

What It Meant to Love My Son

By Monica Bell

My son was loved.
He was *well-loved*

His whole school came to his funeral:
He was *well-loved*

When they raided my house.
They didn't find nothin':
no evidence

but you know what he told me?
he said:

If you meet with me and
tell me who is selling drugs. I'll tell you: *Who*
killed your son.

What type of shit is that
for a police to say

You know for sure:
Why don't you go and arrest him

If you're going to tell me *Who*
killed my son
You're going to arrest
Who killed my son.

I told him: Get the hell out
of my house.

Police lie. Just like I lie.
Police lie: they twist the truth.

They said:
they didn't have enough evidence

They said:
it was self-defense

I knew *Who* did it:
I does my own investigation.

He's walkin' around with a shit bag
for the rest of his life

I didn't have nothing to do with it.

That's how well-loved my son was