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Where I Live

By the way E Jones

will I still be a threat, will they consider me a menace?  
could I rent an apartment? will I be a good tenant?  
will they do background checks, will they look deep?  
and will they have one eye open, when they go to sleep?  
They may let me in, and say that it's all good,  
but smut me up, now I'm watched by the neighborhood.  
Smile in my face and say "hi," and try to give me dap,  
then when I'm gone, they break in, and plant the wiretap.  
Bug my house, finding out what's going on on the inside,  
patrol car is 4 deep, 2 miles an hour, when they roll by.  
Trying to live my life, and not looking over my shoulder,  
I already did my time in prison, man that shit is over,  
They still judge me, despite me changing my life,  
turning everybody against me, even my wife.  
All I got left, is my dignity and pride,  
even that's few to my wife they offer bribes.  
In the neighborhood, I still see the same ol same,  
neighbors watching me in broad daylight, from the window pane.  
Wanna shake the spot, wanna move somewhere nice,  
I'm a tax payer now, buying things no matter the price.  
They doing too much, that even try to bribe my kids.  
I moved into their neighborhood, that's how it goes where I live!