

Streets Dont Love A Soul

Almm... My name is Jerry Lee Knight Jr today I would like to tell you a story of my life I must point out this is just my walk in life which land me in prison serving a Life Sentence which sound bad but actually time open my eyes to the facts of life and thats I didnt have the rights to take justice into my own hands! However let me tell you how I got caught up in the Street Life that so many have either round up incarcerated or dead I was save regardless of my whereabouts Im still alive thanks to the man up above. Befo I take off let me say we're all humanbeing thats not perfect some get caught some get away its all a experience which bring lesson to one life ...

9-8-80 the day I was born but hours later panic will grip all my love ones especially when I come up missing the first day home my grandma had ~~work~~ to many budweiser. The story that was told to me my mom went to feed me but I wasnt there in my baby crib which cause a uproar they search high and low looking for me My grandma was the last person that held me however long story short I was in the ~~Mad~~ Floor board of my Dad Car they say I was playing with angel seeing I was in that car over 3 hours Lol its the truth... Anyway I grew up in a good housewale with both parents yet times were hard I also was raise up in church which I played the drum and song in the choir Lol I also was luek out of Church for a fight with the preacher son! Now growing up I experience being evicted - lights and water cut off wearing the same clothes to the payless shoes. Ive done the whole stole bikes to speaking around smoking but I fell in love with the gangster music and movies to wanting to live the street life not knowing it'll be hellva cost. However I can remember my Mom: Dad splitting up which really boost my curiosity I started hangging out with the local hustlers and gang members which

lead to me stealing car radio to stealing the whole car then came the drugs and fast woman. At the time I was going through life journey John Gotti was going to court 1994-1995. I remember being laughed at because of my payless shoes "Attack Force" then there were a time the lights and water was cut off due to no money a single mother raising 3 boys plus she gave pretty much all her money to a church on lies which healed me and I went rebellious linking in with the gang members that accepted me broke, busted and disgusted which quickly change in a matter of weeks especially introduce to the drug game and pistol playing which brought me respect love so I thought and fear. Im 14yr old helping my mom with her bills and it feels good but it wasnt enough I played the role of a ~~man~~^{so} call pimp which was fun but I was a busy body I couldnt sit still that was my down fall. I was taught every aspect of the street life sure enough but I wasnt taught the pain the struggle of being incarcerated away from your love ones to losing some of them to wondering who going to be there for you when you do get out...

2000 June 10th the day I took justice into my own hands which cost me a great deal but I have no regret because this ~~near~~ incarceration made me find myself I still have a great deal of things to work on like my G.E.D which because of the time I have and trouble Ive been in Im not able to complete that task yet Ive wrote schools to see if I can get it through mail. Ive also wrote over 50 books which is my livelihood my career and another task I wish to complete. Look there's alot I left out because its a hellva scar and memory but it made me strong so I write this because I need help I want to be somebody a close friend taught me 3 things - one is life made up of choices two is we all have potential and third is very important the greatest challenge in

in our lives is to be who we really are and not who someone else wants us to be, or what the streets have made us....

These 3 things I've learned that I hope you take to

HEART...

Sincerely
Jerry Knight