

Untitled

Some are used to Oakland life style,
Hearing gunshots or sirens every night.
Trying not to think about it, as I close my eyes
Waiting for them to stop, thinking that someone
That I know might be in that ambulance,
Rushing past my house,
With its sirens blasting and lights flashing
Down the street.
I pray as hard as I can,
That I'm not gonna get a phone call from my friends,
Or a text message saying R.I.P whatever,
We love you or we miss you.
Yea, I've been there, and lived it.
Sitting in my room, a phone full of text messages
Saying R.I.P Wicho we love you.
But time stands still....in my mind
Giving me enough time to think about what I just read
And also to think if its true or not.
Over and over, I read those messages
And still I don't believe the truth.