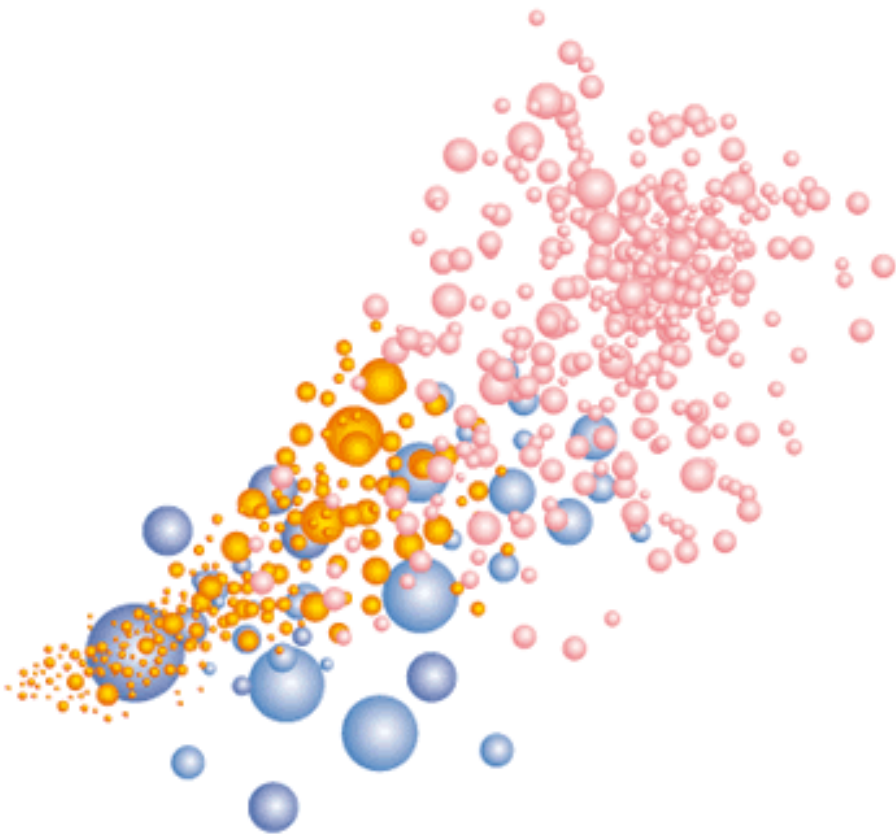


Most praised only; The way I view life

Abdul -Salaam Muhammad



Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

Being able to share my thoughts with my readers, in a personal position to which, the reader can understand where I am coming from, and being able to compare and contrast the relationships me and my readers have, also reading the problems that I have during my life; Whether its political, mental, etc. people can visualize my proof through the things that I write.

Acknowledgement

Understanding the key factors of flow

About the author

I love poetry ... It helps balance the thoughts and pain that goes on inside me

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Free concept

Doubtful ... Hmm why the mind so thankful? Mixed with the ignorance inside the heart witch has your soul feeling painful... The cry coming down the universe cheek is powerful ... as the moon rises higher then the sun now that's just disrespectful Moving towards planted planets that have implanted signature statements that has scripted scriptures that we role up ... And blow smoke out our mouths before we throw up .. I guess people selling fake dreams to real human beings ... High past the bar the laws are over seen ... wars are over looked filled with emotional screams ... As I lay my head on the earth I can hear the hell fire scream at the same time I look straight up to heaven and I see what this truthfully means....

By- Muhammad Abdul-Salaam

#Drunkknowledge ??????

Death upon life

None the less I do not know the day I am going to die
But for the most part it is as if i can feel the angel of death looking through my own eyes
Death is something you see and feel
We say we want to live long but why even try ?
This life is just a mirage of what we think we may know there is no need to dwell in our cries
We have come far as people
We crawl, walk, run , jump the same but for the most part death is our equal
We do not see death coming towards us until the light from the sun can't reach you
Once you die you will be unseen
Far away from living people
You will be with the unseen so indeed you can only see what haunts you
No ghost is going to bust through the casket unless the spirit really wants you
Live apart of what's truly seen so the cameras will not forget about you
Be apart of history because life is what raised you
Life is what makes us breathe so how can we not smell gratitude ?
Life makes us sneeze so indeed how aren't you bless-full ?
Be concerned of those who taught you because taking heed is grateful
Life gives us a beat for our hearts so how can we not be humbled ?
This is what I see with my vision and I don't have the best vision
Born with blurred sight but my visions speaks truly
No need to be jealous of life or death because that's why we have loyalty....
By - Muhammad Abdul-Salaam
#DrunkKnowledge

Zone of time

I was put in this time zone for a reason
I was created in the year 1994 for a valid reason
In a time of extreme racism and ugly validations
People crying liquor from there eyes
And bleeding out drugs
I was put in a time zone where music was an escape
For the Devils adversary
In a time zone where people love to kill
Just because they think they are more powerful
In a time zone where time has begun to run out
Have a few years left to tell people what this life is really about
Understanding the true identity of this drought
The famine that leaves innocent people
Dry until their soul pop out
The craziest people are the ones that live this worlds heaven
The people that are most sane live this worlds hell
So ice and fire has one temperature of an un-smoothed
Solid breeze of cool and hot air
The most funny thing about this life is that
We gone die and live in pairs
I don't see the reason why my poetry leaves people scared
This is what I see this is my time to come out to plead
Don't escape the truth
This time zone will give you everything you need
I was put in this time zone to play the game of cards
In which the dealer also has needs
By -Muhammad Abdul-Salaam

Unseen Donations

My soul can see the unseen but I can't
That's why the direction I face when I stare becomes so bleak
I can feel movement but won't seek
I can hear chatter but the voices around do not speak
What on earth are we truly not seeing ?
A lot of glow but the light is not reaching
I stand firm on a Friday afternoon but the call is not preaching
Sounds of growth comes from a been
So the stock of merchandise is not selling
People wanna hear and see what they want to believe
Instead of believing your soul first
Because that's something that it apart of you
That is unseen
So we do have an unseen trait in us
The only thing that can see through us
Is what we cannot see but our spirits can most definitely breathe
By Muhammad Abdul-salaam

Pyramids in the sky

"Pyramids in the sky"

I see why they have pyramids on the ground because they saw them in the sky... was it a space ship ? Or just another devils lie? It's crazy as I begin to realize the change of plans... they gave us maps to search for a new world but we set course through sand ... it's moving quickly the boats sunken inside a. Triangle people become missing but the discovery is lost.... it's the waves of wind that came across and tossed the souls inside a tomb of broken jaws... they used to speak the truth but the lies made the money grow further ... it's the bite that still stings when a jelly fish comes further... in a short amount of time my soul grew further ... the air I breath grew stronger then ever so I still couldn't figure the pyramids in the sky I saw last summer ... it was sitting on a cloud like it had it's own surface I told a man to look up aliens seem to figure out how to come closer ... as I listen to the message I just had to think harder or maybe it could have been a flying saucer? Only the one who created it knows more about the comfort ... not that I need an explanation I'm just curious to the strange picture .. that I saw in my head that day it' was grey and looked like a pyramid floating my mind saved every single picture not sure what it was but the sun was setting ... felt as though I was in a dream flying with it the pyramids in the sky was an image of the sky we live in... people who are in the illuminati think they are higher then angels ... but they just hot like hells angels.... so the pyramids in the sky fell like spaceships that never had an engine.

By Muhammad Most praised servant of peace

Red rocks I found

""Red rocks I found""

I found red rocks in the ghetto ... it was an ancient artifact of murder ... a lot of blood spilled ... a lot of bullets scattered... like the moth that bites the cloth... the wholes in his shirt didn't matter ... it was the hollow tips that hit his organs then splattered...:

As if the bullet was inside the plane ... but the angel of death was faster ... like how a man is fast to sleep ... but the momentum of nightmares crashes ... he didn't fly the plane right ... so what's left of him turned into ashes they say rest in piece ... but only his sins was inside the casket

Now he looks at his place in hell... where the pain is ever lasted ... we already at the bottom how can you still get outcasted ? You listened to the devil that was in your heart ... so now you must loved your actions ... you thought you was an OG .., but your just an original bastered ...

You leave your kids at home .., while the drugs leave you drastic ... now your stuck looking helpless and pathetic ... you bleeding out ... how late are the paramedics?... you should have thought twice now you don't have an answer ...

I'm most praised servant of peace ... and I'm still looking for my answers ... I'm just a strange man looking to break off the devils antlers ... the red rocks I found tells a lot about our chances ... you can tell if he's a snake... by the way he answers his questions.,,

The modern day float... have people moving they asses :.. watch out for the donkeys... the red rocks I found told me about they actions...

By Muhammad most praised servant

Of peace

Waves like mountains

"Waves like mountains ""

Can you sit on a wave the same way you climb a mountain ? Can you float in the ocean the same way you walk on grass ? Can you swim with sharks the same way, you go to war with each other? So I guess it's okay to spill blood and swim in its puddles ... I believe it's okay to strip some one from their homes like how club dancers never had home training... it's okay to let our youth walked the streets with no guidance

Parents don't know how to be parents so the son becomes a father ... the daughter cleans the house because the drugs loved her mother yes keep it up! Let's continue to ruin each other ... let's continue to ruin each other's lives while we worship one another we praise celebrities because we hate each other ... we scared to rebel because war has become a tran setter

The trend of being transgender... in my opinion what on earth is mankind thinking? We lost our morals and our minds... we lost our way of love through the screams and cries... I see people crying out for help but the lottery is the big surprise! I'm scratching my head because the scratch offs of the votes let the evil powers rise damn just why? I really have to ask why do people never want to take control of themselves, but instead they let the illusion keep the disguise....

I'm still scratching my head because I see so much lies and people think it's the truth for so long they don't seek the proof.... I can go all day but you guys still wouldn't have a clue ... you guys are still trying to figure out why the sky is blue ...

I blame myself too ... it's a shame isn't it ?

By Muhammad most praised servant of peace

Same issues

"Same issues ""

Happy new year ... I still have the same problems as last year ... people looking at me strange but they are still unclear ... I would look out the window ... but the windex made such a huge glare as if they are frightened by the skin I wear :,,,

So they live in fear ... by the strange black Muslim ... who walks amongst there's it's always an issue when you see an old girl at the state fair ... she looking at ya New joint ... like I can't compare she way better then me ... just look at her hair ...

Then I'm saying to myself ... she use to be my new girl that I had last year ... I had to change my ways ... like how my father shaved his beard ... as soon as trump became president its like Paul walker running scared.., man I'm telling you we have the same problems as last year

I'm most praised servant of peace and Ima declare.... humanity for my own beloved affairs ... I don't really use big words ...

I just use words people could understand... so underline my favorite verse of the Quran ... and see the beauty then compare ...

It makes sense to read something that everyone could understand.... it use to be hard for me to talk ... but I came up with a plan ... I'm from zone 8 my name is most praised the Martian Man ...

By Muhammad

Most praised servant of peace

Dragon Inside the moon

"Dragon inside the moon"

The demons dance to the float.... ancient china buried my ancient roots ... the ground stays stuck to my boot ... like monopoly there's always a change of rules ... don't go pass go ... the jails are next door to the schools ...

Crack pots are being used for food... they smoke too much gas... but the stations running out of fuel it's funny to them as we watch family's feud.... the mature state of the world ... but the people never grew ...

We getting older every time the sun rises ... but the dragon is inside the moon praised be the name but I'm just praying for good news.... I don't need to curse ... because i was born inside a tomb ...

I got pure blood ... the texture of my trunk is too strong for the root I shaved my leaves off ... because fall is the ... only season that has a clue

The color of my wounds are red but I bleed blue... the blue one now my dreams came true then I started to fall in love with the moon ... the dragon inside talks to me in views ... it's talking to me saying I'll be here soon when it breaths fire is when the sky turns blue ... when it cries ...

I cry too ... locked inside an egg ...ready to hatch ... but my time already flew ... I get a blissful sneeze ... now I got the flue ... cold as hell ... but the breeze ... hot too... so I pure a cup of tea ... and tell god I'm thankful...

The moon still shines... because the moon prays too ... then I realized ... I'm the dragon inside the moon making the oceans ... sway back and forth ... with another tifume... even nature get upset too... now then there was 2 now then there was you.... my beautiful ... dragon inside the moon

By Muhammad

Most praised servant of peace

I'm the leader

"I'm the leader"

Simon said that I'm the leader. I've never listen to Simon before. But the words of wisdom came in a strange sequence. I'm a strange black Muslim but I couldn't believe it. I would look inside the mirror and see my eyes glanced out side my body with unbelievable answers. I'm the strange black Muslim, that burnt my past into ashes. I write clear but my words are very dangerous.

It's like as if I'm dead pool, but people still swim with chances. Simon said I'm the leader, I'm 23 years old now and I'm still stuck on the branches. The seed that has been planted for so long is still scared to fly with out a proper landing. I may be young but I get scared of my own pictures. I wrote down my fears on a peace of paper. Most praised servant of peace, but I couldn't see the advantages.

Disregard my last sentence, I'm not done yet I just forgot to add up the times where I couldn't blink. I couldn't think, I cant understand my dreams, so I always try to escape. The devil try's to possess my body but I'm too strong for the hate. I swear inside my dreams are the realities I'm going to face. But little did I know my face attracts to many subjects.

I write about one thing and still manage to add different topics. I'm the leader I don't know what to do.

By Muhammad most praised servant of peace

Above the bar

"Above the bar"

I'm talking about my future! I'm talking about my life! I'm talking about my destiny! What can I do to achieve this? What can I do to get where I need and want to be? Do my needs, need to be greater than my wants? Or can it be a balance of adult hood? As crazy as this sounds, I had asked one of my ancestors in one of my dreams a question! A question that I didn't know I'll ask this person. But she knew me! She knew exactly who I was, and I think I know everything about myself. I think I know who I am right? But I was sadly mistaken.

This person knew I'll enter this particular domain, this person knew where to find me, and I couldn't find myself! Who was this person? In my heart in soul I knew exactly who this person was. In my heart in soul I didn't want to except it! I couldn't bare the beauty that this person had. Yet I fast forward the dream a little bit further. It was a lady on a green bench with, Arabian sand around her. The wind was blowing smoothly. It was like I was put in a chamber. Like as if I was in the matrix.

You know how when Neoh gets set up, on a uncomfortable position with electric cables put in the back of his head? That's what it was like. Like I went inside my past bloodline and my future at the same time. I can't really explain it, then I walked up to this person. It was a woman! She wore a grey over garment with grey rose flowers on it, with a grey hijab to match her character. Grey symbolizes free minded, the most loved mixed with beautiful pain. And she sat there smiling at me, smiling at me like she knew what I was about to ask her. So then i approached this woman in fear. And I came up towards her in a aggressive but respectful manner. I kept my distance out of respect!

I asked her repeatedly! At least three times "Who am I? Do you know who I am? What's my name?" I asked the fourth time in Arabic then that's when she replied. Then she replied back to me in Arabia, calmly and gently, "Yes I know who you are! Your Muhammad Abdul-Salaam" Then that's when I woke up!

By Muhammad mostpraised servant of peace

What is it?

"What is it?"

I keep telling myself what is it ? As I lose my breath ... the sensation that my life is coming to an end ... the value of my sins that's embedded inside my chest ... what is it ? Now I see 5 year olds wearing bullet proof vest all head shots but souls travel out the neck

Your mind records your actions ... and angels writing down your dead ... you only have one life and you party with a check ... so you done cashed out your whole week ... hanged over with death ...

do I speak to scary or is that your heart coming out ya chest ?

I'm most praised so the servant ... has a peaceful text ... the phone rings what is it ? It's a family member who never read the text ... you say you believe in the most high .. but never once took your chance to repent ... I'm speaking to myself first ... because one day I'll be next ...

I just pray when I go ... I can see peace eyes of the angel of death no one is perfect but you live like ... your lives are swept ... you let the evil dust consume the property of theft my poems are more powerful then music ...

Check out the most praised affect ... it knocks vocals like the horn that the angel is gone impact ...

By Muhammad Most praised servant of peace

The smell of partnership

I value the life, that I am able to breathe! The nature of inhaling gives me a high of fresh air, like a having brand new sneakers, the fresh pair, you know how you like the smell when you first open the box? And you say to your self " Suponallah I can't believe they are here" I couldn't believe that the air I am breathing is mine! Then I sunk deeper into the smell of a rose, it's tender but innocent blossom, which makes you feel in disbelief, of how beautiful it smells! Like "wow I can't believe it has this smell to it" the smell of a rose is like none other then this flower! And to think of it everyone had their own since of smell.

People don't smell the same things you smell, yea it smells good, but people have their own opinion and description, of how they think certain things smell, if we all go to a restaurant, and let's say we all order chicken! And when the waitress or waiter brings the food to the table and we all can smell what the almighty had brought for us alhumdulila, we all had a hard days work, and now alhumdulila we are at dinner treating our selves through the will of Allah Suponawatallah, and before we eat, we smell this delicious chicken!

And someone other then you, says this chicken smells like it has garlic "like they put garlic in it" then the next person says "no it doesn't smell like garlic what are you smelling?" Then they all laugh alhumdulila, they begin to laugh, then you say "it smells like it has spices, maybe it's spicy?" Nonetheless each and every one of you give your opinions, about what the chicken smells like, and you guys didn't even taste it yet! Look how deep that is, then once you all taste the chicken, now you and your friends begin to say, "everything that everyone smelled, has the same exact taste inside the chicken" but they all smelled different things but taste the same thing.

By Muhammad abdul

Most praised servant of peace

"What has this come to"

Oh people! What made us so angry? What made us drift away from one another? What made us forget one another? Is it really because the color of our skin? Is really because your Mexican and he's Arab? Is it really because your tall and short?

What made us become so mean towards each other? Why do we have to treat our youth unfairly? Why must we commit evil on evil? Is this the true person that you are? I don't care about the corruption that your ancestors did, or that your parents are doing! That can't be the natural state of your being! That' can't be who we truly are!

Yea we want the world to stop the violence but who truly wants peace? Who truly wants something good to come out of this world? You have to ask your self, is this truly who we are? Are we going to sit here and let the oppression continue? Or are we going to use our legs and stand up? Are we going to set forth a beginning to salvation!?

Yea we most definitely talk a good talk! But our actions aren't matching to what we are saying, people love to march but there's been many months of starvation! You walk out side as if we aren't living on the same planet! You love your Worldly life so much, you can't see the lives of this world, but you want people to support you and continue to fund you? Who's funding the cracks in the side walks? Because the street are already infected with the plaque of death!

By Muhammad abdul salaam most praised servant of peace

Loyalty died

"LOYALTY DIED"

Suphanallah, loyalty died man. I can't believe my ears man. All I see is US dollars and black oil, being more loved man. A lot of investigations and a lot of trigger squeezing, if black lives truly mattered why are we still bleeding? Blood shed off from the color of my skin, I can see us still hanging. On the same block hugging corners, got us still banging. Zip lock inside a duffle bag, with a bodie and gas dealing. Seen a lot of cops and robbers but the cops get away with killing. Suicide bombers on the opposite side of my living. I can feel the earthquakes from the bombs y'all dropping. Its normal now so I guess we can ignore all the problems. Like as if I didn't have to wash the dishes before I took out the garbage. If this a white mans world, then why is Africa the center of harvest? Kings turned into slaves and slaves turned into niggas. Planet parent hood are getting rid of all the fathers. Now we have children who don't know where they come from. Loyalty died man, people selling their souls for one eye man, woman walking around naked, no such thing as clothes fam. We don't hide our shame no more, we eat pills now. The vegetables got steroids in it we overdosed on drugs now. They putting estrogen in them jail sells. If you got a flu shot you was diagnosed with sickle cell. They got 5 liquor stores on the same block as health care. Mean while poverty hit us hard, got us crawling on welfare. Social security dont make us feel secured. They getting money off birth certificates, trying to control our sea man, coasting on ivry coast towards a new kingdom. Back and forth between new York and Mexico , blacks are everywhere, like how we walk with our shadows.

SBM TO THE CORE

"LOVE DONT HATE"

I lie too

"I LIE TOO"

Shut crazy, so many times I've lied. So many times I could have told them the truth. So many times I could have just been real with my self first. So many times I could have went another direction but I chose the same way. Like "what the fuck is up with me"? Its like I'm meant to hurt peoples feelings. Its like im meant to screw up sometimes and not learn from it. I wish I didnt lie. Like I really wish I wasn't a coward sometimes. That feeling of dirty guilt sitting on the back of your head! That nasty taste that be in your mouth! Dann! When are we ever going to learn people? Are our mistakes that neglectful? Were lives really saved like the colour purple? Can people truly speak the truth without being hypocritical? Can we not lie on oath with those being ridiculed? I wonder how much trust we can really use. I wonder how much obedience we will always misconstrued. But damn people, I lie too

Angel paper

""ANGEL PAPER""

angels wrote my name down on a piece of paper, in order to grow my wings I had to lose the halo. Ain't nothing perfect even if you died for people "sins" we still continue to murder. Crucifying the people so they can worship torture. In the nakedness of the mind the third eye, can only see the horrors, of mankind how can we call each other niggas with out real men being defined? We speak a lot more on other things then what brung us behind. No child should get left behind, but we want everything to be given to us, we need to step back and rewind. For all the hate that led to these crimes. Adolf Hitler had the illuminatti fines. No cooperation for corporations if your not into wine. We sipping too much before the stop sign. So we crashing never seen a rocket ship, but the guns still blasting. Got us on street corners begging like Aladdin. No flying carpet unless you suicide riding. STRANGE BLACK MUSLIM with strange black flags, we don't believe in Isis.

LIFE OF A MUSLIM

"LIFE OF A MUSLIM"

Sitting on the masjid steps, eating a bowl of apple jacks. Just waiting until Allah calls me back. Just waiting to see if the angel of death gone call me a cab. Or snatch me out my body like a how you intercept a pass. Chilling on the masjid steps, niggas getting they wigs peeled back like a scab. Seeing dope dealers and fiends rocking the same durags. I'm just a strange black Muslim, with an incredible strange ass swag. People look down on me while I maintain a consistent laugh. Chilling on the maajid steps, the people lined up for sulat while the music still on blast. Recite the opening to heavens gates so inshallah we pass. Real Muslim tears on the same sinful rag. The same cloth Adam and eve use to cover they ass. Chilling on the masjid steps, waiting on another check been homeless for a few months praying to Allah I bounce back. Checking with no savings, well mashallah I still got my bags. Moving from place to place, cries was left inside the gas. Blowing smoke like a chemny filled with ash. Chilling on the masjid steps only Allah can judge me this that real life Muslim struggle, like the final hour shadded the hour glass.

SBM TL THE CORE

\\"Laws with no order\"

"LAWS WITH NO ORDER"

How you talk shit and dont wipe your ass boy? Yea these amendments stink if you dont wash boy! Freedom of speach I can say what I want. We only can scream "Black lives matter" with our hands up. Only those with colour can feel us. Only those with positive knowledge can accept us. And those with intellect can understand trust. A brother hood of mistreated people. They miss treated us so we mistreat our selves. Why you think EBT controls our whealth? Section 8 only got a few numbers left. The government wants to stop the poor for getting wellfare checks. If you already checked they passing bills like Donald trump is the last President left. Like a false prophet making prophet off of everyones debt. So inside the data base you can see who They wanna kill next. How they continue to steal hearts out of everyone's chest. So no more love if the souls gone. No more crying if your eyes gone. No more air sense they took away the smoke alarms. Still using gas chambers, like a Jewish theme song. Asalaamualaikum ima keep my strange black flags on. Its gone caos if people can't read along.they stole our way of speech so our touns gone. That's why j write just in case you can turn a light on. And see the truth inside this world of electrons