

The Michael Williams Story

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Solid shit... I'm in Lake Erie Correctional Institution wrapping up a 15 year bid, the founder with whom I respect to the fullest ask me to speak to Oyez.

I'm 32 from the city of East Cleveland, for those who don't know where that is, its a small city that branches off of Cleveland, Ohio. Raised there, it's given me the abilities to know when betterment is needed. Seeing that we (my family) didn't have shit, or owned shit we just moved on a day-by-day course. My mom was a drug addict, and my stepfather was a working man, but not your average. He pick up the responsibilitys of his wife when it came to his kids, and for a man who didn't know how to read or write he made due with whatever he had to make sure his two boys had a home. For me that was cool, but I wanted more in the sense of emotional support. See I was mistreated by my stepfathers family verbally, and by his odd girlfriends so I was gearing up at age of 12 to go be with my mother in the streets. I would always hear "yo momma this" and 'yo momma that" and "she's never around" type shit. And the girlfriends took there frustration out on us (my brother an I) and with the family it was mainly more so me. With this is more to it then verbal abuse, at the age of 7,8,9, I can remember and mention some shit that would make most niggas plot revenge over, but I just want to give a brief history of self before I jump into to this life I've been living for the last 9 years since the age of 23. I never even as a kid played games I hated games, video games, board games, hood games (any bounce, manhunt, tag..etc) I wasent any good at them. Until I found a game that was right up my ally in the streets. The dope game. And low and behold guess who I found playing in the game...you got it my momma, so I intently wanted to cross those tracks (literally). And when I did, I found a love, a respect, a loyalty (so I thought) something my so called family had never even thought of given, and not only given to me, but to my brother and stepfather as well. See when I got love, it showed, and spilled over to my family, my stepfather hated it though. The relationship was strained between my mother and everybody else cause they never seen her side of shit, her way of life... But I did. Did I agree with everything she did, fuck no! But I had her back cause she did what she had too in order to play her game and survived doing it. See thats all I understood at the time, and that was the game. I advanced moving from state to state at the age of 16-17. I dated women twice my age with whole situations I'm talking 4 kids, ex-husband, baby daddy type shit, things I wasent really ready to handle, but I did! Like the game (streets) I played my part. I was locked up in states where I had nobody, and made niggas respect my savage allowing me to do me, and get on my feet after the bid was over with in there city/state.. And then at that moment I knew just like they say real recognize real, FUCK that I was a SOLID nigga.. Cause wasent nothing real about my life.

I made it back to Ohio, just to bounce to another state, and you know how this shit goes... Shoot'em up-bang bang.. Big dope here, small dope there.... Rob-a- nigga here, and Rob-a- nigga there! I had made up my mind about what my life was about, and at times I would say "I'm going to be the richest nigga from my city that made it without a High School diploma" or "I was goin to own 10 houses and 4 apartment buildings", and I said a lot of other shit that surprisingly (not really) I hear today from young dudes.

So,I dabbled in the streets and I'm no turkey ta what's shaking.... how did I get where I am today... I shot a nigga in the face, and twice in the back! Solid shit no chaser. Now, do I regret it... I'm going to say No! And I'll explain why. The whole process on how I thought was damaged, and it took me to commit a mercy less crime, and losing almost a quarter of my life to gain some knowledge about myself and the situation I'm in. And for the victim, if he's still thuggin he won't make it long, cause he took that seat on the stand against me, but if he's doing what I herd (ears to the streets) he is doing, which is preaching the word... then two lives where change from this tragic event.

The route I'm looking at now is foreign, and how I was living was real to me, I mean with short details I basicly told you my life from 12 to 23 has been the streets, and the game... Now 32, growing in the system and watching 18 year old kids and young adults flying in and out this system before I could even think about living, seriously!. I mean the same life (person) in and out, while I'm still in prison, in motion, maintaining an working to be free. It started to force me into a direction to wonder why? But then that question had already been answered, simply cause I was that young kid, and immature adult, and with that I knew shit had to change.

And the reason why I said I was that of immature, cause it was due to my lifestyle and the way my mind had developed, not relying on anyone but my game, not trusting anyone but my game, only getting by and surviving off of my game... I know you hear that right? All that GAME! Just like a big ass kid.

In this environment (prison) its different cause everybody has that shit, that one type game you always used to finesse in the streets. Guess what though, the C/o's play by another game which is foreign along with the administration of the Institution, all this is foreign. You as a street nigga would never care for, or think about whats truly important on the inside like medical care or enough physical movement unless you was shot or high out there you didn't give a fuck about medical treatment. But being preserved from the elements of the streets, and as humans having natural mishaps the treatment you'll receive inside the walls are like the treatment of a stray dog, and the real dogs inside the prison get treated way better

Its only when its taken away from you the options, and choices do you fully realize what you left behind an what kinda world you just entered. Me, I have solidarity in knowing who I was and what type of shit I had done to level up, now, I had to live up too it which actually made me step my mental up, not my game! I understood that the rules on the streets didn't apply in here, so I developed a strong sense of listening which played a big role in understanding this position. Man you had niggas who ran and controlled gangs that was fucking young lost kids, and still speaking an acting as if that's solid.? That shit is never solid, it was REAL!! Cause this is now the life your living in. And see now you got a bunch of young street/ immature niggas coming to prison not knowing the rules, and failing to listen not understanding where they are. Not only that they won't even stop to listen to the remedies that can help them get out in the shortest of time. There dealing with savages, SOLID SAVAGES... And don't even know it! Then find themselves joining gangs, or becoming punks (in both sense), cause most wont open there eyes, so they can survive. Shit some even turn into junkies cause they can t deal with the lifestyle they've chosen, and being under the pressures of there environment. Right now as of today you have half the prisons including this one, guys are smoking paper with spray on it (chemicals) to get high? Where the fuck does that even fit in a solid niggas jacket? On top of it all you dont know what your eating in these chow halls, the administration is labeling you as STG (security threat groups) so whenever you do get out of prison, its going to be hard for you to breath out in society (literally). Yet these young adults, immature individuals are not thinking about there futures today.

Instead of getting all the resources to win, there steady digging in the same whole they're already in, mentally and physically. But hold up! I don't make excuses for anyone not even myself. In this system, I mean any Correctional and Rehabilitation Institution (prison) they are receiving funding for the betterment of inmates and won't allow for inmates that want to better themselves get too it? I am being held back personally from attending College. And I watch everyday as someone O.D.... When that person could have been involved in a program that this institution say they have, but don't run it cause they dont have the staff to run it. Like really these dudes are calling overdoses, episodes.? And crack jokes afterwards when there buddy COME BACK from medical just to do it again. The institutions don't give a fuck until one of the dudes kick a foot off in one of there officers asses, or come damn near to death then they can get more time outta the ignorant individual (assault) and or charge (\$) for overdosing off the substance. Me personally, I have to take a back seat to this cause my time won't allow me to be distracted. Now, I talk to a few guys by way of a program I facilitate when the young brothers or older guys falls through. And even then I have another battle to focus on, and its maneuvering around the 80% of immature, fake tough ass dudes that can't handle time, looking to crash out which will fuck my chances up of making it home. And 20% of dumb ass C/o's that want to see me spend the other half of my life in prison for job security reasons.. Im telling you its a whole new game your playing. I had bottle in potential I thought I had as a young adult, now today I'm solid in reclaiming my life, and young dudes, along with older guys don't realize that its not over its just the challenge of thinking about restarting there lives. If done where would that leave that man, better then he was! And this is what I mean about ignorant individual, they don't know that life is precious. Dealing with a drugs epidemic, in a non programming environment, and immaturity... mixed with Solid savages, and some adults that know what there life is worth (everything) and won't hesitate to risk it if forced too. The system built this cycle. We fail without proper guidance (that's why most are in prison anyway), we fail without proper fundamentals (another reason), we fail without love for each other (major reason), we fail without proper communication (we don't know how) and when we fail to address this. So other generations will fail right behind us. When you do the something expecting a different result, you become insane. And when the youth see this, imitate this behavior they as well become of the same. Not understanding that you lost the game, will drive many to ruin after you. Cause just like you they will think they can win, when in all actuality they will lose too. The truth shall set you free, admit defeat and stand firm in it

when your consequence are grave, and you have lost life (time). This does not mean you are less than any man, actually, that means you understand your wrongs. Giving you a chance to live in reality! picking your new route in life, and with this understanding, it will make you SOLID in your stance, only if you do whats right cause you know now where you went wrong. I told you I didn't like losing, and you dont either so why would you? I just hope that we as a race/ people would stop using each others backs to stay down. You thought I was going to say using each others back to get up? How, if you are harming or using a person, to end up in the same place as me? Or already in here with me and don't want to leave outta here with better concepts on dealing with life cause your still playing a GAME? The GAME is playing you!

I was going to let the world know about this prison life, and the fucked up situations were dealing with. Although, I felt the need to shoot some understanding about choices our people face, or might be faced with before, during, or after the system get you in there grips. This was my story, you can always build yours differently. Stay Solid, and live real