

HALLOWEEN

ALL I EHAR IS "SHOOT"EM UP, AND BANG BANG,"
NOBODY CAUSING A RUCKUS, BUT BEEFING WITH ANOTHER GANG.

EVERYDAY IS HALLOWEEN, EVERYDAY YOU GO OUT IS SCARY,
LOOKING OVER YOUR SHOULDER, LOOKING FOR THE MODERN DAY DIRTY HARRY.

CAN'T WALK TO THE STORE, IF YOU DO DON'T GO ALONE,
BECAUSE THE MEXICANS ARE WAITING, AND YOU MAY NOT MAKE IT HOME.

BULLETS HAVE NO NAME, NOR DOES A KNIFE WITH A LONG BLADE,
IT COMES WITH THE TERRITORY, AND IT'S THE BED THAT YOU MADE.

WE'RE ALL IN THE SAME GANG, BUT PEOPLE RATHER CALL 911,
LET THE POLICE DEAL WITH THE GANG MEMBERS, THAT BE TOTING THE GUN.

NO MATTER WHERE YOU GO, ITS NOT PEACHES AND CREAM,
WHEN THE SUSNETS IN LONG BEACH, IT TURNS INTO HALLOWEEN.

IF YOU GO DOWNTOWN ITS NICE, YOU'RE PRETTY MUCH SAFE,
BUT GO ANYWHERE PAST 7TH STREET, ALL YOU'LL SEE IS YELLOW TAPE.

GO FURTHER YOU'LL SEE BODIES, COVERED IN WHITE SHEETS,
HOMICIDE UNIT RETREIVING BULLETS, THAT'S SCATTERED IN THE STREETS.

THEY GOT HOODS ON LOCK, NEVER HEARD OF THE EASTSIDE LONGOS, ON 21ST,
THAT'S WHERE THE INSANE HANG, WHICH THEY CLAIM IS THE DEADLIEST TURF.

ONLY TIME ITS PEACEFUL, IS WHEN THE GANGS ARE SLEEP,
ITS NEVER LIKE THAT! SO YOU'LL NEVER FIND PEACE.

NOT IN THE STREETS, DEFINITELY NOT IN LONG BEACH,
GUNS AND BULLETS ARE REAL, AND ITS NOT A FIGURE OF SPEECH.

EVERYSDDAY IS HALLOWEEN, EVEN IF THE DAY IS CHRISTMAS,
YOU CAN LOOK OUT YOUR WINDOW, AND SAY "WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?"

POLICE ALL AT THE SCENE, K-9 UNITS FINDING A SCENT,
SSPECT HIDING IN THE BUSHES, IT'S THE EVERYDAY L.B. BULLSHIT.

EVERYDAY IS HALLWOEEN AND LIKE THANKSGIVING, ON THE STREETS YOU'LL GET STUFFED,
FACE FULL FO BULLETS, THE EASTSIDE LONGOS DON'T GIVE A FUCK ABOUT HANDCUFFS.

E'RE ALL IN THE SAME GANG, ANOTHER BLACK BODY AT THE SCENE,
NO MATTER WHERE YOU GO IN LONG BEACH, EVERYDAY IS HALLOWEEN!!

JUDGED BY MY FLAWS

I'M JUDGED BY MY FLAWS, JUDGE BY WHAT I'VE DID,
HOW I WENT TO PRISON, HOW I'VE ABANDONED MY KID.

I'M JUDGED BY MY CRIME, JUDGE BY MY FILE,
21 YEARS FOR ARSON! THAT'S WHAT I GOT IN A CRIMINAL TRIAL.

THEY TREAT ME SO DAMN BAD, LIKE THE LOWEST OF THE SCUM,
PUT ME ON THE SAME LEVEL, AS THE PEDOPHILE AND THE BUM.

THEY JUDGE ME NOT BY ME, WANTING TO REHABILITATE,
BUT JUDGE ME AS A MENACE, LOCKED BEHIND A 30 FOOT BARBWIRE GATE.

DON'T SAY HE'S REHABILITATED, DON'T SAY THAT HE'S CHANGED,
BUT SAY HE'S STILL A PYROMANIAC, ARSONIST STILL IN HIS BRAIN.

AFTER ALL OF THIS TIME, I'M JUDGED ALSO BY THE COLOR OF MY SKIN,
WANT TO SEE ME DEAD, SO THEY CAN NOTIFY MY NEXT OF KIN.

I'M NOT JUDGED BY MY LOOKS, OR EVEN MY ABILITY,
THEY CALL ME A LIAR, AND I'VE LOST ALL CREDIBILITY.

BECAUSE OF THE IFRES I'VE STARTED, AND THE ACCELERANTS OF FLAMMABILITY,
SO THEY THOUGHT FOR 21 YEARS THEY'LL DETAIN ME, IN A CORRECTIONAL FACILITY.

I'M JUDGED BY MY FLAWS, BUT WHAT IF MY FLAWS MAKE ME GREAT?
WHILE I'M BEING JUDGED TO FAIL, THEY STILL JUDGE ME WITH HATE.

I'M GONNA CARRY MY WEIGHT, AS MY POETRY ACCUMULATE,
THANKS TO THE HATERS! AS MY MIND CONTINUES TO ROTATE.

I'M JUDGE BY MY FLAWS, PEOPLE DON'T LOOK AT ME THE SAME,
2 ARSON COVICTIONS IS ALL THAT'LL COME UP, WHEN YOU GOOGLE MY NAME.

I'VE BEEN A STAR WAY BEFORE THE COWBOYS HAD THAT LOGO,
DESPITE MY TARNISHED REP, I'LL BE KNOWN LIKE SANDWICHES YOU GET AT TOGO'S.

I'M LIKE SOME UNCOOKED MEAT, THAT YOU DEFROST AND THAW,
I'M TRYING TO BE SOMEBODY BETTER, BUT I'M JUDGED BY MY FLAW.