

Lucy

I Delegate a segment of my brain
to solving riddles to my dream I find More
nots entangled and I cent dismantle the nuts and
crannies of this cycle to I'm idle at times I see
the signs but I don't readem as I viz by a one
way system on the brink of existence - and this
aint living is pnooh a conscious decision - reclushe
three way conrox wid my alteregos - no talent
meet balance meet illegal - or meet the parents
to understand my social make up or be a hater //
And see how far that it takes ya // the wind blows
death wexth bank plummet - destitute hustlers were
high rollers // on these last hundred // the walk of
shame for the JSA dutty glares from brudders
you used to laugh at // pass by in the cars that the
stars have // the still broke // but you aint even
half that // pass that puff puff give // the chalice
got you fucked up quick // this is tough love.
For these tough ~~lock~~ kids // ~~the~~ I see the eyes of an
8 year old little man // older brudders skips academy
to be can measure ~~grams~~ kids ah don // at whatever
e put to sports mathematics // but the schools
- shit nurture the talent - so he follows fashion - singing hymns
or how about the poor being rewarded in a crystal palace
I don't buy it and I don't kiss ass to go to heaven
I don't do things in conditional. I don't do things as