

Che's poem

Rhymes times the prime, of the spiritual ritual
Brutal aspect that we detect secrets that
Will protect, the wisdoms flowing blood through the neck
All it takes is a peck, and it will blow wat the heck
Impatient like a linbakers set, set the pace to start this
Race, of race and class, the spectrum is vast, vastety chastety
Changes drastecly the sinapsys, concentration distribution of energy
Possitivitaly in cases of frennesis, from destruction back to Genessis
Mansits and persisst to find the cant of the gifst, wen they sould
Get snufed in the grill with a fist. yo God I just say wat I see
I Aint pissed, Its all down on a list, even the ones that slit they wrist
Swett and sour flavour with a Black latin twist. might it be the last
Of the gorilas in the mist. Im exile and cant even have a fit]just another
Cminsary put in the pit. yo that looks deep B Better stich that slit
Or to the After life over theirs the ship]And I wish you
A safe trip} Send me a postcard and tell me wats hip.
Tell god down here we still searching but we rip
Fillig my life cup to the tip .