

By: Richard Atkins, Jr.

~ Essay ~
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The purpose of my words"

The purpose of my words, are spoken like prophecy, and purpose. I don't see the logic on wasting your words on nothing.

Some people speak just to be speaking. When I just think about my business and my love ones and how they're doing.

I'm willing to die for my beliefs; that's my strong ambition next to my religion.

A thousand miles, but I'm close to heaven on this prison yard.

I could die, any time I'm stepping out of my element on that prison yard.

I keep Allah first; so that keeps my faith strong. I'm not the weak type. My mother taught me to speak my words with purpose.

What's life, without purpose?

This mind state will keep any convict, out of the penitentiary, for life. With that, chase and devour the loyalty given. Don't ever accept friendship without loyalty being spoken.

My friends, are like my blood. So if, and when they call, I run. That's purpose... that keeps the soul clean; pure as virgins.

I give my words thought, but i'm not always speaking poetry. I'm just not an insecure man, and I never will be.

My mother raised me to behave like a king, a warrior if my life is ever on the line.

My words have got me away from being murdered, on numerous occasions! And to think, this was back in '92, '93, '94, '95 and '96!

I was born February 23, 1981 to a king and a queen; I was a little prince, who my mother and father trained to be raw and uncut. So, that's me to use my words to cut deep.

If what I was telling you didn't penetrate, then my words were a waste of time. And I don't like talking without purpose. It makes me feel like I lost. It feels harsh, and I don't like that feeling. So i've changed my style so many times, to adjust my approach.

I've also changed my speech, so not to sound so illiterate. I like to sound the way I feel, and that's strong...

Life, growing up in Stockton, California was semiautomatics, blue/reds colors crossing paths violently. And us, gang bangers needed our Jesus on our side, no doubt.

America, doesn't truly love everyone just yet. So as a man, of first color on this earth, I have to walk tall. And I do it all, with purpose. Without purpose we fall to disgrace, eventually. 'cause you have to have a point, to another point. Like point A to point B. otherwise, we're all just lost. And I wasn't born to be lost. I was born to be a boss, mogul and change as many lives as possible. So as long as I'm on this earth, you can expect my words to have a purpose.

I speak freely, so some folks are immediately intimidated by me. But still, I speak my peace and keeps it moving. Can't let my feet stop or my brain stop being on the move. 'cause the minute we freeze, we lose our lives or our freedom.

My 37 years old mind, has seen a lot and my body and emotions has felt a lot. So I understand the struggle like the many who do. The minute we rise, the world will rise; rise up out of captivity!

The purpose of my words, become the words of my purpose for spiritual reasons.

Mean what you say, when you're being serious. And mean none of what you say, when you're just kidding around.

Do not let pride, envy, jealousy or greed kill your purpose...