

RA-King Speaks: "Mirage" (Poem)

Strippers simulating sex lap dances on X, Physically live it up Spiritually suffer death,
What do you do when everything you've ever believed in turns out to be a lie,
When the love of those you would've sworn by your life would be there until you die,
Exits to the left like the end of a play no standing ovation, All of the oaths were jokes
and your dogs went astray, They use to salute now they frown like dog mess on their boot,
Let me paint this picture for those whose vision is obtuse, Imagine loving something or
someone who could never love you back, Oaths are sealed not by signature or word but by
acts, The streets will sell you a dream and charge top dollar, Time is money so
arise out of your cell a scholar, While most lose hope like
why should they even bother? Mold yourself like a master
potter, They love the pavement and bricks
of the neighborhoods that restrict, the fake
counterfeit relationships and he said she said hood politics
Don't take the picture for what it
seems, because its alot happening behind the
scenes, Steady trying to live out rap songs & don't
know what they mean, They steady hustling and not
accomplishing nothing, Brothers busting guns like
a gangster flick but no cuts are coming
except the ones being druck into the clubs, One flick of the switch
will turn your forest to shrubs, Your dreams into nightmares
you thought it was all good, True tales from Hell about
the Mirage of the Hood.



PEACE