

Desmond Williams
PEOPLE vs. A.K.A.

Never had a shot, the sirens never seem to stop, in the middle of the night you could hear the guns pop, my reality the streets would watch me bleed, my life under siege, by a system that won't let me breathe, the air I need, suffocated by the people that supposed to protect me from these streets, but instead wants to see me six-feet deep, categorize; to be a victim or commit a homicide, stacked against me is political lies, that keep me confined, long enough to plot a political crime, now I'm faced with political time, and no one on the jury is peers of mines, judged by an upper class, here's a news flash, they only show and report the bad, what about the kids that show up for class, or the single mom that work a doubles for what she has, they're scared to show your success, rather see me with a gat, or in a hearse stretched out in the back, only C.S.I can picture that, let's face the facts, was I ever supposed to make it out with all those holes and cracks, some of us fell through, beat the odds after seeing what hell could do, profiled; let that sit and marinate for awhile, picked out of a crowd, because of my racial style, a two-day jury trial, the system done handcuff another Black Child, the cycle of life, it's like a worthless fight because I'm the only one that seem to know miranda is white.