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Breathin

By delarE Jones

A lot of people never made it, to see the age 21,  
the world is so cold, everybody got a gun.  
in about 7 months, I'll reach the age of 35,  
but that birthday will be in prison, how did I survive?  
Through all the drama, from people who claim they hard,  
carrying knives in their ass, in the level 4 backyard.  
I know one thing! I wasn't walking alone,  
had a shield of protection, while in the danger zone.  
Really no protection, from the ones we call cops.  
scare the hell out of you, with "NO WARNING SHOTS!"  
Bodies dropping all around you, knives left at the scene,  
zip ties everywhere, shell casings from the mini 14,  
coming from the guard, whos posted in the tower,  
that mean mug on your face, will turn really sour.  
so how did I make it? well, I do mind my own  
stay out of peoples bizz, cause I wanna live long.  
Revealing my feelings, that comes from deep within,  
trying to go home smarter, than the way I went in.  
young and immature, stuck in bottle without a plan,  
losing the war, but turned into a better man.  
So be thankful, because you dont know when you'll leave,  
everyday you live is a good day, and you can breathe.