



Survival of the Fittest

Survival is the mind state in these cold streets
grips are tighter on straps than thongs lost in butt cheeks
so stepping off the porch hustling you better not have cold feet –

who cares be it a million questions or a million reasons
who would you choose if one of us had to stop breathing
would your affiliations matter if you befriended angels or demons –

what a picture painted amongst a billion clones
not to mention the sad reality that secrets no longer exist
the way technologies have invaded our homes –

clouds are storing our every word via gadgets and phones
our love for gaming systems and smart TVs
who are actually watching us studying our undertones –

so its confirmed secret societies are no longer a myth
patriot acts and mass shootings are alarming confirming
the perfect storms are before us with an unmeasurable width –

society obis can no longer conceal our poisons within
would you chop a limb off to stop the spread of infections
that caters to your deceptions and revelations of sin –

for centuries equality has not catered to the people
so is it hypocritical for PR departments to prepare statements
when the double standards of life have cared less about the peoples –

money and fraternities have been the driving forces of evil
do not believe the alleged elites are purified or immune to the sequel
whom can no longer portray an image like our playing fields are equal –

speaking of which stop portraying like the hoods are societies jungles
you should focus on the forgotten souls living amongst you
trust me it gets crazy when the haunted starts to haunt you –

so until you walk a mile in our shoes be ready to rumble
war leaves no room for God blesses you or I love you
I see your red beams closing in as you see mines I can't afford to stumble –

Written (05/13/16) by Clifton A. Jackson

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