

3-10-13

Oh wise one!

Bye Bye

on the streets, and I'm stuck on parole,
walking on egg shells tryin to avoid the hold.
Doing my duty, dodging the boys in blue,
being a nice guy, cause they'll get you & too!
Jump behind bushes, everytime I see lights
DeJa vu all over again, this time its my 3rd strike.
Dont have any money, so theres excecive bail,
cant hire a lawyer, so I'll fight my case from jail.
stay away from baby moms, shell say I hit her,
then in jail I go, where I'll have to go proper.
Shell set me up, so I really cant sweat her,
they'll believe her, all because I got a record.
Living this life style, where they wont give a chance,
being by myself all over again, no chance at romance.
Change my way of thinking, being there for my son,
no matter how old he is or what he has done
If I keep on doing this, thinking like a criminal,
and not taking heed to the signs, that are subliminal.
I'll get thrown in a box, with concrete on every side,
quicksand up to my neck, nowhere to run and hide.
Cant say I know everything, I better open my eyes,
Knowing alot about wickedness, doesnt make you wise!