

My Prison Life

Prisoners have rights! ... Right?
Sike, I'm sitting in jail with no rights,
I can't even shit,
If the officer's have an attitude that rights

But im a dyke so I should be in heaven right?
Well, that's what the officer said when he read me my rights

Double Life for a murder I didnt commit,
Its a shame, my outside life was lit,
But now im looking out my cell door,
Like officer please let me take a shit.

My family keep telling me to keep my head up and fight
But I've been in jail for 5 years and my fam stop picking
up the pen to write.

The guards disrespect
Then lock you up in seg for months without regrets
But Im a dyke surrounded by women
So, It's alright ... Right?

Unless the guards who are male like what you like,
And have the same women in their sights, despite the rules

They can touch

But there's a ~~not~~ touch rule

They label us dykes with yellow stripes and red tag's.

That are extra bright on our Eid badge.

They say we are predators, while they're hooking up ~~with~~
with chicks,

For a kut kat and a Sprite

We have to fight

Keep our heads high

Even when we feel like dying inside

No matter if you're wrong or right

Us verse the System will always be a fight

So "STAY WOKE" even at night, because what's right is right

Welcome to my ~~prison~~ life

Tré