

RICHARD BANK

Death Row

I started young but never expected this.
Couldn't sit in school, stayed for the girls,
got caught with a piece and they locked me up,
kicked me out for good and I was thrown away.
I got some drug cases trying to hustle
and then we really messed up.

Old head on the block bought hot goods
and you know that it was always cash.
Andre got a pistol from a piper
who took it from a car. I got
the sawed off from Malik
and we went to get paid.

The dude let us in, thought
we had gold from a smash and grab.
TVs were stacked up against the wall;
Cold, gray-watching like a bug eye.
Andre took out the pistol but
the old fence laughed and took it away.

The sawed off just went off;
blood, hair, smoke, smell, bone.
We ran out. The smokers came in
and took everything, we got nothing.
They gave us a case anyway,
I told my boy and the cops found out.

I expected to go to jail, do some time.
I thought that I would be on the block,
not here on the row with twenty two and two.
I don't think about my case.
I stay in for yard time, read comic books
that my grandmom sends from down south.