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A million Bucks

By DeVaughn E. Jones

wanna make money, but not from a 9 to 5,
write my feelings down in prison, where I survived.
Trying to write something down, where people can relate,
like the lifestyle you have, living behind these gates.
I remember when I was younger, my parents struggled,
lived check to check, everyday daddy had to hustle.
Now I'm older, I gotta make my own decisions,
back then they were bad, that's why I'm in prison.
I wanna make it, but I wanna have the latest,
been away from my son for years, he still think I'm the greatest.
There's a lot I want, but I'm still broke,
maybe with my poetry, somebody will see some hope.
In the raging sea of poverty, anybody got a boat?
Can someone throw me a life raft, or even a rope?
I don't wanna be greedy, but I need the cash,
got mouths to feed, and he's growing up fast.
I refuse to get a gun, go on the streets and rob,
despite my 2 felonies, I'm gonna find a job.
I'm not gonna stop, until I get all I can get,
not remembering the prison life, and my pillow being wet.
I cried and cried cause with life I was fed up,
when I get out never again, will you see me shackled up?
I'm not lucky, I've never had the best of luck,
with the Lord's help, my poetry will be worth a million bucks.