

5-13-13

Made Bed.

Byella E. Jones

suicidal thoughts, weapon on my waist,  
brandishing a firearm, victim shot in the face,  
lived to tell his side, lived to testify,  
lived to see me convicted, with his one good eye,  
on the bunk rocking, shaking my head in disgust,  
cant stand these haters, these enemies I cant trust.  
mistake after mistake, meeting liar after liar  
mission aborted, courage is under fire.  
Giving all I got to give, in my mind I still plot,  
got time to do, time to think whos next to get shot.  
Got enough time for a brotha to sit here and rot,  
blame nobody but me, its the job of the cops,  
to throw handcuffs on me, to put me behind a fence,  
job to charge and book me, and take my fingerprints,  
mug to mean booking number in my hand,  
LA county jail, purple 3 strike wristband.  
A straight keep away, damn they think Im a menace,  
face the wall when I walk, escorted by a lieutenant.  
Got a sergeant walking, whos getting my moves on tape,  
waiting for me to slip up, to beat me something great,  
Left to ponder about my life, damn it whats left?  
burned all my bridges, not a thing on my shelf.  
Its the consequence I took, a price I paid,  
so now Im laying in the bed that I made.