

"My Life, My Story" Part I

Let me take your coat  
Have a seat, and adhere to the realist script I ever wrote  
Gentlemen don't make any sudden motions  
Ladies clutch your purses  
Thank God I haven't been laid into any hurshes  
Sum up my life, my story in a few verses  
From the cradle to a cage  
Mind wasn't equip to struggle with the hurdle of minimum wage  
So I built a pharmacy upon pinnacle potential initial vision  
A vision when faced with progression  
Experienced blindness bombardment in the configuration of invasion  
An expression as such created feelings of disdain  
Strain upon my financial gain  
Causes me to strain how you maintain  
And everybody's fair game  
Accelerating into the business establishment  
Armed with equipment that demands payment  
Never developed the flawless departure  
Leaving behind an horrific venture  
Imbedded mentally in the gentle, harmless, frightened creature  
Previous liquor and weed smoke impaired my flight  
Still determined to escape this fight  
Only to fail contrary to wrong over right  
Woke up in jail to this unfamiliar sight...

## "My Life, Coming to Understanding" Part II

Completely befuddled  
Thoughts were huddled  
Cuddled with the streets but the heat was minimize  
Sitting in this cell there's no compromise  
Living in this hell won't claim my demise  
Used to throw rocks at the penitentiary just to maintain  
The judge retaliated by throwing seventeen bricks of compressed  
pain  
With precise aim  
Removed from prison general population into confinement  
Because I found excitement  
I'm giving out appointments with the pavement  
Unpredictable is the only way to explain this moment  
The chaplain asking for my presence was purely unseasonable  
For he's the beholder of the most horrific news imaginable  
My mother I love dearly fell asleep at the wheel  
Departing alongside insistently in union my baby sister  
so there were no pain to feel  
Other family members suffered intertwined with our loss  
broken bones  
I'm affirmed through my brother by phone  
My heart was pierced by stone  
She left me being a failure  
falling victim to the I struggle culture  
Now coming to understanding that it's not okay to be a mess  
I promise not to fail at having my mother watch down on me  
a positive success  
I love you momma' and sis', may y'all rest.