

Big Country

"Crime Stories"

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{*thunder & lightning*}

[Intro: Killah Priest]

Crime, Crime Stories (Will someone help me?)

Crime Stories (Someone help me)

Crime Stories (I'm dyin)

Crime Stories

[Killah Priest]

The mobster, long coat and brim hat, staggered in the rain

Fallin, load the .38, breathin heavy, beneath a window pane

Sideways from cop cars {*cop sirens*}, echoes through his ears

And the rain blended with his tears, heart full of fear
He's exhausted from the loss of blood, his head is drowsy

He thought to his self, "Damn, all the fake niggas around me"

So he fought off a thug, breathin heavy

With the weapon in his hand that he held was deadly

His face was sweaty

Damn, what you do when you at the door of life and death?

Plus you staggered 22 blocks, with a bullet in your chest

Plus you soakin wet

You might catch pneumonia, suddenly you smelt smell death's foul aroma

It burnt his nose hairs like ammonia

He inhaled deep then fell asleep

Opened his eyes in Hell

Where he saw every nigga he made the sale

Every crack addict with a bad habit

Every drug users and every needle abuser

Never knew he worked for Lucifer

He shut his eyes and opened them again (Yo)

But still, he was there with the fire and brimstone

This is your home (Uh-oh), that's it, end of poem

(Help me! AGGGH! HELP! {*smacking sound*} HELP!)

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