

A Message To The Youth

Part 2.

Reality Check

Every body playing gangsta but the death Count is real. Don't tell me that you believe in it if you are not willing to die for it, do life in prison for it, or spend forever on Death Row for it.

Loyalty; the only thing you become loyal to is the game.

Honor; your honor in the game means more than your life outside the game.

Respect; death before ~~disrespect~~ becomes the Code you live by, to reverse that, that becomes the Code you die by.

This was what I was taught. This is what I lived. This is what brought me to the point in my life where I am at today, Prison. The Shackles that bond the mentality of a gangsta imprison you long before you even reach Jail. The Keep it Real Syndrome which our youth have created today has the same affect. Everything that makes you happy in life is taken away once you walk through a prison gate.

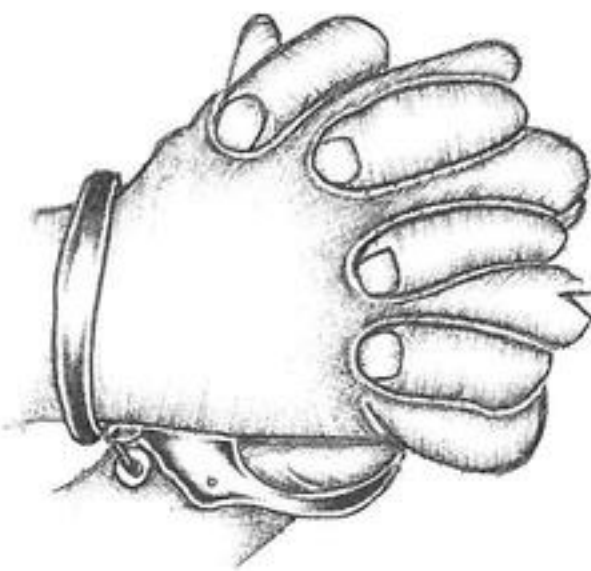
At 8-years old, I had decided to accept this as my fate had it happened. Many of you (in the thug world) have made the decision to be a gangsta, but you haven't made the ultimate decision to pay the ultimate price. My life went from gangsta to god because the recognition of god was the only force powerful enough to break the mental bond of me thinking like, acting like

and considering the thought of becoming the number one under world crime figures in the world.

Now 21 years later, we have a generation of young people aspiring to be the thing. I thought then like you think now, 'it's about getting the dough, living large, and making power moves, that was until I reached the top, like you, a' la' at last. wow! Did I feel like a damn fool? I had gained the respect of the entire hood, even some cops admired me for being a stand up dude. I came home from Atlanta hall for the second time, old homies waited for me to make the same decision, which would have kept me from getting to the point where I am today. I walked away from the life and the decision kid, (all the millions down the drain). So I could talk to you, so you won't have to go through what I did, to find out what I did! That no amount of money, no cars, and no life style is worth (in the end) never spending another day of your life ever again in the free world, and that's gangsta!

In the past, our youth being out of control was blamed on urban black children, but now the ghetto yards where like white children are buried because of white kids killing white kids which say, "It's time to admit that all our youth are out of control, not just minorities." They are out of control because it is just as easy for a child to buy an assault weapon as it is to buy a school bag. They are out of control because a kid will kill another kid over a senseless argument about basketball or who's the best rapper alive, which is crazy. They are out of control because

an eight-year old child in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
 brought a handgun to school to commit murder. They
 are out of control because a child fourteen years
 old in New York decided to bring a bomb to school.
 They are out of control because of the Virginia
 Tech College shooting. They are out of control be-
 cause a twelve year old boy in Florida accidentally
 killed a six-year old little girl, and a racist judge
 decided to sentence the child fourteen to a life sen-
 tence for refusing to accept a guilty plea. This was
 done to send a message to black parents across Ame-
 rica. "If your child does not accept our guilty plea
 bargain, he's going to get life in prison." They are
 out of control because the American dream has become
 a American illusion to poor and disenfranchised children
 who join gangs and sell drugs because they have given
 up on believing that even America believes that
 "it's youth and it's future".



Then I Cry.

Freedom taken, Life forsaken.
 Steel bars, Painful Scars.
 Mental strains, Waist Chains.
 Concrete walls, Cellblock Calls.
 Nothing Fair, Hard to bear.
 Count walls, Stare walls.
 Masked Strangers, Constant dangers.
 Singing keys, Trembling knees.
 Lonely Hours, Earth Shakes.
 Years wasted, Hope tested.
 Question why, Then I Cry...

Racine.