

Killah Priest

"A Crying Heart"

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[Killah Priest]

Yeah, yeah, my name is Priest
You know what it is man
Here me out there world
What you got on this man?
Big time we gotta get it
What's over there? I go it
Lock that!
Priesthood, know'mean?
It's real son, it's real son

(Hook) Priest

I only fucks - with - what's - real

[Killah Priest]

Led he who have sin, sin no more
Tired of kicking the door, shootouts,, blood and gang wars
Chainsaws, tied up spouses, cocaine laws
Hawaiian outfits with SKs that bloodstain walls
Till you're losing ounces, niggas see the life that drug game calls
You're crying fountains on the calls, saying, "Please, she's only four"
Pleading the merciless men that murder your kin
Sending you threats over the phone and they murder again
Now you either make the payments or funeral arrangement
Contemplating, federal building put their name in a statement
Poor choices, take this like the gem from the pearl of oysters
Still wet on my tongue, rep where you're from
And your boy just see real niggas respected
Deliver this message to the dumb and the deceased
We all from the streets, made they rest in peace
While I wreck this beat with techniques
Resurrect speech with flows are deep in soul
I tell Ms. Rahman, I'm sorry what happened that evening

But it was Tone; his name came up now we even
And Mr. James I wish I could change, but Todd
Shouldn't of did what he did, you can't blame Rob
And Ms. Stevens, what can I say? A close call
But it wasn't me you visit at the morgue
When they killed Spark that night, my heart went to the
right
My chest got tight, that was a hard one to fight
Hood mysteries that no one could figure out
Plain and simple, facts were there
Going through packs of beer
Make me run to the roof; let the Mac off in the air
You was always strapped, gave me dap then threw up
the pairs
Like yeah, I missed those years, I dish out tears
Strange dreams at night make me wish you was here
Tommy you should have watched your back
Instead he let them niggas plot and then form an
attack
His shots echo, bounced off the building in the ghetto
Mass genocide, inner-city children of the barrel
And Mr. John, I did what I did 'cause of revolution
You're damn near sixty, may you lay next to Newton
The dollar bill, "In God We Trust"
Does God stand for Guns, Oil, & Drugs they gave to
us?

(Hook)

I only fucks - with - what's - real

[Killah Priest]

Its project living regardless revolvers are spitting
When drama is lit, guns will get clipped, the mission
No bottles were ribbing, just hollows from Henchmen
Hell swallows us, death follows up
Bullet shells, toddlers get bucked
Black male role models are fucked
The little girls promised the world but tomorrow turn
sluts
You either playing basketball or pushing crack in the
hall
Or either rap or getting macs out the board
Now what's that, white supremacists?
No rights for immigrants (no rights)
Life imprisonment, some get life sentences
Secret indict, whites swapping with businessmen
We fight militant, keepers of words they're writing
Genesis
Black paintist Rome-like the images
This goes to the judges and the senators

(Hook)

I only fucks - with - what's - real

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