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Stressed out!

Bybellar E Jones

It's bout time to leave, my patience is wearing thin,
time to pack up my stuff, and head to another pen.
If I stay here I know, they'll throw me in the hole,
and take credits away, extending time to parole.
try to mind my own business, some people are too nosy,
stop their life to watch mine, like these suckas know me.
my patience is few, it's not like it was great from the start,
so new surroundings for me, would be great and smart.
why am I so stressed out? cause I cant get a phone?
cause I cant talk to my girl, cause Im all alone?
cause my appeals Ive lost, and petitions have been many,
and Ive lost all of them too, no chances of winning!
I have 7 years left to do, here, I cant be humble,
around all the demons, who are waiting for me to stumble.
Hate being in a dorm setting, I really need a cell block,
in a dorm you get bored, and watch the damn clock.
Time is moving slowly, watching sand in an hour glass,
get a program started, so my time can start, moving fast.
people here think they're geniuses, and know it all!
is really annoying me, and driving me up the wall.
I really cant take this anymore, is this another test?
if it is I failed! just like all of the rest.
Gotta make the best of it, and try to maintain,
being inside this gated community, is really stressing my brain.