

11-29-13

A Place Called misery

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Living in a world like this, nothing bout it is sweet,
toss and turn every night, trying to get some sleep,
visions of me making it, when I'm on the streets,
even when I'm out there, I gotta watch the police.
I can't do anything! cause I'm black for one,
for 2 I'll be on parole, and I bet not have a gun,
and 3 if I dress fly, and ride something clean,
think I sell drugs, living above my means,
when YOU get labeled, just watch and see,
you'll no longer have rights cause you're a parolee,
A world like this, not too many will agree,
that it's a pleasant place, for anyone to be.
But some need to be here, for doing what they did,
hurting old people, or having sex with kids.
In this world, were not recognized by society,
as citizens, but criminals, with crimes in a variety.
People look at you different, especially if you got tattoos,
you'll be in a league of your own, your team always lose.
A place called 'misery,' I don't call it prison,
misery loves company, for all our bad decisions.
They locked me up, I paid my debt to the state,
so why Judge me based on my past mistakes?
where I live! it's now a part of history,
I'll never go back, to that place called misery.