## **Forces**

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## Still Running

David Drane

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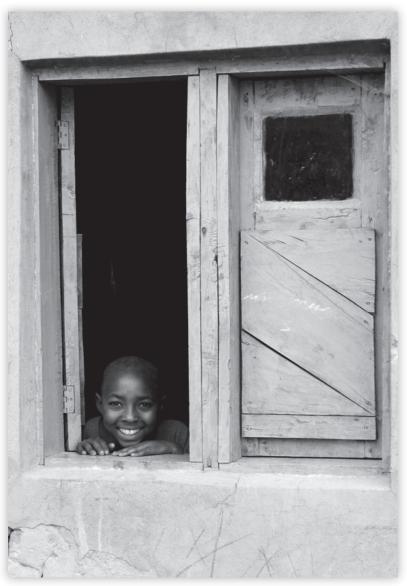
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## **STILL RUNNING**

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