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## The Choice Is Yours

By Debra Egan

Sitting by myself, in the realm of my thoughts,  
where would I be today, if I wouldn't of got caught?  
Can't determine that, I can't dwell on the past,  
but only move forward, how long can this last?  
I wake every day, shaking my head in disgust,  
surrounded by people, that I know I can't trust.  
The ones I'm talking about, say hi every single day,  
but if you're not around, they're in the guard's face  
think their "snitchin'" will make him and the guard's friends,  
but if his job is on the line, he'll turn yo ass in!  
Prison life is hectic, no matter what prison you go,  
all the way from the minimum yard, to a level 4,  
cut throats, thieves, and notorious booty benefits,  
the risk you take after a prison sentence is handed,  
Down to you, where there's 21 years on your AOT,  
that abstract of judgment, which sends you on your way  
you cry at night, because of your blunder,  
call you by your last name, and last 2 of your CDC number  
It's the price you pay, like playing Russian Roulette  
stabbings in front of you, how worse can this get?  
If you commit crimes on the street, after seeing that  
you deserve to be in prison, on a bunk that's triple stacked,  
you deserve to cry out, that's what you get for being bored,  
now you got time to think about it, the choice is yours!