

She's Dying

*She's dying, and it just ain't right,
She's crying every night.
One couldn't begin to explain the pain
Or even the love she felt for a nigga she thought was real,
So she gave into his needs when he said he wanted to see how she really feels.*

*She's dying, a quiet death, but to the average eye, She's in perfect health.
And it's such a shame, traded a moment of pleasure
For a lifetime of pain all for a nigga and his games.*

*She's dying, before she got a chance to live her life
Dying to be his girl dying to be his wife
Yet all he ever gave her was lonely nights
And a disease that would claim her life.*

*She's dying a prisoner doing a life bid
Nine months pregnant passing death to her kids.
It's crazy what life will take you through,
And it's funny what love will make you do.
Like contract a disease from a nigga you were faithful to
And it turns out he never felt the same way for you.*

*She's dying. Women like her are dying leaving their children crying.
And as she glance in the mirror before her is an empty reflection
Pondering on the fact that she should have used protection.*

*She's dying. We are dying. No matter how it seems,
we share this thing, dope fiends, teens, even our African queens.
It's time we wake up and see what sex really means.*

*She's dying what more can I say
African American women are dying everyday.
And it's a serious thing
Children are born with HIV in their bloodstreams.*

*So please, if you respect yourself, protect yourself, because
We're Dying.*

Keyana B. Ray