

WHERE I AM FROM

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11th Grade, TECH Freire

I am from West Philly
Where I see bleach and clorox everyday
To keep my house from smelling like trash
I am from the Bottom of the Sea
Where it's hard to come up for a breath
I am from Killadelphia
Where you walk out your front door and see death
I question myself
Like are you a bastard because your dad left
Every night it had me up thinking
I was the reason
I ain't get enough rest
I'm from the bottom
Where I couldn't afford clothes
So people laugh at the way I dress
Like if it's not on your back
Then why are you pressed
It's stack or starve where I'm from
So you better invest
You see the color of my skin
Ain't too many of us blessed
I couldn't afford everything from the corner store
So I had to finesse
Just speaking how I feel
Trying to get this point off my chest