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Still Running

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STILL RUNNING

David Drane

I hit the ground running
Sixteen and a half years old
When I first touched the streets
It was stunning
For the things I had to do
To put food in my stomach
Never thought I would have to do
But there was no future in my fronting
Now cold concrete is on the meet and greet
That's how it is
When you are looking for a place to sleep
At night under the stars
I couldn't find any peace
Because the M.P.D.
Wanted me off the streets
So I'm thinking
Maybe I should learn to sell junk to fiends
Exploit their weakness
And help crush their dreams
But God gave me a conscience
I couldn't be that mean
Because
Pain recognizes pain
If you know what I mean
Plus I've seen what the junk did to my mama
My adolescent years was full of that drama
Almost wrecked the whole family
But I forgave my mama
So God bless my mama
Now next on the list
Is to get a nine to five
For I rather collect paychecks
Than accumulate jail time
And shame on my father
For he didn't tell me in time
That it would be hell on a young man
From sixteen to twenty-five



SMILES CHANGE THE WORLD

Cinde Rawn

If it wasn't manhood trying to rough me up
It was the ills of society trying to trip me up
I hit the ground running
Sixteen and a half years ago
When I first touched the streets
It was stunning
By the grace of God
I made it off the streets
And I'm still running