

“Mug”

By. Antonio Bonds

My enemies got me stressing.

I'm confessing.

I need somebody to hear me out.

Through a premonition I saw my world collapsed.

In my mind I'm confined.

Situation got me blind.

Count on my hands how many friends, but there was none I could find.

I have nobody to talk to, but the ones who snitched.

Down on my knees I need some help, because my problems getting hectic.

Foes put my life in danger.

Use to be my friends, but all of a sudden at trial at me they're pointing their finger.

One after another taking the stand.

Not able to look me in the eyes as they raised their hands.

Staring through some iron I had to learn in this game there is no love.

With my back against the wall on my face I'm a keep me a mug.

Wake up early in the morning with a burning sensation.

In my dream somebody tried to kill me so I'm lying in depression.

Closed up by these walls I'm mentally depress so I really don't have it all.

Just constant laughter from my foes who wanted to see me fall.

Close my eyes say my prayers just in case I don't see tomorrow.

Perchance if I do, I know hope will follow.

Count all of my blessings, because I know in my heart I don't suppose to be here.

I have to see prison as being a grace from God, but it's sad the vision is not clear.

To all of the people who snitched.

I truly forgive you, but in the back of my mind I will never forget.

I'm calling a truce, you know who, for whoever this may concern.

I'm taking a stand by being a man letting you know the tables can turn.

You think you're clever.

By saying never.

Those words will make you out of a lie.

Take the mug off of your face, because my pain you'll never realize.