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Lace Ya Boots UP

By delia E. Jones

welcome to my town! hope you're prepared,
you got a weapon? There's no time to be scared,
mind ya own bizz, be a soldier on the front line,
keep ya head on a swivel, it can crack at anytime,
watch ya surroundings, watch the other races
watch where they go, peep the look on their faces.
Never walk alone, stay on your toes, be alert,
because in my town, you can really get hurt,
It's not really my town, just got an extended stay,
not knowing what will happen throughout the day.
In my town, it's the blacks, bloods and cries,
against the southsiders when deep! they wanna trif.
Knives rolling around, with orange pepper spray,
making the guards on duty earn their daily pay.
Guards not getting close, they don't wanna be a victim,
and they get stabbed and puncture, something in their system.
When they got enough guards, and the smoke clears,
then they start charging, at us in their riot gear,
Laying in mates down, just to apply a zip tie,
others being airlifted, to the hospital outside.
Prison politics you gotta fight, no matter what,
so before you start walking, lace ya boots up.