## Charon Don & DJ Huggy f/ Killah Priest "Observers"

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Yea, uh huh Charon Don, hands down (Uh, Killah Priest the Iron Sheik, nigga!)

Charon Don:

Yo, you talking to a serious thug

I get serious love

Even when I stay in the pad

Like period blood experience drugs

Street grudge infamous buzz

Sent from above Devils catch infinite slugs

All my Rebels came from Zion bang with giants

Made from the same grain that you gave the science

Same all violence maintaining

same all clients, lames deny it

Why you think my brains defy it?

Smoking backwoods in the back woods 'cause I'm that

hood

Strap in crack in my back, it could crack wood

Take your life like crack could

An epidemic; created by your government to get extra spinach

Now I'm stressed to spit it

Collect the check to live it

I'm just blessed never pressed by the press

or critics never the less

Yo my rep is vivid

Homey left with the best get with it

Before it's too late

I can either lose fate or choose to wait

'Cause the new debate is who will choose your fate

And poor people don't make the decision

Poor people just hate to be living

## (Chorus) x 2

On the roof puffing cigars look up at the stars

It could be your man fucking your broad

Passing you dust in your car

Calling us the observers

Silent weapons for these quiet murders

Silent weapons for these quiet murders

## Killah Priest:

I lay back shuffling thoughts while puzzling pieces
Guzzling coughs while pressing my features
On my cell, hell, number reads area code '412'
A message from Charon "Priest come through"
Wait a minute that's Pittsburgh
Where niggas twist herb and sip suryp
Flip birds and 'Do Not Disturb' on their door
Every lips are heard better observe
If you don't you get your shit split on the curb
But I'm from New York where crews talk by who got
caught

By cops, who got shot? For coming a few short
Bosses talk to bosses 'til they're concealed in the coffin
Surrounded by graveyard mud in crucifixes crosses
To my killas in Boston, my dealers and Oregon
Hands out for the Lord and they reaching for offerings
Angels crouching over us the streets are unable hold
us up

We in rat racing and the system is a cobra clutch Gangsters and Killas, the strangest of niggas Brushing shoulders with death and you think he's familiar

To killah, straight shots AK pops Niggas yell "System is hell" Mirrors held between bars Nurses putting Vaseline on scars in jail When we hear Sirens coming from cars we bail niggas Yea, Killah Priest nigga, uh Charon the God

## (Chorus) x 2

Yo, yo, I'm in the alley way sipping Alazay like I'm out L.A.

And you already know what I'm pulling out this spray Like you already know what I'm about to say When I flow I blow you best get out the way Like C-4 sisters wanna see more Nigga shook like seizures all my triggers seen war But this ain't gang bang shoot 'em up music This that P-Town dope-game shoot it up music From the Burg where dem Steelers is deep On the curb next to killas and freaks On the verge I'm ah be killing this beat Where sermons served from a real Killah Priest I might, in turn, kill a priest Charon Don is real as he speaks You as dumb as a blonde You can't chill wit the elite Fo'real, I'm so ill I wrote my will before I sleep Take a pill before I eat You still ignore the pork and meat

Be the rich at heart, built a spliff, and spark
Until I get a deal I really can't deal with the charts
I'm in debt, If I'm sent the bill I rip it apart
You impressed, If I get a mil I'm flipping smart
Take it back to the ghetto where they need it the most
Believe it!, I mean it, I'll leave it for the season old folks
For the needy, but never greedy, my ingredients wrote
I'll leave it in quotes, just so it's not a secrete to most

(Chorus) x 2

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