this Satin & this God building up inside of me
Story To Poems
Love What Is and never ask Why Do They Lie to be lied to again. It will make you want your thoughts to go on a mode of wishing. I Thought I'd Wish for “REAL” instead of a life full of “Love Lies” to blind the Love What Is, Why Do They Lie, I Thought I'd Wish to know, but now only will I hope they stop what they consider to Love What Is in a lie. A question will always be when a truth is left in a line of questionable possibilities. Ask yourself Why Do They Lie to Love What Is to have them all say I Thought I'd Wish for an actual Love Loving whomever is in love with the Love What Is motto.
Love What Is

Love, what is L.O.V.E
Loving Our Vicious Environment is an acronym look
back & see
Love the fact that I fail to hate for All the LOVE in my
veins to wait
Waiting for my splitting images to EVOL all that
LOVE my way
Waiting till the next, I know I'll have to do
Cause the love we possess today is the love I'll never fail to hate
Why Do They Lie

Why do they lie to stay close to your side
Why do they lie when they are terrified
Why do they lie on all the above
Cause they couldn't hold God' word up in heaven above
I'll ask no more truths to be told no more lies
I'll figure it out myself while I surprise my own eyes
I Thought I'd Wish

I thought I'd wish I'd never wish to live life like this
Life like this is a life you'd wish to never be stuck
like this
Stuck as I never will be in this new life I have
discovered for me
Started with a lot & ended with only two
The one never writing poetry again & the one who
stood over who
Story To Poems
I Won't Be Satisfied with a treat able to trick the world. Treats Of The World will have a person in awe on how and where to find it. To Question This is to treat an answer with disrespect due to all the Treats Of The World to mimic a similarity or duplicate an original. I Question This style of a life to establish a style I Won’t Be Satisfied with. Question This treat to the world by allowing your Treats Of The World to incorporate a treat amongst treats. I Won't Be Satisfied with the Treats Of The World until everyone Question This.
I Won’t Be Satisfied

I'll be satisfied by not being satisfied again
I've learned to work my brain on different ways to win
The riches never seem to be & the poor seems to never see
Being unsatisfied got the rich to be rich for we all can see
Treats Of The World

The world is full of treats, those treats of the world
The world is full of treats for every man woman boy & girl
The world is full of treats each treat of the world
You would have to work hard over feet for your boy & girl
Question This

This question is the question that is questioning this
Can I help, can I see, can you answer this
Is there a spot on your team you can place me in
I want to see all the structured you done let begin
The last of the three, can you answer please
Or answer me one out of the three then I’ll know where to end
Story To Poems
Are We The World? Genuine Answers you'll only get but never genuine enough to suit all listening with one view. The Mind & The Books will give Genuine Answers to answer Are We The World. As the world is viewed Genuine Answers come from a mind jotting in a book. The Mind & The Books create for a mind to always feel the need to ask Are We The World. To get Genuine Answers from a question as one would expect The Mind & the Books must equal all in between.
Are We The World

Are we the world cause I feel not
I ask the question to no one but my own thoughts
If asked to the world I would get a lie
Because the world is watching with those sneaky eyes
You know if their watching it’s a must their listening
Are we the world thats something we surely are missing
Genuine Answers

Genuinely my answers will be to all who ask of me
The genuine answers you receive are genuinely
coming from me
The most genuine part of me is me, to genuine I’m
claimed to be
Please don’t get this genuine side of me confused with
what you don’t see
The Mind & The Books

The books & the mind keeps the brain right
The mind & the books will help change your life
Without the mind there'll be no books
Then the world would probably be full of crooks
The crooks outsmart their mind and use no brains
While the mind & the books keep those safe at range
Story To Poems
Realizing the fact that *If It Wasn’t For Paper* a skilled writer wouldn’t have a way to give you a question on *Must I Waste* “My” on “Your” time, *Does It Really Matter* that my life to myself matter more than anything else? *If It Wasn’t For Paper* a materialistic value would be of least meaning. *Does It Really Matter* if I must waste a non-value to myself? *Must I Waste* a valuable meaning “Everything” to myself I’ll ask? Answering myself to always know of *If It Wasn’t For Paper* I’d be left with thinking like all to think of another to waste off to a question for all to complete.
If It Wasn't For Paper

If it wasn't for the paper there would be no green
No money, no writing no reading in between
If it wasn't for paper how would I learn
I speak on none before and soon to come
I just know if it wasn't for paper I wouldn't know
How to let these lines continue to flow
Must I Waste

Must I waste this most talented space on this face
The most that I waste could never be replaced
The face is the Earth that's the face I know
Space after space is all the time that goes
Never to waste cause surely it'll be replaced
Probably from my writings that are now in your face
Does It Really Matter

Oh, matter does it really matter to you
Does it really matter if you never thought it through
I know that my mind matters cause its always bothering you
Now does it really matter cause I'm never thinking of you
Lets not let it matter cause I think of you not
But please let it matter cause I'll start with what I got
Story To Poems
Asking What About Yesterday will have to be of concern to a person who could possibly Think As I Think. I’ll ask Just The 3 Of Us being myself, pad and pen to write a truthful well written reply for one day to read. Think As I Think wouldn’t get Just The 3 Of Us any place with no voiced reply on the question of What About Yesterday? Just The 3 Of Us will go places all will one day wish to ask What About Yesterday. To Think As I Think will have to be understood by an open minded soul wondering about yesterday to only ask What About Yesterday to a different person never sought to ask.
What About Yesterday

Yesterday should've been tomorrow but yesterday was just that
But what about yesterday cause yesterday was an actual fact
We forget about what was and care about what's now
Knowing for a fact that yesterday will always count
If it never counts for anything it should always become clear
Our yesterday are so today with so many so near
Think As I Think

Think as I think and never do as I do
The thinker gets mad if you never think it through
Once you do just think it was one hell of a thought
That got that thinker right there in that smart little spot
Never be content on the thoughts that came through
Because the world is full of thinkers thinking way beyond you
Just The 3 Of Us

My pen my pad and myself is all I need
Just the 3 of us without the 2 of us I know I'll never succeed
I think my way to write on this pad... thinking of what I'd do
Shout out to the other two from this thinking dude
writing trying to succeed
To the history books for all those to look writing poetry like me
Story To Poems
I'll forever Remember What You Said concerning my prosperous walk through life. Give Me My Credit as The Worser It Get with time. I'll forever Remember What You Said to always attach your words to one day return the favor. Expecting other than myself to Give Me My Credit I'll continue to Remember What You Said to never twist your words to offer a betterment off two known sets of phrases. The Worser It Get it sure enough will uplift a transformation in thy self to give thy self the credit thy self is due. For you from myself to say to all else, Give Me My Credit as The Worser It Get so I can always Remember What You Said in someone else's time of need.
Remember What U Said

Remember what you said because you formed it in your head
Your brain is a tool so don’t fool your own head
I love my own life so I pay it all ahead
That’s the attention to your words instead of the movements of your legs
I’ll tell you what I said rather you remember or not
Remember what you said that’s one hell of a thought
Give Me My Credit

Give me my credit because my due is right
You don't want to give me my credit because I
outsmarted your light
If giving me my credit was oh so wrong
The world shouldn't be so inventive so I couldn't
create on my own
I write it the best to know I've done it right
To give myself credit when outside you all' light
The Worser It Get

The worser it get the better I do Forever I'll push
to succeed
To proceed to go the opposite of you the worser I
don't wish to see
If you knew of the worst that would come to you
The worser it get will forever stay true
Story To Poems
Some may but I’ll suggest to all Don’t Ignore The
Warnings. It’s My Life is the response I’m expecting to only
hear. Never to want to listen to a following of your What If you
would’ve listened explanation. Don’t Ignore The Warnings of
the speaker speaking from a life so worried about It’s My Life to
enlighten a life to never hope to hear a What If on warnings
known to be in need to be warned of. What If I said It’s My Life
so Don’t Ignore The Warnings would you listen or ask on top
of a well explained statement?
Don't Ignore The Warnings

Don't ignore the warnings that the world set out
Don't believe the hype that they are talking about
The little that has been missing has more meaning
than what's been said
So pay attention to this warning and use your head
Don't ignore this warning came from a fine small print
The world seeks to destroy all those living in it
It's My Life

The life that's been called mine has been snatched away
It's my life and my walk and they try to talk it away
My life is my love which I love so dear
Mastering the reasons that I know others hold so near
Crawled till I walked, walked till I ran and stumbled
quite a few times
Mastering my mind while discovering lines that your life intertwines with mine
What If

If I was never to be what would be of me
What if I was the God that all of you couldn’t see
I’ll teach you more respect for self and Mr. G.O.D
What if I told you I felt disrespected like you
disrespected he
If you could take it back right in front of me, just
pretend I was he you’d see
Story To Poems
For a statement To Tell A Tale the speaker must know of the listener to possibly say Lets Reminisce. For myself to Love My Work and to never tell a tale I'll always know of the Lets Reminisce topic to never disrespect a truth with the worry of To Tell A Tale. Coming from an out of my space contemplation from my listener, To Tell A Tale has gotten myself to Love My Work and always asking Lets Reminisce on the climb to a success. A success could be your success, but to Love My Work I'll ask you To Tell A Tale of a truthful well put together piece of work.
To Tell A Tale

To tell a tale is to tell a lie
That’s the to tell a tale sitting before your eyes
I know no fairy to tell that tale
To tell a tale I know I do it accurate and very well
No fictitiousness with the tales truth is all I seek
To tell a tale I’ll tell you well please don’t stand beside of me
Let's Reminisce

Reminiscence brings me here to reminisce
Let's reminisce about the times, the times I'll always miss
The only missing that I'll do is of the thoughts I've lost
Lost from a time when I wasn't working my thoughts
Now thinking to think of those ways that's catching my sight
I'll forever reminisce on the thoughts that thought my life right
Love My Work

Work for my love thats why I love my work
Been hating on my love thats why I had to
make it work
All my life I been working hard for it
Not just to love my work but you if your involved
in it
I control my love and he who receives it not
Not the he you thought but all of you in that spot
I love that I don't hate it takes away from my work
One hundred percent of my time I'm making all my
love work
Story To Poems
My produced answered my question to *Am I The Reason*
I was *Pushed To Run* while telling myself *I'll Help Myself*.
Produced to focus but set out to fail from being *Pushed To Run* I ask *Am I The Reason? I'll Help Myself* as my help has helped, help me make it to walk alone. *Am I The Reason* for telling myself *I'll Help Myself* because I was *Pushed To Run* to become a man? *I'll Help Myself* answer all concerning *Am I The Reason* for becoming the man I've set out to continue to mold into.
Am I The Reason

Am I the reason that you stepped out
I know I'm the reason these words are coming
out my mouth
For not the love that I hold for self but for the love
that stepped to
Those respectful ways you told me you would forever
stay true
Am I the reason is the title I'll forever hold on
Cause its my heart from the start and my words I
let roam on
Pushed To Run

Pushed off the porch to run through my life
Never thought to slow down just continue and fight
A runner slows to walk just to think so clear
I taught myself by running fast cause I never came near
Those teachers I know I now will forever need so near
To help push me towards that space I know is very clear
I'll Help Myself

I'll help myself if you don't want to help me out
I think I help myself every time I open up my mouth
My mind ticks nothing but money while I'm trying
to calculate it
That's my blueprint and this is true print and that's all
the help I get
I can get all I ask for that's if I decide to do
That's ask more than once from those special ones
cause I strive to help I do
Story To Poems
If I didn't listen I'll say They Told Me So, only to hear Are The Words Over My Head from out of my mouth to your understanding? Understanding the saying answers a question of Is It A Sign. They Told Me So, so I did so to only ask myself Are My Words Over My Head? No they are not I think to know I was well in tune with my mind asking Is It A Sign with my explanation to those asking? They Told Me So, to never ask Are The Words Over My Head to gain an answer to Is It A Sign for the reasons the world win.
They Told Me So

I think I'll tell myself from here on out
To help myself show myself what I'm talking about
Told by them to practice my pitch before pitching their way
They told me so and I've done so I wouldn't have it any other way
Strive to be better than you thats all I'll ever do
They told me, so will be, I told you so once these successful days come through
Are My Words Over
My Head

Are the words over my head cause I know they got over yours
Not being conceited but I think we all might need it, a little help from those before
The help I'll continue to push around comes from within
I study my root from those roots that come from back when
No books to teach me just those common sense I use
Over my head them clouds instead your words will never float through
Is It A Sign

Those signs in my mind has been on my mind
Those signs in my mind “cha ching” all the time
It’s a sign that my mind wish to never replace
Or is it a sign from some type of foreign place
No need to read just think and feel and you’ll figure it out
That type of sign will go beyond your mind once you walk it out
Story To Poems
Winning in a life of winners while I lose asking *Is My Life Right* hinders the standing tall. *Time Is Time* always gained from a way of life to go by but for us to one day catch up. I *Honor Thy Word* to never base it off of those lacking while questioning *Is My Life Right*. *Time Is Time* but never to complain to those gossiping to see what they really don’t wish to see. *Is My Life Right* as I *Honor Thy Word* going as time go? I’ll always want to know being that *Time Is Time* to only get better with time. *Is My Life Right* gets answered knowing I’ll forever *Honor Thy Word*. 
Is My Life Right

While correcting my wrong I thought I'd righted my life
I know I righted the one wrong and still couldn't get it right
I remind myself to never think of the past
The past hurts no one but those thinking of the past
I think for now and the future to come
My life will never be right until I see a million in ones
**Time Is Time**

Time is time no matter lost or gained  
I'll gain in time and overlook the fame  
The time it took for me to figure it out  
Will forever show all, of what I'm talking about  
I'd rather show so I speak no shame  
That time is time I'd rather gain with no shame
Honor Thy Word

The words I spit from out of my face
I know I honor with no one in the other place
No need for you to hear all that has come up
Because I honor thy word and the ones to follow up
The ones to follow up could be any one of you
To let my words rest on your drums and float right on through
To touch your heart then your brain to come right out of your face
To help everyone who replaces this space carry it on their way
Story To Poems
If My Words Could Kill how would I be viewed from hearsay? Should I Be concerned with freedom of speech to ask the system to Let Me Barrow what’s a right? If My Words Could Kill couldn’t it be in writing that it’s OK? Let Me Barrow a book to let me know what Should I Be for me and the lack of you. Should I Be worried of ink going to a pad to be read to touch ears for one to many to ask Let Me Barrow? Never will I worry of words down to a word because If My Words Could Kill the reader of this manuscript would surely have been.
If My Words Could Kill

If my words could kill, you would have to tally them up
I know I wouldn't tell on myself, so go on and tally them up
Why don't you tell me what you got so I can outdo myself
I know the word "Kill" got you thinking to self
"Could his pen kill for real without his damn help"
If I cared for what you thought I would probably have to write about you
No threat to the man but I am a fan of what your looking right through
Should I Be

Should I be the man that you want in your life
Not her or his life but the life I know I'll make right
It sounds contradicting when I spoke on her or his
But to specifically place his or her will sound like its
more than what it is
I don’t want a life to make mine right
I know I’ll need a life should I be the one to make
ours right
Let Me Barrow

Borrowing has never gotten me anywhere
I Lent you this you owe me this in return no care
Let me borrow is a phrase that I seldom use
I owe me this, I paid for this with some time to use
Borrowed my time to save your dime while only needing advice
He gave me not lent me this, this life I'll forever use
Story To Poems
For the **Feelings I Feel Not** I'll only have to **Love My Heart**. **Love Hard I Do** only to always hate myself for doing so. The **Feelings I Feel Not** softens my heart for others lacking the **Love My Heart** motto. **Love Hard I Do** is what they say to turn it into a love to hate those loving their feelings for the **Feelings I Feel Not**, **Love Hard I Do** to **Love My Heart** to feel a never again feeling to feel for none other than a life worthy of paying more than attention to. For feeling a life with all that's left out, completes a feeling to **Love My Heart**.
Feelings I Feel Not

The feelings I feel can hurt for a bit
If it wasn't for he but up to me feelings would never exist
Found myself and lost my feelings but still I have a bit
The feelings for you this dude in these shoes feelings will never exist
Love My Heart

I love my heart and the way it was placed
Its behind a cage and always out of your face
I wear my heart on my sleeve but know how to tuck it right
Because these hearts roaming this earth know how to snatch its light
Once its black there’s no turning it red again
The red from up above rushes the blood loving within
Love Hard I Do

I do love hard, love hard I do
The love I possess is also possessed in you
As hard as I love I see its softer in you
The softer I see, it grows harder in me so you can’t get through
The love of my life, I’m my own wife, no ring to show and prove
To love harder than me you must be older than me those rules I’ll show and prove
Story To Poems
For reasons to ask, *Whats Your Reason* to search for those *Cold Cases*. *It's A Dog Eat Dog World* creating the cold chill that's generating *Whats Your Reason*. Your reason isn't every reason our *Cold Cases* become to be. *It's A Dog Eat Dog World* coming from a World of "if" only the inevitable was to happen started to happen. *Cold Cases* start warm to possibly end cold wondering *Whats Your Reason*. If *It's A Dog Eat Dog World* and *Whats Your Reason* never gets answered. What turns *Cold Cases* warm?
What's Your Reason

I know my reason but what's yours I ask
I ask not to be nosey but just to find a couple of facts
My reasons in life are rarely known that's why I ask
I'll tell you a couple or more than the two if you care to
To stand to listen while I break down what you missing the simplest of what you could to
The reason of my life got my rules right while I seek to find some advice
Cold Cases

The cold cases we'll probably never hear about
Should be the cold cases that should never come out your mouth
The cold cases that they speak on is true
That's the news, the truth they'll seek until it comes through
Without the case it could never go cold
And with sealed lips the secret will never unfold
It's A Dog Eat Dog World

Eat the dog before it takes you out this world
Because it's a dog eat dog world in a world in a world
The double worlds in a world comes from not an actual fact
But to pay attention to this dog in the world is a matter and a fact
It's a dog eat dog world and I know you know that's a matter or a fact
Let's end this off for the dogs in the world eating for a cause and a fact
Story To Poems
A warm and real **True Family Meaning** means to me and should for all to wonder if it were written in **Plenty Of Books** would all pay attention? **They Playing On Your Mind** is my title for a better grammalogue concerning "They" when and of if asking if "Their playing on your mind". **Plenty Of Books** can teach all whats to be taught how to write about from an upbringing of well taught family values. **They Playing On Your Mind** is what I say to myself for myself to tell all else. I'll walk a **True Family Meaning** with any and all of my family walking and talking as I do.
True Family Meaning

A true family meaning thats my meaning to you
My family meaning means more than to be true
A truth that has no lies, thats my family to you
The you being the you who speaks on family to
I don’t talk it, I just walk it, cause its embedded in me
Just because the cause are your words you don’t wish to seek
My family meaning should give all a meaning your
mitzvah shouldn’t over read
Should you defy, a true meaning you’re a lie and fables you receive
Plenty Of Books

The most cherished of books we read isn’t an original
It’s two thousand sixteen from eighteen hundred four and that’s a life that’s rolled on
Why change it up, when no matter what was what it wasn’t in the original form
You believe what they say, and look over his magical poems
But let me write out a life still living through some nerve
The nerve of a word that they say out their face
It touches no nerves because I am the noun that would put you in your place
They Playing On Your Mind

They playing on your mind should've been "Their" doing that
They say I got help but my mind plays right back
It plays right back with what I know is an actual fact
I play no games but I joke now playa play on that
They played on your mind and bounced right up in here
That's my mind and a hard time you'll have trying to get yours clear
Story To Poems
To act is never to claim as I do as I'm My Own... For an open for discussion concerning I'm My Own, I'll continue to ask myself How Much Can I Make soon after I End One 2 Start One. I'm My Own to see what's to do then ask myself How Much Can I Make on my work on hand for hiring my brain. From one brain to yours claiming I'm My Own I would seek to End One 2 Start One to always ask How Much Can I Make. I'm My Own would some times have to ask a question to learn to become an individual within. I'll End One 2 Start One to always have a few to wonder How Much Can I Make.
I'm My Own

I'm my own even in your zone who else should I be
I can be anybody, but me is all I can be
I can rap and I can act, while combining the two
If I act, I'm not myself but you in another way
I'm my own writing my own and my time has come
How Much Can I Make

I can't make up the time, the time as in life
But how much can I make
If I use my head and count up instead, of all the
rules I break
The question I ask, is how much can I make to make
this oh so clear
The money it took to build it up just to have me
standing here
I think about the money that's made just to leech
off a plan
To build it up my empire and whatever comes up
in this man
End One 2 Start One

End one 2 start one that could be a life
2 start a lie that would contradict the title I write
To end one 2 start one thats a prosperous sight
If you start out right from ending it wrong continue
to think it through
Your thoughts flow away for those to stay, to show
and prove to few
The few who stayed, watched your ending ways to see you right on through
Story To Poems
A date of release is My Release Date I'll be in wait of. They say Just Do It and thats all I do is "it" until My Release Date arrives. Can you Step Right Up for the spot to be fulfilled on My Release Date? To do so you'd have to Step Right Up and do more than Just Do It to fulfill my side spot. A dream of, became my hope for My Release Date. To come sooner and maybe later I'd be able to Step Right Up for "All" the world has to offer.
My Release Date

My release date is a date that I wish I knew
They anticipate my release date just because they know I knew
Before my release date I felt the hate sinking through and through
I don’t anticipate, I just sit back and wait the way I’m suppose to do
I let it build up till I build it up and not the hate that you do
That’s my mind, my grind and my plan just for once
I touch the land
To shut it down the way you’ve built it up to continue to be a better man
Just Do It

Can anybody just do it and not speak on it, I think it is missed
I do it, just to do it to prove it still exist
They do it more so to prove it with all their boastful ways
Talk it out or walk it out either way just do it
Show me a plan that is a plan where nothing is said
Just do it, got right to it while all else resist
Step Right Up

Step right up popped on out
I had another title but they ran it on out
Step right up that's my thoughts thinking it through
I have a company planned off the next line or two
Supplies on demand, that's how I feel about it
That's the thoughts for the thoughts that happen
to slip outside of it
I'm the one to ask Who Made Your Life with me being the One Less Sibling? I riddled A Riddled Poem to create a topic of conversation for the readers. I'm One Less Sibling that slipped from the one Who Made Your Life. Your life being my sibling that'll create A Riddled Poem in search of the less but found sibling. Who Made Your Life was asked by a stranger due to my riddled poem being discovered by A Riddled Poem Writer. To top the asked I countered with, Who Made Your Life for you to become One Less Sibling to create A Riddled Poem so spectacular?
Who Made Your Life

Was the man who made your life God
The man who made my life is living through light
Who made your life to call it wrong
That's why I pray to nobody who's never helped
me right or wrong
I respect my life even when I've done rightfully wrong
No right should be wrong since the creator is gone
That's why I do their wrong the right way
Since I'm the creator on this earth creating my
own way
One Less Sibling

A sibling we need no more that's what's in my head
It's a plus and very well a must I don't lose my head
Hurt my life, think yeah right then who's to help
make it right
A sibling I am no more, and one less their dead
That's the family to the sibling that has used his head
Stuck by myself to see that I can use myself better
than them
Stick to the plan that's what I tell the man laying
down his pen
A Riddled Poem

The riddle in between these lines is my poem
The riddler of the poem states the facts going on
I don't need no time to break up my book
My book being my own riddled up cook book
I think it, I store it and let it roam in my head
I memorized it then shot it up right in my head
No bullets for the riddled holes up in my poem
Now be careful when you state what's going on
Story To Poems
A friend, Could I Depend On You thats as My Mind Speaks. To ask a piece of human flesh would be to hear a lie only to see if My Heart Stops The Beat, My Mind Speaks to my feet asking Could I Depend On You if My Heart Stops The Beat. The feet that speaks back will be of certain to be labeled a ghost to ask the mind how Could I Depend On You when you fell? My feet has a mind as My Mind Speaks to run and leave the body to fall to only see another day.
Could I Depend On You

Could I depend on you is how I’ve titled my poem
I depend on myself to finally move on
Counted on a lot to get nothing the less
So I’ll go with the best of my heart to pump out the rest
The walk of my life to show I’ve battled the test
Will one day show & tell none the lest
My Mind Speak

My eyes speaks to my mind to question with my chest
While my mind speaks nothing more nothing less
While the decision travels way from the south, up my throat and out of my mouth
My Heart Stops The Beat

The beats in my heart has stopped
My heart stops the beat that drop
The beat I'll never want to feel again
But from myself, thy enemy and to hell with friends
You've pushed my heart to stop, now my pen must drop before I keep coming off the top
Story To Poems
The world holds a partner but is he *My Silent Partner*? Those seeking as *The Nation Wants To Rule*, I'll Be forever in a time of never wanting a partner. *My Silent Partner* will forever be in the flesh to reach a brain that matter as I'll Be *My Silent Partner* in the nation that wants to rule a controlled mind. *The Nation Wants To Rule* but shall I be defeated? I'll Be the answer, question and solution for a stand strong world willing to stand beside a strong willed perfected mind.
My Silent Partner

Silently my partner pushes to me
For my silence to break for the world to see
The years that I've bottled up all the silence in me
My silent partner helped me help you the world to see
That I need to stay vocal & never silent to see
The Nation Wants To Rule

Rules have been set by the Nation that wants,
Us to follow the rules they've broke all at once
Once you've broke the rules that you've set
No one should ever have to follow in the Nation we rest
I'll Be

I'll be hard on myself
While the world slacks off on being themselves
I'm only going to be who I choose to be
Which is the man in the mirror with images of
all of you inside of me