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Poem To my son

Bydellar E Jones

Time is hard, especially dealing with a lot of stress,
everybody mock you, these haters grow with each success,
son said "daddy when I grow up, I wanna be just like you,"
"I dont want you to go through, what I've been through."
Be yourself think positive, let your mind go free,
every night I pray to God, hoping He make you better than me.
Get you a job, work hard to get that promotion,
you dont want this prison life, this unnecessary commotion.
Get your mind right, and get your mind stronger,
remember no matter how long you live, you'll be dead much longer.
Be thankful for everyday you live, life is like the dew,
you appear and leave, it's like the world never knew.
your life is precious, live life to the fullest,
stay out them cold streets, away from those stray bullets,
stay out of gangs, because they're way too ballistic,
stay out of prison cells, like me dont be another statistic.
watch yourself, have peace, find your own fame,
mind your own bizz cause boy! bullets dont have no name.
No matter what you do, make sure that Jesus go,
cause satan will get you, when he walks to and fro.
Trust Jesus in all you do, He's all that you need,
be yourself my son, dont try to be like me.
you have your own life, you got your own goals,
skies the limit my son, but watch the world, it's cold!