

7.19.17

(On Going Issues)

Stuck in this cage,  
Full of ongoing rage.  
Sick of the acts from these dudes fake face,  
This has to be staged.  
Why me?  
Why not someone else?  
So long, I have been lost to the streets,  
Lost into beef,  
This can't be the life that was set out for me.  
As a seed I know they hope for great things outta me,  
Which slowly faded as that seed turned into me.  
Was it my father death that I saw,  
Or was it my ambitious little soul  
That wanted to be different.  
Is that what cause me to disrupt the streets,  
In addition, sell crack and heroin to my own kind.  
Was I that far gone and intertwined,  
That I allowed myself to get that low?  
Was it all for show?  
Or was that really me.

By: Anthony P. Heard Jr #487345