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Get out the way

By Della Egan

Keep my swag high, with 2 convictions from a court,
not even a fire truck's ladder, can knock me off my high horse.
Each time I listen to a critic, they always hate,
they give me ammo, all they do is motivate,
me to be better, being something you never seen.
feature presentation in my life, with a mug that's mean,
I feel like a bird, but I can't leave the flock,
strutting around pretty, showing my radiance like a peacock.
I know I'm a bit much, know you can't take it,
people doing background checks, I been in silver bracelets.
Google my name, no need to pry and snoop,
I got a record, I admit I abandoned my troops,
my family and my son, was abandoned and left alone,
awold my platoon, and a soldier on my own,
my swag is so high, can't nobody deflate my balloon.
"excuse me NASA, do you need some samples from the moon?"
in a league of my own, with a record that's insignificant,
but a colossal amount of pain, included in my punishment.
Anybody in my circle, will definitely get a treat,
like a fire truck people pull over, when I go down the street,
say hi to my swag! Keeping the critics at bay,
now when you see me coming, just get out the way.