Poem: Successful

To Be Truly Successful, you have to master the laws of the land.

The son of Sam law, will stall any man.

Incorporate in Nevada, innovate and expand.

Being a poetic graffiti artist, it's all in the hands.

Uncovering all the laws in their plan.

Reading every book that I can.

Understanding the laws of supply and demand.

From "The Floor" to Japan.

Brooklyn New York to Afghanistan.

From the time their soles touched virgin shores.

And my 23 tours of the can.

The boy that became a man.

The little engine that could did, and will continue to keep doing.

Because I can.

Consistently hanging bears.

Of the man, price just went up, like doors on a Lam.

Got so much drive!
I can sell vehicles at the
Burrett-Jackson auction. I'll expand.
It's the best of the old and
modern.
The crowds that gather are not just fans.
It's all electronic.
No brief cases full of bangs.
When we say fly,
It's not G-16s in hangers waiting
to take off to foreign lands.
It's Balenciaga and Gucci,
with Chanel concealing their fans.
Not purchased with revenue from
some seams.
Through medical marijuana,
or 1,000 grams.
Who knew it was other ways,
mixing metaphors and punch lines
in between some the's with and's.
And the key to being truly successful,
you have to master the law of the
and.
Being a poetic graffiti artist,
it's all in the hands.
Reinvented myself,
when the devil threw a wrench
in my plans.
Poem: Successful

It's Only 1 Goal
Write As Many Books As I Can.

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