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## Just Got Played

By Willie E Jones

Im still skinny, I really cant gain no weight,  
I did my crime, and I paid my debt to the state.  
Cant start thinking bad, or Ill be back inside,  
facing my 3<sup>rd</sup> strike, my family already cried,  
surrounded by women, who hearts stayed broke,  
when I was in prison, cant remember, the letters I wrote.  
I been to some prisons, that almost made me quit,  
seen someone get stabbed, blood spurting out and shit,  
seen guards running and heard black guns go "boom,"  
pepper spray takes away, all the oxygen in the room.  
Been around thugs, drug dealers, and thieves,  
been around snitches, they even told on me!  
so am I done? will I come back for more?  
will I get stuck going in circles, in that revolving door?  
That door wont stop turning, gotta watch where I go,  
because these white people, cant wait to violate my parole,  
so I watch where I step, they waiting for me to trip,  
waiting to give me my 3<sup>rd</sup> strike, waiting for me to slip.  
If I keep committing crimes, I keep them employed,  
I keep getting labeled, my character still being destroyed.  
If I dont do nothing wrong, they wont get me,  
wont be going through this bullshit here in CDC.  
walk the straight and narrow, maybe find me a trade,  
if I go back into another courtroom, then I just got played!