

## Killah Priest

### "Hood Nursery"

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(Priest as kids)

You cheated

Hood Nurseries

You cheated

I ain't playing with you no more

Can't run that far

What you mean you can't run that far?

Nah let's play another game, stick your feet in

Hood Nursery, let's count, I'm about to count

I got my feet in

Uh!, buzzing

Ok, let me count

It goes

[Killah Priest]

It goes eeny, meeny, miny, moe

Catch a dealer with his blow

If he squeals we let 'em go

Tax his silly, penny blow

Niggas, spics, grab your nines

Cops is rolling down our lines

Sell your blow, get off the track

Hide your doe and flush your crack

Change your clothes, dump your gats

Stay on your toes, watch your back

And the officer picked this thug right over here

One grenade, two bananas, three hammers, four

Five vests, six bullets, now we want war

In the inner-city bang-bang, he laid behind the fence

Trying to blow his nine at sixteen Crips

"I'm hit, I'm hit" he yell to his clique

But they're busy running so they finish off the clip

Red rag, blue rag, one two three

Pants sag, du-rag, guns on me

Don't raid me, old lady

Give me that money and then we're free

(Hook) Priest

Hood Nurseries

Hood Nurseries

Hood Nurseries

Hood Nurseries  
Hood Nurseries  
Hood Nurseries

(Priest as kids)

You ain't, hey I don't wanna play no more  
You caught me man, you was me first  
Man I don't care  
Yo, nah man, let's play another game  
Ok, my feet is in, my feet is in  
Yo, we ain't gotta play with the feet  
Put your hands in, put your hands in  
I got another game, here it goes

[Killah Priest]

Mirror, mirror on the wall; who was the livest of them  
all?  
What's this dude doing in my hood?  
Who did he shoot? Who was his war?  
Bodies laying, shotty's spraying  
Daddy is drinking, mommy is praying  
Caddy's, Lincolns, I'm up in the A.M.  
Streets is mayhem, cops is aiming at our playgrounds  
Looks like a grave now  
I'm out in a Greyhound  
Gotta escape this life in the cages  
With hundreds outrageous  
It's all about papers, going out of state 'cause  
Cop, thieves and hustlers, welfare in numbers  
That's all we play, that's all we know  
That's all we have, nah it's your God

(Hook) Priest

Hood Nurseries  
Hood Nurseries  
Hood Nurseries  
Hood Nurseries

(Priest as kids)

Nah I'm not playing with you no more  
Ahhaha, yeah, yo we gotta make it out of this hood  
man  
These games are kinda making me scary

[Killah Priest]

Paddywagon, paddywagon police man  
Coming down our block we ran fast as we can  
This young man lived in the slums  
Tired of living poor till he picked up his gun  
And went "click-clack" "Rat-at-tat"  
Hit the cop in his dome

Now the officer is laying in the tombstone

(Hook) Priest  
Hood Nurseries  
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Hood Nurseries

(Priest as kids)  
Yo, I got another game, yo  
Yo, listen y'all ever play  
Da-da-don't-shoot?  
Da-da-don't-shoot  
Let's play  
Well let's do it  
Play again  
We start of by playing freeze tag  
Hood Nursery  
But in the end you'll get a toe tag  
Let Priest tell it  
No you it, no you it  
Why is that cop looking at us like that?  
I don't know  
We can't play these games no more  
We getting older y'all  
We getting older  
We can't play these games no more  
Let's just stop

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