

5-11-14

18!

By DeVar E. Jones

Im bout to bust loose! Var is on the move,
dont get scared now! but go hit ya head wit the news.
Go to the police, go down to that substation
file a restraining order, its 3 years parole Im facing.
Call the fire dept, tell'em to ring the alarm,
I rep Long Beach, you'll see it tatted on my arm,
Dressin fly, and I got a natural high,
dont do drugs, but let me tell you how I survived,
Down all them years, I was stuck in the pen,
I wonder how many phonies, wanna be facebook friends?
Im not a baller! I dont have no stacks,
not yet at least, I still shop on clearance racks.
Gotta be patient, gotta crawl before I walk,
you'll know I just got out, by the way I talk.
Calendars on my arm, cross'em out and put a K,
I did my time already, so what can you say?
Take off these shackles, that's been on my wrists,
cutting off my circulation, so I can put up one fist,
and say I made it, while yall are flippin through pages,
of my book that I wrote, locked behind these cages.
when I went in, my mind was young as a child,
now Im known by my poetry, not what they see in my file.
People come out their house, like when engines pull up to a scene,
Ill be making alot of noise, especially after doin 18!