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## MY DAY AND HOW I SPEND IT

*by Jay-son Foreman*

When I wake up I wipe the crust from my eyes  
Thinking how the day is going to go  
Fast or slow  
It's 8:30 am so I got to get my clothes on and go  
With my CD player on bumping my 2pac keep  
your head up song  
I look off the bus and something goes wrong  
A black kid hits another black kid same old drama  
Not going to school living on the streets when they  
should be home with dad and mom  
My mom was the only mother I had but no pops  
Life is hard for a kid, selling drugs and getting  
harassed by the cops  
I never wanted that so that's why I make the best  
of myself so no one can bring me down  
I got better stuff to do than post up in the town  
My clothes are matching I look real nice  
Everything that I have cost a price  
So why do I have to settle for less  
Clothes don't make the person  
The personality makes you who you are  
I'm myself no one else  
Work is stressful bosses on my back  
It's the only job I can find until I can get some  
money stacked  
School, work, everything that you go through I

feel the same way  
So sometimes I just get on my knees and pray  
That's my only way of relieving stress  
This life is only for a short period of time so make  
the best of it  
Before it's too late  
I'm doing the best I can  
Owning a business is my plan  
So when I snap back into reality I'm on my way to  
the coffee house  
Lonely room, been like this for a while need a  
spouse  
I'm not writing rhymes I'm telling feelings  
I want to be successful so everybody can  
remember me  
I got no more else to say, if I don't talk to you  
tomorrow it was nice telling you about my day.