By: Mark "The General" Nixon

My Rhyme Book

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Nixon
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Nom de Plume: The General

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Fiction: Poetry/Lyric Book

Synopsis: A display of multiple topics, concepts and rhythms that can be read as poetry, or performed by up-and-coming artist and top superstars in the music industry. Each one comes from the author's own personal experiences and circumstances, as well as his feelings and thought. You will find at least one song inside this rhyme book that you could vividly picture one or more of your favorite artist performing. So put on an instrumental soundtrack as you turn the pages of My Rhyme Book...

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My Rhyme Book, by: Mark "The General" Nixon

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WWW.PrisonsFoundation.org.
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

First and foremost I thank Allah for keeping me sane in my darkest hours and providing me with the means to keep hope in myself to survive against all the odds that are stacked up against me.

Secondly, My G-Raise, My Children because with ya'll I was able to have hope in myself for better days to come. I love you Gram Baby! My R.A.M.M.M. Squad, I love ya'll and pledge my loyalty for life to ya'll!

Thirdly, I want to give special thanks to Dennis Sorbin and the whole Prisons Foundation Staff and Movement for providing such an outlet and opportunity to myself and others like me who're stuck in the belly of the beast.

Now to all of my comrades, homies and friends who helped me with getting through the struggle, I got one foot in the door, when I'm in the Crib, ya'll coming in with me. Believe that! It's time to push the fake people to the curb and as 50 cents said, "I'm going to die trying." You heard? Holla!
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From: Mark "The General" Nixon  
To: Talented Men and Women  
Re: Membership Availability  

GHETTO2GHETTO Entertainment, a Multiservice Versatility Art Enterprise, currently possesses limited membership openings immediately available to any artistic prisoner and/or Free world person displaying exceptional skills. We are especially interested in all aspects of literature, including but not limited to: Personal Theories, Erotica, Urban Outlook, Short stories, Autobiographies, Song Lyrics, Essays, and Poetry pertaining to all genres.

We are constantly searching for devoted artist and writers who aspire to contribute to their personal belief and inner expressions through the matrimony of words and art designs towards the social archives of literature. As a fellow comrade of artistry, we understand the feeling of being shunned from society due to our own alien inner understanding. That is why at GHETTO2GHETTO Entertainment, we encourage a uniting bond between our members that kindles creativity and provides an inspirational work environment, where your sole expectation would consist of the creation and promotion of literature at its finest. Ultimately, if you consider yourself an artistic writer or an art designer who aspires to move the world with your own artistic beliefs through becoming a member of GHETTO2GHETTO Entertainment, send us a copy or synopsis of your work, along with a detailed letter summarizing who you are in relation to your artistic drawing or writing to the below address, or email us with your work attached to:

GHETTO2GHETTO Entertainment  

www.mnixon5892@gmail.com.

You work will be reviewed along with a letter regarding possible membership acceptance.
From: Mark “The General” Nixon
To: Ghetto2Ghetto Entertainment Membership
Re: Introduction to Ghetto2Ghetto Entertainment

As Founder of Ghetto2Ghetto Entertainment, it is my belief that deceit is more attractive than honesty. However, through deceit the outcome cannot possibly fulfill your expectations. Therefore, as the old adage goes, “honesty is the best policy”…

In truth, Ghetto2Ghetto Entertainment is a Versatility Art Enterprise. To further understand our purpose, let me give you the definition to the phrase Versatility Art Enterprise;

Versatility: Capable of doing many things well.

Art: The activity of creating beautiful things.

Enterprise: An ongoing project ventured through initiative.

At Ghetto2Ghetto Entertainment, our sole aspiration is the promotion and creation of art through ingenuity. We do not merely employ our members; instead, we provide them with the resources that assist in sustaining the life of an artist. We place strong emphasis on the belief that through the Ghetto’s by the Ghetto’s and from the Ghetto’s, our dreams can be not only invested but also manifested. Furthermore, it is my belief that art is an expression of Man’s/Woman’s inner understanding which in itself is a reflection of Man/Woman’s true character. Every Man/Woman’s character will differ because every persons understanding is different. A persons understanding is shaped by the environment of his past and like the past the only thing that your character can change is the future.

Mark “The General” Nixon

www.mnixon5892@gmail.com.
"You Don't gotta Cry"

I'm a live my life as if there's a God, and die to find out there isn't. Then to live my life as if there isn't a God, and die to find out there is...

Sittin' in a cell holding on to old memory's
Mixing the good wit' the bad
Asking Myself questions the devil must of asked
Feelin' like an Angel condemned to Hell, so I rebel
Never givin' up hope, cuz' if I do then I've failed
Life, a high stakes game to play
Delt bad cards and didn't fold (Pride & Ego)
Matter Over Mind at the time
Blinded by what was thought to be right
Turned out to be wrong all along
Wise men learn from mistakes
No road left to take
Trapped inside of three walls and a locked gate (Boxed In)
Forever scarred
Prayin' to live to see tomorrow cuz' today ain't promised
Losing to win and dyin' to live, if life is Hell death gotta be Heaven!!

"You don't gotta cry for me. I'll be back before you know it
"You don't gotta cry for me. This is the life I live I chose it
"You don't gotta cry for me. If I die just keep it movin'
"You don't gotta cry for me. Cuz' sometimes the ones you love, you lose them
Instead of seein' loved ones faces
They steady shawlin' me their backs
Without lookin' back
It wouldn't hurt so much, had they stabbed me in the back
Constantly reachin' out, but nobody's reachin' back
I'm bleedin' out love in a concrete bed
On the battlefield, left for dead
Damn! This cell feels like a grave
I guess this sentence is Gads way of showin' me a sign
Years of being solitary confined
It's a thin line
Mental and physical torture and oppression
The silencing of the five senses and human expressions
Caught in the cross hair like George and Jonathan Jackson
Spirit of Huey, never relaxin'
Ghetto bred and street raised, Guerrilla tactics!

"You don't gotta cry for me! I'll be back before you know it"
"You don't gotta cry for me! This is the life I live I chose it"
"You don't gotta cry for me! If I die just keep it movin'"
"You don't gotta cry for me! Cuz sometimes the ones you love, you lose the
All I need is my children to forgive me with their blessing
Stressin', Cuz they may not care or still love me
Can't blame nobody except myself for losing direction
Maybe one day I'll get to explain it all
Cuz as much as it hurts me not to be there for them
I know it's hurting them more
And it seems as if their mother done declared war
Haven't seen my kids once since I've been behind these walls
Damn! I know I did her wrong
Forever sufferin', knowin' that the one person I loved, Mournin'
Nightmares of my son runnin', the streets that got me trapped in
The belly of the beast
Time to teach what I preach
Fearin' that my daughters may become promiscuous
So I send written visualizations outlining their potentials
Prayin' for another chance to raise them, until then just remember
If you don't gotta 'cry for me
(I'll be back before you know it)
(This is the life I live I chose it)
(If I die just keep it movin')
(Cuz sometimes the ones you love, you lose them)

This was one of those reflecting on current situation and realizing
The position your actions have placed those you love and care
For in, and basically letting them know like, "hey this is what's
What but, you don't gotta 'cry for me or worry or stress about
me because it'll be alright because I'm going to be alright..."
"Prison Song"

Stress ain't the word when ya' folks say ya' foolish
D-Man, Tullio, Black, J.B., Pecza, Smokey and uncle Jay is up above
And you barely dodged a bullet
It opened up my mind
Made me see what I was doing.
But the stove was turned high, Beef was already brewin'
Was in two deep
So everywhere I stayed, I was lookin' for a Jay Reed
Never played where I stayed, never laid in the same place
See jikes gotta vacate, before a Case comes
So each night that passes, I'm askin' myself when will the day come
When my last breath fades away from a failed lung
Due to a Slug that made it's way through a foes gun
Or will I fall victim to the system
Grandma mentioned, always sayin' "don't let 'em get 'cha"
It fell on deaf ears meanin' I ain't listen, Now all my calls end
with "will I see ya' Next Visit?"

When ya' stuck in these walls dawg, you gotta stay strong!
Cuz' if you show emotions then they say you soft/I'm goin' thru the Motions, wonder where I went wrong/I'm No Cotton swab, but this is my prison Song/I IN the cell late Night, a nigga all alone/Shorty long gone, Can't get her on the phone/
So I let the tears flow thru the lyrics of my song!!
All about a lil' over fifteen hunnid'
Got me missin', a maximum of ten summers, eleven winters
Still sinnin', but got a lil' wisdom
Life experiences, I'm so equipped wit'em
Came from the bottom and still far from the top
Just in from yard, headed back to the block
Caught a gain from the guard but I didn't stop
Goin' back to my safe haven, let the door lock
When I say safe haven, I'm merely sayin' a place I can escape mayhem
Not niggers (Nope) ain't scared of nothen
Scratch that, I'm so terrified of how I'll react back
When I'm faced wit' the day
Lames get their ways replaced wit' the traits of Gangsta's
Metal locks and bangers, shaw shank 'em
Engrave they frames
Let 'em know how my pain feel //

When ya' stuck in these walls dawg, you gotta stay strong/
Cuz if you show emotions then they say you soft/I'm goin' thru the motions, wonder where I went wrong/I'm no cotton swab, but this is my prison song/In the cell late night, a nigga all alone/Shorty long gone, can't get her on the phone/So I let the tears flow thru the lyrics of my song //
If you never stepped foot in these walls, you’ll never understand it

Somehow I managed
Been to war wit’ them bangers
Walk through the block and see all these faggots (Fake Ass G’s)
The rented cops wit’ the badges, think they can stop all the madness
May, this shit is for real

Impatiently awaiting appeal
Wit’ almost ten in on a Mandatory Sentence, No deal, No Medication or pills
Do it off of will power alone

Three packs of Newports for two sticks of green to blow
Niggas from way back, they true colors are shown
Flip flappin’ like paint jaks, got me seein’ two tones
Everyday same shit different toilets
Homies on the bricks Movin’ bricks claimin’, they hood rich
Never reachin’ back to they Comrades to send a flick, not once cent
Got a broad says she’s loyal, had three kids since I been in and
She’s pregnant again... I wonder, if my peoples remember me?

(My Prison Song)

Maya loved one lost to the game that’s forever missed some
take loses differently but as I was in the belly of Jonah’s
Whale. My little brother Nearly became a victim to the game
and I couldn’t do anything about it but reflect on the why’s
which due to a strong arm committed which led me back to
the game. Cost me being locked down and unable to be near those
I love and care for so I could only deal with life behind the
Walls of Madness and try Not to catch the Sucka Flu or Suckalydus
which is highly Contagious. You run into these dudes you've known
and grew up with who are into all the Non-sense and basically
aren't the same people you knew. Then you have to deal with
the young dudes who feel they gotta walk around like they're
untouchable running their mouth until you make blood flow
out of them which exposes them even more because they've
told the authorities on you. So all around this was my
Prison Song...

"Twisted Reality"

Yeah, what up homie, it's been a long time.
Now, hold up homie, let me speak my mind.
You had plenty time, to drop a few lines
Even on the phone all you did was tell lies
I laughed, lookin' back on the nights I missed Curfew
Cookin' work wit' you, on the block all night grindin' wit' you
G-Raise did you like her own and she ain't even birth you
Treated you No differently than her own seeds
Damn! That's fucked up homie.
As I recall, Numerous times I put in work for you.
I don't sweat it, we live the street life so I respect it.
In reality I expected it.
Got almost a dime in on it.
No love, No rap, Not even a Kite wit' a flick in it
The only money I got ya'll lil'sis sent it, this shit is twisted!!
Ain't it funny, when the clouds came, situations changed.
They tried to stay dry from the rain, wonder if you still know my name.
I take it how it comes and hold my own.
Because it is what it is, and there's no point in bitchin', this shit is twisted!!

Yeah, what up shorty, it's been a long time.
Now, hold up shorty, let me speak my mind.
For a minute now, I been holdin' this back.
For awhile I even felt the blues.
You know what it is you about to feel it to.
Over ten years together and this is how you do me.
You knew from day one that you was fuckin' wit a true G.
Even though there was other broads I still loved you and treated you the best.
Nevertheless, you changed up on me, I guess my first mistake was plantin' my seeds in ya'soil.

Now, don't twist my words.
I know what my children mean to me, and I know all your learnin' is a reason to start something.
But situations and feelings have changed.
Used to be my ride-or-die (Ya'words) even that changed.
I'm not mad, just glad this is what it came to.
Before I wasted more time on you.
This shit is twisted!!
Ain't it funny, when the clouds came, situations changed!
They tried to stay dry from the rain, wonder if they still
Know my name! I take it how it comes and hold my own!
Because it is what it is, and there's no point in bitchin', this
shit is twisted!

Yeah, what up dawg, it's been a long time.
Now, hold up dawg, let me speak my mind.
It's been a long time since I hugged the block wit' you.
We was always on the grind.
We go back to those trainin' wheel days.
Back pocket black flag hang.
For your sake, I hanged (G's up)
G-Raze tried to keep us distant from one another.
And when I listened, you called bitchin'.
Talkin' bout my presence and how much you missed it.
So when you thirst for sustenance, I quenched it.
But when the bees swarmed through and pinched me,
Rain clouds covered the sky and drenched me.
You got shifty, like you've forgotten our history.
How so is a mystery.
On the Dub block we made a pact, but you ain't stay loyal
to the deal, this shit is twisted!

I'm sure it is clear where the concept for this song came from.
along with the feelings and emotions involved. It is what it is.
"Hustler's Plight"

This is how you get yours, Cuz, when it rains it pours
I'll show you how to stay numb, to the pains of war
Show you how to get money, and take no shots
And when there's problems, show you how to hold court!!

This game ain't nothing new to me, Dawg give me ya' ear
I'll show you how to do this shit
First thing first, it ain't got nothin' to do wit' ya' homies
They'll only knock you off ya' square if you aren't gumon ya' own feet
Get ya' self a connect that never pre-package
A spot for you to hustle
A spot for you to put ya' stash
A place for you to Package, Another spot for you to lay
That's close enough to hear when the block start to beg
Yet far enough away when them shots start to fly
Or them boys in blue, wit' the badges post-up on ya' ave and
Slow up ya' cash
Head to ya' second plan
Always plan from A to Z
"Summers here, ya' meltin' the snowman, like the devils here"
Should be the train of thought ridin' through ya' head
Keep these thoughts in ya' head and take a ride wit' the kids!!
This is how you get yours, Cuz 'when it rains, it pours
I'll show you how to stay numb to the pains of war
Show you how to get money and take no shorts
And when there's problems, show you how to hold Court!!

You startin' to get big, but keep a level head
Keep ya' vision clear, this shit is like chess, see moves prior to appearance
When you think wit' opponents heads, Like "Hmm" what would I do
if I knew where he lived
That's why you stay low, a baritone in the song of life
One take, one right, where it should of been a left, would change ya' whole life

But stick to the script and you'll live a long life
Count money all night, wit' no end in sight
Hear my hustla's plight
This here's a hustla's life
Big guns, No ice, No rims, just tint on some O.G. shit
Cock it up right
Chop it up, wrap tight
No love when you grind
Make sure it's done right
Try to stay outta' sight
Run into problems, let the bullets take flight!!
"DIE HARD"

I'll turn ya' skin red, cuz I don't back like Richard
If I'm a fuckin' problem then somebody come and get me
Be cautious, I keep them choppers wit' me
Already got a jacket, so the judge'll probably try to fuck me in the game
So I got on the pill
Can't get knocked, aim and pop
Witnesses will come up missin' before they get to name drop
The cane dropped in the pot, so watch it bubble
Bringin' back every gram, cuz I lived the struggle
If you're a hustla, you know where I'm at man
A superhero to my customers. Call me (Crackman)
Got my change up, got my weight up
So it's easy to lift them things up
Choppers leave ya' frame cut (Ughh)
In the street lay brains and guts
Startin' from the bottom workin' my way to the top

Fuck livin' soft, I'd rather die hard
A couple bricks of hard, Choppers in the back yard
Fresh out the prison yard, now I'm livin' large
Goin' hard 'till my whole squad got a black card
These Pest rappers get on wax, then start Buggin' out
Till I Kill'em on the track
I Spit raid Nigga, cut it out
Air 'em out, Crime scene tape had to clear 'em out
Nightmare on elm Street, The Gena's who you'll dream about
They Chasin', but I flagged the one in first
Replace 'em, then the tug'em
He's so Stagnant
There's no Suggin', belt line home of the Chrome magnum
The street lights of life is one, I send you home gladly
Pick whatever 'cuz my change-up is critical
Got bangers like prison tools, did you get it fool?
Yeah, my games full of audibles, I can get at you
Game was my Callin', so cases I done caught a few
Know how to bounce back, can do it off a ounce of that, or figure
where ya' house is at, get chu' where ya' loungin' at
Call up the laundromat, guaps in the laundry bag, spin cycle
presidents, the rest is irrelevant

Fuck livin' soft, I'd rather die hard
A couple bricks of hard, choppers in the back yard
Fresh out the prison yard, Now I'm livin' large
Cain' hard 'til my whole squad got a black card
I want a couple yachts, but first I need a couple spots
That's why I'm puttin' in overtime on the stove top
They say the block is Starvin'
Guess I'll feed it Mo' rocks
And go hard till my blood flow stops
Folks say thuggin' Not the way to be
They don't understand, that the streets Made Me
Pay me, what's rightfully mines
Or assault rifles will fire, and alter ya' mind
The ultimate crime, I walk through the line
And skip to the front, I'm livin' my life so I do what I want
They say I'm drawn to Satan, like I'm runnin' from God
Run wit'a war, Never leave my fam hangin' like Saddam
If anybody try to lynch'em, I'm a drop bombs
Flame on, same song, can't change me I'm set in my ways
My goal is to get paid, M.O. is fuck the world So baby girl
Spread ya' legs!!

Either go hard or go home. This should be the mind set and principle for any one regardless of whether it is in the streets or in a Fortune 500 Company. Whatever you involve yourself in you should go hard at it or don't get involved at all. Being that I lived the street life it's what I relate to Most and express myself from the Street angle.
It started back when we was kids at sleep overs
When pullin' sheets over caused beef.
We probably fought every week, one of us seldom seen without the other.
Folks at Lucas's swore up and down that we were brothers.
Parents said we looked like one another
Acted like each other, and we stayed in some trouble.
I let the flag hang, ridin' in the fast lane.
We got tighter as the cash came.
And though ya' demeanor changed, I remained the same.
And charged it to growin' pains.
We been through too much, nothin' can tear the crew up.
False words of true trust, and quickly we blew up.
To a level Where the shake from the flip above could get us several years.
But now the question is, Now that the pressures here, Can you stay silent throughout detectives questionaires.
Now, ya' signatures on the line. I'm tear yed, guess you tell me somebody gotta die.

I thought you would always be my niggga, but nothin' last forever.
I was down for whatever, for worst or for better, it don't matter.

Here's my farewell letter//
After all our years together, I never saw it comin'.
Thought that we would clique forever, shit, you was like a brother
Had love for you like no other, but money changes visions
No premonitions, got good intuitions
The love shaded all suspicions, but I ain't bitterin'
Now I know you got bitch in ya', so I ain't trippin'
When I look into ya' Moms eyes and see the tears in 'em, I'll probably share her pain
But it's all the same in this game we play
Got shot clock violations tryin' to change lanes
Now ya' benched for the turnover, ya' seasons over
Career is ended, and I can't breath easy until ya' air is sussed
Got me stressed out like my hair is thinnin'

Damn! The ending is nuthin' like the begginin'
Had I known then what I know now
I never would of drafted you to the squad
This is what it took, to expose you as a fraud!

I thought you would always be My nigga, but nothin' last forever
I was down for whatever, for worse or for better, it don't matter

Here's my farewell letter!
Play it like I'm fresh off a meetin' wit' the Rican's
Hit 'em on the Sally, need to meet 'em
The bakery's open, time to hit the trap
Playin' it cool, didn't show my hand
Gotta play the fool on this one, secure the plan
No sign or change in the pitch of my voice
Same conversation, same time, same meetin' place we've been since '98
See 'em at nine, if I'm lucky I'll be finished by nine oh five
Sit and waitin', contemplatin' if I should be quick or should he suffer
For the bitch shit he did
Regardless, there's a twist
Cuz 'I got love for 'em
But don't twist my words, I want blood from 'em
See his lights, he pullin' up
Butterflies in my gut, sawed-off shotty clutched
No more co-existence for us, in God I trust
Understand this sacrifice is a must, (Boom) //

This song is one of a story that several songs make up together
of which I'll let you, the readers, my audience put together
and figure them out as you go along. You'll probably have to,
or want to, go back and forth to put them in order.
LIFE AIN'T FAIR

Camin' up in the streets, I learned a few things
On how to deal wit' beef, and how to deal wit' fiends
Not to squeal when the heat comes, and when door bells ring
Not to put ya' eye to the peephole

It could be ya' last thing seen and it's stressful
In this cesspool we call the land
Sucka's 'll get some nexus, hatin' you cuz' of how you swerve
Pissed cuz' you got a flock of birds

When ya' get tired of words, give 'em what they earned
My beef 'll give 'em heart-burns No love is what I get so the same got
Returned

I peep the Crown-Vic coolin' round tinted up, Antenna's on the
Trunk wit' two boys in it, they suited up (Fuck!)

It's time to dumb it down, them folks around
Best believe when they gone it's still goin' down
Or you can try me while they still here
They'll smell murder in the air
I play the hand God gave me, My life ain't fair

They wanna' see me dead, puttin' money on my head
Plus I'm runnin' from the Feds, before he died, my homey said
"Keep ya' burner loaded cuz' this life ain't fair."
I know there's beef, so I got the block all on my hip
And I'm a boss if ya' trip
Ya' blood a paint the bricks red, when it jump from ya' head
(11' splatter on my kicks, couple dabbles on the barrel)
Powder burns on his lips, all I'm hearin' is the words my homie said
("Keep ya' burner loaded cuz' this life ain't fair")
So I'm a die by the same way I live
I'm prepared for the warfare
Ain't scared of the bullshit
"Bout whatever you bout', just a lil' more advanced suit 'it
er hunned grand on my head, and was only seek cuz' I close to be
Knew he had eyes and that they were close to me
They made the call exposin' me, I stayed still like frozen meat
Until he showed up on the scene, now I got 'em where he spsed to be
He hauntin' for me, but I know how to sit
Pop up at the right time, I know how it gets
Chopper tucked by my right thigh, I know how to spit it
Got close enough to breath his air, to make sure I didn't miss!!

They wanna' see me dead, puttin' money on my head
Plus I'm runnin' from the Feds, before he died, my homie said
"Keep ya' burner loaded cuz' this life ain't fair!!!
Now that he gone, it's back to gettin', this money
Cuz' money is my life, and they tryin' to take it from me
Runnin', from Hoover's devils, Feds tryin' to Make Strings like bees
To me it ain't worth the honey, so I switched up scenes
No shoesmates, just a barred window facin' the streets
Feelin' like Malcolm, wit' a chopper peekin' outta' curtains
Anything movin', gotta Muck it, only a fool would doubt it
(Shit!) I'm still walkin', off tick from Nine Six

The Moment I walked out the gates was the point of No return
In it deeper than God, a Menace like O-Dawg
Used to be in Sync, Now I'm so gone
There's nothing a doctor could do, to help me out of these obstacles

Death is in My opticals
But it's still better than option two, My homie said
"Keep ya' burner loaded Cuz', this life ain't fair"!!

If ever you thought that the hustle game, the street life was easy to get it. You would be right. It is! Yet, the thing is, only a few ever survive long enough to make it out. As the saying goes, Death or a Jail Cell, is the only outcome... Follow me down this life that seems easy from the outside...
COME UP

Follow the script, take you on a lil' trip to the dark side of my cold world,
Where weapons are a must, I see death around the corner so watch
who you trust, Ashes to ashes and dust to dust!!

It's early morning wipe the sleep from my eyes
Starin' out the window watchin' the sky Cry
Ralled up a dutch, and Made up my Mind
It's show time, just moved from a cell to a Crib
Got a lil' gig on the side, low key dealin' came
A lil' flip to maintain a lil' change, Nice hustle game
Need a bigger field to play in
For the last month I been watchin' a Nigga

My ears to the streets
Got a Steady friend, (here) go and cop a lil' somethin'
Even though he's heavy in the game, this is the life I live
Kiss the wife and Kids
Fill up the clips, slide one in the head
Strap on the vest, (Yes) Ski Mask (Check)
Slide on the O.J.'s to leave no prints!!

Follow the script, take you on a lil' trip to the dark side of my cold world,
Where weapons are a must, I see death around the corner so watch
who you trust, Ashes to ashes and dust to dust!!
Nine months later, my pocket's shawin'.
Still no case, no trace means no Horasha's.
Money comin' at a quicker pace, Niggas quick to hate.
Last burner had a body on it, switched and made an upgrade.
Blueprint was basic, remain faceless.
Gave the hard to my dawg, only charged twenty five for the eighth.
Got his mouth waterin', Stomach gawlin'.
He's ready to eat, so we took control of the streets.
Slow danced wit' the other two birds, let 'em lay a couple eggs and tripled my worth.
Kept six in the stash, half a brick on the ave.
The mattress full of cash, got the jacker on my ass.
I laugh, and keep dawin' what I'm doin'.
What goes around comes around, and it's been proven.
You get dirty when you do dirt.
Flip work and the goons luck.
Death is around the corner, so what who you trust.

Are you following the script so far? Yeah yeah yeah, take a trip with me to the darkside of my cold world...
SHELL SHOCKED

I put a ring on the game, and got true love for my wifey,
A thug in white tee's, twin snakes Siamese,
Don't start beef but once it's cookin', I got a big appetite when it's time to eat,
A carnivores taste buds, and ya'll tender meat.
Pull out the Miss Dash, and ya'll get tender feet.
Got the Mac-Milli by my abs, long ass clip feelin' sly on the ave,
Wonder why ya' broad smilin', all giddy when I pass,
Cuz she know a guns really in my pants.
And it's music to my ears if you really wanna' dance.
Need to shift gears, you ain't really Movin' fast.
I'm a left lane nigga, pull the curtains when I pass.
Killin' the game softly, like Lauren, Peas and Clef.
Try to play me soft like ya', not afraid of death.
Then you hitch up when ya' faced wit' ya', death.
My hands good like all-State, in case of a jam.
Safe auto to ya' toasso, replace it wit' jelly //

Vocoder—

"I'm shell shocked," in the hood grindin' wit' my beat,
"I'm shell shocked," these mean streets Made me a beast.
"I'm shell shocked," on watch for rats, snakes and police.
"I'm shell shocked," real Recognize real, I'm stickin' to the code of the street //
I'm on fire, but will never drop and fall
I only simmer like a block of wood, in any block or load
I'll get it poppin', should you sucka's try to stop my profits
Then I'm a pop the hood, Diablo
Tryna' see Pablo status, and if it's problematic
Then it's automatic, I'm a solving addict
Wit' revolvers blazin', in the jungle slugs move like impalas dashin'
(Woe) I'm Killin' em all, bring the plastic
Tape, flashlight, the gloves, Mark. Shovel and caskets
Escaped life behind the walls of Madness
The games Mine, the craft been mastered
I live my life on the grind. I just happen to rhyme
So don't think I'm sayin' this just to hear it through a speaker
Can't wait to see ya' face when you meet the grim reaper
The tool is a keeper, cuz' it Never jams up
Mossberg, do 'em like a sneaker. when I pump these slugs up
(This is a stick up so put ya' fuckin' hands up)

Vocoder - "I'm shell shocked," in the hood grinnin' wit' my heat
"I'm shell shocked," these Mean streets made me a beast
"I'm shell shocked," on watch for rats, snakes and police
"I'm shell shocked," real recognize real, I'm stickin' to the code of the streets
Freestyle #2

Here's a lil' somethin' for the streets, I know you wanna hear it, I'm the one gonna deliver it. Money so dirty probably darken up my linen, got snow everywhere cuz I spit blizzards. Claim like winter, I went to see the wizard, ya' girl gave me great brain, yeah she's a winner, I'm so advanced man you suckas just beginners, and I'm just beginnin', you ain't seen nothin' yet. I put on my gear, grip up the Georgia Tech, the block is the field, so I chase wills like the heisman, Thirty six tossed to any nigga who obliges, 30-ought 6, to any nigga I colleague wit', yeah a big boy, so you know what I ride wit', big toys, War side Lil' Beirut, that's who I ride wit', fresh off the jail block to the mailbox, wit' a bag full of stampers, damn I need a pump, don't even question it, just know that I'm the answer, ain't like the rest of 'em, them suckas like cancer, I'm watcha for the K-9's when mines is in transit, so if you need some overtime, go bawla at the manager, Need a co-signer if you want it on consignment, but get at ya' highness, if you think you got the stamina, oh that's ya' homeboy, somebody hav' em up, stand'em up, let'em know I spit like a scatter-gun, I'm veteran, you suckas just amateurs, ain't built ford tough, that's why I'm dagde rammin' ya'!!

"What!"

Yeah yeah yeah, freestyle by pen, who want what? (LMAD)
HATERS

"If you're gonna hate on me, then I really don't need you."
(Don't need you around.)

So the best thing for me to do, is to just leave you.
(I'm a just leave you alone.)

Haters surround me everyday
I can't seem to get away
Thinkin' they know my biz, better than I do.
He said, she said.
Look at how easily, small minds can be led
They thought hatin' would make me weak
It only made me stronger
Nowadays gossip is the everyday norm
Look at all those ugly thoughts, haters minds form
They're worst than a lover scorned
Scars are long covered
But the marks are still shown
Like wounds from ex-lovers
They're un-noticed but known
This path has been walked on, by many ungrrawn
Hatlin' is somethin' I will never condone.//"
If you're gonna hate on me, then I really don't need you!
(I don't need you around)
So the best thing for me to do, is to just leave you!
(I'm a just leave you alone)

Love leaves stains, that wisdom cleans up
Wisdom is pain, while pain is love.
So I'm anticipatin' on what's to come
I'm so happy that I'm the lucky one
Haters walk around like theirs all that (all that)
Hope they don't come around me with all that (all that)
Because I don't get down like that (like that)
Keep bumpin' their lips, like that's what's up
Then askin' God to fill their cup
And when he don't who'll they blame
Oh, my bad, that's when they'll hate again
Don't get me wrong, in God I trust
But he never said, in haters I must
So I stand alone, like I've learned to do
I mind my own biz, and haters should too
So the best thing for me to do, is stay away from you!!

(3rd verse - Rap verse)

There's so much hate in the world nowadays where Haters don't even realize their hating. Everybody and everything gets hated on!
It brought about this song on the Pop/R&B vibe, which I wrote a few such songs you'll come across in My Rhyme book...
TENSION

Tryna' make it in the game, I done made a livin'
Four felonies later, a nigga hidin', double digits
Convicted and listed as a menace, but I ain't bitchin'
Maneuvered the weight of the world on my shoulders
Stumbled, but didn't give in
My heart like the energizer bunny, so it's still beatin'
And I'm a keep gain' and gain', long as I'm still breathing
But nowadays these name given Niggas got the game twisted
It's a shame livin' in a world where these lames livin'
Don't understand how these suckas made it this far
Shoulda' been marked, can't give names from grave yards
(Shark-6 play hard) And since they pussey's, slugs is contraceptive
Then they can't reproduce Nomore info
Then you don't gotta worry 'bout who's that peckin' in ya' window
So, I make it plain and simple, you gotta go
Tryna' make My life harder after all the shit I've been through!!

Don't get it twisted, Stop ya' switchin'
This how it is, you Niggas tippin'
Through written script, but ya' shit is fiction
To Contradictive, the truth is missin'
And Not to Mention, I sense the tension!!
It's said to keep a secret between three folks, you gotta go
So handle ya' biz' patna, don't take it personal
Keep that mentality and watch ya' company
You'd be surprised at the amount of G's my eyes see freeze
Been in the game over a Dub, so I heard it all, seen it all and
Experienced most, so don't think it's a joke
Run ya' mouth and get rode on like freeways and turnpikes
The way you Niggas behavin', no wonder bitches turn like
It's a f*cked up scenario
When half the time they wouldn't even have a case without the
Shit a cat said to 'em
Just threw the burden on the next man, ain't that what
You cats do to 'em
Cat cats feelin', safe up, state, this shit is pitiful
Sat back and watched the game changed
And observed how much hate the change bring
From broke Niggas out there doin' the same thing
So I stay hazed

Feelin' immune to all the pain the game bring/!
("Guest 3rd Verse - Female Rapper")

Don't get it twisted, stop ya' snitchin'
This is how it is, you Niggas tippin'
Through written script, but ya' shit is fiction
To contradictive, the truth is missin'
And not to mention, I sense the tension/!

I come from the era that lived by "Snitches get stitches & put in ditches."

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GOING CRAZY

They got me upstate, liftin’ weights up in the yard
Devil’s on my heels, appeals got me cussin’ at God
Cuz’ life is hard, behind these prison walls.
It’s mental, pigs lookin’ at the smut flicks ya’ wife just sent ya’
Niggas from ya’ click playin’ games, spinnin you ‘bout ‘cash
C/O bitches Keep spinnin you ‘bout ‘some ass
Knowin’ damn well on the streets they would of rocked wit’ you
But now, one wrong word might get you double locked in
Eighty five percent of ya’ time you might do
Got you losin’ ya’ mind Cuz’ Nobody holdin’ it down for you
And ya’ baby Momma got a man, she said she really like him
And he would appreciate it, if I would stop writin’
Ya’ New cell is a Viking, ya’ younger brothers or D.G.’s
Ya’ Sisters out whocin’ and ya’ Mother just O.O’d
Thinkin’ bout this shit made me go get some weed
Lit’ it up and turned on my Super-3, (all I heard was)!!

Time goes by, puffin’ on lye, hopin’ that it gets me high
Got a Nigga gain’ crazy, I’m gain’ crazy!!

As time goes by, and my buzz go down
Got me starin’ at my flicks like, “where the love go now”
And these C/O’s keep actin’ like they tough
Not knowin’ that if I don’t get Mail today, I’ll probably
Call they bluff
My walkie keep tellin’ me (Chill dawg)
The Psych said I need sycamol, just to feel what the pill does
My appeal got shot down for the fifth time
Can't even tell my new chick, she think I got a six month hit
A nigga came back as a P.V.
Askin' for a buckhorn, I checked his ass into P.C.
Cuz he ain't reach back Not one time
I'm tired of these chi-chi's and fi-fi's
I'm sick of the whole nine.
Ya' circle gets small when you find out a nigga you fuck wit' done snitched
On top of that, to make sure you get the point
You find out one of ya' homies a joint (all I heard was)

Time goes by, puffin' on lye, hopin' that it gets me high
Got a nigga gain' crazy, I'm gain' crazy

Only those who've been behind walls of madness understand
All the emotions that I put into this to conjure up what's
treally real. Is this what you want to go through and feel? This is what the game brings up on you, so do a
reality check. Also, I got a lot of open spats for females
to hope on the tracks, those from the same place as me,
been through what the game gives out to its players.
So if you're of such caliber, get at me... G2G
CHANGE OF HEART

I can't believe it, I'll knock 'em off they feet like Stevie
Cuz' I can see the bitch in 'em, Now I ain't blind
I see 'em through the sight's of that New black smithy
And it's a brother's keeper like in New Jack City
You runnin' round talkin' bout what you'll do to Spark Gezzy
You better off tryna' take food from a grizzly
Black whip, gold rims, I'm true steel city
And known to bang hard like some New beats from Q. Bizzy
I ain't the one for no bullshit
Empty out a full clip
And have ya' brains lookin' like strawberry cool whip
(Eww Shiiiiitttt) I know you's a bitch
No back bone, spine weaker than a toothpick
Like a bad joke, I don't get it, to me it makes no sense
Grown man business, nigga no kiddin', No hitchin' and no
Recantin' statements
You made ya' bed, Now lay in it!!

You said you wanted beef but when it was time to hold court, you
left the scene. And I know what it is, you found out, you
was fuckin' wit a G. And dawg, I ain't a bitch, No ya'
Change of heart don't mean shit to me!!!
Is it cuz I eat like an elephant, and shit like a mouse
You see what I'm ridin' in, pissed bout' the house
T.I. type guns, and I love to bring 'em out
But fear have ya' tongue when them slugs meet ya' mouth
Like (wmmmmpahhh) when them parabellums sounds out
Leave you parallel wit' the ground
Thick smoke, small muzzle flash, no sound
Pick up the casings, no evidence left around
Won't case me, I'm smarter than the average clown
Know it ain't sayin' much, but you ain't sayin' shit now
You done said enough, clown
No pity when I hit 'em up, or sit 'em down, or lift 'em up
Whatever you call it, I get it done
So if you ever want it, and get the heart to flaunt it
I'll stop ya' heart
Then I'll let ya' ghost haunt me!!

You said you wanted beef, but when it was time to hold court,
You left the scene. And I know what it is, you found out, you
Was fuckin' wit' a G. And doin' I ain't a bitch. No ya' change
Of heart don't mean shit to me!!
On some stalker shit, watchin’ ya’sisters place
Ain’t thinkin’ bout rape, just bait for the gun play
Show ya’ face, and say hello to my Key
She got bitchy ways, she’ll explode in ya’ face
You can’t hit the brakes, this’a whole mother race
Can’t change lanes, and you can’t slow the pace
Ya’ too light in the ass, so regardless what ya’ say
It’s goin’ fall on deaf ears, cuz’ it holds no weight
My money straight
So you can’t fold Spark-G
Won’t bend, won’t break, won’t give (No way)
A straight up menace, like M-C-E
So sick of this Shit, like Cuba Slash Tray (Hahn)
You can ask Dre, draw quick like Stallworth Nigga ask Dante
Murder man dance, the detectives couldn’t build a case
If it don’t they must acquite, Nigga ask O.J. //

A lil’ rewind for those without the inside scoop on game...
This was a warning shot to a chump who was a sheep in a wolf
jacket Selling wolf tickets and when he finally realized
he came across a real wolf he tried to cop a plea and weaves
don’t change, so there’s No change of heart.
BLAME ME

Now since you on a Kamikaze Mission, we can get it poppin' dawg
I'm wit' it, was born in it, and bathe in it
And I'm a Stay Committed, to this street life that I'm livin'
Gun in hand huggin' the street sign, I propose Marriage
Til' death do us part, had heart from the start, that's why I got in it
Some couldn't carry the torch, and died up in it, for 'em I pour out a lil' liquor
Didn't wanna be 'em, so my draw got a lil' quicker
Bulls got a lil' bigger
The fog got a lil' thicker
Couldn't see where I was headed
The jury, other than my peers askin' me why I did it
It's simple, when situations got ugly, I made 'em beautiful
Couldn't sleep, late night sweats havin' nightmares of my funeral
My rap sheets a fair warning of what I'll do to ya'
Moved in the game in '91, paid my dues by '94
Just a reminder of why they named me Spark-6 for

Blame me, I'm the reason for the sickness, burners turn Nigga to hitches (to hitches)
Blame me, I'm the reason for the Murder, Spark-6, the nigga Ya' heard of (the nigga ya' heard of)
Blame me, I'm the reason why that thugs dead, the reason for the blood shed (the blood shed)
Blame me, I'm the reason for the murder, Spark-6, the nigga ya' heard of (the nigga ya' heard of)
It seems to be a lotta speculation on how I'm gettin' this paper
while ya'll hatin', I'm loadin' the Kay up
Patiently waitin', to seize the moment
So when I squeeze the Amen, it'll seize all movement
Like shift change, I get change and switch lanes
My money's on a roll, it's set on cruise control
I just pay the tall, told ya'll I paid my dues
So what, I'm Crazy too
Uhoh, don't make a move
Had cases before, cumbled and lost a few
Got a Case of bad Nerves, I'll pop'off on you
So in case you ain't heard, there's No option two
I let slugs and flesh merge, til' an autopsy's due
Got beef, came and losing it, I'm Ready to eat
So grab a' hold of ya' Jesus piece
Cuz' this'll be ya' last feast, blame me //

Blame me, I'm the reason for the sickness, burners turn Niggas to hitches (to hitches)
Blame me, I'm the reason for the Murder, Spark-G, the Nigga ya' heard of (the Nigga ya' heard of)
Blame me, I'm the reason why that thugs dead, the reason for the blood shed (the blood shed)
Blame me, I'm the reason for the Murder, Spark-G, the Nigga ya' heard of (the Nigga ya' heard of)
Straight outta the City of Three Rivers, and they all got bodies in 'em. Gotta solution if you gotta problem wit' the way that I'm livin', Cuz I live what I say and you say what ya' not livin'. If there's any doubt in ya' mind, the clapper'll make it vivid. You'll be the victim of violent crime, hell's where you'll visit. The voice of Satan in me, his whispers are tempting. So I gave 'em my ear, listened and took heed. Then gave the state ten years, guess I was easy to mislead. But when they locked me, I shed no tears. I had beef in the streets, ate it and ordered more. First heat held nine, I upgraded forty one More. A big boy Gorilla wit' a banana clip. Makin' big Noise, my graps sicker then Cancer is. If I said it, than I lived it. Just So happen, Most of it was explicit. You can blame the streets, but just blame me! Blame me, the reason for the sickness, the reason why that thugs dead, the reason for the blood shed, Blame me, Blame me!!

You know how every and anything that happens in America get placed on Hip-Hop, Gangster Rap specifically. This was my own twist on it, like blame me, instead of evaluating the individual and their upbringing and environment, Pap music is the blame. Now, Just blame me...
"This is no ordinary life, no ordinary life."
"Keep trying to succeed, keep trying to achieve."
"Keep on living your life."

Flash backs of them project days, BMX bikes down peril with no brakes
Back of the fire station huntin' for crayfish and snakes
Didn't have a bigger brother, my lil' ones lived miles away
My closest kin was first Cousins, so I embraced 'em as brothers
We were seldomly seen without one another
Chetto acrobatics, fast wheels and back-flips on dirty mattresses
Five dollar's between the three of us, ballin' in the Allegheny center mail
From the food court to the arcade, hi-top and hi-low fades
To blowin' tree's red eyes in the smoke corner, tryin' to keep ya' maws from knowlin'

Never told 'em face to face, but in my heart I'll always love 'em
Remember our dream of bein' rap's supreme team, Spark and lyrical G
Double tape deck on record usin' earphones for Mic's
The homies in the hood used to say we were super tight
If only my mind would of been right to spit over a G.B. track
But for what it's worth I would take Nathon back Cuz the present
is clear and the future is unseen, the past is our history
I cherish the good and the bad, and hold it close to me!
This is no ordinary life, no ordinary life!
Keep trying to succeed, keep trying to achieve.
Keep on living your life!

When I look at you, I see myself.
The picture's clear, my blood's flowin' through ya' veins.
No father present when I was your age, we share the same pain.
Sorrow can't replace my shame, with myself is where I place the blame.

Got constant visions, of you gettin' caught up in the game.
Premonitions got me behind walls of madness, going insane.

Damn, it seems like just yesterday, I was holdin' ya' hands.
Years done past by, now you beginnin' a man.

Damn, I failed to raise my son from a boy to a man.
Can't shake these feelings of failure.

Stuck wit' vivid memories of our short times together.
The absence of ya' father, got you out there actin' reckless.

I've last time and can never press rewind, no right can correct wrong.
Treasured moments of your life I've missed, they're forever gone.

Hopefully one day you'll let me explain the unspoken words of this song.
(Keep on living your life!)
"This is no ordinary life. No ordinary life."
"Keep trying to succeed. Keep trying to achieve."
"Keep on living your life."

I have dedicated twenty years to you, and I still stick to the code. Even while others switched lanes, I still remain the same though. Felt pain, due to losin' brother's of our clan. Put in work spillin' blood to avenge our family name. War wounds and scars, rap sheet wit' no question. Marks always playin' it the way it's 'posed to be played. Friends are now foes, their lies are exposed. All these years they were sheep, in wolves clothes. Deserted me behind enemy lines, on the battlefield to die. Yeah, I see the sucker in you now. Even at my lowest point with the monkey on my back, on my own feet I stand. Always been my own man, paid my own way, have you forgotten how I shared what was on my plate. Sacrificing my profits for your sake. I'm ya' first love, can't nobody else claim that place. I love you Wilson Ave, but we must now separate. I'm a true G that you chose to betray!!

("This is no ordinary life.")

If you don't get it, I wrote this to Sade's song No Ordinary Love. At the time I was going through a lot in solitary confinement. The first is about my fam, then my son, then my hood. The song speaks for itself.
Fakesters

This Golden globe sucka always talk it, but never walk it
got guns, but never spark 'em

Known to Run when the beef is fryin'

Awkwardly, awkwardly cryin' when it's time for me to off 'em
But I grant no pardons, and give no leeways.

My heat spray, no strays, can't miss from point blank, period.

Man this shit's so serious, but no fairytales, so you can stop all the
fairy shit

I've heard your stories, believe none of what I hear.

Show me some proof, in the D.O.C. for over ten years.

Playin' like a kid, like you playin' wit' kids.

Won't do the program, so you won't make it to population again.

If I had of known then, I'd never capped wit'em.

They put'em Next to a Sucka, now they both doin' what suckas do
But I didn't disrespect cuz' I'll see you when I see you.
So I cut all ties, and let you live in ya' lies.

But now, you wanna keep runnin' ya' mouth!!

You ain't a Gangsta... Sta... Na sic, when the heat was on, you face up and that showed us that, You ain't a Gangsta... Sta... I knew from the start, the one who never bites, is the one who always barks.

You ain't a Gangsta... Sta... If you'd of stayed in ya' lane you lame and never mentioned my name it'd be the same, Now, I'm not a Gangsta I just do Gangsta shit!!

44
When other Niggas talk shit, you chose to be silent
Now you wanna open ya' mouth, like I ain't 'bout it
Like anything I said or did was ever doubted
If it was, you a fool, ask about me
Crime Stoppers, been there
Duct tape, done that
Click-clack, yeah Nigga run that
I'm not tryna' brag, cuz' I'm a grown ass man
And I'm not tryna' go back to the ways of the land
Shit, I'm just playin' my hand/And if it ain't the best one
I won't run when the Angel of Death come
Ready to send ya' to God via express mail, via the paper
Cuz' it's pay back, far not holdin' ya' speech back
Far holdin' the streets back
We know it's an act, so seize that

(3rd Verse Guest)

You ain't a Gangsta... Sta... No sic, when the heat was on, you froze up and that showed us that, You ain't a Gangsta... Sta... I knew from the start, the one who never bites, is the one who always back, You ain't a Gangsta... Sta...
If you'd of stayed by ya' lane, you lane, and never mencioned my name, it'd be the same. Now, I'm Not a Gangsta, I just do Gangsta shit!

This was wrote due to a dude in the (Smu) who bite the hand that fed 'em and he wasn't built like that so I 45 had to write this as an outlet.
Gangster Chick

(All I Need is Ahh), Gangsta broad like Ciely in Hoodlum
Stilletes or Timbs, she'll still look good in 'em
At least an eight on the scale
Know how to put twenty eight on a scale
Package it, and Make the sell
Know how to flush work and post bail
If by chance she get hooked, a gangsta girl that won't sell
Visits every week, Never short on the Mail
Humorous as cartoons, Kitty full of ballons
She's my only bae, even though I stick and move
And she's cool wit' what I do, if I keep it outta' view
Got her business savvy, so I keep her in the loop
Combinations to the safe, updates on the loot
Pretty ass face wit' an ugly attitude
But when I'm around, she tone it down for her dude
She's my only home, so She's down wit' the Crew

(All I Need is Ahh) To help me Count Stacks, and Invest it to double it back
(All I Need is Ahh) To do me good and stay true like she should, cuz'mani hood
(All I Need is Ahh) To help me load clips, and would squeeze when Haters trip
(All I Need is Ahh) To hold me down if I'm locked up State
A Bonnie chick, that knows how to solve a problem quick
Can use the gift of gab, or talk wit' hollow tips
Can put it in her puss, or she can swallow it
Can bust off wit' revolver's or automatics
Ful' or semi cuz' to her it don't matter
A guru in the kitchen, she cook a mean platter
For me or the block, triple-beam in the cabinet
Employee of the year, she got a mean work habit
A head between her ears, so to me she's worth havin'
Help me set-up shop, and yeah she can manage
Santa's lil' help, puttin' the work in the baggy's
Greens, Cornbread and Cabbage
Super Man and Super Woman, tryna' take over the planet
She hold me down even when situations get drastic
A movement by myself, a force when we together
I'm good by myself, but a Gangsta Girl makes me better!

(All I Need is Ahh) To help me count stacks, and invest it to double it back
(All I Need is Ahh) To do me good, and stay true like she should, Cuz' Mami so head
(All I Need is Ahh) To help me load clips, and would squeeze when Haters trip
(All I Need is Ahh) To hold me down, if I'm locked up, State (All I Need is Ahh)
A thorough bred, that was groomed like a thorough bred
In the bedroom, hallway, kitchen or whip
A freak chick, that knows how to drive a stick
She ride like a Benz, and know when to shift
A prize winning tongue when combined wit’ the twist
The hum when I cum is her over-drive switch
And she don’t like to spit
She proud of her work Cuz’ I came so quick
Still hard, she goes insane for the dick
A Nymph, wit’ a phat ass that she like to throw in the air
Her neck cocked back, Cuz’ I’m pullin’ on her hair
Yeah, no weave that’s all her up there
Slippery when wet, down there she goes loose
Rockin’ the boat Cuz’ I’m the captain of her ship
She got a Gangsta in her grip I’m feelin’ so sick
But she’ll never dip Cuz’ she knows she’s My My My!!!(echo to hook)

(All I need is Ahh) To help me Count Stacks, and invest it to double it back
(All I need is Ahh) To do me good, and stay true like she should, Cuz’ Mami so hard
(All I need is Ahh) To help me load clips, and would squeeze when a Hater trip
(All I need is Ahh) To hold me down if I’m locked up state (All I need is Ahh)

Everybody may not understand or agree, But I love a hard chick with
School smarts and Street smarts I read these magazines and the
Model chicks all claim to want a “Smart, Educated, Thug.” Well, I want the
same in women form To all up the gutter hard chicks... keep it Gangsta!
HOOK-1

Why they wanna kill me
Why can't they just feel me
And recognize they dealin' wit' a Real G
I do this the way it's supposed to be done
For my homies and your supposed to be one//

As the saying goes, "Real Niggas do Real things," those who ain't real
can't recognize you because you're real, even your homies and family
will hate you for being what they want to be. Dudes and Breads
hate me and want to kill me all my life just because I was being
me and keeping it Gangsta at all times regardless if I was down bad
or on top of the game. So this hook came about one day as I
heard the song by Jadakiss "Who's Real" come on the radio while I
was in the hole. Those who don't know what the hell is, it's
Solitary Confinement. I never got around to doing any bars/lyrics
to this hook, yet one day I may."
FEELINGS (Never felt this way before)

I... have never felt this way before, about any woman in my life... ohh... I...

They say love is a special thing, it's a strong feeling people get inside
But some don't except it until it's gone
See, grownup I swore love wasn't meant for me
I'm a player like Big, our women I got plenty
And in these hard streets I was brought up
To never let my emotions play me, and get me caught up
So to never trust a female is what I was taught
And me falling in love, is something God would of never foresaw!!

I... have never felt this way before, about any woman in my life... ohh... I...
I... have never felt this way before, about any woman in my life... ohh... I...

Alicia said she fell, I must of slipped then
This was a Catastrophe I Shoul'na 'seen Comin' from a distance
Love's not blind, because it caught me slippin'
Now Ray-J ain't the only one wishin'
I heard Alicia say put it in a love song

So, I'm spittin' over Key's B, about a love who's gone
While still tryna' figure out what went wrong
And if Cupid is the God of love, now did he match us wrong
Now my secret's out there in the spotlight
I need her bad, back in my life
Cuz' it seems like I can't move on, wit' my damn life
Even tried to date, but the feeling don't seem right

So incomplete without my love, this gotta' be a dream

And although people say different, I still believe that love is a disease

that's slowly killin' me

And Even Jesus couldn't save me if I believed //

(I... have never felt this way before, about any woman in my life... Ohh... I...)

(I... have never felt this way before, about any woman in my life... Ohh... I...)

Now my life's gloomy, like days without the Sun

And I ain't Never felt this way before, about any one

We had a bond that was said to be unbreakable

Just like the Titanic was said to be unsinkable (echo but it sunk)

And every Captain Must sink with his ship

You abandoned relations, so I'm going down with my feelings and my ship

They say every Captain Must sink with his ship

And since you abandoned relations, I'm going down with my feelings and my ship (echo till fade... Ship... Ship... ship... ship) Cuz I... Never felt this way before in my life!!

This was for those who gave me their love only to have me squander it away foolishly. I greatly apologize! And My love is undying, don't think that it wasn't love because it was, just couldn't show it how I wish I had.
GOTTA DO WRONG

I've been taking five steps forward, and ten steps back
Trying to get ahead of the game, can't stay on track
These setbacks got me standing still in time
Chasing fantasies that fills my mind
In a world where I don't belong
Another day has come and gone
Everyday's a challenge, it's getting harder to manage
I'm slipping and losing my balance!!!

Nobody saw me crawling, and nobody heard me crying!
Seems like I gotta do wrong/gotta do wrong/before you notice me!!!

All my life, I've been a victim in the streets
Try to get away, but trouble just follows me
Stumbled a few times, and even bumped my head
Please don't be afraid, of my war wounds and scars
If not for my strength, I would have died from the start
It hurt so much, to look back on all I've been through and done
So many opportunities, and dreams I let slip through my palms
Now I'm left stranded, trapped in a world that's cold!!!

Nobody saw me crawling, and nobody heard me crying!
Seems like I gotta do wrong/gotta do wrong/before you notice me!!!
When I go to bed, my sleep just won't come
Belly's empty, and my brain is numb
A convict, so there goes another job I just can't get
A nice apartment the landlord just can't rent
Painful lessons of life and it's misdirections
Invisible tears drop from dry eyes
Your bound to drown if you can't swim
No one understand me, Neither do my family/

Nobody saw me crawling, and Nobody heard me crying/
Seems like I gotta do wrong/gotta do wrong/before you notice me/

This song came from deep deep inside of me after a cell extraction
that took place in the hole, of which guards viciously beat
and assaulted me, strapped me down in the restraint chair
for 10-hours straight with no medical attention. (For those
who don't know what a restraint chair is: Ankles strapped
down - wrist strapped down - wrist strapped down - arms
strapped down - forehead/head strapped down in a wheelchair
like chair / otherwise known as "The Devil's Throne/chair")
The strap was cutting off circulation so by the time
the guards threw me into a bare cell Naked, I couldn't
move a limb for hours. So in my head I created this
song to the Usher-Moving Mountains beat and in same
singing style.
I view the world through the eyes of a stranger
Cuz' I'm nothin' like you niggas
Been a menace since my innocence ended
I talk the truth, then bend it
Call a truce, then end it
Never been a Saint, true opposite of Benedict
Hood livin', kept me from being a good nigga
Infra-red and triple-beams, tryna' get hood nigga's
Wit' two things on my mind, Money and death
I dodge one, while I grid till there's no money left
So when them shots get fired, and ain't a few homies left
I bring 'em back on my left arm, may the lord bless 'em
I won't be the next one, one word t'flow, one soul don't die
Wrong vibe and I ride, we goin' Collide
Ain't Never been new to this war shit, I'm a Veteren
You dudes better step up ya'll weight class, Cuz ya too thin to win!

In the voice and words of Scooby-don's Nephew (Let me at 'em)
PLAY IT HOW IT GOES

Heard some nigga from my click was comin' at me sideways
Ain't gonna shoot 'em, just elude 'em for like five days
Just to figure out what the fuck he 'bout
Cuz I act a fool when I pull them trigga's out
And I don't wanna slump 'em 'til I get to the bottom of it
Cuz I heard it from a outsider, it ain't like I caught 'em
And Niggas have Motives, wanna get you out the way
Wanna be the king tomorrow, so they get you out today
So I let days pass, and I couldn't believe
My nigga plottin' on some shit that he couldn't achieve
Heard him tell a broad that he was next in line
With Spark-G out the picture there was extra shine
So I dipped off, ain't want 'em to know I was on to 'em
Cuz girly would of caught a couple a slug when they was for 'em
I hit the Bar, then I chirped 'em and told 'em
I got work, meet me on the block, if he show I'm a Muck 'em!!
(Echo-Cuz...)

If the nigga on the block, I'm a play it how it goes
If he's schemin' off top, I'm a play it how it goes
If the pigs got me stopped, I'm a play it how it goes
So before I let it pop, I'm a play it how it goes
See, I been gettin' money like a motherfucker
Got a nice connect, never fronted nothin' Cuz' I ain't for debts
Put youngin's on the squad to handle the dirt
Got a nigga I grew up with to handle the work
Soon as it drop off he pick up, and it's off to the races
When he collect he drop off, then it's off to where my safe is
I don't count it and he know it, Cuz I trust this nigga
I gave 'em a chance, if he blow it, I'm a Muck this nigga
But then he started buyin' too much lacing
Money ain't addin' up, and niggas do strange things for change
So next time he dropped off and left
Then I counted it, fifteen short and I'm like "Maybe I miss counted"
So I checked again, but got the same thing
Can't believe I got robbed by a nigga on the same team
I waited for a day or two, he dropped off, I offered 'em a plate of food
Told 'em I'm bout to count it, so wait a few
(echo-Cuz...)
If the nigga on the block, I'm a play it how it goes
If he's schemin' off top, I'm a play it how it goes
If the pigs got me stopped, I'm a play it how it goes
So before I let it pop, I'm a play it how it goes
I was in my new whip drunk, don't like sixty five
And I usually never drive, wit' work in the ride
But the homie hit me up, said he needed Tracey
I'm like "Okay, it's just a quick drop"
Grabbed the Mac, just in case somethin' pop
Three keys in the trunk stuffed inside the spare tire
I know I'm wrong, but I'm hot headed like I'm under a hairdryer
And I ain't thinkin' straight, Grey Goose Side Effects
Riskin' it all for seventy five, I know Niggas who died for less
So when I thought that, the Cops got on my tail
On the loudspeakers, so their camera's probably on as well
Pulled over, hopin' I get away by spittin' game
But if he ask me to step out, I'm a grab the strap and bang
He walked up, asked for my licence and registration
Told me my tail lights brake, and gave me a Citation
Then he smiled and said/
(Next time I'll let the K-9 sniff your car)

If the Nigga on the block, I'm a play it how it goes
If he's schemin' off top, I'm a play it how it goes
If the pigs got me stopped, I'm a play it how it goes
So before I let it pop, I'm a play it how it goes

Real life situation come to you by the minutes in the game, you
can only "Play it how it go..." 57...
HOOK - 2

Uhh, Ohh... Might have to ride on these Niggas, Collide wit' these Niggas, hit 'em up and make 'em say/
Uhh, Ohh... Somebody dyin' tonight, he talk hard but walk soft, his Mamma cryin' tonight/
She's like, ohh Naja...//

HOOK - 3

Real recognize real, and if you fake you fake
Make no mistake, I'll never fold or break, Nigga/
Real recognize real, and if you ain't you ain't
No need to hate, if you can't you can't, Nigga//

HOOK - 4

I'm 'bout my work, servin' 'Ex, dope, coke and crack/
I'm 'bout my work, bustin' heads and wettin' shirts/
I'm 'bout my work, you better take it for what it's worth/
I'm 'bout my work, Stickin' to the code of the streets//
PRISONER'S BLUES

I got the prisoner's blues, Mamama
Freedoms on my Mind
Three walls and a locked door in front' of me
And all I got is time.

No mail today or yesterday
The guard just walked on by
Years done passed by like days
The world done forgot that I'm alive.

I got the prisoner's blues, Baby
Freedoms on my Mind
Three walls and a locked door in front' of me
And all I got is time.

No Commissary to help me keep my weight up
My health is slowly fading
Stomach pains keep me from sleeping
My mind is rapidly dying.

I got the prisoner's blues, Lord
Freedoms on my Mind
Three walls and a locked door in front' of me
And all I got is time.
No such thing as Justice!
No such thing as Equality!
There's no such thing as Liberty!
I JUST WANT MY FREEDOM!
Even if I gotta' die to get it!

I got the prisoners blues, blues, blues.
With freedom on my mind and //

This is another song that came about during a dark time in my life while in Solitary Confinement. I wrote this as a poem and blues song in the traditional form of blues with a real grizzled harmonica playing in my mind at the time. What is said is what I actually felt and was going through, all around the board.
SING

Oh, sing little girl, don't you cry
You're so adorable, wipe your eyes
I understand that much seems to go wrong
But you must believe, and stay strong
There's so many people awaiting to hear your lovely voice
Hypnotizing and Mesmerizing, the audience of your choice
Your words of melody, steadily afloat
As you scream and shout at your highest note/d

So, sing little girl, go ahead
Make the skies open up for you
While you awake the living and dead/d

Move the mountains that's firm and still
Sing what's in your heart, and how you feel
Let everyone know through your emotions
That you're a female who's always in motion
Sing about how beautiful and proud you are
So special, like the Mysteries of the Stars
Beyond all the secrets that God purposely hides
To test the faith, of people worldwide/d

So, sing little girl, go ahead
Make the skies open up for you
While you awake the living and dead/d
Tell your story about broken hearts, and let downs
About growing up in a home, without a father around
Speak to your listeners, as they coast with you through life
Assure them that sharing your feelings is alright
Look into their eyes and see they’re feeling what your feeling
Through your precious gift God gave you, for them
Make the skies open up for you, while you awake the living and dead

So sing little girl, go ahead
Make the skies open up for you
While you awake the living and dead

This song was wrote a long time ago as a poem that was inspired by a letter I got from my daughter Mar’ee, of which I switched it around into a song. At the time I heard from my children about three to four times maximum a year, and that was a good year. And I always wrote, stil do, yet hardly ever hear back from them. This leaves me out on knowing what they’re doing in life, their likes/dislikes, et cetera. And the letter from my daughter to me sounded like she was stressed out with self-doubt due to being picked on and bullied. So this was my way of letting her know that she’s loved and cared about.
HOLD BACK TEARS

I can't believe this shit Nowadays, we growin' distant
Cuz my sentence is keepin' us a hundred miles away
I know your doin' ya' dirt, but I expect it
I'm on lock, left you stuck, you feel neglected
But what's the rush for you to leave
It was all good when I kept you up wit' money
Yeah I had a bad habit, addicted to the streets
Instead of spending time wit you, I spent it tryin' to cheat
I should of been there, I admit it, I know it
But later time would blow it, and I'm so sick
The one true love I had is gone
I'm standin' still while you're movin' on
(Damn!) I did you wrong
Is this the reason why you quit ridin', an planned it out
Even though I'm a man I fully understand it now
When you do dirt you get dirt, love is love until you let ya' woman get hurt/

I was in the fast lane, busy shiften gears
Blew trial, so I won't make it home for years
Now you gone and I'm alone, I gotta face my fears
Upstate thinkin' No one cares, so I'm a hold back tears//
The Mail Stopped, ain't had a visit in years
A slap in the face, but this time it's more like a punch
Got the Collect Calls blocked, so I can't get through
I'm reachin' out, but I can't reach you
(Damn!) what should I do
There's a man there takin' my home
And every time I close my eyes, I see him makin' you moan
Is this the pain that you felt when I stayed out late
After we was on the phone, said I'll be home 'round eight
I had plans to make it in, but the friends kept callin'
So I left you ignored
All the shit I did before is comin' back ten fold on me
What made me believe that you would put ya life on hold for me
I know love is blind 'Cuz' I never seen it comin'
You chased my heart, but I continued runnin'
And what was something is now Nothing
I would do it all differently for you Boo. No frontin'!!

I was in the fast lane, busy shiftin' gears
Blew trial, so I won't make it home for years
Now you gone and I'm alone, I gotta face my fears
Upstate thinkin', No one cares, So I'm a hold back tears!!
So is this the end of us
I know you got somebody
Hope he ain't a friend of us
Cuz' I couldn't take it
And probably make it back to jail the same night
That'll be goin' against the grain, so Boo get ya' game right
Cuz' I couldn't ever see me back wit' you
Even though my hearts there
You left me in jail, so it's a must or past there
Or should I take it as we even
I got too much pride to let it ride, one of us 'll end up cheatin'...
So when you see me, please turn away
You can watch our past catch on fire, as my back-tires burn away
Show you how it feels, when No one Cares
Nothin' you can do but hold back tears
So I'ma hold back tears!!

I was in the fast lane, busy shiften gears
blew trial, So I won't make it home For years
now I'm gone and I'm alone, I gotta face my fears
Upstate thinkin', No one Cares, So I'ma hold back tears!!

A lot of people got the definition of loyalty Confused with being faithful. Being loyal is placing a persons interest before anyone else's like, you're the one in the house, car, jewels, Can't no one knock you
out of the top spot. That's why you're there in the first place.

And it goes deeper than material things. Being loyal is keeping
the person you're loyal to at heart and in mind at all times.

Love and loyalty works together. You can't love someone truly
without being loyal to them and vice versa. You can't love
me truly, but fail to write, visit or keep my secrets because
to do so is to be unfaithful and to be unfaithful towards someone
means you don't care about them and to not care about
that person means you don't have any love for them.

Yeah, I was unfaithful to my children's mother plenty of
times. Yet, I was always loyal to her and towards her at
all times. A perfect example: The movie "Harlem Nights," The
Sunshine Moment. Not only was the white Gangster being
unfaithful towards his wife, but also unfaithful by having
divulged his wife's faults and such to another woman which
made him tell his wife "Baby, I'm never coming home again."

I stress this so much because women wait until their men
are down at their lowest in prison to try and "pay them
back." This create even more thoughts of "pay back" from
the man. Not to mention the harm it causes for the kids
involved. You pay me back by not allowing me any form of
contact with your children, hurts all. This shows a selfishness
because you place yourself over your children's well being.

By doing this you prove to be unfaithful to your own children.

Yeah, I wanted to stress this and in doing so hopefully
one person could understand and take heed...
ALL OUT

I'm goin' all out, I ain't holdin' shit back
Bake a Niggas cake, Now it's time for some get back
I waited long enough, Now it's a Must I let my strap clap
Run up on ya' black in broad day, and turn it pitch black!!

I don't care if the black is hot, I'm a "Get Rich or die tryin'"
Look at what that "Ghetto dope" got ya'
Now it's "All eyes on me", like I'm posing for a picture
The "King" of the streets, you'll get Sniped for the throne
And witnesses don't know Nothin', they're like "Who is Mike Jones"
They say I'm slightly thrown every time my strap lose it
Stuff ya' body inside the Kicker-box and Call it "Trap Music"
I'm the one parents better watch out for
Cuz' I'll turn their daughters into "College drop-out" whores
And what's in store for 'em is a lil' slavery
Have 'em on the track bringin' back "Cash on delivery"
I'm so "Trill", Catch me on the black, "Slangin' and bangin'
Addicted to the Skrilla so "Jealous ones still envy"
That's why I stay wit' that "Stillmatic"
Givin' em "99 ways to die", leavin' 'em wit' "Choices"
I'm "Shell Shocked", which means I can't stop hearin' voices!!

I'm goin' all out, I ain't holdin' shit back
Bake a Niggas cake, Now it's time for some get back
I waited long enough, Now it's a Must I let my strap clap
Run up on ya' black in broad day, and turn it pitch black!!
I'm a "Shock the World," and use a couple's slugs as "Thug Motivation"
And the way my Strobe game is, my "Doggy style," a Knock ya' girl
It's "Me against the world," gettin' quicker wit' my trigga
Fifty deep, so My banana clip is "Strictly for My Niggas"
To hop in, every time they spit, Niggas is droppin' "And then there was X," Now everybody's poppin'
Gettin' an ecstasy is now "America's Nightmare"
Cuz the "Chronic" is watered down, now like some light beer
So I "Purple Haze," it, I'm the "Mafhather So stop wit' the hatin' light years ahead of you, my lifes like a "Blueprint"
"Venni, vetti, vetti," and I never left a short print
When a Nigga starvin', ya' better guard ya' food
Run up in ya' buildin', rob the "Carter 1," and the "Carter 2"
Turn it into "Chopper City" leavin' wit' Clout in the city it's a "Drought"
I'm the realest Nigga breathin' ain't no "Reasonable doubt"
And the "Word of Mouth" speakin' the same, unless you "Ready to die"
you better Not Speak My Name!!

I'm goin' all out, I ain't holdin' shit back
Bake a Niggas Cake, Now it's time for some get back
I waited long enough, Now it's a Must I let my strap发挥作用, Run up on ya' block in broad day, and turn it pitch black!!

I'm a Concept dude at heart, I grew up on Ice Cube who is
My Favorite Rappers, Rapper and his Children's Story is unmatched
Same with Spice-1 use of liquor. Not to mention Cube's "Jackin' for beats." Each song/album mention is those I listen to and dig...
HOD SPOKESMEN

I'm reportin' live from the hood, this is breakin' news
An my block stay jumpin', just like kangaroos
Everyday the same, like a dose of deja vu
I hit the block so much, my balls are turnin' black and blue
Like Emmitt Smith, broads I stay runnin' through
Be pumpin' their heads up so much, they gainin' attitude
I treat 'em to a meal, maybe once upon a blue
Never stay overnight, I leave 'em in my rear view
An when I'm in my whip, it's like I got a world view
Need to climb a ladder to get in, it's on Thirty two's
Inside lemon aid, outside honeydew
I can see peekaboo, but you can't see through
An I smoke more than a chimney do
Stay surrounded by animals so much, it's like I'm in a Zoo
Got 'on my hip, hotter than a barbecue
An one false move, it'll leave you see through

Big guns rakin', twenty fours Coastin', on the block postin'
Cuz I'm the hoodspeaksman
Best dro smokin', have them broads open, no games, I ain't jokin'
Cuz I'm the hoodspeaksman //
Back to the basics, from the ground up
Clientel I'm round'in' up
Stacks on deck keep pilin' up
The game done changed, so I had to switch it up
Competition gets nipped and tucked
When I'm hungry you'll get flipped and stuck
In case you ain't know, I'm a warrior bruh
Get it for seventeen five, and let it go for twenty eight
Made ten Moves a day, do the math
That's over a hunnid, stacks put up in the safe
Two fifty's taped together, that's a hunnid rounds in the Kay
So deep in the game, it's like I'm standin' in a grave
Seen and done things that turn boys into men
I made it through yesterday, and might say goodbye to today
I'm not lookin' back, I'm goin' full speed ahead
I'm bust my work, and I'm loyal to the game!!

Big guns tatin', twenty fours Coastin' on the black postin'
Cuz I'm the hood spokesman
Best dro smokin', have them broads open, No games, I ain't jokin'
Cuz I'm the hood spokesman!!

Reporting live from the hood, this is breaking News! Yeah yeah...
(NO LOVE)/FUCK U

I was stuck in the pen doin' it
Wit' no pals writin' using their pen
I was steady waitin' for this time to end
Year after year plottin' revenge
Death to all traitors, those who betrayed a Gangsta
I just want to thank ya', Thank ya'!

F*ck you, whatever you wanna do, let's get it
You're a broad, I'm wit' it
You're soft, I'm a rock
I'll cock back and pop, drop back ya' tap
So stop actin' hard, your soft like the soil on my lawn
I'll cut the grass and dig you up, ambulance will pick you up
Once the Kay chop you down, ya' hovas a be pickin' liquor up
They ain't gettin' drunk, cuz of you they pourin' it out
Blood pourin' out from ya' Neck and ya' back
You Khia ass Niggas get Mucked like the track
Never hearin' the Glock clap
Silence that like I Silence Rats
You callin' for truces, I'm bringin' Violence back
I'm a silver back wild'N out
F*ck Nick, I got a big cannon, b*out to try it out
Try to jac'me like Janet and I'll pop ya' chest out like Janet
and I bet they'll broadcast it on every channel!!
I was stuck in the pen dain’t en
Wit’ Naps writin’ using their pen
I was steady waitin’ for this time to end
Year after year plottin’ revenge
Death to all traitors, those who betrayed a Gangsta
I just want to thank ya’, thank ya’!!

Over these years, I had a lot of time to think
Niggas was on my side, when I shined like a diamond ring
But as I deal wit’ the time, that all the drama brings
Niggas turned bitch on me, like some true drama Queens
I never would of guessed it, in a million years
That they all would be unloyal to me, and switch up gears
I refuse to let ’em drop, so I picked up my tears
Had my stomach in knots, til’ I spit up our years
But now that I look back, you was the one I hollered at
When I took stacks, and it was time to pack packs
But now that the shoes on the other foot
You done laced up, and took off
I still can’t believe you done that
We went from daps and hugs, and Much love to No love
I wouldn’t shed a tear, if you died from a foes slug
You shitted on me at my lowest, so enjoy ya’ life until it’s lastin’
cuz’ I’m a piss all on ya’ Casket!!

Do you remember a while back I said there is songs that
all go together that tells a story? Press rewind... (LMNO)
BROTHERS KEEPER

Livin' in a society where soldiers breed
A menace commitin' sin over hustla's greed
Educated in the cold streets
Gettin' money makin' dummy's outta the police
Had to reach into my heart, to find my mind
Everyday in these streets got my foresight blind
So I entertain my brain in a cloud of smoke
Lost a lot of homies, and this is how I cope
As I got older, my actions got bolder
Chip on my shoulders
Heart got colder
Whenever it's static, it's automatic
Pullin' pistols makin' my foes look acrobatic
Similar to a savage
It's gettin' harder to manage
Nobody but my brother can understand me //

When you need somebody to lean on, it be me
Never feel like your alone, Cuz you'll never be
When you feel no one loves you, just think of me
Cuz I... Am... My brothers Keeper, Keeper, Keeper... (echo)
When it comes to war, you know I'm ridin' wit' you
Right there by your side, you know I'll die for you
Never turn my back, because loyalty is a must
Cuz... I... Am... My brothers Keeper, Keeper, Keeper... // (echo)
Born in the ghetto, under a troubled sign
Hustled hard, to put to death hard times
Doubled down wit' twin clocks for those outta line
Lord knows I been searchin' for change
Troubles all I seem to find
Tomorrow ain't promised, so I live for today
I can't seem to shake my ghetto ways
My eyes on the ball, goin' hard in the paint
Like a Dragon, Nothin' but fire when I spit
Blood in my eyes
Call it George Jackson's revenge
Appetite for destruction
Easy and Ren
Neck deep in the game
For my brothers, I'm all in!

When you need somebody to lean on, it be me
Never feel like your alone, Cuz you'll never be
When you feel no one loves you, just think of me
Cuz... I... Am... My brothers Keeper, Keeper, Keeper... (echo)
When it comes to war, you know I'm ridin' wit' you
Right there by your side, you know I'll die for you
Never turn my back, because loyalty is a must
Cuz... I... Am... My brothers Keeper, Keeper, Keeper... (echo)

I dedicate this to all my Comrades, my brother's in the struggle
Ya'll know who ya'll are. The words of the hook I mean them...
ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Mark "The General" Nixon, founder of Ghetto 2 Ghetto Entertainment and G&G International, was convicted for drug charges in State Court and sentenced to 5 to 10 years to run concurrent with a Federal gun conviction that he was sentenced to 10 years for. Due to the fact that the drugs and gun were not his, he continued to appeal his case pro se, only to be denied relief on numerous occasions. He stayed silent whereas the person who's gun and drugs it was snitching on him. Due to the circumstances which brought the Author to prison, he grew a rebellious attitude that ultimately lead him to being sent to two separate control units, 1 - Special Management Unit (SMU) at SCI-Camp Hill, and 1 - Special Management Unit (SMU) at SCI-Fayette. The Author has been held in Solitary Confinement for over 4 years suffering from Sensory Deprivation. While being in Solitary Confinement where there is a Suppression on Books, Magazines, photos, newspapers, etc. The Author picked up his flex pen and started writing poetry and stories as an outlet from going insane. To date the Author has penned 2 Urban Street Fiction Novels of which he plans to Self-Publish. The Author is interested in building friendships and business relationships. It would be greatly appreciated if books, Magazines or funds could be donated to the Author at:

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Books and Magazines must be sent with invoice/receipt. New or used, is accepted. Please feel free to correspond. MNixon5893@gmail.com

Please enjoy the book.