

Fighting In The Streets

Wisdom In Chains

I started throwing down when I was only three. My dad knew how to fight and he passed it on to me. I practiced with my brothers then we took it to the block. I went to school and found the bully, cleaned his fucking clock. My mother got so angry. She tried to raise us right. No matter what she did to me I always loved to fight. Seneca kicked my ass down on 4th and Wallace St. You'd think I learned my lesson but I fought him in a week. Win or lose, it's no different. I guess I love the energy. I can hear my mother calling. "Come and get you boys cause they're fighting in the street!" I've made some friends across the years and a couple enemies. I'm down with LBU my family across the sea. I'm not the greatest fighter and I haven't won them all but I still can see my fathers face and hear my mother call. I drove through my old neighborhood trying to reminisce about the places that I've been and faces that I miss. I've learned about forgiveness and a little self-control, but if it's time to rumble fuck that shit it's time to fucking go.