Gangster Poem

You know sometimes life is a trip it can make you do mysterious thangs. And sometimes life is a bitch how do you deal with the pain? Niggas rather smile in my face stick a knife in my mothafuckin' back than to see my family doin' well and my pockets steady gettin' fat. Since the age of 14 you know I been representin' my neighborhood. G'd up every goddamned day puttin' it down foe the city of Inglewood. And I ain't asked nobody for shit ain't nobody had to front me no sack everything I got I did it by myself and that's a mothafuckin' fact. But why when I'm doin my own thang and why when I'm on my own grind niggas wanna turn they back and act like Squeak done switched sides. And even though I got niggas that I love and niggas that I know is real. I still got them niggas that I wanna take my pistol and stick it to they fuckin' grill. But have you ever been down wit the homies because you thought the homies was true? Or have you ever been down wit the homies and found out the homies ain't down with you? Huh, player haters suck my dick!!

Mack 10