

Can't B Trusted

By: /V/102016

People don't trust me! cause of the record I possess,
The reputation that I have, the misery and stress.
They put me on the bottom, lowest spot on the pole,
because of my prison ink, and the term on parole.
The registration for life, for the crime of arson,
in the city of Long Beach, not too far from Carson.
When I try to get a job, I'm quickly denied,
after they do background checks, can't say I haven't tried.
I've done all I could do, there's no second chance,
my record reads criminal, and an aggressive stance.
Where I've been, they talk about rehabilitation,
we get stuck in a door, that's constantly in rotation.
People hate to see me coming, like I got a disease,
I've let my parents down, thinking they died displeased,
at all my actions, I couldn't even say good-bye,
couldn't cry on their shoulders, now I look to the sky.
People don't like me, they sneer at me with hate,
because of my tarnished rep, of being an inmate.
I can't be trusted! like a crackhead with money, to buy food,
or a drunk trying to play fast money, need I point on the fed
Hand in the cookie jar, cuffs on my wrists! I'm busted.
When I'm released from prison, they say I can't B trusted.