"The Poetry of a King" 3/26/2014

Volume One of King Chip

By Charles Higgins

This book is a composition of years of poetry throughout my life. A variety of emotions, times, and experiences. After fifty-five pages, the revelation is, I’ve barely begun...

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"From Darkness to Light"
I've been tried and tested,
So many times I'm just not affected;
Emotions must be obsessed with,
It's just not my own objective;
I don't want to be overly possessive
of any emotional wreckage;
Regret any chosen direction
solely controlled by defeative suggestion;
Forget the hope that had my soul possessed and
the hole I stepped in;
the whole open road of aggression,
that I chose with no objection;
though I know I'm blessed with,
so I behold two fold resurrection;
I'm so cold I know my next step is
the road to perfection.

"Love at any Distance"
So hard day and night
Being away from my wife
Love, you are my life
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"True Tomorrow"
Why is it all I know is this sorrow
Again, why is it, all I know is this pain
I try to look forward to tomorrow
But I can't see past the shadows of rain
Why is it, this darkness seems to prevail
No matter how hard, I reach for the light
I no longer practice deceit nor steal.
Lie, rob, or cheat but yet, I'm still not right.
If nobody's perfect, I'm less than that.
Not that anyone else is much better.
Father, it's just that I'm humbled, at last.
And grateful to be closer together.
I have faith as it says in those chapters
To look forward to life ever after.

"Liberation"
A man once told me,
"Do you wish to be right, son or wish to be free."

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"Love Despite Circumstances"
Baby I know it's hard, being torn so far apart,
And your nerves have been being worn from the start.
To the finish, My golden hearts been in it,
Cause if I ever thought, not for a minute,
You weren't gonna rock, to no limit.
Baby I'd probably drop off the planet,
Or knock the Father and switch off to sanaric.
When you're not in my arms. I can't stand it.
This space that we're given, living in a place,
That's beginning to take, all this misplaced hate,
To an emotional state that's fixing to break.
My vows that we make, is on our own faith,
If we're honest with fate and ponder our case,
Baby, you and me can make it beyond any base.

"Duality"
Is it not a gift,
A curse, a burden, or worse?
Am I last or first?
"Hidden Truths"
False prophets and false teachers,
Breed the seed of false leaders;
Self-serving, greedy, needless wanna-be-a's,
Claiming to be Paul's and Peter's;
Second Messiah is installed in a fetus,
Lying through the lies they feed us;
While uninspired minds deceive us,
At the same time trying to be us;
Until the fire's decided to reach us,
With the burning desire to free us;
But they won't finally release us,
Until even the blind can see us;
An educated mind is a beast,
Within a temple of peace;
There ain't a cage that can keep,
My mental waves on a leash;
From my head to my feet,
I've learned to serve instead of teach;
Silence is best not breached,
From a face that don't speak.
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"Prayers of the Oppressed"
Yahweh, I ask you if you can save me,
From this world of imprisonment that enslaved me,
Please Bless the streets that have raised me;
But let me not forget, the system that encaged me;
What's it all worth, what's it all for;
If the rich get richer and the poor stay poor;
The heartless stay happy while the hurt stay sore;
And the needy ask for less while the greedy beg for more.

"Forgive You, Mama"
Mama never worried,
When I was growing older;
Don't worry, now Mama,
'Cause you're son's a soldier;
I worked too hard,
And I've come too far;
To take it to heart,
Don't worry Mama, it's over.

"Beware of your Path"
Every Crash in Life
Like there's cars coming at me
Left me unhappy
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"History Teacher"
I can't tell the future but I can see to the past;
It ain't never been super, but maybe reasonably rash;
I've beat a few cases, but barely by the seat of my ass;
As a man and a teen, that begins back in Peabody Mass;
where a priest couldn't preach to the meek in a Mass;
'cause he couldn't reach when he speaks to the first or the last;
even the noblest being, has to seek the work that he asks;
to truly repent, the least to the worst of his acts;
I'd have to further resent the wretched curse of his past;
at the curve, the turn, the desired turn of his path;
the scars, the burns, what he's learned couldn't match.

"Never Alone!"
It's time to grow up,
It's time to be a man;
It's time to show my son,
How to be a man;
Grow up and grow strong,
Hold up and hold on;
As long as I'm here,
You'll never be alone son.
"Cold Emotions"

It's so cold, so cold emotions.
This whole world, self loathing devotion;
So lonely, we're provoked till we're broken,
So cold, it's frozen;
This road that we've chosen.
The only path that still remains open;
If we could only stay focused,
Nobody could hold us to this hopeless bullshit;
Turn cheeks and act like we don't notice,
Whatever we believe is so bogus;
Growing up, it's so hopeless.
Looking in the eyes of these street soldiers;
There's a truth in being ruthless.
But why is this city so useless;
It's so shitty, how we grow to be droopers,
Just more kids with no futures;
This picture we view is so weird;
How we finish school but we're still stupid;
So ignorant in how we're living.
It's like we're better off going to prison;
Good luck, good riddance,
Leaving the kids at home with the women;
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why the hell were we even trying in the beginning,
crying and dying of feeling,
ready to die any minute,
short sighted in violence where neither side is winning;
will we finally decide when this time it is finished,
our shine is diminished;
for not minding our business,
survival is vicious when were riding the limits;
trying to reach the level of an equal status
like it even really matters;
but killing democracies is openly tragic;
it's over! Tell our Father I've had it!
like I've defeated my habits,
one in a million is just basic mathematics.

"You and Me"

We used to be a team, you and me,
have each other's back, for anything we need,
ushed each other's dreams within reach,
what one didn't know, the other would teach,
when one was blind; the other would see,
it was all about you and me.
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"Recidivism"
How many times have I said, just being sentimentally, I'm never coming back to the penitentiary, but consequently, these walls remember me eventually. Evidently, the government seems to resent me, extensively court appointed attorney's who attempt to represent me. Another low life menace, is just how they present me. From ever succeeding in these dreams I believe in, who can stop me from being if I'm a keep on breathing, and if I fall, I'm a rise: To take another beating. On the same judicial system, literally speaking, I'm a fight for my life if I'm wrong or right, in spite of any hype versus verbal lies or type, my words that you write in an attempt to incite, I'm a stand up like a king, and accept life for life.

"Trial and Error"
Five fallen enough.
I seek a way to get up. One that's not corrupt.
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"Fame or Fame"
If he wasn't a mama's boy, he'd probably be an orphan;
If he wasn't an orphan, it most likely be for abortion;
His portion in life, an assortment of strife,
Maybe if afforded both parents he'd sort of be right,
But for sure because the umbilical cord is so tight;
He's better than me; For he has support in his life,
In your eyes he's a lame, but mama raised a man,
While I was running game, doing math by the gram,
He was reading books, accomplishing what it took,
Who was really confident in how his future looks?
Steady working hard, freedom's how he's living,
I'm back behind bars in these peeler prisoners,
He calls me by a number I forgot his name,
I'm a convict, he's an officer who's the fucking lame.

"Reminiscent"
I remember way back when, adolescent youth,
Thinking way back then to tell you the truth,
Again and again, what I would do,
If I ever had a friend just like you.
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"shine"

coming from behind these doors and these bars
who ever thought I'd rise this high and climb this far
if it really tried I told you I could reach the stars
and beat the odds. I don't need a hand, keep it dang!
my levels elevated, so dedicated to being self educated
my head should be completely separated decorated
from neck to navel with needle created illustrations
so much displayed rage. You can feel my frustrations
hear my heart racing when I'm at a loss for patience
always locked up like I'm an alien under observation
just another nut job fresh off the spaceship
cause I've finally acquired the knowledge to say shit
how it's been so dark in these cells and awkward as hell
just walk out. And keep these thoughts to yourself
Just why is it, prison life is all you talk about,
you did your time and you fought it out
you got to be smarter now, try even harder now
on that same beaten track that you know so well
cause it's just so easy to go back to your old self
forget all the times and really how alone you felt
letters you'd never get I'll see you when you get out
no you won't cause just like now
I'm a do it on my own, no help, no way, no how!
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I ain’t scared of prison, I’m just tired of living. The lifestyle of these million miles I’ve driven, I’ve got bigger and better visions than solitary conditions to continue with the image these convictions have given.

"Unveiled Truth"
For me, it’s got to be now or never. Educate myself to grow and succeed; Or I’ll be in this prison forever. Thinking on how things could possibly be; I’m so exhausted of what might have been, Stuck in constant delusions of grandeur; Enemies still pretending to be friends, And so many questions with out answers; Left behind and tend to fend for myself. Where are these friends that I spoke so well about; No hand to lend, I can’t get any help; I’ve got no choice but to figure it out; Rise above it all and stand like a king, And serve the people who don’t see a thing.
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"Bad Habits" (Act One)
On the streets, I was the man,
Anything I wanted in the palm of my hand,
You need your fix, I'm your man,
Cruising the block, jammed on a gram,
Starting to not, I can barely stand,
Crawl to the john, puke in the can,
Black out, pass out in a crack house,
Wake up and do it again

I'm getting wasted cause I'm chasing an escape,
Not if escape till I've created a habit,
Then tell me I can't have it and see what happens
Eyed upon and trapped by bad habits

I'm pining for what I'm needing,
I'm pleading for one more feeding,
I'm so close to my next bag, I'm screaming,
The dope is my angel, the dope is my demon,
When I'm out I'm pathetic and when I'm on it I'm He-man
At least that's what I'm seeing,
My friends tell me that when I'm high I'm not myself,
It's like I'm an alien being, somebody else,
In a world, I can't live without,
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So go ahead and use my eyes and my veins,
To live my life and feel my pain.

I'm getting wasted cause I'm chasing an escape,
Let it escalate till I've created a habit,
Then tell me I can't have it and see what happens,
Tangled upon and trapped by bad habits.

"One Day"
No, why would I want to change my past,
Cause that would change again, who I am;
But what if I could take just one day back,
Well then, what day would it be if I can;
For better or worse, presently differed,
I could still just be blind and unaware;
With only dreams of how Heaven's pictured,
Imageless no matter how hard I stare;
Seeing is believing, a lesson well taught;
Our own affairs are better understood.
Whether we enjoy the events or not,
It may be a credit to our own good;
If I had that chance to do it again,
What would I do now, that I didn't do then.
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"A Religious Truth"

By reading the Sacred Pages, I've been inspired,
To believe in David rather than Goliath,
Look for favor from Our Father, Law. I'm abiding by it,
I choose to call Him Yahweh as His Name's been provided,
Just as scripture says. And every witness said,
To be reveling and celebrating in Christmas is misled.
There's other Holy Feasts we eat, and unleavened bread.
People should be educating themselves in history instead,
Of all those pagan religious theories and beliefs.

Yeshua the Messiah died next to two repentive thieves
What the wealthy didn't give, the wealthy won't receive,
Follow His example, have faith in His Name, and believe.

"A Familiar Story"

I'm exhausted and bent,
Of everyone's liar and deceit,
Every posed noble mind I meet,
Everytime and repeat,
Why is it a crime to defeat,
Any so opposing peeps,
I'd rather shine with the meek,
Then stand behind the weak.
"Train Wrecked"
I hear that train coming,
That beat drumming,
Everyone thinks that I'm on something,
I hear that train running,
Away down that same track,
I'm about to de-rail and get train wrecked,
There's tracks marked, fronts to the backs of my arms,
Cooked for a sec, pushed till the plunger gone,
Fell back, layered, with my head slack, I feel so numb,
I never even realized, that train had already come.

"Words for the Soul" (Soul Music)
I roll alone, but I ain't lonely,
I walk this road, with my only homie,
Listening to every word, he ever told me,
That's right, I'm talking about my song,
Knowledge and wisdom within 'em,
As long as you listen,
To every single description,
From the very beginning,
And value every position,
To better your vision,
In a life... That you're just barely missing.
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Anywhere I've ever been, Anywhere that I go,
Every feeling I own, everything I've ever known,
This music seems to fill a hole in my soul,
Opening windows and doors, I'd never know,
Solitude taught me, the value of hustle and flow,
Anywhere I've ever been, Anywhere that I go

Knowledge is power and power is envy,
And everyone wonders how you get enemies,
Forget everyone, and that's just me being friendly,
I was a loner since before the turn of the century,
Probably back at my dated birth of eternity,
Willy-nilly Watson, it must be elementary,
Cause eventually I'll be mentally demented permanently,
And essentially still on my own, sentenced to a penitentiary.

Anywhere I've ever been, Anywhere that I go,
Every feeling I own, everything I've ever known,
This music seems to fill a hole in my soul,
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Solitude taught me, the value of hustle and flow,
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I can only imagine...
How many people actually listen
To everything I've written,
While sitting in prison.
Getting lifted off kicking wisdom.
Buddha would of thought was gifted,
Like feeling so alive when I look at the sky,
So inspired deep inside,
I can rip it and rhyme,
About living and dying,
And my life given to crime,
That when I get out...
you won't catch me slipping this time

Anywhere I've ever been, Anywhere that I go,
Every feeling I own, Everything I've ever known,
This music seems to fill a whole in my soul,
Opening windows and doors, I'd never know,
Solitude taught me the value of hustle and flow,
Anywhere I've ever been, Anywhere that I go

I got a gift and I'm a find a way to use it,
I'm a try and make something as beautiful as music,
The potential I build, with a pad and a pencil.
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It's essential for me to escape thru this window,
Turn these pages to my temple,
And display my credentials,
Beating with meaning to a heavy tempo,
As my soul remains calm and simple,
At barely eleven I was aggressively restless,
Ahead of the world, eating these words for breakfast;
Anywhere I've ever been, Anywhere that I go,
Every feeling I own, Everything I've ever known.

"Bad Habits" (Act Two)

You can offer me help, but I won't grab it,
'Cause I don't want it, and I won't have it,
I'm battling my own habits on a daily average,
With a needle in my arm, I know I'm an addict,
Statistics proven that I'm gonna end up losing,
Why would I quit, just to go right back to using,
This shit is so ruthless,

But by the time I'm used to it,
The truth is . . .
I feel so useless.

I'm getting wasted cause I'm chasing an escape,
Let it escalate till I've created a habit,
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Then tell me I can't have it and see what happens.
Preyed upon and trapped by bad habits.

I remember when I said, I'd never use needles.
Really, I didn't even need to be into that evil, seeing what it did to the people, I used to speak to.
As if I already knew, the problems it would equal,
Common sense would of thought, not to experience.
And want these exotic feeling, I just had to experiment,
The variousness between an attitude of carelessness,
I'll see how serious shit really is...
It's scary, isn't it

"A Reason I'm Lost"
I've been lost to the system cause I don't wanna listen,
Another young buck who don't give a fuck about prison,
I'd rob and hustle drugs, a youthful decision,
And stuck by my thinking ever since the beginning,
Tell your honor if he'll take a minute to listen,
Do what you want...
But you can't change how I'm living
It's so rough living,
In and out of prison.
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F*ck you. Forget him.
It's all I keep hearing.
I don't wanna listen
To all you people b*ching.
If you can't take the heat
Then get out the kitchen.

Throughout life in the system,
Living life in a prison,
I'm still thankful for everything that I'm given,
As long as I'm alive and kicking,
I'm a rip shit and this shit,
I'm a twist it till it's vile and vicious,
Mean, dangerous, and ready to flip shit,
Just 'cause I'm a bad time whether or not I did this,
I understand this prison shit,
It's just a part of business,
Crossed politics, try you're it,
It's like little kid shit.
But I bet if I was rich,
And I had a stack of chips,
I could find a way to fix shit.
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"Selfish Medi-A"

I was growing up as just another juvenile delinquent,
on the brink of super subliminal criminal thinking,
sketching a blue print this crazy kid's known to do shit,
All over the state; of good old Massachusetts,
From North Shore roots to the Middlesex community,
Subsidized housing and straight to the boonies.
I'm movin' thru the streets with complete immunity,
There's nothing you can do to me, that's new to me,
Except my soon to be; New found stardom,
I beg to pardon ...

But I've worked too hard to be discovered,
And no, I'm not about to be discouraged,
Over bullshit news and TV media coverage,
I've got the guts to bust a nut over the public,
So when the media greedily rubs it,
I know for myself, exposures covered,
Somebody stop him! This insane fool is off his rocker,
The media is used, my John Hancock goes to the best offer.

"The Question"

Baby, I love you

Deep and so passionately

Will you marry me?
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"Imperfect Ego"

I'm trying to be humble, but I'm a fucking legend. Thru every fall and tumble, I rise above alleged. These lines: Were never measured beyond perfection, It's like a second coming: A spawn of resurrection. My fondest recollection is back from Ronald Reagan, My grave was in the second if I'm not mistaken, My parents were a couple, everything was great then, Till man started buzzing and everything was taken for granted, I'm angered: This pain is standard, Like seeing my name, being branded on granite, Don't worry Fam, I'm a man, I can handle it, Even if my brain's stuck on it's own planet, Don't panic: No you're not alone stranded, On this road, as we go, with whole standing, In a row, toe to toe, let 'em know Son, Black and Gold being bold, never told none.

Forgive me Father, for I'm sinner not a saint, Cause I'm not gonna claim what I ain't, I hardly ever lie, and I never try to taint. The truth is the only side, I ever try to paint
"Brotherly Love, Brotherly Anger"

Listen Bro,

Don't feel bad cause I followed the path,
That you were once headed in that wrong direction,
You're forgetting that you never created this setting,
You need to stop letting your heart get the better
Cause if it wasn't for you I'd probably never be ready.
For life... with how ugly and deadly and unsteady.
And upsetting everything can really be getting.
In just the tic of a second already regretting.
States made, when life was barely beginning...
Let's kick back the ski-toc, en the clock just a bit,
And reminisce, I was six and we were just kids.
Going to school, I'd get picked on and shit on,
And home on the bus without a seat to sit on.
I'd want to get back off just as soon as I got on,
You'd ask who's the problem and he'd get hit on so often.
He'd stuff himself in a locker and lock it till three o'clock hit,
And all was forgotten because the kid finally stopped it...
Now you see what I mean when I explain myself,
How I used have a brother, and we were tight as hell,
He was like a father, when it was barely twelve.
Neither of us really had a mother we were by ourselves,
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Looking out for each other, cause there was nobody else,
You took me to the side, you taught me how to ride.
To live or die bro, It was all about you and I,
I remember way back when we used to be friends.
But this is now, and that was way back then,
Add a co and call me Cain but I'm perfectly able,
To twist and turn, flip on everyone of these tables.
I can speak the truth on what we used to do.

Now you used to be cool and it was all about me and you,
Now you can't even soak your feet in my pool,
Exposed in every role, I thought you'd already know,
Even if you buy this book our old bonds remain closed.
I'm sorry bro; maybe I'm being just a little severe,
Stick a finger in your rear till it pops out your ear,
Then I'll ask you if you can hear me loud and clear,
Do you get it, do you get the picture,
Or maybe I need to lay it a little thicker,
Am I my brother's keeper I used to be,
Now you don't need to have anything to do with me.

"An Oath To Serve"

Yes, I took an oath
Kingism who silently spoke
True servant's approach
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"Today's Struggled Life"
I wake up some nights and I wonder why,...
Is it me, or do I hear gun shots right outside,
A liquor store on the block, the clerk getting shot,
For twenty bucks and a bottle of schnapps,
Everyday watching my back from crooked cops,
And it's evident in my residence, every resident,
Is an or selling heroin, the quickest way to heaven,
And hell; I was barely eleven running errands,
Working to earn my own street corner concession,
started building a record and had possession,
of a smith and wesson fully loaded three fifty seven,
At only fifteen when I got arrested,
I still can't explain, really what I was thinking,
like being stuck on a boat and my ship was sinking,
So I'd go and pull a new robbery every weekend,
Get into a knife fight till one of us starts bleeding,
Woundn't think twice about hurting another human being,
Cause that's what I grew up seeing.

"Twisted Humor"
Stab a javelin
Through your flabby abdomen
Laugh like a mad man

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"Fucked Shit"

Stacked presidential faces erases mistakes and court cases.
These lawyers, court appointed fakes and ambulance chasers,
we're only as corrupt as justice and authority make us,
Bred into whatever jailhouse storage they take us.
And put us away until they think they can break us.
Labeled as completely unstable for some crazy stuff.
Every time we catch a case, these people are playing us.
There's so much anger and hate, we grow to be dangerous.
We head back to the streets, the same ones that trained us.
To deal and hold the steel, the feel of the stainless.
Police notice these changes so they go and arrest us.
Rest us and Accuse us, another case completely heinous.
The basics on the front page, raw. I'm not only infamous,
I'm actually famous among an array of strangers.
For hanging out the other end of your honor's anus.
Simultaneously. As if I'm straining his veins.
Till we're both angry from playing these games.
He sounds envious the way he keeps saying my name.
Cause these streets are corrupted and police on some fucked shit.
That's why people like me... keep getting busted.
We've been around the block twice or enough shit.
Gave it all we got for nothing but this fucked shit.
"The Poetry of a King" By Charles Higgins 3/26/2014
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"Turning On Me"
Is it hereditary why my focus is so predatory, like another neanderthal protecting his territory. A grown man: standing, handling whatever his worries, how many of these enemies are already warping, while these police getting tips exceeding the warnings, where ever they can fucking see me with warrants, I can't believe the correspondence people agree to, without even meaning to for a twenty and a needle, to do it twice is a sequel, your stupidity's equal, you should of originally seen thru who's deceitful, beginning in Genesis when they said Cain was evil, I would Cain ever snitch and tell on his people, he'd just try to stab his brother in the back, and probably try to fuck his mother in the ass, try to lie to his father if he's caught in the act, sorry Father, but I just want to be at the top of the pack, keep your enemies close and your friends even closer, you should already know, they don't care how this shit goes, they're getting too close than I really want them to be, I already know these so called friends are turning on me.
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I got no love for a mother with a deceived fetus,
history's often repeated as Judas betrayed "jesus", would of mastered Nasa, if women stayed in Venus.
Karma like voodoo; or Lorraine with a filleted penis, shit smells like doode, is the same as a strained anus.
A train brain changed; How Buddah became famous, this part of the game, I've sustained to retain shameless,
Regardless her claim, Jane doe still remains nameless, why would I need to speak beneath a steeple,
like these priest do, to preach to these freaks who, try to reach you, would do anything just to meet you,
A bonafide liar, who believes they can be you, would die trying, cause they know they need you,
And don't mind lying just to try to deceive you,
people facades seem like they're made to see thru, the crazy things that they say, just to see you,
Always by your side and No! They won't leave you, alone would be so peaceful...

Keep your enemies close and your friends even closer,
You should already know they don't care how this shit goes, they're getting too close than I really want them to be,
I already knew, these so called friends are turning on me

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You got it twisted, I don't think that I'm better. I just got my shit a little bit more together. Then you fellas walking around talking about each other, but to your face, their like who! We're like brothers, see, it's sad how much back stabbing actually happens. Even in this game, we're knee deep in the action. With people who you thought had your back and shit, plastic, thin or thick, always asking for that and this. Give your head a twist, your ex is taking half your shit. Alimony for unhappiness, but you got to love the bitch. Thinking back a bit actually she's absolutely fabulous. Where'd we be without the drama and the tragicness. Maybe magically if we could only imagine it, hope to plead a case with the devil's advocate, but he'd probably just stab you in the back and shit; walk away and laugh a bit...

Keep your enemies close and your friends even closer. You should already know they don't care how this shit goes. They're getting to close than I really want them to be. I already know these so called friends are turning on me.
"A Broken Promise"

Listen son,

I promise I'm done holding and no more gun toting,
I'm a slow down on the rolling, and no more blunt smoking,
I know our home is broken but I'm anxiously hoping,
I can leave it alone; once these prison gates open,
Your mother, I love her, but I ain't thinking nothing of her,
Only you and me son, to be like bread and butter,
Cause in her eyes I'm another mother. No forget it!
In one ear and out the other like I never even said it,
I know it upsetting son, but my I'll never regret it,
Cause you're the best present I could ever be getting,
No matter how rough the ride or I keep it live,
Who am I? Look at me, who is this guy?
No son, I'll never lie to those eyes,
Make you tear up and cry with despise,
This is my last time son, I ain't doing life,
I don't want you growing up, saying pop,
"Why'd you do me like?"

I'm a rip this mic, so I can give you things I never had,
I'm a give you life, and son, I'm a be a dad,
Show you wrong from right, teach you good and bad,
No matter what you pull out or put in the bag.
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Straight from the start I ain't trying to break no hearts,
Faith in the talk, I ain't saying it's a walk in the park,
Cause it's getting rough and these times are hard,
But when it gets too tough, I'll be by your side,
You'll find out son, that I'm down to ride.

And if these rhymes I write, don't provide a life,
Then I've got no problem working a nine to five,
I watch the sun rise,
My son is down, so am I

Upon my release, I tried as far as I could reach,
I realized, Daddy made promises, Daddy couldn't keep,
I never took into effect, the lack of other people's intellect,
I'll give respect, the dimmies got me thirsty fresh.

Back on the inside, a fact that I've realized,
In fact that I sympathize, how Daddy really lied.

"Two Views, One Goal."

If the pen is mightier than the sword,
How do actions speak louder than words,
For get what you heard, get what you deserve,
Cause with one stone, I'm a get two birds.
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"Dreams Come True"
Among my peeps, say Bro, meet the misses,
who needs a lame ho, she'd beat these bitches,
if down, I'm game yo, anything she wishes,
my baby got flame yo, officially delicious,
tasty kisses on your neck to your back,
like licorice to the crack of your ass,
your velvet dripping with juices and sweat.
I'm steady hittin' it with acoustic effects,
don't worry baby, I'm not new to this tech,
I'm making with respect that's super with sex,
doin' my thing, should be making you wet,
lettin' you scream and releasing your stress,
walking through life together with every step,
cause I love my wife to the fullest effect,
ain't nothing that might make me forget,
how you kept it tight when no one was left.

"A Book With No Cover"
They say I got that white boy rap with no heart,
can't never get off my ass, to go get 'em,
Whatever I say, No! They won't listen,
no matter how I give it to them it won't hit 'em.
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You called me a white boy, when you gonna learn.
The title of a man is something that you earn.

You obviously lack meaning to a derogatory term,

Got some white shit on your lips that’s probably sperm.

By today’s standards, I’m not an artist of Hip Hop.

I just flip shit with this lyrical gift that I got.

Stay back and listen to the shit that I drop,

Sif and rock my own beat to my own thoughts.

You remember when we used to sit on the block,

How we’d lyrically talk and beat box, non-stop,

Tap the tap on a bottle till we’re all half cocked,

Start a fist fight, and then we’d laugh it off,

Bring it back the next night and take the cap off.

Jug of jack, tilted back, till we blast off,

Get drunk and rap, attack and not back off,

Until we get every chick, to show her ass off,

And their clothes are half is all for trash talk.

As we re-track every known path we have walked,

If we can’t, only go back and not slack off.

Today’s trash of rap would take our hats off.

As they say I got that white boy rap, with no rhythm,

Can’t never get off my ass to go get ‘em,

Whatever I say, No! They won’t listen,

No matter how I give it to them, it won’t hit ‘em.
"Before They Got Me"

When I had A.P. initials, the insignia was artificial, for an above simple criminal, super felonious individual, fast talking con-artist, the shit I spit is irresistible. the fed's don't get it, the judge said it's inadmissible, go ahead your honor, and stick me back in municipal. you stupid mother fucker, I might as well be invisible, and drop the obstruction, I'm not with the justice, just like Hammer. nope, you can't touch this, I'm an absconded convicted that's constantly wanted, fuck the dumb shit and fuck your warrant, a second chance enhances my standings on advancement law enforcement is so commanding, they can't stand it. It's the only reason I'm still standing on this planet, with two hands and a brain with an advantage. And still I'm just barely managing to handle it. The cops are looking at me, the fed's can't get me. Na na na na na na, you can't catch me.

Cancel the order for the court appointed lawyer, flee for the border live, cause life's getting shorter, stop with the paranoia, why should you even bother, I'm always gonna be on the minds of your daughters.
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I got more sense, than a whole bag full of quarters,
what's, watch it with the questions, fuck the reporters,
In less than ten seconds I could teach you a lesson,
myself had to reach in the streets as an adolescent,
That you could sit and preach to a whole congregation,
and still never actually speak a confession,
I'm tired of the computers their using started producing,
Some less confusing and more detailed collusions,
My prints have proven, who I am and what I'm doing,

Assigned to confinement is my final conclusion,
Until the authorities find out why I'm trying to elude them

The cops are looking at me, the fed's can't get me,
Nana-nana-nana, Fuck, I thought you couldn't catch me.

"As One"

You ain't never been there, you ain't never done that,
Would of done tapped if you ever heard a gun clap,
Can't rock as one pack on one path, drawn to one act,
A million sworn to stand strong, I've done that

You ain't nothing but a wanna-be, gang banger persona,
I ain't part of a gang, mi familia es de Corona.
They say I'm nothing but a hard headed go getter, step on my toes, a mother fucker better know better, I've been cut up, shot at, and fucking told on, Even with a life sentence, I can get my roll on, Nah, your honor, I ain't worried about no jury, or these co-defendants, trying to verbally burn me, who will deservedly earn a returned burden of proof, Stick a tool in this dude, for turning on his roots, I'm a spit the truth to try to enrich the youth, I'm sorry Jesus with a sheep like judas I see no use, let them stray of the path like a cat in the pack, A slithering snake in the grass that's taking an act, Forgive me Yah, for my hatred is back, But I'm just trying to save the rest of the class cause, You ain't never been there, you ain't never done that, Would of done tapped if you ever heard a gun clap, Can't rock a me with as one pack or one path drawn to one act, A million sworn to stand strong, I've done that
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"A Way of Life"

So many Mama's can't even begin to think of all the drama it started and why they really call it karma. From the past, in the present, the future hasn't even happened. You need a hand ma, but regret the thought of asking. You've been there, you've been that you got the tee-shirt, your feet hurt from walking this cursed, wretched earth. So many times, you've been used and you've been hurt, you've been better but for sure, you've been worse, struggling to get up every day, you're looking for work, money tight so walking the block fills your purse. It's the urban curse but your babies come first, always have, always will, since the day of their birth. Everyday you're able to put food on the table, look in their eyes and say how could they hate you, your lives unconditional to the mother who made you. Who struggled with trouble to undoubtedly raise you.

How many Mama's raised a child with no one by her side. You struggle and you try, you're humble but you cry. Growing up, you think you're old enough to hold it up, but you don't act right, that's just a way of life. Children running wild, getting high, Philly-style. They in those streets at night, that's just a way of life.
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A million adolescents who hold bold faced expressions,
They've been tested so many times, they've been arrested,
Always too quick to dismiss any legit suggestions,
As they think they're equipped to handle the lesson,
Of another lengthy sentence in a juvenile detention,
And relinquish their image to a juvenile delinquent,
So mama tried to raise their interest into thinking
That they can make a difference, it's their decision,
I know it's hard to listen to someone not in your position,
But think of your predicament, think of how you're living,
The difference in opinions between you and your siblings,
Who you kidding? They ain't seated where you're sitting.
In their future, they ain't even seeing prison,
Forget a letter, they'll write you off and say good riddance,
But isn't it better they've strayed from the vision,
If everything they say is inconsistent,

How many mama's raised a child with no one by her side,
You struggle and you try, you're humble but you cry,
Growing up, you think you're old enough to hold it up,
But you don't act right, that's just a way of life,
Children running wild, getting high philly style,
They in these streets at night, that's just a way of life
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"All for Nothing"
One blunt and forty ounces around,
You're eighteen now,
Running the streets to downtown,
From high noon past sun down,
Quick with the click,
You know how the guy sounds,
Switch clips for more rounds,
You a split shot for four rounds,
Don't quit don't bitch don't look down,
Your shots but shit it's my shit now,
Just another king in the midst of the crowd,
Looking for a little bling and a crown,
This shit this city it's my city now,
Until I realized Atlantis ain't meant to be found

"The Light of Darkness"
Once again I'm sitting and I'm patiently waiting,
This time shit it's fifty to live that I'm facing,
Have a plausible plea on a platter that doesn't matter,
And maybe I'll possibly grab at an imaginary ladder,
To climb myself out of this hole, this prosecutor's digging,
This prosecutor's giving an option that's not often given,
Twenty with only ten to sit and rot inside of prison.
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I want some of that rock this prosecutors hitting,
I'm taking it to the wire, and I'm not giving,
My life inside, this despised, compromised prison,
A devised system, that defies my ties to Kingism,
I live by the laws of Kingism and Yah,
My vision is raw and I'm spitting it broad,
And when I'm wrong and I'm missing the cause,
I'm a find a shine with in the thick of the fog

"A Lion's Pride."
Put 'em down, put 'em up,
I'm a Lion hear me roar,
If I go to battle,
I'm a mother fucking go to war.

I wasn't born, with a golden spoon in my mouth,
But when I die, I'll have a golden tomb as my house,
From the east to the west, north to the southern tip,
We've been educated brick by brick, the same lid,
El Chicano and La Corona re-submitted in eighty-six,
So all you fake motherfuckers can suck a dick,
We're registered, enrolled, composed and ready to go,
Walk the same noble road as we bleed black and gold,
Blessings be told, we'd rather bring peace to the whole
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But Bro, we ain't scared of no bullet holes,
Given or taken, even though we'd rather be making
If you don't fast you're talking, January 6th is sacred,
I'm sick of twisted mistaken educated statements,
Who the hell's gonna tell us we don't eat bacon?
We started in the Chi and our crowns got fire,
Lion's world wide, stand up and show your pride.

Put 'em down, put 'em up,
I'm a Lion hear me roar,
If I go to battle,
I'm a motherfucking go to war.

Lion Tribe, I'm Toltec and known to protect,
In full effect, Reiña's, Bro's, and the whole set,
Those in the fold got their crowns to their chest,
Know the Black and Gold on the left of my neck.
Were I go to expose, a whole new depth,
There's so many of these, that lack intellect,
That think nobody knows, they go back to the meth,
Give your flag to the Bro's, and move back a step.
I'm like a ret and you get tagged with a tech,
Wanna falsify brag you the flesh of my flesh,
Fresh out of prison, I was enlightened by the best.
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Within this religion, I pray for the less blessed.
Without even knowing, I was noble off the breast.
Already showing, Yahweh how a true king reflects.
A name I'm born, that I'm sworn to protect.
So as a lion, I'm a roar with every breath.

Put'em down, put'em up.
I'm a lion hear me roar.
If I go to battle,
I'm a mother fucking go to war.

Who you are.
It's not where you're from,
It's not where you're at,
It's who you really are.
Step up or step back.

I got the heart of a lion, I'm banalized for trying,
I wouldn't confess, even if I knew I was dying.
The past is the past but I guess it'd be best,
To get it off my chest before shit has progressed.
Whatever that bitch, Chris Galicioso wanna write.
Righteously, rightfully, I ain't never snitched in my life.
Paperwork is a trail and the truth will prevail.
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If properly used to where proof has never failed,
These roots I'll reveal whole with no caution,
No second thoughts, behold I chose my own options.
I followed my own road, I'm so far from home,
I'm fully grown now and no, I'm not stoned.
I'm a man on my own, who stands on his own,
Will fight twenty men if I got to stand alone.
This nation of Black and Gold, they're ready to go,
But I will not let them if I dug my own hole.

It's not where you're from,
It's not where you're at,
It's who you really are,
Step up or step back.

"Past"
I'm the youngest dude, of my so called, used to be crew,
But still old school, more grown, then most of you fools.
The shit that I've been through, the shit that I'm in to,
The shit you could never do, even if you meant to.
I'm mental, I'd rather rock a pinto with dents than a
Rental...

Hit the block with a stack of hundred spots
A pocket full of credentials,
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Don't tell me what I'm not,
I'm the number one contender,
The only one to ever make Superman surrender,
Straight from the trenches and courtroom benches,
Stan Lee couldn't compose and fully disclose my adventures.
No, I'm too bold to hold, and too cold not to play.
Everywhere I go, there's a John Doe I used to know.
Talk about we used be bro's but never what happened,
They just want to be close in case I go platinum,
Grab'em and slap'em pay them back with a back hand,
How can a crack head from Boston, Mass.
Get the last laugh in?

"A Case For The Hopeless"
I'm so fucking tired of the bitches they came,
Rocking multiple colors like they think it's a gang.
They murderers and thugs who keep spittin the slang.
Well, I'm Chip Higgins, so mother fuck your name,
So called dope boys who ain't nothing but foot soldiers.
Fucking do boys for other fucking do boy posers.
Don't like what I'm saying, hold your noses,
My same shitty self, fucking smells like roses.
And those who opposes most never approaches.
Any foes who are vague or even the bogus.
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F*** the bullshit cause I already know this.
A bitch won’t talk unless a locked door closes,
You’re not a rival cause you’re not a contender,
I’m not your friend, we’re not on the same agenda,
So exactly as Simon says and follow a pretender,
You’re better off fucking with a non-violent offender.
Whaa, step back, hold up, load up,
Pay up or get broke up.
Watch out before I roll up,
Mother f***er, what?
I don’t care if I ever get out.

"El, Forgive Me" (Elohim)

El, Forgive me, forgive me for my sins,
I’m sorry El, but I know I’m gonna sin again.

Dear Yahweh, my Elohim,
I can’t thank you enough,
For everything that I got,
And everything that I don’t,
Everything I’ll ever be,
And everything that I won’t,
Please forgive me; I know I’m not alone,
But everytime I try.
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I still feel like I'm on my own,
with distorted visions and faced with moral decisions,
You got me praying for forgiveness,
Just in case you listen,
A little spiritual assistance,
when you catch me slipping.
But please...
Don't help me if I put myself in this position.
My problems are repetitious,
To addictively reckless,
I can't even begin to explain,
How things got so hectic,
I'm just beginning to accept it.
My own self reflection,
Everything I do and how my world is affected.
My loved ones are objective,
I'm instantly rejected,
It's like a life of trouble,
That's already been projected.
Guided by the light,
The Messiah as my shepard,
There's a deeper meaning to the words on this written record...
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EL, forgive me, forgive me for my sins,
I'm sorry EL, but I know I'm gonna sin again,

EL, how many times have I been led astray,
I tried to step back,
And make amends in my own way,
Keep my emotions at bay and control my rage,
Before their exposed and explode in my face,
I'm keeping my head held high,
And I'm holding it straight,
I feel at home in this cage,
And I'm afraid it's my fate,
If it's so as we eat what we sow,
EL, as you create,
Then I'll eat what I savor,
And clear the plate,
Nobody knows.

How hard I have tried to clean the slate,
Everytime that I cry...
It's me that I hate,
I speak for myself,
But so someone else can relate,
Cause I'm not the only one,
Who feels out of place,
"The Poetry of a King" By Charles Higgins 3/26/2014
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I try so hard,
To live life at a reasonable pace,
But this speed accelerates,
Every time that I brake,
And I find myself
Right back behind these gates,
Alone in my cell,
With plenty of time for old mistakes.
I hope and I pray,
But I'm not gonna beg my case,
But my life on hold or let it go to waste,
El, I'm a own these words till my soul escapes.

El, forgive me, forgive me for my sins,
I'm sorry El, but I know I'm gonna sin again

"Confidence"
I already know,
I don't need anybody to tell me I'm cold,
I'm on top of my game; where-ever I go,
I got so much rhyme with reason,
These words, I can breath 'em,
Fick 'em and breed 'em,
Spit 'em to the touch like the pen was bleeding.
"The Poetry of a King"

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These words I can feel,
like a blind man with braille,
I know I would of been done and signed a deal,
If I hadn't spent so much time in jail,
Thinking plots with ink spots,
Scribbling sinister thoughts,
That'd make a man wish that they'd not,
Open their gums before the gun was cocked,
You better think twice before you run your chops,
Cause if you're not
One to walk what you talk,
With me watch,
I'm just a few chalk lines off the mark,
In regards to these smart remarks,
Just knock it off,
Cause I don't give a buck,
Who you're not,
I know you ain't got enough heart to...
Run me off,
There's those who have tried who have,
Stopped or lost,
Forgot about or thought,
Shit, why bother at all,
This man gets right back up every time that he falls,
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My balls are so big they need their own bathroom stall,
And I'm a get mine every time that it's called,
So which one of y'all,
Wants to draw straws for the next to brawl.

"My Work's Respected"
You got me, I'll admit it,
I've been neglecting my studies,
I need to get back in this shit...

And rip everybody,
Till my finger tips get bloody,
I'm more than just a little bit hungry,
There's something more than the money,
To performing than running,
Any dummy can pick up a pencil and hum it,
Look at me, I've done it,
My effort is worth it cause my words are effective,
Everything I spit is served with some sort of perspective,
So the uninformed can learn from the lesson directed,
Directly from the record,
My waters are going from Ice cold, to tepid,
Hotter than any Energizer battery a rabbit ever tested,
I got a habit it's festering,
And rapidly progressing.
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I'm actually satisfying my own aggressive depression,
The truth is I care less for the next man,
How he's really feeling affected,
From his own ignorance and how his intellect is fed,
It's got nothing to do with skin complexion,
To spit your expressions,
If you can word it to perfection,
Nobody can tell me I haven't earned a rep,
That doesn't deserve to be respected.

"One Life"
All I do and all I did,
All I got to give is one life to live,
Live it how I want to live,
Cause all I got is one life to give.

"Society's Sinful Spawn"
So many patron's passing judgement,
This one does it, that one doesn't,
That was then, this is now,
This one was, that one wasn't,
Water's thin but blood is running,
Should of been thick as thieves,
Only then, if it wasn't for a brother's greed,
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What could of been the little boy a mother really needs,
If it wasn't for these soiled streets,
My flavor's freshly prepped...
But quick to turn to spoiled meat,
I'll take that extra step towards revenge,
The taste is sorta sweet...
I'm a soldier bare or fully clothed,
My swagger's geared from head to toe,
My part Italian genetic code,
Carry a vendetta forever and never let it go,
I'm a handle mine and never let a person know.
What I'm about to do or exactly how it goes,
In that perspective I'm possessed by the Devil,
I'm collecting souls...
Try and touch my level,
But you got to pay the piper, you got to pay the toils,
You got to fit these shoes, if you want to walk this road,
I'm a fight for my life...
Pull the iron mic and take you off your toes,
Hammer your carcass to the casket,
Until it's permanently closed,
Let the preacher speak his sermon,
Until your soul's eternally cold.
"I Do What I Do"

It doesn't even matter if I'm selling or copping,
I'm always the one, to be taking precautions,
'Cause I already know... that these cops are watching,
Wishing they could stop me from making a profit.
By adding my name to the top of the docket,
this grudge... I really wish they would drop it.
And not judge me, by how my swagger is rocking,
I walk the walk, cause it's my only option.
And if it was only talk, I'd have to beg to pardon,
I'm smarter than the average grad from Harvard.
That's why none of these people even want to see me,
Really, hustle and scheme so freely, it's easy,
I can be sleazy and discreetly rob the needy,
Take anything I want to please me completely,
But where would I be, if that's how you seen me,
Respect is reflected, truly in how you treat me,
I can be easy, except when I need to be beastly,
Expect nothing less, if you choose to deceive me,
I do what I do, there's a reason I'm so crude,
If not, I'd just be another boy like that Bob Cratchet fool,
Tiny Tim had no attitude and had it crappy too,
But just imagine if he had slapped that dude,
Reacted to how his dad took crap from Scrooge.
He'd probably be selling crack for food,
but hold up, dawg, hold your peace,
you don't know shit if you don't know these streets,
It's too deep to get, if you can't wet your feet;
Don't mess with my sea, and stay off my beach,
What can't you see, you can't play with me,
Don't you know, it's four two three,
Another lion who breaths, can't you read,
M.C.'s... just one side of the sleeve,
I'm a beast to the T with every right to be,
Use a knife or a mic, to pick a fight with me,
Use a gun if you're like... scared of me,
We know you couldn't care to be, in fear of me,
you're just scared to be, a man an handle me,
If you weren't, then you'd stand and see,
Who the last man would be...

Forget how you can't understand my profanity,
Really it's insanity how these things came to be,
You ain't been where I've been to contend with me,
Continue to pretend, who ever you want to be,
Everybody's gonna see, the whole road of dishonesty,
You've gone and weaved to con and deceive,
But honestly...
Nobody can be a con like me
"The Poetry of a King" By Charles Higgins 3/26/2014
Volume One of King Chip

Commentary from the author

You may notice some irregularity throughout these poems. A majority of them were never meant for a book, they were wrote for the studio and performance.

Before my incarceration, I was dedicated to rap music, you know, before becoming commercialized. I grew up on greats like Wu-Tang, KRS-one, Eric B and Rakim, mostly east coast, but influential and fundamental classics. The building block of a generation.

Unfortunately, I can no longer pursue my dreams of adolescence, educate through music. Yet, that does not bar me from still finding another avenue to serve from.

I want to thank a man I met who told me, "write a book." Craig Salle, thanks. Now I am working on book, "At My Father's Table", and plan to write more, fiction and non-fiction as well as poetry.

First, I thought it would be best to share years of work as it is, before I continue to grow as a poet and a writer.
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Another reason for some differences in these poems, can be attributed to varied emotions at separate times as well as ages.

I began writing at age eleven, and am now thirty-two. I've done studio time, two live shows, but why have I not advanced any further?

My young, ignorant self could never stay out of jail or prison for long. Older and wiser now, maybe those who fellow a similar path can be more aware of the obstacles that hindered me through my words.

Any ideas, options, or help in creating a source that can relate to my writing I am open for. Also, you may see some of my works in other prison literature or news letters. I continue to push forward and try to promote growth and development.

Thank you,

Charles Higgins
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