

"LYING DOWN AND WAKING UP A SLAVE IN TEXAS"

It's Poetic

In Texas, We're trapped in Pits with small windows.
Inside these cells, We're Funding our own imprisonment;
The chains are encrypted inside the chips and soup sales.
We're inside of an identity crisis believing our souls out of favors,
So we accept the chains;
Believing a greater change will come save us...

"Can you dis that?!?!"

I guess the Willie Lynch Syndrome dies hard in some places.

Since I'm older now,

In these younger guys I see my own reflection.

It seems as if the hate for ourselves is baked in.

Perhaps it takes breaking one down,

In order to build one up and to make a man.

I used to beat up on myself!

The whippings took away my strength...

Then I killed my bad habits and drug'em to a ditch!

I changed from a threat to a Promise;

but in Texas I'll always be a number.

Everyday it's the same old song...

In doubt: Our systematic-scars found a home.

In Texas: It's death before Parole.

In unity: we can overcome!

But we won't...

Because by the throat we're holding our resolve under the water.

Christians and Muslims accept this torture.

The trauma cemented the bangers in a corner;
Set-tripping, cooking drink and getting stoned.

I envision us standing up for ourselves,
And not being exploited with little to no health care.

But tomorrow we'll be back in the
"Fields";—

Under a sun giving off heat like hell!

There ain't a night I don't look beyond these walls with cataract eyes,
And pull in the stars.

Today's a blessing...

Every good one I'll record them.

Tomorrow I'll wake up a slave behind
these bars.

Written by: Robert Cooper/
Tarian.

I.G @ godhands888

Lying down and waking up a slave in TX.

