



The Journey

Since the seventies and Buffalo blizzards my
millionaire thoughts are now billionaire dreams
going hard playing even harder chasing nine figures
an underdog reaching for the stars with a triple crown gene –

in the eighties and nineties, I stood amidst
the violence, the epidemics, and hood shakers
in my lifetime I shook many hands twice in the game
bandos doing forty a week with million-dollar block Quakers –

I'm just the average mind turning up on the blogs
left for dead in the joint encouraged me to turn up my boss
flying mentally free "Pressed" respecting power moves
like Benny & Roc Nation & Rasheeda & Kirk Frost –

I'm talking Friends & Family Hustle
Atlanta is buzzing from Dubai through the London fogs
the better part of me wants to leave the better part of me
my swag spewing how you gonna tell a flosser not to floss –

it's just a matter of time before **Oyezxx** will soar
amongst the ranks, name for name with that international buzz
packaging my thoughts, the grief, I'm a vessel navigating through
uncharted waters amidst conglomerates and international plugs –

bringing a combination of experiences and internal diamonds
be it the streets, down bad, I can't even stop me from shinning
if I never afford myself the opportunities I rightfully deserve
the streets and fake loyalties will leave me stuck rewinding –

the roads and processes addressing theft & history will be dark
bomb after bomb will insure the uncomfortable ride
if you asked Jay & B or Kanye & Kim about their Bonnies or Clydes
they will simply smile aware of sharks & where the tsunamis collide –

reading between the lines, the theft and violence brings me
face to face, trauma & lifeless, stretched out on that gurney
piercing into the eyes of my children, the plug, and my grown man
magnifies my self-worth, my light, **Oyezxx**, and the journey –

Written (07/05/19) by Clifton A. Jackson

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