

## **Gza**

# **"Columbian Ties"**

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What goes around, comes around  
In his own iniquity he dies, through Columbian ties  
Faded back to the essence, still forced to learn a lesson  
All debts must be settled, no question

The echo from machine gun rounds simmers  
A fallen soldier, his gun hangs on his shoulders, lights get dimmer  
Key swingin' back and forth on the ignition  
The stench is only part of the horrible condition

As he waits for the smoke to clear  
All he heard was the blast from the bomb that kept ringin' in his ear  
Along with gun barrin' troops, fatigues and wearin' boots  
From far away, whether night or day, you hear 'em shoot

It's a very unforgiven and hostile environment  
Where military hardware is the only requirement  
A world where the deceased is just a thing of the past  
And each and every advance is more costly than the last

A President's madness, responsible for losses  
Political forces, land littered with corpses  
Like the youth in the street, who gamble and gets scarred  
Even the troops in the field, bet it all on one card

Some question they reason for bein' here  
Face an incredible odd and a recession that's so severe  
Raised in the shadow of a terrible loss  
And the atmosphere, even breathin' air can cost

A place where the majority is goin' for self  
With the agenda not far beyond, personal wealth  
It's like, either you eat, or you die from hunger  
Starving to death, until the coroner calls your number

With no bread to bite or break from off the table  
The caskets had exceeded the number of cradles  
When it's dark, danger falls across the plateau  
Unmaskin' your deceit, in the streets that sat low

These stompin' grounds are known to bring misfortune  
Fueled by his obsessions, he murder for portions  
And died from of a miserable death, his final undoin'  
His biggest downfall was from the people he left

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