

11-29-13

Thankful I Been

by delba & jmr

Locked in a room this place about 9 by 12,
hard to move around, dont nobody like jail.
Stare in the mirror, seeing a different man,
a more mature one, living a life thats a scam.
I try to keep it G, but at times I lie,
for I am not perfect, so why do I even try?
Dont need to please anyone, but keep it real,
had high hopes, until I lost all my appeals.
Thought theyll reduce my time, but Im still here,
but Im thankful, cause my release date is near,
Its closer than the ones who are serving life,
not going home cause of that damn 3 strikers.
I sweat so heavily, that I soak up my sheets,
sweat I see the grim reaper, standing guard by my feet.
I blink my eyes, and I start to hallucinate,
defeated in battle, in prison surrounded by hate,
mind tangled up, and my body is worn,
prison life makes me wish, Id never been born.
my muscles are weak, my joints battled with pain,
eyes bleed when I cry, too much pressure on the brain.
Thats what I go through, while Im stuck in the pen,
people say Im crazy, when I say Im thankful I been.