

Journeyman

When my mind is in duress instead of smoking that
 buddah bliss, I look to Allah who resides within
 self, You ever seen the spiritual depart from the
 physical, such a visual, I've seen it in death and
 life, when times get critical, Eye see my life through
 triple pain glass, Lost my Uncle, 2 good friends,
 2 baby mother, and my Dad, 5 great losses plus
 2 sons orphaned, Only the 7 can stand up under
 these forces, Drugs took almost everything I ever
 had, Took my time and my people doing bad,
 A portrait viewed through a broken glass picture frame,
 Gloriously submerged in my flaws, resurrected emerged
 as a God, All I know
 is Pain, and I'll never
 submit, Life is a Journey,
 and I'm learning, while
 enjoying the trip.

P.E.A.C.E

Positive Education Always Corrects Cross

Division is an illusion, Allah is One.

