Jumped

When I was jumped
It was siller than ebing dumped
By an ugly chick
Forgot my click click

The kid was shorter than me
I decided not to flee
For what it was work, I had to stay
Make my fight my own

Didn’t have my hock with me
Bright eyes might be tired to see
All seven inches of style and grace
Shreds and arm in the right place

Knife is faster than a gun
Homeboys hear a shot and run
It’s all in the wrist
You can get cut up with a twist

But it’s not the way I want to live
It makes me tired and want to give
I see myself above the violence
This is my way to break the silence