

Today's Special

The first time I had a gun aimed at my head, I didn't even flinch.

I didn't cry, scream or yell because it didn't make any sense.

That wasn't going to stop the young boy from pulling the trigger.

So, I just prayed silently that he would think much bigger,

Than making the next news title read

Another dead nigga.

Because I know the story all too well.

Young boy, wrong crowd,

Then down the rabbit hole he fell.

Now all his homies screaming *Free Him* and *Fuck 12*

But now his mother prays as he sits in a cell,

Paying for his crimes, like you pay for a lease.

The difference is, his jumpsuit won't read *Rest in Peace*.

But my family's will,

And then the cycle continues.

Same story, different people, and maybe a different venue

All the same,

Another young brotha incarcerated is what's plated on the table

And written on the menu.