

Poetry Series

Kris Smith
- poems -

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Kris Smith(10-26-1983)

I'm a young, dedicated, spoken word poet/performance artist. I've been into creative writing and poetry since I was a youth, but it was like an off and on thing. I poetry do readings at several venues in Houston like Taft Street Coffee(2115 Taft) , Notsuoh(314 Main St) , Te House of Tea(1927 Fairview Dr) and other spots. I've published in The Harbinger Asylum, Houston Press, collaborted with the underground performance art collective Continuum and I'm currently curating my own performance art/poetry collective called The Manifesto Form. If you're in the Houston and wanna be apart of the group, e-mail me at krismith1983@ or go to the group which is:

Am I The One?

Can it be me/am I the one/am I the one who brighten your day like the sun/am I your pick/who'll help you through thin and thick/am I the one that you choose to have love limitless/am I the one for you/willing to comfort you/the one you wanna give your location and number to/am I the one you desire/who put your soul on fire/am I the one you admire/to be with til you expire/am I the one you wanna settle down with/go pound for pound with/am I the one you're willing to paint the town with/am I your selection/to give love and affection/could it be me, am I the one you're suggestin'/am I the one you're willing to give your all to/your mind, body, soul, your all to/am I the perfect match/and am I deserving that/chance to put it on ya, bump, grind, make you work your back/am I the one for you, are you the one for me/shine like the sun with you and make you my hun indeed/am I on your passion list/you and me, imagine it/a beast in the bedroom without a group of savages/am I your heart's intent/without playing hard to get/the one you wanna snuggle up in bedtime garments with/am I the one you're feeling/to give you passion in the building/am I the one you're willing/for some intimate healing/am I the one for you, are you the one for me/if I'm the one for you, make you my hun indeed/am I the one for you, think you're the one for me/and if that's so, then you're gonna be my hun indeed

Kris Smith

Another One

Another year I've maintained/another day, another dollar, another age I've gained/another goal I've acquired/another mind I've inspired/another great legend that I've seen retired/another chance to make my voice heard and make it well known/like I wanna copyright an LP and sell clones/another one for my fans/that consider me the man/another opportunity to put these haters on ban/another one for the U.S/the country that do it best/and I'm willing to be put through the test/it's another one, y'all, but this ain't Biggie Smalls/no disrespect, R.I.P, he gave the game his all/it's another one, y'all, another piece I'm givin' to ya/call me UPS with the flow that I deliver to ya/another year that's been made/another game that's been played/do it to the depth and making sure these lames been dismayed/another one for myself/another one for the wealth/another chance to get in where I fit in, stay in good health/another day that goes by/observing how time flies/when busy tryna grind to shine and reach for the sky/another one, y'all, another piece I'm contributing/another chance to take hold of the life and stay living it/another one, y'all, indeed, another one/and I'm down to do it big and grind and shine like the sun

Kris Smith

Celebration

It's a celebration/pocket fulla big faces/let's come together as one/and shine like the sun/you paid your dues, now relax and enjoy the ride/you put in your 9 to 5, now put your worries to the side/about 10-20 people gettin' lose on the dancefloor/live it up, give it up, represent what you stand for/'Get it poppin' is what they tellin' me/sippin' on somethin' heavenly/gotta pump the beat up, got them vibing to the melody/pound for pound/best believe it's goin' down/as I glide through H-Town/with a deadly beat sound

Kris Smith

Distant Lovers

Day after day/they greet each other from miles away/impossible to date each other 1,000 miles away/they're presence is distant, but close in spirit/considered soulmates, declared chosen spirits/a long distance relationship/unsure if they can savor it/eager to embrace each other, they're each other's favorite/she misses him dearly/she goes'I need your presence near me'/and he says'I'm busy on the road, gotta feel me'/he's occupied, on the go, shows and auditions/while he's feeling guilty because he's not at home with his mistress/they're distant lovers/eager to get under the covers/and cuddle up and down to give their all like no other/they miss each other so much/so far away, so what/and he's like'Honey, you gon' be so happy when I show up'/he's busy doing showbiz, she awaits his arrival/without each other they're nothing, emotionally suicidal/love long distance/but keep it persistent/being distant lovers is not what they intended/she calls him up like'What about our honeymoon? '/and he says'Hang tight, love. I'll be home soon....'

Kris Smith

Down And Out

I see a man on the streets, all battered, doing bad/all down and out like he's down to his last/same clothes for days with nothing to eat/tired, dehydrated, scorn by the heat/unsure of what to do and/panhandle's the solution/disowned, ignored, his sanity he's losin'/ I see a man under the 288/with very little on his plate/living lage at first, but along the line, he made a mistake/so he resort...s to holding up a sign/to get a lick and pass time/but, some people ride by, unwilling to lend him a dime/I see a mother with kids/who's struggling to live/shelter after shelter, something's gotta give/they were disowned and abandoned/unsure how to handle it/hurts to see them like that, gotta help, can't stand it/it never hurts to help/the needy, low on wealth/sometime's it's good to think about others than yourself/I see a man strolling downtown, walking like his feet hurt/pushing a shopping cart/in desperate need of work/he's tryna maintain/need I give him some change/he responds'God bless you', tommorrow, his routine's the same/giving to the needy, not the greedy's what it's about/for those individuals less fortunate and down and out

Kris Smith

Getaway

Baby, let's getaway/put some romance in our day/let's take a vacation/and exchange sex faces/and break you off them big faces/take a cruise on a yacht/getcha in the mood and hit your hot spot/let's getaway/make this a lovely day/you my queen/I'm your king/bless you with them diamond rings/let's hit the hotel/and let me put you under the spell/of love and passion/'Put it on me'is what you as...kin'/babygirl, we honeymoonin'/sweet sensation's what I'm pursuin'/I keep my flow cold/for that thick bank roll/tell me how you wanna roll/and where you wanna roll/let's getaway/my love I wanna giveaway/girl, I'll take you there like one of the Staple Singers/you and me forever, put that ring on your finger/babygirl, let's getaway/take a trip for a day/you and me, baby, off top, let's getaway

Kris Smith

In My Shoes

Take a look in my eyes and tell me what you see/take a look at yourself before you start judging me/what gives you the audacity/to contradict and jab at me/verbally/but I'm not gonna let your words worry me/talk down and scold me/but you don't even know me/how can you doubt me/when you don't know shit about me/as if you can't do without me/and I do this shit proudly/I'm bout, bout it like Master P, boot up and get rowdy/tryna tell me how to do it/when you ain't never pursued it/my flow is the truest/and stay flowin' like fluid/you wanna own me or claim me/thinkin' you can change me/but, I'm the one who can change me/I shall maintain and remain, B/you can't do what I do/becuse you're not in my shoes/you better realize, you're not me, I'm not you/after all the criticism/stay dedicated... and persistent/peep out the flow I'm dishin'/lend me your ears and listen/all judgemental/while I keep it short and simple/and confidential/best believe I'ma make this official/you think you know what I been through/or know what I'm into/then let me get in you/lyrically, while I continue/to kill this shit like a weapon/and test it/and mic check it/and you better respect it/or this weapon will leave you breathless/wanna dictate my life/point out mistakes in my life/instead of focusing on yourself/I love money and wealth/goin' hard with this shit/I'm touching hearts when I spit/bless 'em with my presence, I'm like God when I spit/focused on every move I make/but won't stop til the movement's made/and established/lyrical labratory/gotta have it/you can't think or see things a certain way that I do/everyone's different and plus, you're not in my shoes

Kris Smith

Look Into My Eyes

Take a look in my eyes, tell me what you visualize/on how I feel inside/and what I instill inside/take a look in my eyes and tell me what you see/before you be quick to judge or tell me what to be/as you look in my eyes/try to predict what's inside/can you tell the love for poetry I'll never deny/can you read my eyes, can you read my thoughts/can you relate to me whenever I release my thoughts/take a look in my eyes/what do you visualize/you see my poetic passion I instill inside/as you look me in my eyes, as you look me face to face/can you tell what kind of person I am standing face to face/the eyes can give away, the eyes can tell alot/let you see my eyes, let the truth prevail or not/as we stand eye to eye, as we stand face to face/can you tell I'm prone to make my mark from place to place/take a look in my eyes and tell me what you see/look into my eyes and tell me what you see within me/do you see a dedicated artist holding his composure/do you see a motivated, bonified soldier/do you see my honor and my will for poetry/and let the world know the damn deal and know it's me/do you see my hunger and see my consistency/and let you know wassup when I paint a picture vividly/look in my eyes/and tell me what you visualize/with poetry, I'm gonna let them know how I feel inside/look in my eyes/what you see inside/you see wassup, y'all, take a look in my eyes

Kris Smith

Made Men

Speaking on the chosen few, speaking on the made men
Speaking on the struggles and the hard times that made them
All about the chosen ones, speaking on the made men
Who's down to pursue their all and souls and never trade them
Speaking on the men of honor, speaking on the made men
Who's down to put their life on the line, honorable, brave men
Through all the shit they've been through and all the shit that made them
Speaking on the made ones, speaking on the made men
All about the group that coincide as the made men
Who's willing to uplift souls, help them out, and save them
The chosen few are honored for their helping hand they gave them
As in the ones that needed it, speaking on the made men
They're blessed with the finer things, yep that be the made men
The ones who put in hours for their family and paid men
And make like E-40 to a chick and down to save them
And give it to them til they pass out, that's those made men
Speaking on the chosen few, speaking on those made men
And to those wifebeaters and abusers, those aren't brave men
If they won't stand up to another man, scared to face them
Spread my poetry all around and barricade them
Calling once, calling twice, calling all the made men
I'm not Silkk The Shocker, but feel I'm one of the made men
Because I got it made, paid, laying in the shade then
Get back on the grizzly grind, shout out to the paid men
Who's all about the biz and I'm speaking on the made men/kudos to the chosen
few, talking bout the made men
Shout out the U.S Troops, honorable, brave men
The guys that bombed the Boston Marathon, they had to cage them
And guys who do things like that, those aren't made men
Speaking on the chosen few and the things that made them
Speaking on the chosen few, yep, that be those made men

(c) Kris Smith

Kris Smith

Man In The Mirror

You're like my equal/who I can clearly see through/always by my side, never difficult to reach, dude/I can see your thoughts in your eyes/the truth beneath your lies/already know what it is, I can see through your disguise/you're with me through thick and thin/from beginning to end/only one who understands me, my only, true friend/mirror on the wall/you can see me standing tall/always there by my side, I ain't even gotta call/and together, we gon' ball/til we fall/and we gon' do it all/me, myself, and I/why ask why/mirror on the wall/with me when I rise and fall/and bounce back/and always know where you're at/I can see what you're envisionin'/predict your decisions/while you're hopin' and wishin'/ain't no competition/I see your scars and pain/and you always remain/and the last one to refrain/all ears when I explain/mirror on the wall/who's got it locked off all/with dedicated spots of all/and down to rock of all/as I receive your presence/with very little hesitance/with powerful words spoken/even in a mirror that's broken/mirror on the wall/who's the nicest of all/lyrically righteous of all/verbally ignite shit of all/heavy piece I'm bringin' to ya/lookin' at me, but I'm lookin' through ya/man in the mirror, with me when I win or lose, bruh/automatically peep each other's issues without tryna solve or figure/as I stand here looking at the man in the mirror

Kris Smith

Microphone

O'microphone, how stable you stand/as you help me release thoughts once I put you in my hand/proceed a microphone check/known microphone tech/poetry slam after slam, a microphone vet/that black, electronic device/that helps me contribute advice/and motivate and touch hearts, test if it sounds nice/microphone, microphone/helps me make my cycle known/cycle to compete for the title and make my title known/the mic's a bystander and the mic can be a blessing/to recite your skills on stage,1,2,3, contesting/the mic can be dangerous/to those that's ashamed to buss/a flow or two, afraid the crowd's gonna say'You're lame to us! '/the microphone's the method/to depict while you tell it/and tell it how you wanna tell it/chance to prove a point and nail it/it's so cooperative with The Word Around Town Tour/chance to make voices heard, perfect for a sound tour/microphone check/man, I gots to wreck/lyrically, as I stand with something nice around my neck/like was quoted off a song from the 90's/something that's gonna remind me/while I rock the mic that's gonna define me/of who I am when I speak/I'd be damn if I sleep/on a chance to go rock a poetry slam so unique/1,2,3, testing/spoken word's what I'm suggesting/poetic words of wisdom, lyrical lesson/microphone, microphone/gotta make my title known/of how it's going down and these haters want my title blown/o'microphone, you and me gonna set it off together/and always make the crowd applaud together

Kris Smith

Nothing Else Matters

Embracing you is like the rising of the warming sun
I look into your eyes and see that your're the one
You complete me
You're the ground I worship beneath me
Please believe me
When I'm inside you, I go deeply
You said in the past you were heartbroken a dozen
I need your lovin
And without you, I'm nothin
I'm the last one who would ever make your heart shatter
Just you and me and in the words of Metallica, nothing else matters

Kris Smith

On The Brain

With so much on the brain/so much to explain/so much time to break it down
and obtain/and gather thoughts/extend freedom of speech that can't be
bought/and act on what I was taught/and speak what I was taught/so much on
my mind/and let them know what's on my mind/with so much time/to submit
every rhyme/with so much energy/that's flowing within me/and gotta keep a
steady cycle going within me/so much on the brain/so much knowledge to
gain/and obtain/and stand strong, forever remain/with so much on my mind/not
giving up on my time/to shine/and get it in no matter what, I'ma grind/for those
dead presidents/it's been said, let it vent/and hit them where it hurts while my
head's developin'/so much vivid pics and thoughts/submit and get ya cost/to be
the boss and do this shit with heart/with so much on the brain/and so much to
obtain/spritually, mentally, and physically/are you feeling me/lyrically/from the
mind/don't ever try to undermine/these underground gurus and artists/I'm down
to do it the hardest/and one of the smartest/so much on my mind/so much on
my brain/with so much time to explain/so much shit to submit and express/and
get the shit off the chest/and upgrade, refresh, swith, and progress/so much on
my brain/so much on my mind/and live my life to the fullest until the end of time

Kris Smith

Passion For Poetry

With so much/a feeling that's everlastin'/she keeps me motivated with a
neverending habit/she goes by Poetry/when she's with me, they gon' know it's
me/she keeps me in control, at ease/to speak from my soul that's free/she gives
me that passion/to live lyrically lavish/sometimes unleash the beast within me,
like a savage/she keeps me addicted like a drug/pursuing what I love/and keep it
poppin' like a rave or a club/she helps with my discussions/goes perfect with
percussion/it's Poetry I'm lovin'/without her, I'm nothin'/together we're devoted
to the game/like earth should be our claim/truly blessed, hollow be thy name/I
feel her with a passion/fulfill her with a passion/copyright, submit, and instill her
with a passion/she's a universal language/this gift I'm cursed to claimin'/she'll
never leave my side, been with me since birth and stayin'/and we gon' set it off
together/let it off together/and we gon' make the crowd applaud together/with
an open relationship/provoke me to say this shit/givin' me a passion with some
quotes you'll be savorin'/with so much passion/that's so everlastin'/coincide with a
passion/that you could image/her name is Poetry/who keeps me going
uncontrollably/and flowing uncontrollably/with more, this ain't the most of
me/with so much passion/that's so everlastin'/Poetry's my love, my drug, a
habit/together we gon' hold it down/with a remarkable sound/off top, poetry
makes the world go round

Kris Smith

Poetic Lover

My dear poetic lover/who can tell it like no other/as we connect poetically, I'm thankful for your mother/for birthing you/so I can exchange words and verbs with you/poetic words of wisdom is the shit that I'm serving you/the love of my life/share our love when we write/and we kinda wear our stories like a glove then unite/o'dear poetic lover, feel the vibe I'm bringing to you/my poems can be also used as songs like I'm singing to you/as we touch hearts via inkpen and composition/vibing heart to heart, get it in to win, no competition/sweet poetic lover, know you're feeling me, I'm feeling you/read your pieces and portray myself as you, ridicule/as we express ourselves to each other so poetically/create some literacy lovemaking, do it pleasantly/o'poetic lover, feel my passion for poetry/and this poetic love is everlastin', come flow with me/seeing things from each other's point of view/while we write out and point a few/poems, and you're the one, my heart points of you/blessed with the ability/to touch each other spiritually/the poetry that lives in me/and paint the picture vividly/o'poetic lover, as we keep this process going/like a lyrical, poetic machine and keep it flowing/gotta keep it up and steady with it/gotta stay ready with it/1,2,3, give me your all and test me with it/poetic love connection/passionte selection/already know wassup, we're each other's suggestion/o'poetic lover, another piece from the mind of Kris Smith/now let's continue this lyrical, poetic business

Kris Smith

Scorpio Soulmates

My mate to be/connecting sacredly/as we share common ground, how she favors me/speaking on a zodiac sign/as I give her my energy and time/as she shares the same sign as mine/she's my scorpio soulmate, we were meant to be/give her my and soul, look how she's into me/mutual zodiac lover/who I declare like no other/mutual zodiac lover/your inner thoughts I discover/known as Scorpio Soulmates/give our all like the whole plate/of that food for the soul, devour, like how our souls taste/with the same interests/with lots to be mentioned/and our love for each other will never have a limit/we were born in the same month/we try to refrain from/the negativity, never forget where we came from/as we help each other and uplift/born with the same gift/and give fire and desire like a flame spliff/speaking on the zodiac/unique on how I'm quotin' that/passion for each other, best believe me, I ain't holdin' back/well known Octoberites/Scorpio, October rights/make it established and known, ain't no need to quote it twice/poetic passion, she speaks freely like me/curates sexual sessions, she gets freaky like me/we were made for each other/give our all like no other/we were made for each other/like a zodiac lover/I do things she admires, she do things I admire/best believe we're too young on the scene to retire/and together we connect so sacredly/Scorpio Soulmates, we are mates to be

Kris Smith

Soldier

He's a man on his note/who's at ease at his post/get low/when them things
blow/lettin' y'all know/that's a soldier/with pride/with his troops, he collide/on
the battlefield/demonstrating his battling skills/that's a soldier/fighting for his
country/fightingn for the poor and hungry/yo, wassup, who want it, B?
/honestly/yo, that's a soldier/keepin' that composure/M-16 toter and
holder/lettin' 'em know how it go, bruh/yo/that's a soldier/bussin' randomly/to
get back home to his family/honor, integrity, and sanity/off top, that's a
soldier/goin' by that code of ethics/yo, ya gotta respect it/to those soldiers on
deck/mic check/that's a soldier/go and round out the tank/and shoot some
rounds from the tank/you know you're on top even if they say you ain't/that's a
soldier/who's never givin' up/everyday, livin' it up/dreams and goals, fullfillin'em
up/that's a soldier/those true soldiers bout that money and that power/who
would rather die like a man than live like a coward/that's a soldier/one time for
the U.S/the country that do it best/red, white, and blue, nothin' less/where them
soldiers/who steady loadin' them clips/lock and loadin' and shit/I'm lettin' y'all
know what it is/that's the biz/that's a soldier/on the battlefield/gotta letcha know
the deal/on the field/them boys get ill/where shit is real/yo/that's a soldier/true
soldiers that's down to ride or die/talkin' bout them true soldiers that's reachin'
for the sky/talkin' bout them true soldiers that's down to ride or die/that's a
soldier/true soldiers/keep your head to the sky

Kris Smith

The Addiction

O'battered female/putting herself through hell/roaming the streets, her soul she
wanna sell/along with her body, not protecting herself/with that latex with no
respect for herself/a mother of 2 kids, unable to be there for them/and leaves
them with a guardian who's able to care for them/she's loosing her
sanity/choosing drugs over her family/and prostitute and negotiate with the
underhandedly/battered woman with her pride flown down the drain/crack and
heroin's her only way to maintain/damn, she's addicted/unsure if she can quit
it/she needs to be saved with her spirit uplifted/she walks the streets and a guy
pulls her over/so he can pimp her, rape her, beat her, and choke her/she devotes
her time to that shit that'll have her fidgetin'/and screw up her vision/deep shit,
now listen/she possesses a battered soul/the demons take control/fix after
fix/arms full of red holes/damn, she's addicted/unsure if she can quit it/she
needs to be saved with her spirit uplifted/she had good life/was a devoted, good
wife/but sabotaged it when she resorted to that hard white/in desperate need of
rehab/with clean clothes and a bath/it's addiction, something you don't wanna
have/o'battered woman, lend me your ears and listen/you're ruining your life,
get off that addiction

Kris Smith

The Gift

This gift I was birthed with/a gift I was cursed with/ain't talkin' bout Shawn Carter, but I'm quick to shoot a verse/a gift that I'm destined to claim/and it be best I remain/up on my note, hold it down, get put through the test in the game/blessed with this gift/I must invest with this gift/to touch someone's heart and soul with success and uplift/this gift that I'm claimin'/and this gift can make me famous/money, fortune, fame, convert to famous like Amos/it's said, if you got a gift, go out and pursue it/use what you were blessed with, be positive when you do it/a gift I hold it down with pride/and know I'm down to ride/to get mine's and make them rock from side to side/it's a gift I must share with the universe/be fair when I shoot a verse/lyrical flame like when I shoot, it hurts/blessed with this gift/nothing less with this gift/gotta utilize my talent and progress with this gift/it's a gift you can't wrap up/can't keep my feelings trapped up/express for feedback, get your opinions and facts up/a gift that'll help me shine/time after time/it's a gift I can't deny/can't let life pass me by/it's a gift I'm cursed to claiming/as I stand strong, remaining/it's a gift that I'm claiming/it's inherited with training/always use your gift for good/pursue, uplifting's good/when I rock the mic, they're like'Dude, your shit was good! '/ban the negativity/be damned I let it get to me/show me love at each and every slam like I'm the shit indeed/love to share my gift/not really comparative/just down to share my work with others, down to play fair with it/the gift you possess, to others can be a blessing/utilize it, don't waste the gift that you were blessed with

Kris Smith

The Manifesto Form

A new performance art collective that I must forewarn/to the community known as Manifesto Form/founded by yours truly, one and only Kris Smith/a dedicated artist who be down to spit some sick shit/Manifesto Form, bring on the manifestation/as I express and warn them I have a plan in the makin'/for dedicated poets and performance artists on the scene/come one, come all, want dedicated artists on my team/with great minds that think alike, some of the smartest on my team/going for the title, going for the chart and on the ring/Manifesto Form will be poppin' on the scene/is this what Houston needs? Then let's drop it on the scene/TMF will join forces and they'll rock it on the scene/and you can call me , I ain't stoppin' on the scene/Manifesto Form is the newest thing in Houston, Tex/putting local artists on, set it up, produce the rest/Continuum or Manifesto Form like which group's the best/but I'm not in it for competition, just for group success/come one, come all, who wanna get manifested/come one, come all for those who's willing to test it/calling all artists, the city's been blessed with/The Manifesto Form, who wanna get manifested/viva la performance art with a poetic twist/some people say I'm good at this, like one of the best with it/and play my part and settle the score, nothing less with it/I'm just staying dedicated, try to make success with it/Manifesto Form, bring on the manifestation/as I express and warn them I have a plan in the makin'/Manifesto Form, bring on the manifestation/and must progress the form, show I'm the man in the makin'/come one, come all and get together on the scene/hold it down through the worst or the better on the scene/come all, those that wanna get together on the scence/and I will hold it down through any kind of weather on the scene/Manifesto Form, bring on the manifestation/as I express and warn them I have a plan in the makin'/

Kris Smith

The Rhythm

As I put it down, create a vibe to the rhythm/bass, chords, strings coincide to the rhythm/guarantee you're gonna hear a pleasant sound to the rhythm/and stay up on my note and hold it down to the rhythm/such a rhythmic procedure/are you feeling this procedure? /and let the flow move you and insist on this procedure/so poetic with some rhythm/gotta bless them with some rhythm/like a lyrical story that I tell them with some rhythm/1,2,3,4,5 to the rhythm/and gotta let them know what's inside when I'm spittin'/gotta keep it flowing and going, nonstopping to the rhythm/or do a 33, screwing and chopping to the rhythm/percussion and melody/it's a must that I tell indeed/my passion for this, randomly discussed and won't fail indeed/floatin' to the rhythm/while it's spoken to the rhythm/I can dropp it fast or slow motion to the rhythm/elevated by the rhythm/motivated by the rhythm/getting captived, penetrated by the rhythm/ole to the rhythm/notes I play to the rhythm/obtaining every sentence that I say to the rhythm/down to smooth it out or get it hype with rhythm/to some people, rhythm is life and life is rhythm/so nice with the rhythm/and precise with the rhythm/PSA, gotta give advice with the rhythm/steady to the rhythm/stayin' ready to the rhythm/and keep this gift the maker blessed me to the rhythm

Kris Smith

The World We Live In

In this world that I live in/with everyday given/where I'm provoked with decision
after decision/in a world full of peace, but yet can be so cold/where some try to
make peace, but others sell their soul/in this world I've adapted to/with various
attitudes/and sharing the latitude/opinions and factual/a world full of love, a
world full of hate/where some expect handouts and some pull their weight/and to
a big baller, you ain't shit if you're poor/in this world, we should steal from the
rich, give to the poor/a world I've grown to know/where I call home and so/I get
in my zone and flow/and make the shit known to those/in this world I live in/with
everyday given/in this world I live in/with a picture so vivid/in a world that
confuses me sometimes/like I'm loosin' it sometimes/express myself and put to
use on what's inside/a world full of good, a world full of bad/in this world, get
down to biz, save the bull for last/in a world I live in/with everyday given/in this
world I live in/lend your ears and listen/in this world nowadays, racism still
exists/and screwing over your own kind, what kinda shit is this? /in this world,
some will sacrifice their will for greed/and others devote their time to help the ill,
in need/like what's this world come to and what has it become? /where every
innocent soul is blasted by a gun/this is the world we live in/with everyday
given/the world we live in/better days I'm wishin'/the world we live in/from my
concocted, mental vision/feel me and listen/this is the world we live in

Kris Smith

Would You?

Would you hold me down/take whole of me now/can't you see it's goin'
down/with this vibrant, poetic sound/would you give me your all/pick me up
when I fall/ball with me til I fall/stand tall and shotcall/would you lend me your
ears/would you keep your shit in gear/and conquer your fears/through the blood,
sweat, and tears/would you hold down the block/when it's hot/like the heat from
a glock/and curate a showshock/that sho'nuff won't stop/would you ride with
me/risk your life, die with me/laugh and cry with me/and coincide with
me/without a single doubt/and bring it out/sing and shout/it's hard to yell with
some barrells in your mouth/as was quoted from Shawn Carter/got pumped and
gone harder/would you declare me as the one/the big fuckin' don da-da/would
you let me pursue you/let my poetry move you/and make it something you're
used to/lift your spirits andn boost you/would you combine your feelings and
thoughts with mine/would you be down to sign/to devote your energy and
time/would you spread the word/and make your literature heard/or something
like a proverb/and stay fly like a bird/would you keep your promise/or be
opposite of honest/would you say I'm one of the illest individuals who done
this/persistent when I run this/skill that I accomplish/and I'ma keep it comin'/no
doubt, keep it comin'/would you give this game your all/like you wanna buy out
the mall/would you give it your all/feel me, last call

Kris Smith