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The Great Depression Vol.II

Posted in [Gang Awareness](#), [Youth Empowerment Session](#), [Criminal Justice System](#), [My Thoughts](#) at 6:26 pm by Administrator

“Damn” my heart won’t allow it, I cried, stressed. Al-Islam had a cover on my heart something special, it felt Ake. I was growing for excellence and progression becoming a new person. I knew better, I was still smarter than that decision I made. ALLAH’s name was mentioned. It’s like something came over my body. I was staying on the DEAN Al-Islam so hard physically and mentally. I put a shield over my heart to the point that was the way I wanted to live. Cause Al Islam is a way of life, I could go into detail but this is the great depression Vol.II.

I heard a lot but couldn’t make a decision until I seen it for my self and that’s real deep right there. They said “wow that ain’t real right” Because like the E-man said get the labels off you and it will always be problems. I was and shall Be a full blooded believer, example full blooded pit or full blooded Japanese eyh. But society, society can get the best of you(it’s rough) in my neck of the woods. The lies the betrayals exist. The labels are the most corrupted issue going on in society. He’s crip, Blood, King, ETC.

Them labels can get you hurt in society. I heard labels and had an idea. But like I said until seen it, I could make the ultimate decision. I formally seen it . How they say every Homie ain’t your Homie. Every Brother ain’t your brother. If you are a strong believer in God, You would not play with the Dean.and you will try to build a strong community for righteousness.

But the labels hold that back from giving your “all”. until you put a brother with no labels. He just straight up Muslim in jeopardy cause of your labels and you gave two shits about it because your label overpowers the DEAN. or you could get that, Straight up Muslim. labeled because of your label and not being honest for the sake of Allah.

I felt after all that BS, I felt like no matter what it’s your area or nothing, no matter what it is. So I came back to my hood. I never left but I just distance myself. I came back to a oath that the very next day bought tears to my eyes. Cause my God contents, world not let me leave that life. I’m Built for a rumble and a lot of that stupid shit. But Al Islam didn’t mix in with the type of life I just chose, I been new at it, I was and still am smarter than that shit, But again I heard but it wasn’t a ultimate decision until I seen it.

It wasn’t like a experiment, It’s just how society was, who’s to trust,what to do alone, even going bananas. but after all is said and done, Before I run wild in the streets or community as a **terrorist** with no good cause and not for the cause of **Allah**. I can’t do it. Before I throw myself in the pit or lions den for the rest of my life for no cause. Just an order and the order not from Allah. i can’t do it. i’m really mad at my self but i’m glad i didn’t do anything to really damage somebody or get deep into until the point I was a savage.

I still know Allah and his book and really didn't corrupt the earth, or forget about him. I just did this bullshit 7 days ago becoming a gang member at the end of the road. I can't see but Al Islam I could see males, I could see starz, I could see period. I feel I let Allah down, but nevertheless, Allah knows best, he sees all things.

The great depression- can't eat, no company insane smoker. Heart hurt it's bleeding. Life is how you make it. It's beautiful it all depends on what path you take I was on the spiritual path then I went to the dark path. Shiiiiiiiiit Ha .. Ha.. f@#ck It, F@#ck It. I just want to go meet Allah. That's it no more society, fuck it. My Family Damn It, Man. They crossed me . All the money they took from me and played be like a little brother for real, it all good. I had to forgive, cause who am I not to forgive you if Allah can for give me.

My little brothers lay low and love your loves.

My Boo-Baby, Wifey I love you more than life itself. You are the best part of my day. You took care of a n@^^gga that's why I was your protector-lover-your man. I could go on and on but baby I love you so-so-so much. its hard for me to leave you. But you know me, but Boo stop lying that sh@#t aint good or at least don't lie to everybody **Dam ha ha**. I love you girl hold ya head.

To the youth F@#ck a gang. Thug it out in school you will make it. To the streets I love some of Ya. You know who you are But stack your bread and bounce this sh@#t ain't right.

Aslamulaakum

The Great Depression vol II ended with a single gunshot to the head at 12:41 A.M.