DREAM OF A CONVICT ANTHOLOGY
DREAM OF A CONVICT

"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 ERGIE TO DISPLAY IT THREW POETRY, WHICH GAVE BIRTH TO THIS WORK. - DREAM OF A CONVICT THE ANTHOLOGY -
Drama Sensitivity.
Cruel world courage and valor
how i picture me:
government engrossed with empowerment, consequentially, still got my eyes on the sparrow. life is but a dream:
im the one forsaken me:
If pressure buss pipes, 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
luckily, the bullet graze my head and hither:
it was destiny supposed to be dead.
Obviously something greater than myself protecting me, haloes on my head:
dreams late night cold sweats my gun in my bed:
never mind sublime
dreams of a convict:
I didn’t have an idea, misguided wondered eighteen years:

until 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:

Can’t blame my environment caused I didn’t die, a couple peers a few eulogies but I couldn’t cry:

hearing 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 I’m 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:

hearing 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 I'm so religious. I hesitated to reply cause I didn't think they listen:

With all these preconceived notions and these different Isms, I fear allaah but they may think im fearing something different:

I said look at all these organisms, we breathe in and breathe out, but it ain't your decision:

I orate you perceive 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 Convict

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 allaah,
 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 I'm 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 sunshine on em!

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

but he never called back no more
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 moms 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 emi bury 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"
Dreams of a Convict  

Christopher T. Jones

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 tooting 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 papa'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: 

until 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 everybody tried but me:
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
Skeems 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 its 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, of say he’ll pay me
if I pose for papporazzi:

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

I'm in prison but I'm buffin it 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
I'm chowin 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 they'll be lucky if I let em' get the grease
now I'm bussing at ya feet
Dreams of a Convict
Christopher T. Jones

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

I admit the Crime Filthy but I had to pull the
trigger otherwise he would of kiled me:
Lost babe".

Conquest suffer from oppression discretion has
been advised, tears falling out his eyes:
epidemics;
spread like plagues platoon fled mercenary comrades
mourn their dead, some fled, batallions and brigades
were scared, blood shed left a paranormal image
to bare:

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

ci lot of people make it, lucky 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:
Dreams of a Convict

Christopher T. Jones

I see you running from the world
akhī,
final revelation condoned, unknown
how they decipher Rosetta Stone:

prominent activist turned Catholic Immaculate
Serengeti solidified purified platinum, I'm lying
in the pasture waiting for my shepherd cause
somebody struck him over the head and the
sheep scattered:
bow ya head akhī!
“Cyberspace”

I'm bout to take off, Apollo thirteenth im in orbit
Im bout to break off, 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 barricade me in this
brick wall, forced to peddle crack with felonies it
cain't no day job:

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

Imagine that

Coming from a kid who pulled a ratchet back
pursued rap cancelled that, had to bring the
ratchet 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:

dead, college or jail.

Cyberspace."

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

Cyberspace."

sit back and apply pressure react and rely lesser but don't go against the grain within it
"Cyberspace II"

Ok do you remember me?
I ain’t dead, I can’t be talking about pouring out Hennessey!

Living life in limbo Sympathizing with my Ken folk minimizing poverty deprived me
I supposed to been blown,
Or featured on a Intro;
My Inauguration Court Case Felonies dropped
Now I’m 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, nah’!
I ain’t giving up I’m 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 I'll 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 need a deal
Cyber-space

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"...
"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 Makavelli,
no comment, dreams of a Convict:
violence."
persuaded by my peers my enviroment,
all through 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 im 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 adjar i can't
deport from a bentley:

Finally absored 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 consistant

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:

lore 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, diten the ski mask and just roll with

the metal loose:

dreams,
Dreams of a Convict

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:
Dreams of a Convict  Christopher T. Jones

"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:

politic ing 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 devastation 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 toting 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 telephone the revolution:

It's beginning to be a burden on the 
buck'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 work's 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 I'm 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 scholar ship study theology and politics projects crowded infested and impoverished:

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but how could you understand?
this wasn't part of the plan, i'm responsible
the torch 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
i'm trying to strengthen my third.
you could deem or die regardless of what
you heard
"Valor and Harmony II"

Sometimes you just learn to let go,
and when you do, if they come back, their
better than before:

I wonder what's the use of me trying...?
the concept of living is alot, 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 alot living in the penitentiary.
carefully composed like a symphony.
deeep thought":
every other line defines what the streets
meant to me, my grief to deep for words:

In dept 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 to 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
Heresy acts rogue thoughts what I conspired in:
even with being booted up with false hope,
Cast out and rejected I quote:
"Im 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 lawyer importing at emporiums or
Speaking at symposiums on nature:

but usually the youth die ruthlessly, everybody crying, I don't think they listened to my eulogy:

I promise its 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
life:

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

looking forward to the benefit loyalty is every-
thing. 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 aneurism died
on the phone. So long... :

antagonise Critiquing my religion I
disseminate, you won't accept the fact that
I'm gifted. I refuse to die wretched:
"Can't stop"

Time still ticking, I'm 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 boys 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, you on my mind, you gotta believe in something:

I won't fail you and I'm a tell you this time, so take my word for what it's worth,

you gotta believe in something

I can't believe you, why you so irreligious?...
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 unlike 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, it's just advice gone live yo life!

Carry on with my condolences, my deepest thoughts and my emotion, the thought of pricking 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 dean,
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'.
Dreams of a Convict

Christopher T. Jones

"The Ballad"

What you wanna see me up held in a casket stale, 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 dads 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, I'm 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 now im living in the system:
Dreams of a Convict

Christopher T. Jones

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 until i bloomed, im like a caterpillar 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 thats keeping me crying

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

42
Snatched out of plain sight, 
ever would imagine I survived in a gunfight: 
they was coming 
get low;

fortyfive 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 I'm 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:
Dreams of a Convict
Christopher T. Jones

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, I'm feeling like I fell off course,
I'm confined by the Law force, public enemy number one, they know me where I'm 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.
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, allaah will when permitted, i'm a keep on living until i'm at a feeble age and he weakens my vision

It's a cruel cold world but i 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 what's in me;

multiple rounds out the semi running threw the vacancy they was trying to gun me down but knocked the bricks off the chemin;
"listen"
this a pebbon,
hostile I idolize live or die im 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
pain is the sunni,
and everything prescribed is hasan for the
sunni,
and I will give or take and even die
by the sunni,
may allaah 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
without permission, shackled down and
stripped naked cause the intentions of the
one in charge here 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 I'm giving a chance to show a
path to a man which is
Testification and Conditions
Compliance,
I prayed all night instead of going
to sleep.