

thank you for the content



reggie johnson

**THANK YOU FOR
THE CONTENT II**



r . d . j o h n s o n

REGGIE JOHNSON

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THANK YOU FOR THE CONTENT !!

PRELUD E

Three months into the year
And I think we can see a light
At the end of the tunnel vision we had in 2020
The descent we were forced to climb ourselves back up
 Into normalcy
 This wasn't a pipedream
 Last year happened
 And the effects will be lasting
But one thing I was able to do was persevere
It was a full 365 since this world did five less
 Never had I ever felt so much stress
At times, it felt like I had so many things compressed
That it felt like my heart sometimes wanted to jump out of my chest
 But I digress
 Current state of mind shows hope
 Something that couldn't be seen months ago
Months have went by and variations of this virus have come to grow
 Learning how a pandemic
 Evolved into an endemic
It's funny how things changed so quick
 The atmosphere in the air
 Has been quiet
 Does this signify peace?
A country slowly getting back to normal
 The tension starting to ease
I just pray to God that He keep my friends and family safe and healthy
 And to let this vaccine rest my soul, please let it
 I just want this 365 to not turn into a 730
 Keeping positive thoughts
 No need for me to worry

UNPREDICTED

Whiskey and coke
My liquor of choice
The indulgence amplifies my voice
We have been hung up in the house
Medicining our forms of hangover
Sunglasses and Advil steady giving us cold shoulders
Pfizer and Moderna becoming available
Some people getting cold feet
Supply me with a vaccine that will keep my heart on beat
As of late, it seems instead of counting memories
It's like they want me to count white blood cells
Quarantine spotted me fifteen
Pounds and off the wagon I fell
Life slowly picking itself back up
Like we're the kid that dropped our books
We've been getting schooled on how unprepared we were
And it left us all shook

YOU TELLING ME

You telling me...

January 6, 2021

Several Americans chose violence today

Six days into the new year

Throw every damn resolution out the window

Outside of closing the gap of this divisive country

You telling me we really prestiged 2020

Because when the people at the call of duty

Watched and witnessed individuals storm a political building

Like a game of HQ was won without even a killstreak

Yet this is not without saying a woman was shot and killed today due to these events

You telling me that we have people in this world that really think

If this was a different group of individuals

We would witness a very different outcome

District I2?

No but we're living in games that Katniss would be well equipped to survive

Because right now we not

You telling me 6 months ago, I wrote a piece depicting of these events

And now we're continuing to see the story unfold

This man has two weeks left in office

But cancel this damn series early and remove him just like they took the show off Netflix

Fucking tired

There's no more seeing the world in two views

The picture is clear as fucking day

We have a bunch of Jokers living in this Gotham world

Who are no more than the two cards in the deck

Wildly playing their cards they dealt

And I'm a call a spade a spade

Big Jokers, little jokers

All of them of the same at this point

You telling me people in this world woke up and really chose violence I just hope the majority choose change

ANGELS

Angels watch over me
And don't let the devil get up under me
A lot of evil planning they six feet so they can put me under see
Six feet has become the socially acceptable distance
I have people farther away taken from me in an instance
Thinking about the circumstances got me withdrawing my defenses
See the pain through my lenses
Lather all my feelings, watch it repeat as it rinses

I got angels over me
Waiting to give my wings
I still gotta do a few more things
Reach a few more dreams
Right now things don't look like what it seems
Feel like we're in a balancing act
Keeping it together on the beams
Right now the world is holding it together
But trying to bust at the seams

I got angels over me
Watching over ensure I'm blessed
Diminishing my stress
Monitoring my success
Always hungry for more
Never settling for less
Angels watching over me
Since they were taken from me too soon
I wish I could sit and chat with them all
In the same room
Wish I could see my cousin one more time
Call me RJ one, my favorite nickname of mine
Wish I could visit my grandpa like I used to
I hope you proud of me for the things I did do
Wish I was I can see my uncle now
And create my own stories
I want all of them to say in unison to me not to worry
Tell me this world is a scary place at times and that things will get better
And that they'll be with me all the way no matter the storm to weather

DR. KING'S DREAM

If Martin Luther King's dream became reality
Ope there goes gravity
Or whatever Eminem said
People would lose themselves
Over the realization
That this is not the equality that he spoke of all these years ago
This currently is not the peace he spoke of
People would rather take a piece of justice into their own hands
rather than make peace
Because between their two fingers is all the peace some need
Versus putting an index and middle finger up any day to actually
stand for peace
If Dr King's dream became a reality
We could stop living in this nightmare
Maybe the majority could be woke like some of us
To the point that they really open their eyes
See their actions over years have led to this demise
As it come to no surprise
In order for one side to win over the other
There must be an eye on the prize
And look at the fucking trophy they want
A country in shambles
If Dr. King's dream became a reality
Then none of this strife would currently be happening

FEBRUARY 1ST

If you think that February 1st
Is just a recognition of my melanin
Then you would be the first to be mistaken
 This is not meant to awaken
 Unnerving thoughts but to serve as a reminder
 That if last year was any indicator
 That Black Lives Have. Will. And Always. Matter
 Time has shown only distorted views
 Where you see only pigments of achievements
Because the rest of light is darkened by bloodshed and destruction
 We have fought so many years just to have a seat at the table
 Look these people in the eye
 And tell them I have something to say
 My voice matters
 My being matters
 My representation matters
 I am more than entertainment
 I am more than your fool
 I am more than your jester
 I am more
 Countless movements
 And we're keep walking until we stampede over the divide and
 minimize the cracks in society
Mother earth's backbone is aching from the humans stepping on us
 We're not roaches
 We're not pesticides
 You're going to sit and listen to my inner voice
 As it resides in the emotions of these lines
 I will tell you this
 Black isn't history
 History is Black
 And when we can see the distinction
 Maybe both sides can finally relax

THIS IS WHAT IT FEELS LIKE

This is what it feels like
You can't even see a pigment
You may think you have an idea
But I can't imagine it's a figment
To equate the hardships we've faced
Is so damn ignorant
That I count more people we lost under the damn cement
6 feet under, 6 feet apart
6 degrees of separation
to this day we're experiencing new forms of reparation
My one task is extend this proclamation
That I will never take my foot off the gas
That's my dedication
The hustle continues
Ink never dries up
Keep applying the pressure
But in the end I'm a rise up
Pinocchios got their noses in my business
Count your lies up
I'll have you at a loss for words
And tell you to wise up

I do this here for free
I do this writing right here for my community
I'm not doing this for you
I'm doing this here for me
I'm doing this every kid in the world that look like me
I say you can be whatever in the world
Don't let nobody stop you
People might balloon you up
Just don't let em pop you
Just remember one thing in life
God got you

DO WHAT YOU LOVE

You would think everyone
In competition with themselves
Because worrying about the next man
Would be bad for your health
We got one life here
No continues or quarters
Don't get to overthinking things
Minds have been in close quarters
Worrying about loose change
When you should be enjoying the growth
Stop picking one or the other
And get you someone that can do both
Came from a rare breed
O, I'm positive I'm cut from a different bleed
Since I'm giving you all those words
And giving these perspectives
Supplying you food for thought
Have you come back for seconds
Funny how something can change
In a matter of seconds

Started with a journal on a long drive
But really the pen had me set sail like a boat ride
My voice multiplied and we can witness the pain inside
Just think if you could really see how tied
I mean tired, but the ink still spills
My writing meant to inspire
To do what you love
Do what your heart desires
I'm a water sign
But sometimes, I like to bring the fire
Just know I'll bring my pen
When situations are dire

MISUNDERSTOOD

Misunderstood
An interesting concept
On a mission of bettering myself
While completing all these side quests
Counting up all of these trophies
What a system measuring my success
It's like someone playing my life on a PS5
When the game ain't even out yet

It's like they created my character for me
Someone choosing who they want me to be
But no one's doing that, I'm doing me
Perfectly set on being an anomaly
I'm a beat the system
There's no one out there that's gonna do it for me

They wanted me to play sports
But I played the game
Top 10% in my class
Began to make a name
Or they saw my reign
Of a king, a future heir to a throne
At times, the roads traveled
I walked alone
There was some cold moments I felt in my bones
Ghosts of the pasts want to haunt me
But I'll leave my grievances on they tombstone

Misunderstood
I am more than my skin
I am more than what you think of me
And I won't let you win
And in a sport set up for us to lose
Where most only seem to tie
As long as we don't have a winning record
They don't care how we get by
But I'm going to add to that winning column
Before I grow my wings and fly
And you not gonna take that away from me
No I won't tell a lie

THANK YOU FOR THE CONTENT II

Misunderstood
You only see
Pieces that fit your view of me
Life of a jigsaw
What you saw I can't agree
With your current idea of me

MELANIN

You love the look of my melanin
But might not like the skin I'm in
And to think love and like are synonyms
Some look at my blackness as sickness

An antigen

Snakes around me like symbiotes
Just want to let the venom in
Poison other's judgments
And let cruel thoughts sink in

Can't take away my skin color
I'm not gonna sit down and roll over
Not gonna come on over to your point of view
This ain't political red rover

Red rover

Sadly they still gonna act the same if I get pulled over

They may say I fit the description
Incorrectly lead to my conviction
And if I don't concede to submission
There could be lethal consequences
That contribute to the division
And it's sad

No wonder why we're mad

We been dealing with this for years

And you think my melanin is still a fad

It takes fifteen seconds to use our culture to change a life
And it takes less than that whenever they decided take our life

You may love me for my melanin

But not like the skin I'm in

Damn, the world we living in

UNDER THE INFLUENCE
(BY BRUCE LLANO & REGGIE JOHNSON)

Smoke is less than a vice
See it's more like what covers the eyes.
Living in a veil
A constant state of dissociative hell
See the mind makes mistakes
But seeing smoke reminds me the fire is real
Conceal, don't feel
Thinking like this, I won't heal
And the joke of it all?
I really think smoke and a mirror are what'll save me from the fall
-Bruce Llano

Liquor carries the tide without warning
Some think they can ride the wave
Until they realized how submerged they become once it crashes
Feeling the rush through my bones
My blood is surfing through the stream
As the alcohol permeates the buoys that guard my skin
Hopefully I don't drown
Whatever happens, I kinda like the feeling
-Reggie Johnson

WHAT'S NEXT

I'm taking my time today
More than 60 seconds
It's time to play
Removing the L's
It's time to pay
Collecting what's mine
Yeah it's time to pay
If your clock and calendar don't match
No I'm not giving you the time of the day
I'm a sit back and it's time to pray
That's all I'm a say

Scratch that
two months into the year
been afraid of a relapse
You been bold backspacing on promises
And I see it's really been ALL CAPS
World will be forever in debt
And you want us to just fucking accept
Some people not getting a stimmy
But lube and a jimmy
And we supposed to have some fucking respect

Only Aretha right now is Franklin's
Mindset on Snowfall, trying to be saint
Don't know how to thank him
Going 30 for 30
Guarding the paint
No time for complaints
Poetry Curry
Vision so clear
No never blurry
You never go punk me
I'll never scurry
This is just the beginning
No need to worry

We'll see what's about to happen
Okay?

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**THIS IS ONLY A SNIPPET OF WHAT'S TO COME
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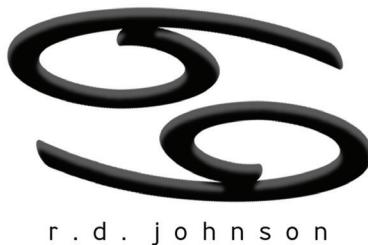
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BECAUSE THE INK NEVER DRIES UP

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