

THE INSIDE SCOOP

Produced by the participants of the John Howard Society literacy program:
The best of prison literacy and art, created by inmates for inmates

Fall 2013

THE CRIME

Writing Letters Counting Days
Thinking About My Fucked Up Ways
Doing Stupid Crimes Don't Pay Off
Now I'm Lying In This Cold Cell Of Mine
Caught Doing My Own Crime
Eating Shit Off A Tray
The Women In Here Don't Know How To Cook
That's What You Get With A Bunch Of Crooks
Guards Telling Me What To Do
Yelling At Me Like I'm In Pre-school
Sitting In My Cell Feeling Like A Fool
Coming To Jail Isn't Cool
I Just Want To Be Free To Play Sum Pool
But For Now I'll Be Bunking
Doing My Time Working For Dimes
This Crime Wasn't Even Worth My Time
But That's What You Get For Doing A Crime
The Crown Made Me Look Like A Clown
And The Judge Made His Choice
I Didn't Have A Voice
Sent To Jail On The Crime
Wish I Could Turn Back Time
This Whole Range Is Up In Smoke
Just Want To Give Someone A Poke Until Then
I Just Have To Sit Here Writing Letters Counting Days
Do My Time Cause I Did The Crime

Jacqueline Marsden aka Softbannock



Congrats to our 2013 "Speaking Out From the Inside" Poetry Contest Winner, Jacqueline Marsden!
See inside for the many wonderful runners-up.



THE JOHN HOWARD SOCIETY
OF MANITOBA, INC.

IMMA SHELL

Imma shell, born and raised in hell,
Taught 2 feel nothing,
No pain, no regret,
Raised in the hood,
All I knew was neglect,
Show no love give no respect,
Don't even smile a frown's all you'd get,
All my life brought up by a code,
Since a youngin', now 28 years old,
Like a shell I allow no emotion
And no fear,
Never cared about no one
So when I'm gone don't shed a tear,
Don't ask why or who I be,
Cause like a shell,
I'm cold-hearted as can be.

Odis Prints



ALWAYS BE YOUR DAD

I love you Kaden my only son
Buddy I hope you know
you're my number one
In your little hand
you hold my heart tight
If it wasn't for you, I'd have no use for life
I know I'm a screw up and not always there
To you it must feel like it's only blood we share
Trust me though, there's more to it than that
I'm gonna do everything I can to get you back
Right now things between me and your mom
are pretty bad
But that don't matter 'cause I'll always be your dad

*Mikey
aka Lil Cheekz*



ARTWORK WANTED

For the Inside Scoop Editorial Board's 2014 Fundraising Calendar



The editorial board is already working on our annual fundraiser for 2014!
We're planning to create a calendar of artwork from incarcerated and formerly incarcerated artists.
The proceeds will go to a community organization, most likely one that offers services for women
in the inner-city who are in need of advocacy and support.

Anyone who is or who has been in jail/prison is eligible to participate!
Folks in HCC or WRC can submit request forms marked "art calendar" or call Jacquie at
204-775-1514 to have your artwork picked up. You can also mail your piece to the John Howard
Society (see address on page 5), but make sure not to crease or fold your artwork when you send it.

Artwork can be in colour or black and white, and can be on any theme you want —
but remember, this is a fundraiser, so please avoid nudity, swearing and gang symbols.

The *Inside Scoop* editorial board will choose their top 12 pieces for inclusion in the calendar, which
will be released sometime in late December just in time for holiday gift season!

Deadline for submissions is November 31st.

HONOURABLE MENTIONS

NEVER A NEXT TIME

So much violence like cyclones blow threw,
It happened when I was seven, but only he and I knew.

Always so scared with no one to tell,
No one noticed, so I created my own hell.

One crime then thirty with too many victims,
I did them myself, but saw no help from the system.

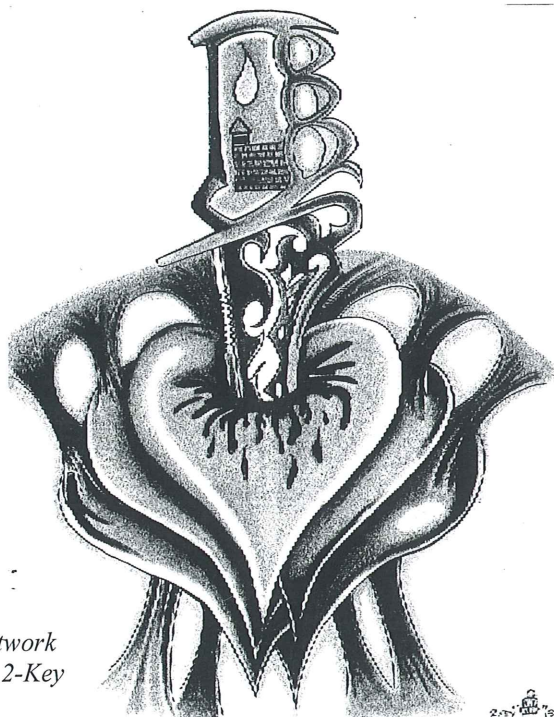
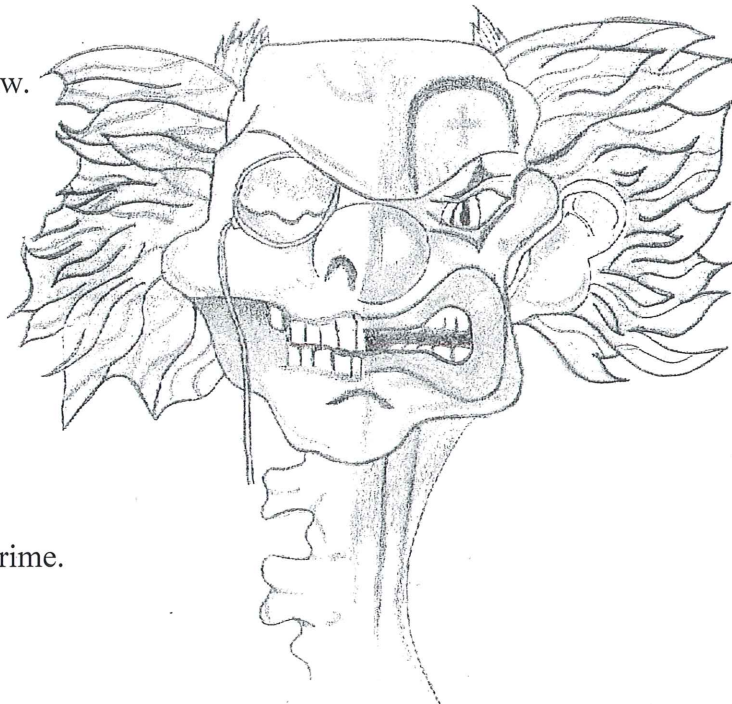
The child in me needs real help to change,
But now I ask for help, it really feels strange.

Wanting it for myself and no one else this time,
People are so ignorant to think there's a victimless crime.

Scream and yell till someone will care,
Let it all out now, because it's my time to share.

Knowing I'll change, because I want to get better,
Before it's too late and I'm writing the wrong kind of letter...

Robin Bousquet



Artwork
by 2-Key

TRAPT IN DA SYSTEM

I've been in this situation before
Walkin through that revolving door
Every time I'm getting released
Strict conditions keep me on a tight leash
This government is full of corruption
They want us all lockt away or stuck on probation
How these politics gonna free nation
When they keep building facilities of incarceration
Where tension builds up in small environments
And inmates get led to solitary confinement
How da fuck am I supposed to break da cycle
I swear this life is just making me syko
Institutionalized in da mind of a madman
Facing 25 to life wondering WTF just happened
Now I'm stuck living my life inside of a dream
Where only my mind and heart will be set free...

Cadillac Chipimpin

FROM THE EDITOR

Happy autumn, *Inside Scoop* readers! Welcome to the poetry edition of the *Inside Scoop*. This issue contains the many poems that were entered in our “Speaking Out From the Inside” poetry contest — both winners and runners-up!

The winners of this contest received gift certificates from McNally Robinson booksellers: \$50 for first place, \$30 for second, \$20 for 3rd and \$15 for honourable mention. If you’re into writing poetry, watch for next year’s contest, which is usually announced in the spring issue of the *Scoop*.

I’d also like to give an update on the fundraising campaign headed by the *Inside Scoop* editorial board, the group of volunteers in the Remand Centre who plan, design, and edit this newsletter. For the last few months they have been selling copies of the summer edition of the *Inside Scoop* to raise money for two local organizations: Ndinawe Youth Resource Centre and Turtle Island Neighbourhood Centre.

A campaign in the Remand Centre itself raised over \$100, while inmates’ families, friends, and supporters in the community have raised about \$700. Our partner and sponsor, the Assiniboine Credit Union, matched the first \$500 we raised for a total of about \$1,300. We still have a few more days to go and look forward to reporting the grand total back to you in our winter issue.

We’ve already begun to think about ideas for next year’s fundraiser, and the editorial board are getting really creative this time around. They have proposed that in addition to selling copies of the *Inside Scoop*, as we have for the past two years, we also produce an art calendar to raise money for a good cause.

The board is encouraging inmates and former inmates to submit their artwork for a chance to be featured in the calendar. It’s not a paying gig, but you’ll get a free copy of the finished calendar and the knowledge that you’re doing something great for the community.

For the last couple of years our fundraising activities have benefited inner-city youth, but next year we’re thinking about giving money to a women’s centre or another organization that supports girls and women in our city. See our ad on page 2 for more details.

We hope you enjoy this issue of the *Scoop*, and writers and artists, get your stuff in for next issue!

Jacquie Nicholson, Literacy Coordinator, JHS



Poetry contest judges Katherena Vermette (left), Althea Guiboche, and Niigaan James Sinclair

Your 2013 “Speaking Out From the Inside” Poetry Contest Judges

Katherena Vermette is a Metis writer of poetry, fiction and children’s fiction. Her first full length collection of poetry, *North End Love Songs*, was released in 2012, and her first children’s story book series *The Seven Teaching Stories*, will be released by Portage and Main Press sometime next year. Her work has appeared in several literary magazines and compilations, including *Manitowapow – Aboriginal Writing from the Land of Water* (2011) and *The Exile Book of Native Fiction and Drama* (2010).

Raised Metis in Duck Bay, **Althea Guiboche** is also known as “The Bannock Lady” for the work she does feeding Winnipeg’s homeless and hungry through her Got Bannock? Mission. She is an Idle No More activist and member of the Indigenous Writers Collective. Althea has been published in the anthologies *Measured Words*, *Northern Writers*, and *Manitowapow*. Her writing will also appear in the IWC Chapbook and *Grassroots Anthology*.

Niigaanwewidam James Sinclair is Anishinaabe and originally from St. Peter’s (Little Peguis) Indian Settlement near Selkirk, Manitoba. His writing can be found in books such as *The Exile Edition of Native Canadian Fiction and Drama* and newspapers like *The Guardian*. He is also the co-editor of the award-winning *Manitowapow* (where Althea and Katherena’s writing is featured) and *Centering Anishinaabeg Studies: Understanding the World Through Stories*. Niigaan teaches at the University of Manitoba.

POETRY

THE PUZZLE OF MY LIFE

Move'n through traffic catch'n tickets
Moved onto the fast lane pitch'n chickens
Got it in soft turn'd it into hard
Cook'n on the stove with a baby jar in a pot
I made it look like peanuts to an elephant
Saw cash transaction happen right in my residences
Parents alcoholism and substance abuse was an issue
Nowadays government blame us for pack'n pistols
Who's the real bootleggers and drug dealaz?
Grown up I've been through the O-Z's to P.O.s
This WAS my life without guidance and structure
Life is what I'm living, but it's a struggle
Now I'm make'n a lane change
work'n on a business permit
Now down payment that knowledge of education
I'm learn'n it
It's tough though but I must admit
This new life I'm want'n that has me goin legit
I'm well educated and intelligent, no GED
Live'n my life vividly, no LED
Real recognize real while some turn phoney
At times it can get hard feel'n pretty lonely
If you can't relate then you weren't in a cage
Life's a bitch but it's up to you to put her in her place
Freedom ain't free it's what you gotta create.

Tigg Raw

Writers and artists, the *Scoop* needs your stuff!

Send your poems, stories, jokes and artwork to:

The Inside Scoop
583 Ellice Avenue
Winnipeg, MB R3B 1Z7

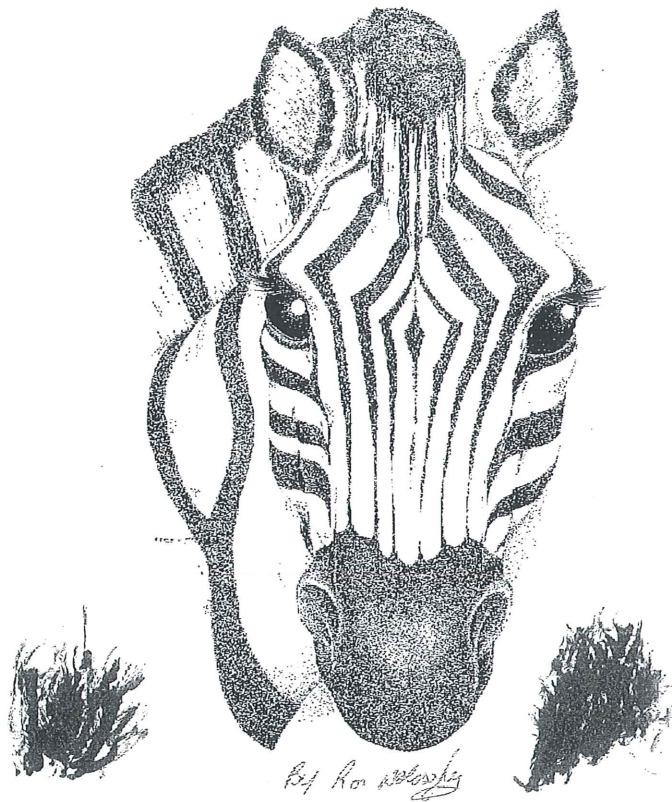
We try to print everything we get. However, we sometimes need to edit for length, and we won't print anything that is racist, sexist, homophobic, or that glorifies violence or gang involvement.

If you have any questions about the *Scoop's* editorial policy (or anything else about the *Scoop*), give JHS a call at 204-775-1514.

BEHIND THE FENCE

Days go on from behind the fence
And criminal involvement is past tense.
Incarceration can be lack of motivation
Mind set on rehabilitation.
Criminal thoughts I'm trying hard to eliminate
My haters still tryna spit on my name
So my crimes started to duplicate
Now I'm locked up spittin game
With my homies we collaborate
I definitely ain't perfect
And don't claim to be heaven sent.
I don't gotta lie to kick it,
Don't gotta pretend.
Violent offences is what got me
On this side of the fences.
But I'm tryna change my ways,
To see better days.
Got scooped up 9 months ago,
Crazy life I got so you know I say YOLO.
But for my family it was tragic
Their daughter disappeared like magic
And my children's minds begin to wander
My babies be asking where's my mother?
All I got is phone calls, letters
And my family's pictures on the walls.
Having a supportive family is a blessing,
I wouldn't change it for anything.
There will be always people thinking
I'm up to no good
Nobody's perfect,
And maybe I'm just a little misunderstood.
I'm an independent woman and I am young,
My mind's intelligent, it works like a gun.
So much negative people
Tryna target my existence
But what they don't know is I go the distance.
People like to judge, and be so dramatic
Like I'm standing there pointing an automatic.
But I'm out in one more month finally,
So I gotta get ready to step back into reality.
I don't plan on making the same mistakes twice,
This is my life and I'm done paying the price
I'm gunna go home and make things right...

Deandra Hapa aka Mallory Knox



JUST A THOUGHT

I am a sensitive girl
 who wants to understand life.
 I wonder how long forever really is
 I hear the cry from every suffering heart
 I see my hopes and dreams in millions of stars
 I wanted everything to be okay
 I am a sensitive girl who wants to understand life.

I pretend everyone has to overcome differences
 I feel like a grain of sand on the beach
 I touch the door to my soul and open it
 I worry about the future of this world
 I cry when I see others in pain
 I am a sensitive girl
 who wants to understand life.

Pearce



ONE AND ONLY

Her eyes glisten like diamonds on fire,
 Blazing as bright as stars in the night
 Nothing could ever lift me up higher,
 Than when I'm within her sight.
 How I long to look into those eyes,
 Wipe away her tears whenever she cries.
 I want to make up for the time that's gone by,
 And tell her I'm sorry for all of my lies.
 Even behind these walls
 My love for her stays strong.
 Just as the sun hidden behind clouds
 Keeps shining on.
 The world's a better place with her in it,
 Nothing could be more true
 The love I have for her is infinite,
 And yes that girl is you.

Daniel C. Sawatzy



GAME FOLDER

My heart is cold.
 Leaven yours broken up left in pieces layed
 facedown like a dethroned crown on the
 ice coldly flooded floor.
 Bags packed to the max as I head str8 out the
 door. All that's left is the oozen of your inner
 heart as a blurred image flashes the sight
 of a better time.
 Was that a jagged piece of your heart flying
 past me? Cuz it sure as hell wasn't mine.
 Faith for the love of your god is forever lost.
 Soulless piece of heart drifting away like a lost
 cause. Hopin' to catch you slippin like a joker,
 or piece of hidden clause.
 So sign the contract, cuz the time for this love
 is up. Time to take it back. Should have
 learned from the games you were playing, now
 only thing to do is jet. I see you made your bet.
 And now you lost. That your queen of hearts
 didn't hit. Now I'm gone.

Lilman isstill blazzen



The wind is still and silent,
The moon is high above the darkened
clouds, There is a whisper in the air.
I lay my head on the fresh grass, pray my
love is safe from all harm. A teardrop runs
down my face. I wipe it away, remembering
our walks by the moonlit lake.
Stars in the sky twinkle brightly. I held your
hand tight, never wanting to let you go, how
I miss you. Your laughter, your sweet voice
saying I'll love you forever.
Don't forget me, keep me safe in your
memory, the wind is still and cool. I get up
slowly, I walk alone, I feel an ache in my
heart that was once filled with joy. Dream
of the freedom that awaits us both, now we
shall walk in different paths.
I want to hurt no more. Be still my heart.
Stop the shattering of my heartbeat. As I
listen tonight like drums from far away in
the distance. From past spirits that now join
the night sky.
Together now dance in the sky, they are the
stars that glitter up high. How wonderful
love is.
I miss you my love, Dominic Lariviere.

Verna Merasty

THE WORDS OF THE PREACHER

"Vanity of vanities" says the Preacher, "Vanity of vanities! All is vanity."
What advantage does man have in all his work which he does under the sun?
A generation goes and a generation comes, but the earth remains forever.
Also, the sun rises and the sun sets; And hastening to its place it rises there again.
Blowing towards the south, then turning toward the north, the wind continues swirling along;
and on its circular courses the wind returns.
All the rivers flow into the sea, yes the sea is not full. To the place where the rivers flow, there they flow again.
All things are wearisome; Man is not able to tell it.
The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor is the ear filled with hearing.
That which has been is that which will be, and that which has been done is that which will be done.
So there is nothing new under the sun.
Is there anything of which one might say, "See this, it is new"?
Already it has existed for ages which were before us.
There is no remembrance of earlier things; And also of the later things which will occur,
there will be for them no remembrance among those who will come later still.

Matthew W. Emmerling

UNCLE'S NOT AROUND RIGHT NOW

Yo yo check it out
All I want to do when I get out of here
If I do get out of here
It will all be about me and Madison
and her lil sister Abby
Their Uncle Andy miss them
If he can
He will give da whole world
to see them smile
To hear them laugh
My eternal angels don't worry
Uncle's here trying to take
the right path
I made some rights and
I made some wrongs
Uncle loves you both so much
That's why I made this song
I have tears in my eyes
And they have tears in their eyes
Because they miss their uncle
I got Madison asking
Uncle where are you
And Uncle,
when are you coming back?
And I ask her why she ask me that
But I can tell she miss me
By the way she talks
She is sad because
Uncle's not around right now.

Andy aka

MontoMoneyMonT

MOTHER

As I lay here thinking
in my cell
I see your face,
I see your smile
Hoping all will change,
and all be well
The sun, the clouds,
me walking that last mile
Knowing it's time,
being almost there
Wanting to make it all right,
mend my roots
Tragic winds, the rain,
feeling so bare
Walking, running,
but again I'm in cahoots
To be free is to love life,
and the earth
Being you, and truly being me
Is why one so beautiful
give me birth
Loving you so much, Mother!

Action

MY SON

Picture dis if ya can
I'm but a mere man
I went to jail,
To help my son.

But he got out and
Went on da run.
So now he sit killin time
Waiting on the judge
To sentence his crime.

I think he'll do 2-3, but
It's not dat what bothers me!
I will miss his big wide grin
And they won't let me in,
So Dad can't even visit him.

All I can do is sit and pray
And hope he'll
straighten out someday
So if you read dis in da pen.
I hope it makes
you think again.
So just remember dis my son
You'll always be Dad's #1.

Davey Boy



THROUGH THICK -N- THIN (NBML4U)

Sittin' with my head down, knowing that you're not around,
I sadly strut around, wishing for you now,
I miss you every day, I wanna see your face,
I would kiss your tears away, -n- never leave your space,
I would hold you in my arms -n- never let you go
I'm shaking in your arms, cuz I'm dying from the cold,
It's crazy out there, with them killer cold stares,
I'm running down the stairs, cuz I need to get some air.

I just want you home, -n- never have to go,
Never leave me alone, for nothing no mo'
Turn off the phone, -n- the lights down low,
play music like some Bone, -n- spark a little mo'

Baby girl you're on my mind, even on my neck,
I'm spitting out this rhyme, for you so don't forget,
It's been a fucken struggle, but we still got each other,
Livin' through the hustle, -n- all the stormy weather,
Talk about a bad day, listen to my wordplay,
I know you like the way, I put a smile on your face,
It's been a minute, but not a fucken hour
I still have a vision, of us in the shower.

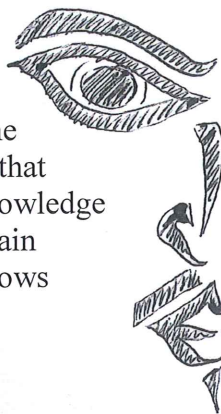
Keep your head up, baby girl don't be like that,
I'll make you look up, with the way I spit this rap,
I cud give a fuck, about a hater like that,
I'ma toss it up, on the day I get back.

KOLA-N-NUTSO WILLIAMS

NO ONE REALLY KNOWS

No one really knows... the real me
I've adopted so many frames of mind and assumed personalities
To match I lost track as I lost my way
Even forgot how to act can't even tell the difference
Between a lie and a fact. Even I question who I am
For I would rather be... the real me
Instead of a fabricated act

No one really knows the pain that drives me
The madness that keeps me sane the sadness that
Deprives me Of the love that I refuse to acknowledge
As well as the best things in life that I stand to gain
Here I remain The one that no one really knows
Cryptical oblivious in a daze
Behind these castle walls

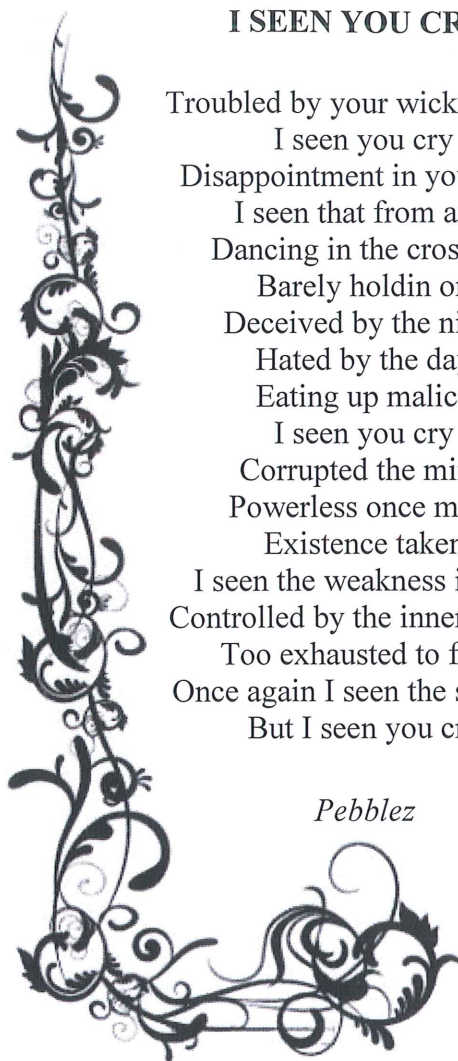


YLGU

I SEEN YOU CRY!

Troubled by your wicked ways
I seen you cry
Disappointment in your eyes
I seen that from afar
Dancing in the crossfire
Barely holdin on
Deceived by the night
Hated by the day
Eating up malice
I seen you cry
Corrupted the mind
Powerless once more
Existence taken
I seen the weakness in you
Controlled by the inner demon
Too exhausted to fight
Once again I seen the struggle
But I seen you cry

Pebblez



LIVING THE LIFE

It's been over a year,
Since I had my last beer.
Now here I am sober and clean,
Living the life
instead of the dream.
But back in the day I'd have a few,
No matter what I'll still sit with you.
Friend or foe I knew where to go
to look for that drink.
Little did I know
it was killing my soul,
bit by bit I had lose it all.
So here I am SOBER and CLEAN,
living the life instead of a dream.

Dean Kematch

BEAUTY AND THE BUFFALO

When will my true love stop hurting me
It's like being punished is the key
Sometimes I feel a lot of pain
But pushing it aside cuz lots to gain
Our relationship is supposed to be full of trust
Not just giggles, laughs and lust lust lust
Please no more secrets n' lies
So I may not be so full of why's?
When will you realize that we are one
Maybe now that our newborn is a son
All I want is to feel like your treasure
Cuz you n' baby give me nothing but pleasure
You say "Now we have a lasting bond"
Great! My feelings for you both are nothing but fond
Whispering, "I love you forever, Ernburn"
But don't have long to wait, when will you learn
Love is not about sex, age or race
But you need to be put in your place
You treat me like I'm your bitch
While you do nothing but ditch
You jokingly say your name is dipset
No joke! Destiny is why we met
When we met we realized it was fate
But now for years you want me to wait
All I want is to make you my queen
But sometimes you're just plain old mean
You can listen but you do not hear
All you say is "Get me more beer!"
You think you're daddy's lil gangster
But really you're just my prankster
I know my feelings inside of my heart
But you make me look foolish n' not too smart
Search your heart n' open your eyes
So you may feel n' hear my cries
They may cage my body behind these walls
But I still feel my Black Panther's calls
You have my spirit n' my heart
That's why we will never truly be apart
All I can do is hope n' pray
That you will not continue this way
Or I will have to set you free
To find out how much you truly love thee
After all life is one big test
That's what makes this part the best

ErnBurn

CONFIDENTIAL

I'd like to think my love for you is intimate,
ultimately the compassion we share is limitless,
truly, my love for you is infinite, indefinite,
unfortunately, the passion we share is limited,
my patience is spacious and made to wait for you,
so I patiently wait for you,
I honestly believe that I was made for you,
it's amazing to see what the human heart can do,
for now I'll suppress my emotions
like a fine bottle of wine aged to perfection,
and add it to the shelf among the rest of my
collection,
to think I was entertaining the thought of lethal
injection, vulnerable and unprotected,
for some reason I keep writing this suicide letter,
never intentionally hurt you,
that's why I'll hide it forever!

The Infamous Blackbeard



NO GUTS NO GLORY

I heard about the news flashes, ashes to ashes
A jet plane crashes
A whole hockey team decreased,
peace to the family that grieved
Can't forget about the Middle East, where beauty is
the beast,
The rebels creep
The families die young, done by a suicidal one,
Probably somebody's son
Another terrorist attack, back in Boston where they
caught two Muslim cats
They killed his brother but others suffered like the
Innocent kids and mothers
In Paris where they murdered, butchered and battered
a soldier, life is getting colder
North Korea threat, let America get they hands wet
The world is full of controversy, mossery, torture,
No guts, no glory.

Shane Sumner

Book Review: The Law of Nines

By McKenzie. S #218749E

The *Law of Nines* is a novel by Terry Goodkind. Goodkind comes out with a novel that mixes fantasy with a thriller. He jam-packs this novel with suspense, action, and surprises on every page.

Alex Rahls' 27th birthday is when his life takes a turn that changes him forever. It starts when he meets Jax, a woman from another world. Jax warns him that he is in danger and must be prepared for a battle to come.

When she tells Alex that he is part of a prophecy written in her world that says he is the saviour of both worlds, he is overwhelmed with the information given to him.

There is an evil army from Jax's world looking for a gateway that

connects both worlds. Alex must stop this evil army from obtaining this gateway. He knows he will need all the help he can get, so he teams up with Jax and heads straight into battle against the evil army from her world. This battle seems like suicide to Alex, but he must fulfil this prophecy to save both worlds.

This is an excellent novel with a great storyline that I enjoyed very much. There was a lot of suspense, action, and surprises that kept me wondering what was going to happen next. I would read a sequel or another novel like this one.

I can say that I have my own dislikes about this novel as well, such as, what happened to Jax's world in the end? Did Jax ever come back? Why did the evil army only break necks? And why was there so little information about the characters?

There were a few things in this novel I thought Mr. Goodkind left out. I guess that's how some writers keep their readers tied to their novels. If I was to give *Law of Nines* a rating I would give it a 5 out of 10, but that's just my opinion.

Have you read something great (or awful) lately? Submit your book review to the Inside Scoop!

Why Write a Book Review?

Writing a book review can help you improve your reading, writing, and comprehension skills by reading more, writing more and understanding more.

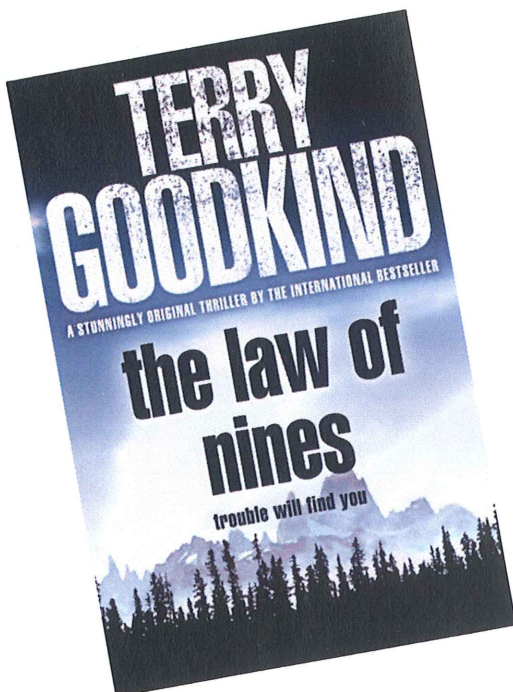
When you understand more of what you're reading, you will be able to understand important paperwork in your day-to-day life (in or out of jail). When you write more you will be more prepared to respond to letters or forms with proper sentences.

Life is a lot easier when you can read, write, and understand more. So yeah, I believe when a person takes time to understand what they are reading or writing, they will improve their literacy skills.

In my opinion I really like writing books reviews! I put a lot of my time into this review and I can say that I feel good about it. Book reviews helped me to improve my literacy skills and will be something I do more often.

Try it out!

- McKenzie. S #218749E



LIFE IS LIKE A MIXTURE

I try to do the best I can to live life and keep to myself and my children.
But someone just seems to interfere in my life as well as my girlfriend and family's life issues.
I have a girlfriend who I am really happy to be with
And who I am willing to spend the rest of my life with.
She keeps me happy and keeps my heart beating and makes me feel good
Every time I'm with you, and you know who I'm talking about,
You really bring love into my life, and now you are going to bring me a child.
And it's going to hurt me that I might not be there when that child is born
But Baby, just be very patient, I will see you and Baby again soon.
And when I'm in the freedom world, trouble just seems to find me,
even when I try to do the best I can by helping and supporting people.
And especially when I am trying to get a good name for myself.
And as a firefighter and paramedic and a search and rescue member,
It's not easy with everything I have seen on an every day basis.
It's going to be 10 years in service for a firefighter and 5 years in service as a paramedic.
What messed me up was having a relationship with a woman who is a deadly pill popper,
But now it's time to just move on.
And when I go home I'm just going to spend my whole life with my girlfriend,
Who I'm going to be gifted to be marrying soon.
So don't worry, babe, your man and who is your baby's daddy will be home soon,
I promise. It's just a matter of time. Lots of love – no matter what happens I will be out soon.
No one will break us apart.
See you when I get home.

Travis S.G. Boulanger AKA Blue Diamond

WHY

I sit here wondering why I live this crazy life
Why all my peepz poppin pills commitin' suicide
Makin me shed a tear askin the lord why?
My momma lookin down she's a blessin in the sky
I'm sippin on this bottle numb this pain I try 2 hide
Smokin on Maryjane cuz she's always down 2 ride
Why the world is so fucked
why the pigs are so corrupt
Can't be weak in these streets gotta stay tough
Kids goin 2 bed hungry cuz Mom ain't had enough
Smokin on that cane these little babies got it rough
Daddy's locked behind these walls
for doin sumthin dumb
Got lil kids tryna be G'z pullin out the gunz
Buckin off shots makin muthphukas run
I wonder why everyday will it ever end
Prolly not in Winnipeg
cuz everybody has gangsta friends.

*Scott Catcheway
aka Gotti =39=*

