

TITLE: Persevere

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It's 3 o'clock in the mornin', and I can't sleep  
I'm in a cell by myself, cold, with no heat  
Sittin' inside my bed as I smear this ink  
Thoughts come to my head as I plot and think

The freeworld don't want me, society rejected  
Like my mama slid my tape in but society ejected  
I'm in a cell with no light, jottin' these thoughts with my pen  
And I ain't gonna lie, I feel depression kickin' in

I start thinkin' about my mama and all the pain that I gave  
Will I ever see the streets, or will I parole to the grave?  
Your life could be bad but maybe I got it worse  
Maybe some things you never had, but my life's trapped in a curse

Will you ever hear this verse? For me it'd be a blessin'  
Smugglin' songs out from prison keeps me anxious and stressin'  
When times get tough I'm forced to fight the fear  
'Cause by any means, man, I must persevere

Put a smile on your face, be happy and cheer  
We're gonna make it through this shit, don't be insecure  
I'm right here with ya, so have no fear  
We can make it through together, and persevere (X2)

ABOUT PERSEVERE...

When you're in prison, all odds are truly against you and it's difficult to accomplish even the smallest of things. Because of that, prison is a place that can easily cause, even the strongest of us, to become discouraged.

Like many of my songs/poems, Persevere is just a true even/situation/story/experience that I documented, but in song/poem format. I start it off with, "It's 3 o'clock in the mornin', and I can't sleep / I'm in a cell by myself, cold, with no heat / Sittin' inside of my bed as I smear this ink / Thoughts come to my head as I plot and think." All of that is exactly what was happening. I was in the hole, woke up in the middle of the night, grabbed my pen and paper, and documented what was going on and what I was thinking about, in real time.

As you can tell by the words of Persevere, I was not in the happiest frame of mind when I wrote it. I had a lot going on. I was anxious and depressed. I have a lot of experience with these emotions and I know they tend to come and go; however, despite my experience and knowledge they are still difficult, even for me, to deal with.

This is another one of my songs/poems where the words just basically wrote themselves. It's not a freestyle, but I wrote the words as fast as I could write, and without any real thought. Because I was in the hole I didn't have a beat or anything. I wrote it to my internal metronome.

I think it's important to remember that when faced with difficulties, no matter how bad they are, it is all about perseverance. And sometimes it helps to know that you aren't alone. Somewhere, there is someone going through the exact same situation, possibly even a more difficult one. We're all in this bitch together; me included.



ABOUT MIKE ENEMIGO...

Mike Enemigo is the new prison art sensation who has already written and published several books. He is inspired by emotion: hope, pain; dreams and nightmares. He physically lives somewhere in a California prison cell where he works relentlessly creating his next piece. His mind and soul are elsewhere; seeing, studying, learning, and drawing inspiration to tear down suppressive walls and inspire the culture by pushing artistic boundaries.

ABOUT THE CELL BLOCK...

The Cell Block is an independent publishing company with the objective of accurately conveying the street/prison experience and lifestyle, with the credibility and honesty that only one who has lived it can deliver, through literature and other arts, and to entertain and enlighten while doing so.

MORE INFO/CONTACT...

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