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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.