

FREEDOM WRITER!

I'm A Freedom Writer, But I Wasn't Part Of The Class,
I Wrote About My Experiences, As I Dwelled On The Past.

97 Was A Good Year, I Can Even Remember 93,
I Started At Wilson High Back Then, My Mom's Was Proud Of Me.

I've Watched The 'Freedom Writers Movie,' Its Filled With Inspiration,
I Caught A Couple Of Tears, Life Was Good Before Probation.

I Wonder What Would My Life, Turned Out To Be?
Would Have I Came To Prison, Asking God To Set Me Free?

If I Was A Freedom Writer, Would I Still Lack Common Sense?
Would People Remember Me Graduating, Or Foresee Handcuffs On My Wrists?

If I Were A Freedom Writer, Would My Life Had Turned Out Great?
If I Kept A Diary Of My Thoughts, Would I Have Seen Barbwire Gates?

If I Were A Freedom Writer, Who Would Play Me In The Movie?
I'll Probably Be An Extra, Cause Not A Lot Of People Knew Me.

I Can Still Be A Freedom Writer, Despite It Being Many Years,
Tell My Story To People Upcoming, And How To Avoid Those Tears.

I Went To Wilson High, I Can Remember My Prom,
Life Was Stress Free, That's When I Had A Proud Mom.

I Had A Proud Dad, I Even Had A Cute Prom Date,
But Also Remember The Tragedy, A Young Black Girl Being Raped.

In Las Vegas In 97, I Think It Was After Spring Break,
By Jeremy and David, Who Unfortunately, Were My Classmates.

I'm A Freedom Writer, Cause I've Endured A Lot Of Pain,
I've Also Been Betrayed, As If My Brother Was Cain.

I Have Nightmares, But Freedom Is What I Seek,
My Words Are Heartfelt, You Can Feel The Pain When I Speak.

I Want To Be Somebody, But Will People Look At Me Strange?
Will They Say "He Cant' Be A Freedom Writer, His Mind Is Deranged,

He's Been To Prison," What! You Say That I Can't Change?
I Want To Turn In My Prison Number, For A More Positive Exchange.

Something That's Worthy, Cause Prison Life Goes Against The Grain,
I'm A Freedom Writer, Cause I Got A Lot On My Brain.

I Got A More Positive Outlook On Life, They Say "It's Too Late,"
Better Late Than Never! Who Cares If I'm An Inmate.

I Can Be Better, Despite I Got A Rep Shot To Hell,
I'm A Criminal And A Writer, With A Helluva Story To Tell.

My Main Goal Is To Go, To Where I Grew Up At,
Mary Butler Middle School, Wilson High! Where I Threw My Graduation Cap,

High In The Air, As It Came Down, Pain Was Fore seen,
Had To Live My Life To Go Through It, Handprints On A Glass Screen.

Couldn't No Longer Hug My Mom, I Cried Till Where Blood Would Pass,
Over My Heart Of Tears, As I Blew A Kiss Through The Glass.

I'm A Freedom Writer, But Still All I Do Is Mope,
Cause It's No Way To Mend A Heart, That Always Stay Broke.

I'm A Freedom Writer, Hey! I'm Also A Poet,
It Was Buried Deep Down In My Heart, And I Didn't Even Know It.

It Wasn't Shown To Me Until, They Slammed The Cell Door,
Till I Cried Out To God, Scraping My Knees On The Concrete Floor.

I'm A Freedom Writer, I Can Be A Mentor To All,
Not To Scare Anybody, But Tell About My Tour Behind The Wall.

I'm A Freedom Writer, Ms. Gruwell, Wasn't My Teacher Who Taught,
I Was In Another Class, Cheating Off Papers, Trying Not To Get Caught.

As I Sit Back And Think About My Life, That Is Really Ruined,
I'm Still A Freedom Writer, Still Rep Woodrow Wilson High Bruins.

It's Class Of 97, If It Weren't For Prison They'll Be No Fighting,
For My Life, Spilling Pain On Paper In My Handwriting.

Please Don't Judge Me, My Life After High School, Has Been A Real Nail-Bitter,
I Express Myself On Paper, While I'm In Prison, And I 'm A Freedom Writer!!!