

Watch Yo' Back - by Metta 4 tha Poet

Metta 4 the Poet brings his tremendous talent to the pages of IREP Magazine! Feel the force and the fire in his first contribution, "Watch Yo' Back!"

Fake ass'd, bitch ass'd people,
Smilin' in my fuckin' face;
Game allows me to peep your game,
because you can't hide your hate.

I know you can't understand this shit,
while you're smiling and showin your teeth,
Thinkin' of a hundred different ways to stab me,
and a hundred more ways you can be me.

Your thoughts of me are delusional,
and don't mean a damn thing;
Because I refuse to be manipulated,
by the nonsensical shit you bring.

Talking about me and my life problems,
and assasinating me behind my back;
Deep inside of denial about your own habits,

and hiding your "Uncle Peaches" that's lost on crack.

Keepin a CIA tab and watching me close,
and magnifying all of my daily activities;
So busy trying to document my every move'
and neglecting your own proclivities.

So back yo' ass da' fuck up,
sweep around your own front porch instead;
'Cause if yo' shit keeps showin up on my stoop,
and I'm gon' bus' yo' fuckin head.

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