

The James "Boom" Phillips Story

People tried to kill me, close friends betrayed me, detectives, judges, prosecutors, said I was an animal and threw me in a cage.

Now, I am currently in a Ohio state prison, where rehabilitation is not in the equation to be treated like a slave.

In my proud country of America, my belief is we have a lot of problem solving to do, because where I stand, and millions like me, with or without criminal histories, equality, justice, humility, and equal opportunities for all simply does not add up.

I believe as a spiritual individual as long as God is with me, and I continue to pray, in my heart, mind, body, and soul, I know eventually I am, and the millions like me, are going to win.

For the millions who grew up in the streets like me, regardless your city, or country, we understand the streets made us, but its undoubtedly clear, we must break the "Street Religion."

My story takes place primarily in Cleveland, Ohio. Cleveland is the city where I was born and raised.

In my city, ain't shit pretty, nothing is for free, and that's for dam sure. People you grew up with and loved for years are the main people not to be trusted. Jealousy, lies, and deceit are the roots of bond breaking evil.

When the hate and envy reach maximum levels, the people you love and those individuals close to you will turn on you, attempt to, or actually take your life.

Poverty, hunger, survival in the streets is real just as a pastor preaching about God, angels, sins, and the devil.

Where I'm from a lot of people commit blasphemy. Only if walls could talk all the fakes and snakes would be exposed.

In urban America, the moment most of us are born we are already underdogs, but as kids growing up in the hood we are to young to notice or mature enough to see that our opportunities are slim, that's why all we have is hope in a feared bacteria infested pool of unrecognized potential.

The majority of us are projected to fail, and now, it is our children that are projected to fail.

Pay acute attention to our environment where we live, where we raise our children. We grow up in neighborhoods filled with drugs or poverty, in most cases both. Most people feel all you can do is pick your poisons, sell drugs, get high, or indulge in both.

The majority of us get caught in the lifestyle and can be killed just for being in the wrong place at the wrong time. You can and will literally loose your life for absolutely nothing.

Outside of my community this type of news goes vastly and many times purposely unnoticed and or unreported. It feels like it is no sympathy when poor kids die. It appears like where treated like poor unlucky bastards.

People in urban communities on a daily basis unnecessarily faces the same fears and dangers that a soldier in war faces in wartime situations. I have more friends gunned down dead, now residing in the riches place in the world in my opinion, being the cemeteries, then I have friends that are alive.

Do you know what it feels like to live after multiple gunshot wounds, and endless attempts to take our lives, be it of street activities, or merely because of how we look, how we walk, or dress? Have you ever seen or had someone close to you murdered? Sadly, to many of us have.

When a soldier gets killed or is wounded, he or she gets home with military recognition, or a honorable discharge, soon to be forgotten about, diagnosed with PTSD. For many of us, in the streets, we can't escape where we live, so we get patched up and sent back to war.

I remember growing up hating everything and anything that had to do with drugs, robberies, guns, or any other survival grinds the streets had to offer.

Growing up, I had friends who wanted to be firefighters, judges, lawyers, cops, doctors, corporate heads, the President of the United States, and many other reputable titles. Me, I just wanted to be a professional athlete.

It is hard to focus on a career when peers your age are living like ghetto superstars with all the money, cars, jewelry, and elusion's of success. The mentioned is everything many of the boys and girls in hood dream for.

Through the eyes of the poor, the double standards of society, and the financially rich slave mentalities, take the very things we strive for, die for, kill for, they'll brand it, and put an extremely large price on it, then sale it back to us. Undoubtedly, we are partly to blame because business is just that, business.

Resources and the rich have the means to take advantage of our ignorance, stupidity, desired lifestyles, and cultural disadvantages.

To me, the streets are just like religions. Many people do not like religions or have lost faith in religions because you have to have faith and or believe while praying to a God or higher power, you cannot talk to, touch, or see while living in this hellish world.

The streets are very similar. When you are a poor kid from the streets who never had anything, with parents whom never had anything, including no education or skills, no ownerships of titles and deeds, etc., this makes it extremely harder to become that successful doctor, lawyer, judge, prosecutor, or merely a good parent.

Most of the times we don't become what we believe we can be, we become what we see we see we can be.

Its extremely hard for people in high poverty situations to see past drugs, money, and survival by any means. How can you tell someone starving how to survive or eat? The same holds true for money. Money and success will do far worst to protect their names, their children, or elusion's of success.

The numbers confirms when you grow up in a household of a particular religion, most times you are going to practice what that religion maybe.

The streets for the most part are exactly the same. If your parents or peers were drug dealers, gangbangers, etc., or you are growing up in a neighborhood like this, it is an extremely high probability that you'll become a product of your environment.

This is exactly why I have chosen "Street Religion" as the title of my first book and life story.

To all my street peers, its time to start strengthening our faiths and beliefs, and start being everything we believe we can be, instead of being what are environment attempts to dictate what we can be.

I'm sharing my personal testimony to let you know there is a different route you can take. Take the blinders off before its to late.

We cannot continue to primarily live off of sight and elusions, however, we can achieve more via determination and faith.

Based on my past lifestyles, I've should have been dead long ago. I'm what the streets call a retired lucky street general. However, I'm not retired at all, my work is just beginning.

I am blessed by the grace of God and my higher powers. A God is the only reason I am still here. One of my higher powers, being my son, motivates me to bring about change.

My son motivates me to share my life lessons, and personally speaking, my light is on shinning bright, because I've learned from many of my own mistakes and false teachings.

The double standards of society loves to incarcerate people like me. The number of people incarcerated in America has long ago exceeded alarming concerns.

Prisons are being privatized and an oasis for corporate America and financial investors.

The double standards of society and their so called lawful judicial system aims to label us a black eye of society, but it is the peoples from the streets that many children and adults alike want to imitate.

As street individuals, we are the creators, innovators, and vehicle of every trend and wave. We sell out arenas, play the best movies roles, and literally live and die for this shit, but across the board, we get paid the least, and females get paid far less.

I cannot speak for everyone, although I know, and have seen so many people like myself, as of today, I am officially done settling only for what I can see, let them keep this garbage that they are force feeding our minds and poverty neighborhoods with, overloading our communities with.

For me, the hold and procrastination buttons are off of my dreams. Although physically detained, my mind remains free, and I'm very much alive.

Nonbelievers will continue to be nonbelievers, and many times they'll continue to pray for our failures, however, it is all the nonbelievers, starting with myself, that gives us the platforms to shine.

I want to give a major "Street Religion" shout outs, starting with the founder of OyezZZ, Clifton Jackson. Thank you for the OyezZZ website and social media platforms. To everyone, exposure is the key, so please follow, share, like and #OyezZZ on all social media platforms.

Of my authored titles, the following books are coming soon:

Street Religion, Will & Jada, and Never Cry About Nothing

To contact me directly, via JPay - a753094, or you can write me at, Lake Erie Correctional, P.O. Box 8000, Conneaut, Ohio 44030.

Thank you all, sincerely,

James "Boom" Phillips