

One of Bubs many stories

All thru my youth I seen my folks dope deal,
my dad use to sell'm, roll'm, spit seal'm,
what did I kno, I was just ah kid,
drove in the dope car and lived in a dope crib,
kids had the toys, mom on ah benz,
evry dog has his day and pops day came to an end.

He ended up in jail w/ months incarceration,
scared str8, ← w/ 4rs Probation
- he thought it was over and he had his fun,
little did he kno, like father, like son-

Bubby went crooked like a rasta braid,
watched my father, learned tircks of his trade.
Sadly,
that only led to this whirlwind of s dysfunctional life,
I started to lose,
when I had to choose wrong from right,
giving up the fight,
led me here to shed my tears-
alone,
in silence,
remembering the years of violence.
Negative actions that broke my good life satisfaction;
THIS is how it all happened.

Bad attitudes and bad decisions-
caused the fall of my once having it all.
The self delt hand I played made way to the disaster with-
vanishing laughter.

One celebratory session with my wife,
turned out to go sour in the early morning hours.
she began to fien,
we began to scream,
we began to fight,
causing her to stab me with her knife,
THIS is what I called life!?!

Drugs became my path to no-where,
if I only learned the lesson before the crash,
I took a hit,
ran from the fuzz,
my heart stopped from the buzz,
awoke in the hospital,
not realizing where I was,
cuffed and chained,
hooked to a heartmoniter, hoping to sustain,
Damn, this life is insane.

my past was supposed to be my last chance to get it right,
after 11yrs. in the slammer,
why couldn't I get it right?

maybe my fight could've been with more mite,
yet, I thought it better to take flight,
but, I made it worse.

I always blamed an Irish curse,
as I raced str8 to the hurst.

Then,
GOD intercepted-he intervined,
I took heed to his message,
he saved my life through his blessing.

He put me on track to do what is right.
I realized I had to dig deep,
all the while my demons creeped.

I found out-
Raw is real, real recognize real,
so I navigated through the fake shit,
I looked to the heavens and asked God to help me change shit,
make shit happen,
make my gangsta stop clapp'n
make my get high start laughin,
about the life I use to live,
dry up tears,
no more lies, no more fears,
live and accept life the way it is,
listen to his guidance, for his teaching- of
of how to reach for the stars,
no matter who or where you are;
because sucess is justa round the corner.

I wanna make my family proud, lifes lessons worthy,
give glory,
This is how I end my story!!!!!!

by: bubby
August 7, 2018