

BLOODS OR CRIPS?

Remember, joining gangs is neat,
As you lie bleeding on the street.
Why did you join? Were you so scared?
Or did you really think they cared?
Or did you want to be “hot stuff,”
To boast that you were brave and tough?
You joined and thought you were so cool,
As you lie bleeding, little fool. . . .
So, now your gang has run away.
You’ve had your silly game of play.
You held the gun, you waved the knife,
And now you’re paying with your life.
What was it, Bloods or Crips that rule?
It doesn’t matter, little fool. . . .
You bought the mask, you lived the lie,
You fought for nothing. Now you die.

— *David L. Hatton, 1990*