

ON THE OUTSIDE LOOKING IN (PT. I)

*I stare out the window
Of my own soul
On the inside looking out at
Who knows
Your goals your desires
I gaze
Contemplating your inspiration
And your ways
If this window was a book
When if ever do we turn the page
Is there a chapter
In which we let our feelings
Fly away
Or is this just
Laughter
A game we'll just play?
Are you afraid to just try?
Or is it something...
Obstructing your view
Looking into me from outside*

What's Inside The Heart of a Thug?

Passion pain & pining
Love hate & whining
Beating like a drum
Fueled by veins
That pumps where he's from
Where he's been
What he's felt
His aim
Not rage against his own
But the therapy to make his hurt melt
His mother, sisters, daughters
Like King Kong in his chest
And a Love
Held just out of reach
Depriving him of
Rest in
Peace
He craves it
But damn if he fails to spark first
Mother
Chasing cocaine with satin
Can't afford carnations
Or a Hearst
So it's survive, or kill trying
Violence our way of crying
Passion is
What his heart is
Filled with Love Peace ambition
With no fear of dying

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