

My Name is Ray by Reggie Pascual, Santa Monica High School Student Task Force

My name is Ray, and I'm 16 years young
Stuck in Cell D, counting the days til I'm sprung
But I know that's Obama, hopin' but hope never gets old
Since I've got a life sentence, with no chance for parole
One year ago I had my fresh beats, kicks on my feet
Now I'm stuck with my cellmate tryin' to carve me like meat
Sometimes I wonder if life's worth livin' now
Title of "villain" now
Ain't no escapin' my sentence, no how
But let me back it up and fill in the blanks
As to how I joined the prison youth lifer ranks

It was a year ago, just another day in LA
Me and LaMar had the Nuggs game set on replay
When he asked me: "Son, you ever held a gat?
My dad's got a nine, 45 in the back."

To this day I still think we were acting like babies
Popping off air shots til I slipped the safety
I realized what I'd done when the shot rung
But when 5-0 showed up at the scene
I was thrust into a life I could never foresee

Orange suit
Bus ride
Stashed loot
Can't cry
Thug kids
Shout cries
Make threats
CAN'T CRY!

As the bus pulled up
I thought about my sentence
Life without parole

Locked up, no freedom
No chance for parole review
Throw away the key

Most people think that life in prison's not bad
Just a place to duck out where there's no fun to be had
A slap on the wrist, maybe, but most walk free
But that's not the case, certainly not with me
I mean, I've got one life to live and it's on the inside
No chance to go to prom, only walls and bars til I die

I still miss LaMar, wish I could take it back
We were like brothers, like blood, but that's in the past
Just because of a mistake I made back in the day
Sorry, I meant to say one year out of the rest of my life
But hey, I'm used to life in a world that's so cold
Hey, It's lights out, the warden barks with so much soul
It's pretty lonely when you've life, but no parole.

Peace, day 400 awaits.