

4-2-14

my Bad Years

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Stuck in isolation, so I guess I'm incognito, my life is all bad, but I wanted to be a hero, wanted to be a firefighter, wanted to save lives, but in 1998, that dream had quickly died.

I went to jail and prison time was what I was + but instead of shackles, I got 5 years of formal prob

The crime was arson, the city was the L-B-C, the street was 10th, the case number NA 0-3-7-2-1

Released from the county, a day before Valentines, too many tears from my eyes, the year was 99.

Ran all the way home, by then the sun was gone + been away 8 months, yeah 8 months too long.

Long Beach was the city, to them I was well known was a church boy, my! what a monster he's got

A registered arsonist, #1 suspect if a fire's near they gonna get me, if I don't have a solid alibi,

looking over my shoulder, hot blood in my veins a monster was born, that caused my family alot of

I slipped up! they knew I wasn't getting off prob knew I'll be in a cell, back and forth pacing.

Talking to myself, kicking over my bucket of tea reminiscing on my past, stressed out over my bad ye