

## Big Country

### "Places I've Been"

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[Killah Priest]

Yeah, take it back, in the days  
You know, of reminising  
Just, just chillin  
Word  
Late at night, ah shoot its damn near morning  
Check it out

From shootouts at block parties, from God Bodies  
That flooded the project lobbys, cold degrees  
Smokin weed, talkin 'bout the black and latin seeds  
Durags and universal flags  
On the ave little niggas throwin up tags  
They get defeated, almost bit the broken tree  
I recall, niggas who was nice in basketball  
Just as my nephew, he had a gift that was special  
But instead at least seein him with a scholarship  
I'm lookin at him in the funeral parlor and shit  
Life is a bitch, some go down, tryin to make it rich  
Some say "fuck it", and start takin shit  
Sometimes I wish, when bullets are sprayed, the fake  
niggas get hit  
Cuz you know, we know  
When you lose something that you really love, is hard  
to replace it  
But we have to face it till the day we lay

[Chorus x2: Killah Priest]

From niggas I've seen, places I've been  
Have my share of fake friends, ran with evil men  
Chillin with the snakes is a sin  
But through it all, I kept it real within

[Killah Priest]

From the giggles of a murderer, or the hugs of a  
burglar  
So many faces tryin to read us, I need an interpreters  
In these dark dreams, where the car thieves lurk  
around the park, Jeeps, NARCs creep  
At night the sharks eat, streets is so cold  
As if they hearts don't beat

From niggas with tanktops, yellin bank stop  
At night they fight like gang cops  
Wet eachother like rain drops  
And keep sinnin till the game stop  
Until there's no longer breathin  
Shit at last the soul is leavin  
They goin nowhere fast  
Tryin to escape this life is a difficult task

[Chorus x2]

[Killah Priest]

To the little niggas on the corner holdin their dicks  
Rollin in clicks, had to get control in their strips  
I ain't provin shit, bad asses cuttin classes  
You need your ass split, maybe that will save you from  
that casket  
And I copped the blast quick, with young black males of  
black bastard  
See those niggas who trigger happy?  
Maybe they will take the lives of mad niggas' daddy  
I know it sound harsh, but I gotta kick it like this  
And I don't give a fuck if you don't like it  
Go to save the righteous  
and your ass walk around here lifeless  
Trust me, I know it, you say I'm psychic  
When the order hits its gonna be a crisis  
And believe me, I ain't gonna be concerned who's the  
nicest  
We made a crack sale, away the next fighters  
When you look up and see that sky lit, you will know  
Christ lives  
So until the next time, or if there is one  
Check for the jewel, I left deep in your eardrum  
Be aware, and stay awake, because we got to watch  
the snakes

[Chorus x2]

[Outro: Killah Priest]

Know I'm sayin? We gotta wake up motherfuckers  
We gotta sit together  
Word, you know?  
For all my motherfuckin, gigantic army  
And just, you know, being together  
The sky looks like Coney Black, nigga  
Be aware  
Yeah, fuck that shit

