

GOD LIKE ME!?!...



Written by
Leonard Jackson



Dear Beloved;

I write this book for you
So you will see me for who
I really am.

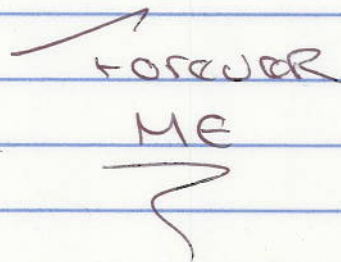
I am always here for you
if you want to talk or have
any questions about my blogs,
for you are and will continue to
be apart of me.

I will write blogs weekly
up loading this book which
is my legacy to you.

I want you to understand that
my actions that I had to grow
through doesn't define me, I am
so much more.

If we were made in his
image then call us by our Name!

H/ 

forever
ME 

"A TONE MAN"

Original man, pineal gland
Third eye wide, time to take a stand
I Self Lord, first and the last
Cleaning up myself so the babies don't crash
Raising up the dead with a thought
Pulling up my pants for the past that was fought
Irradicate them lies that were taught
And educate the masses
Giving them the truth about them history classes
I would rather be in school than a fool
Selling drugs didn't make me cool
Cause look at me now
I'm locked up in the bing
Lying , talking about how I did my thing
When really I aint do no-thing
Most of us just fronting
We have to fight for our people
Atone for our past
And get right for our people!!!

INTRTODUCTION

In the immortal words of Robert 'Bob'Nester Marley, "I am not educated, I am inspired, if I was educated I would be a damn fool".

This book is a logging of my inspiration, through the years I have sat and contemplated many things, trying to figure this all out. It started when I was about nine years of age.

I was sitting looking out the window thinking about death. I could never fathom not existing. I imagined death as me laying in a box not able to move going in and out of consciousness for eternity. So then and there I made the decision that when I go I wanted to be cremated!

So I present to you the reader the answers as I see them in which I have acquired through my journey.

THE MEANING OF LIFE

In order for one to master this physical plane they must first become aware, and recognize the state that they are in.

All who seek elevation bare witness to this. to elevate means to move from down to up. So we are aware that we are in a low state.

Awareness is just the first step on a journey to attain liberation of the soul.(The soul being the subtle vehicle of energy that the individual consciouness animates after the expiration of the physical more denser vehicle that we call our body.) Because awareness without action can lead to four things; panic, confussion, dispair, and death. Just like drowning.

Many live in this state of dispair and depression because we have come to the realization of self, B.U.T. we don't know what to do next. So we either commit suicide, turn to drugs & alcohol, or some other form of self destructive behavior. Or if we turn and seek help we are told that we are bi-polar, or suffer from some other form psychosis. Basically society tells us that we are insane. So we are prescribed drugs as a remedy.

We already know about drugs; we tried on that mystery god before we sought the so-called help of your mystery god.

So what do we do now!?.

"HETEP"

The physical plane is a state of corporal existence, consisting of mundane and natural phenomena.

This plane is low vibrating a replica of actual reality.

In order to ascend from this state of gross matter, we have to gain self-realization.

If you don't realize the true potential of self you are going to continue being controlled by external influences in a perpetual state of chaos , and feeling like a victim of circumstances.

Material accomplishments without spiritual growth is nothing but an illusion.

"What is it to gain the world, at the cost of losing your soul".

You are only holding yourself back, numbering yourself amongst those who walk in darkness.

"LUCID"

Is it wrong to dream?

Do I have to commit myself to this illusion
called reality?

Am I allowed to spread my wings?

Soaring in my psychosis, peering into the fabric
of time

Everyday is mine

Writing my history in my R.E.M. state

Living the past when I awake

If the present is a gift from GOD,

I choose not to celebrate

"Getting Over You"

Written by Leonard Jackson
(AKA) Sporty Red

(chorus)

I can't get over
Your hair, Your smile, driving me wild
I can't get over
Your lips, your kiss, how I miss
I can't get over
Your legs and them thighs, making me high
I can't get over
This pain I feel drive me insane, I can't

Verse-1

Since you've been gone, I just been walking around in a daze
Trying to explain this feeling, is like dying inside
Over and over again
How can you do this to me, after all we've been through
The promise was forever, but now you're gone away
What I'm I to do

Verse-2

Picking up the pieces of my heart
That you left when you walked away from me I played my part
(and now you're gone forever)
What I'm I suppose to do
About the plans we made for our life
You were suppose to be my wife

(Break)

Every night I cry myself to sleep
In my sorrow I am sinking deep
Thinking about you

Wide Asleep

I was once asked,
How long have I been asleep?
At the time I was 26,
So I said 26yrs..
Still this dream remains lucid,
Illusions of reality.
Do I have to die to wake wake up?
Because I'm dying to wake up.
This can't be life, I once heard and I
concur.
I know consciousness is independent of the
body,
So if God is Arm-Leg-Leg-Arm-Head,
I'm greater than that creator
So while you are All in Ah,
I'm tossing and turning in my sleep,
Restless.
Hoping that I don't wet the bed.