2-19-13 HATE! By Edgar E Jones

my mind is poisoned, trying to find my way back
all the killers, and dope dealers, are just like me (black)
still trying to maintain, trying to find a huttle,
hit the weight pile, trying to build up the muscle,
warped vision of seeing them, throw away the key
in the batters box, trying to avoid strike 3.
Its not nice, to use the word HATE!
youll understand if you were stuck behind, barbwire gates.
your rights theyll take away, meaning theyll eliminate,
and once you break the law, they will not tolerate.
Cant do what you want to, gotta do what they say
walking around suckas, who's in your face everyday.
walking a thin line, trying to mind your own bizz,
stay out of his, trying to get back to your kids.
I HATE! this place, youll never hear me say otherwise,
Im not happy here, but I can say it did open my eyes.
I fantasize about freedom, but my freedom wasnt top,
took it for granted, now my nightmares wont stop.
what am I to do? I still HATE what I am today,
HATE this prison lifestyle, when freedom was taken away.
I guess thats what I get, so now I cant complain,
maybe nett time I wont do it, then I wont see silver chains.
If youre where Im at, youll definitely say thats true,
I HATE this place, trust me youll HATE it too!