



Someone Misses & Loves You

In memory of all our angels lost to unnecessary violence, fighting addictions, incarcerated, or simply trying to overcome the struggles.

In memory of all of us who were classified as nothing and never going to be nothing, I am you. Someone misses and loves us too.

In memory of the tens of millions living amongst society with no criminal histories more incarcerated than us who are incarcerated. Forgiveness, change, humility, and equality undoubtedly misses and loves you too.

Herein Willie aka *Ill Will*, *Will Poc*, and *Poc McCaa* was from the notorious Delavan-Grider neighborhood of Buffalo, New York.

August 14, 2010, Ill Will, family, and life-long friends were enjoying a night out celebrating several birthdays. This thought to be an enjoyable evening turned tragic.

With 8 people shot, Willie McCaa III and three others were killed and Damarion Vass was in a coma in a mass shooting at a Bar & Grill in downtown Buffalo formally called the City Grill.

Buffalo has a thriving nightlife for a melting pot of cultures. Its downtown club scene has always been a magnet for club goers. Beyond the club scene, day or evening, the presence of law enforcement in downtown Buffalo, like any other city, is always extremely heavy.

That fatal evening as the club was letting out systematically shot after shot rang out seemingly for 30+ minutes. Per many witness accounts, the police did not respond to the mass shooting for upwards to 60 minutes after the first shots were fired. Per CNN BREAKING NEWS it was reported the scene was that of a horror movie. Public opinions and public perceptions immediately demanded internal and external reviews.

The conclusions of those reviews confirmed and highlighted the BPD response time to the mass shooting caused the city national embarrassment, liability issues, as well as grave concerns regarding the double standards of policing throughout the city not limited to that unforgettable evening.

In the streets of Buffalo, Poc was well known, loved, admired, respected, and feared like you and I were a flawed American in our flawed America. Poc was my Lil brother from another mother.

Bra, I know you hear me; tell Tia, Keith, Tiffany, Big Face, and everyone else lost to unnecessary violence you angels are never forgotten.

Will when I met you

I was in a bad space with 40 tucked
after fruitful conversations real recognized real
plus we shared a passion for the gold rush –

boss status you started calling me Hottie
comparing my resume with your main players
Big Face, Jimmy, and Boogie were your babies
the rest was either hood love, associates, or various haters –





in the streets you know we were
heavy commodities, gases, gold, and oils
we traveled state to state on our 50 power shit
no wiretaps just miles of shredded aluminum foil –

I remember on Peachtree me, you, and Boogie's
first billion-dollar thoughts with a love for quaking
balling how can you tell a shooter not to shoot
or entrepreneurs to stop entrepreneurial shaking –

I'm talking hidden routes and interstates
big dreamers and street muscle living adjacent
regardless of the status on Wall Street or the NASDAQ
our swags are billion-dollar estates occupied or vacant –

Oyez22 we've finally arrived from lows and spoils
baby boy, I found my niche within the blogs
although the family will never be the same
Remy, Kylie & Kendall are all the way up and Ricky's doing Ross –

the streets still chasing BMF money
nothing has changed hustling the same stories
every day I question if I'm the product or the brand
racing the feds, snakes, killers, and all the financial glories –

Rah Rah, Manor, and Boogie still fighting
I salute them they are hungry and witty
biblically we are walking apostles and Jimmy henchmen
aiming to graduate the statuses of 50, Hova & Diddy –

to this day I still admire
boss females and well-travelled journeymen
the key ingredients of a dynasty have elevated to Warriors
a bench, rich Klay, money Green, KD, and Steph Curry –

now our allies are fighting life sentences
staring down the barriers of hundreds & fifties
nothing has changed you know me
sell your soul then undoubtedly you sold me –

so to all you street dreamers respect your choices
boss up, anything can come into fruition
remember, sometimes killing yourself alive is a part of
unspoken contractual terms and conditions –





that's why I respect universal bosses
who've graduated all the monotony
Oyezxx is Dubai, Boardwalk & Park Place
in this hellish world of Monopoly –

the simplest things continue to be complicated
equality and love are treated like unexpected alarms
we are out at sea still fishing for champagne dreams
that record catch be it Rossi, Ace, Cristal, or Dom –

the waters are choppy
plus too many suckers got a head of steam
isn't guiding our brands into uncharted and fruitful waters
every exec's goal and the American dream –

regardless the odds or the lotteries
we have to be in it to win it
with that in mind nothing supersedes safety
everything else is secondary then skies the limit –

from the mud inhaling bankruptcies
has made us the riches souls ever
the dynamics of pain, taking losses and resurrecting
cannot be truly appreciated if never merged together –

now I'm chasing record numbers
propelling **Oyezxx** from the joint
if you ain't chasing the number 1 spots
in your respective fields than what's the point –

no matter how egregious our mistakes
self-correct we can't do anything but live
riches are no longer defined by taking
our blessings are formulated within the blessings we give –

so to every lost soul, there is light
happiness will always overshadow our struggles
sometimes the tears are cleansing as long as we rise
because someone undoubtedly misses and loves you –

Ill Will, Big Face, Tia, Tiffany, Buffalo, Rochester, Toronto, New York,
and to all those whom mean and meant the world to you,
Someone Misses & Loves You!

Written (10/22/18) by Clifton A. Jackson

Your likes, follows, shares, repost of link, tags, and hashtags are sincerely appreciated.

