

## AS ABOVE, SO BELOW

The above statement is the truth of all ages. The place that you go to in your dreams is not an illusion, it is the universe that exist within you.

It is up to you to cultivate it for your arrival when this physical mass returns back to dust. So fill up!

Look at life as an acronym, Living, Is, From, Experience. We have to go through trial and error, it makes us emotionally strong, and readies us for the next time we come across something similar. As it was once said, "If it doesn't kill you, it will make you stronger".

An exceptionally difficult situation, gives people the opportunity to grow spiritually beyond one's self. One could ignore the challenge and simply vegetate as most people do. So to thine own self be true!

## "MY EYES"

If you could see the world through my eyes  
You might lose your mind  
Want to pull them out  
Live life blind  
Powerful odds against the GOD  
B.U.T. I still strive  
Bring it to the whole world  
Like a hot four five  
Divine evils don't want to see the GOD get loot  
I got a plan though  
Cock the M-1 and just shoot  
Long Island Railroad like a man I don't have to name  
I want a button on my lapel just might do the same  
Stick the whole train  
Like cowboys with unsung fame  
And then they lock me up  
When society is the blame  
It's a damn shame they use me like a pawn in this game  
Doing me all kinds of ways and I suppose to act lame  
All we get is promises that we still can't claim  
Feeding me bad food to keep my mental frame all tame  
I'm taking aim!!!

## Theory Of Relativity

Celestial contemplations that dictate my swagger seem  
conflicted,  
Although I amble to the vibration of creation.  
I stroll to the song of my soul,  
Even though I manufacture death,  
I also breathe life.  
Sacrificing myself on the cross of the four corners  
that I call my block.  
I call my Glock Jesus,  
Since it saves me.  
If you think I speak blasphemy,  
When beef cooks will you blast for me?  
You don't have to judge me with condemning glances.  
I do so every night as I voyage the subterranean tomb  
of my thoughts,  
While my two four-five's thrive,  
My thoughts are on the elemental particles that travel faster  
than 186,000 mps.  
While detectives cruise by in unmarked cars,  
I envision the making of stars.  
I know my miranda rights,  
I also know the collision of gluons create the strong  
force that bonds the nucleus of an atom.  
My Grand Unification Theory is,  
Should I smoke skunk in a dutch,  
Or haze in a White Owl.

## "SOUL PHOOD"

As I listen to the song of creation I dance  
A slow jig  
I sway like a palm tree on a breezy day  
Sometimes I sing along, even though I don't  
know all the words  
I make up my own, hoping that the tune guides  
me home  
I find myself humming like a monk, using that  
ancient mantra to stimulate my souls seat  
Happiness is what I eat  
Yet my belt is on its last notch  
So I sit and listen to that ol' song  
Hoping that it changes this wrong  
Sitting here famishied, some can't even finish  
their plate  
Can you relate?!  
Or did you make your own song,  
A fast tune, that leaves you up past noon  
The early bird is quick to be heard  
Just as long as you see through the 3rd

## "GREAT WORK"

Illustrated dreams,  
I paint on the earth's canvas  
Searching for myself in the wilderness of the  
uninhabited  
My song too is the wind,  
Although my imagination rains down to fertilize  
the unplanted seeds  
I want to gather them near,  
B.U.T. they keep running wild, just happy  
to be free  
Free from the memory of slavery  
B.U.T. what they don't see, is that the chains were  
only transferred from their legs and wrist unto  
their minds  
I like the devil because he gives me nothing!  
And to whom nothing is given, nothing is expected  
So without expectations there is no purpose  
Which makes me other than my ownself  
I'm the illness and the remedy  
Doctor heal thyself!  
And cure the wound in your head  
For what good is a perfect body,  
If you're walking around brain dead?!

## Trick Knowledge

Institutionalized I stand to be counted, among  
the rest of the dead.  
Cranial suppressions oppress my depression swimming in  
the medications I'm fed.  
The drinking water is filled with their dirty white  
lies,  
That now runs brown in my sink.  
As I go to work tired,  
Overwhelmed with extra duty,  
I don't even have time to think.  
I should have made better choices are the  
thoughts I used to have,  
But now they seem foggy in my head.  
Pre-programmed solutions for the problems  
created by masters keeping us confused and  
misled.  
Subliminal propaganda on memos printed on  
an office letter head.  
Disenfranchised, even though I voted  
each election,  
Land of the free!?,  
Or at least that's what I read.



## "IT IS WHAT IT IS"

I've come to the conclusion~~that~~,  
that,

It is what it is

I know we play a major part in our fate,

B.U.T. we can't over plan for every scenario  
that takes place

We would be setting ourselves up for failure

Peering to far in any direction can strain the eyes,

Causing you to miss what is right in front of you

So I plan for success,

B.U.T. I live for my mistakes

For through error comes correction

Making manifest perfection

A picture can be worth a thousand words,

And none of them may be true

For all truths are relative, just as beauty is in  
the eye of the beholder

You just better use that eye which is older!

## Sweet Ginger Brown

As I think of you,  
I taste the nectar of your Georgia peach,  
Like dew from heaven coming down.  
My Sweet Ginger Brown,  
You give me life beraing treats,  
that make me want to rub your feet.  
The scent of your love embracing my smile  
when you come around.  
My Sweet Ginger Brown,  
Birds sing to your beauty like it's  
their duty to make your presence known.  
I call your heart my home.  
In the swole of your soul is where I can be found  
My Sweet Ginger Brown,  
Whether passionate nights between the sheets  
Or moonlit strolls just you and me,  
There is no place I would rather be.,  
Than homeward bound to my Sweet Ginger Brown.



## Big Bang

A quick glance through the peripheral,  
I smiled.  
Finding myself engulfed in the redolence of  
your natural emollient,  
Petals of jasmine and cinnamon sticks.  
We dance electromagnetic,  
You and I.  
Proton, electron,  
Emitting sparks as radiant as a super nova.  
So the Big Bang must have been love.

"Rising Star"

(chorus)

Written by Leonard Jackson

(AKA) Sporty Red

When a brotha dies I don't wonder why  
Cause a star proving his life is born on the sky  
So peace be upon ~~em~~ with my blessings  
Young Gods under 21 called back to the essence

Verse-1

Gun smoke clears black suits and tears  
My little man only seen 16 years  
Of the fast life, selling cracks and doing jacks  
Young and Black, stashing money by the stacks  
A thoroughbred catching bodies like the feds  
Instead of simon says, he's hitting off smoke heads  
And getting lit, cause his moms died when he was young  
HIV strung, dope feign at 31  
Oldest of 3 left alone to maintain the family  
So he chose the life of a G  
A loot taker, getting props for gunning at cops and other crews  
Sun had a short fuse  
Quick to let the Mac throw-up, Shorty was nothing nice  
Pockets blowed-up, and he had a hot hand in dice  
Damn Sun I miss you word life I feel like crying  
I'm a get them kids that did this to you our die trying  
Little bastard, never thought I'd see you in a casket  
Told you to slow down you was moving too fast kid  
Now it's to late you knock z's with the O.Gs  
Peace God I'll see you in infinity

Verse-2

Rest in peace gun shots increase  
Another black adolescent kid left deceased  
From these ghetto wars, welfare checks and projects  
Causes stress and death is the effect  
My cousin T-Bird in 91  
Word life Sun we use to pump yay by the ton  
He was in Baltimore I was up in Mass making that cash fast  
But see that shit don't last  
And now you dead and gone, physical plane left to mourn  
And when your moms told me what happen kid my heart was torn  
And your little seed looking just like you in the face  
But don't worry I'm a take care of him in your place  
Somebody prayed for them kids cause they got knocked  
So instead I went and shot up they whole block  
It won't bring you back but I just had to react  
My mental state was seeing families wear black  
Now Dre is with you cause a fucking asthma attack  
I won't forget you Ces blunts and gold by the stacks

"Rising Star"Cont.

Verse-3

Now everytime I go outside, it's a chance that I might get done  
Catch a hot one  
In the brainstem, on the ground spitting up phlegm  
Live by the sword, die by the Remington (automatic)  
Life is a bitch, 31 years old lucky I aint in a ditch  
Just got out of jail, back in the game  
But since Troy died life aint been the same  
But I won't fall victim like my bredren  
So I represent the star moon and seven  
So many of my peops lay dead in the street  
Cause they walk around sleep, thinking shit is sweet  
My little man lance caught a slug in his head  
It made me bug cause he's dead so I fall back and get red  
Some said he use to look like me  
Could have been my physical laying in the street  
But it's just another day, life in the ghetto  
Gots to be a better way so  
I shed a tear every time I gots to put a brotha to rest  
Shit's thick so always wear your vest