

More than a Criminal

Look, I can't speak for everyone, no two stories are the same
Boys in here have seen things, I'm not trying to claim
But we need a voice, someone to critically think
Put forward rational arguments, before we all sink

And no matter what they tell you ...

The problems not religion, or the colour of skin
It's a mental battle, that comes from within
Educate these young minds, whilst they still have hope
Instead filling their hands, with bricks full of coke
Innocent dreams, crushed by pockets of cash
Days follow nights, just selling your stash
Shell casings and chalk lines, outside our front doors
14 year old children, trying to settle old scores
Pre-existing beefs, from before they were born
1, dead, 1 in prison, 2 families now mourn

What we need to do, is say that "science is cool"
Working hard in exams, and completing school
We need a shift in mindset, to overhaul a culture
Reignite fledgling dreams, and provide them some structure
It can still be done, even though people say
"the systems not broke, it was designed this way"
Here's a pair of 11's, if you ever want to swap
So you can learn the difference, between the haves and have not's
The inconvenient truth, full of Bush and Gore
With levels of poverty you've never seen before

I've met one lad, who's been failed by everyone ...

Parents, schools, care home, he's not a minority
But always the problem, and never priority
And you'll judge him, when he commits crime
Content his childhood, is out of sight out of mind
Just passed around by group homes, and different schools
But then they blame him, for acting a fool
Drive and motivation, are learnt behaviors
We're lucky to have one parent, and relying on neighbour's

Sent down at 16, good luck kid ...

He left care at 18, whilst he was in prison
When he was released on license, no direction was given
He's 31 now, and he's back inside
Don't pretend to act, like you're fucking surprised

Out on the streets and not coming home
The sad reality is that he isn't alone

Growing up in fear, the beatings start to mount
Fuck the scars on the outside, it's the inside that count
We've got stories of abuse, that you can't comprehend
But there's no access to therapy to help us mend
We still hate Christmas, when that uncle came round
Just close your eyes, and don't make a sound
Scared and frightened, alone in the room
Put your big boy pants on, it'll be over soon

Just compare this with your life, do you still think they're all even? ...

Do you honestly think, that everyone can achieve
Despite the lack of guidance and support we receive
The country believes, that we're all a lost cause
Without ever taking, a minute to pause
To work out how we got here, what we had to face
Just keeping up with the Jones's, caught in the rat race

We're aware of the stereotype, you're preconceived idea
Fed by the media, it creates division and fear
But I promise you this, we're not all the same
Despite what the papers, report and claim
We've got boys doing uni, their subjects they range
Long nights in the cell, making a positive change
Some study business, they'll be CEO's
Start their own company, just watch how it grows
Someone's brother or son, just serving their time
Creating brighter futures away from their crime
We can't have bad days, we have to smile and nod
Whilst former shelf stackers, get to play god
But for most there's no rehab, we either suffer in silence
Or drink, drugs and bravado, just harbouring violence
And when release comes, just thrown back to the street
Regardless of any friends, or family to meet
Social housing, males bottom of the list
No job or bank account, are you getting the gist?
So to survive we go back, to the only thing we know
And the cycle continues, just enjoy the show

The government, ministers and people in power
Sitting their judging from their ivory tower
It might be Eton, Harrow or Wellington College
Insisting they lead us, with their "wisdom and knowledge"
There's money for HS2, and a bankers bonus
MP's expenses, but all this just shows us
The class gap is built, on lies and deceit

When most of our families, can't make ends meet
But all this does, is highlight the disparity
They're so far removed, from the actual reality
Its just jobs for the boys, and pats on the back
If you're poor they don't care, if you're white or you're black
When a system is created, by a ruling class
And the laws they create, are so easy to pass
Why would they ever benefit, the vulnerable and poor
When they can keep us desperate, and asking for more

So the next time you go out, for dinner or movies
Remember how fortunate, you are to do this
No doubt you work hard, sacrifices were made
To the relentless machine, from which we all get paid
But there's so many people, no fair crack of the whip
They'd give their whole world, to sit where you sit
So before you judge us, please try remember this
The difference is subtle, it's so easy to miss
You were simply born, on the right side of the road
Another thing in our lives, that we couldn't control

Whether its South London, Leicester, Cov or Brum
The public perception is that we're all scum
And we hear that message, it's not fucking subliminal
But don't judge me, I'm more than a criminal



Masflow