

## Big Country

### "Turn Around"

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[Intro: Killah Priest]

Yeah, uh-huh, back again  
The Priesthood, yeah, brought it  
We up in here now, it's time to eat  
Gotta look at myself, want ya'll to turn around  
Watch this, yo

[Chorus 4X: sample]

Turn around, every now and then  
I get a little bit lonely  
You're never coming back..

[Killah Priest]

Alone and thinkin', zonin'  
Then I pick up my ink pen and hold it  
Like the bullet that went in, they blinkin', I'm frozen  
Stuck between time, the pass and the present  
From early adolescence, to fiends that's crashin' and  
beggin'  
A pad is my blessin' with it, I'm addin' my lessons, so  
vivid  
Through life, things I've done wrong, and do right  
I had a few nights, of comin' in drunk, fightin' with  
punks  
At club, writin' to front, stomp it with gloves  
Cats pumpin' they drugs on Ave., I jumped in the cab  
Head to the lab, grab my pen and my pad, feel the  
wind draft  
Dump the insence ash inside the hour glass  
Watchin' it slowly slippin' as I drift in the past  
Watchin' the secret sands, remind me the extinction of  
man  
If we don't unite, I'll think of plans  
The king is a hand, the handwriting's on the wall of the  
project halls  
In graffiti, written like swahili  
All harmonic, Priest is like a god when he speaks  
Plants his feet on the ground, wore the crown  
All of ya'll turn around, baby

[Chorus 4X w/ ad-libs]

[Killah Priest]

My verse runs deep like smack through a veteran's vein  
See cats on the train beggin' for change  
Need medicine for they pain, I'm in heavy rain  
Sweat testin' my aim, carve in my bullets with the  
president's name  
Destined to reign, feel guns bust while cats discuss  
About the gats they bust, and loyalty among  
employees  
The more weed, the more they mind's stay freed  
The more the nines get squeezed, the more the crime  
leads  
The more they blind me, push that light far behind me  
I seeked ashanti's and monks in the hills, I dwelled  
months for real  
No deal, but still hold the steel  
Sometimes I spaz out, pull my pad out  
Then my pad sprouts to a crackhouse, filled with drug  
dealers  
Some thugs, some killers, my pen's a paintbrush  
Colorin' the old school cats with gangstas  
For every word that I print on paper  
Is like a proverb from a prince in Asia

[Chorus to fade w/ ad-libs]

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