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Killah Priest "Live By The Gun"

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[Hook: Unknown Singer] Live by the gun, die by the forty (x7)

[Killah Priest] I see demons in the atmosphere Gats appears out of nowhere Blood and crips be thuggin it Niggas be lovin that shit Bustin they guns to that shit Look at shorty over there On the street corner, packin heat on him Better warm em, bout to be dead soon I saw the sign in a red room Nervous, what $\hat{A} f \hat{A} | \hat{A} ... \hat{A} \hat{A}, \hat{A}^{-}$ our purpose? So many churches asked the reverend Do blacks get to go heavens Pack da gat for Armageddon Mac-11, know where headin Selling crack since seven B.C., L.K., Neatha From Bushwick to Bed-Stuy Got my momma on her knees by her bedsides A man walked in with a suit and a necktie

[Chorus: Unknown Singer] Falling from heaven in hell, spending our days Asking for Christ to come, and change our ways Cold in the night chasing the light O Father forgive us for what we done to you

[Goldie]

Mind slippin, gotta focus What you think I was, in and out when I wrote this Coming from a race of people that $\tilde{A}_{f} \hat{A}_{i} \hat{A}_{i} \hat{A}_{i} \hat{A}_{i}$ hopeless, copeless Things seem like they never change, it $\hat{A}_f \hat{A}_i \hat{A}_{...} \hat{A}_{.....} \hat{A}_{...} \hat{A}_{....} \hat{A}_{...} \hat{A}_{...} \hat{A}_{...} \hat{A}_{....} \hat{A}_{.$ strange man ItÃf¦Ã... Ã,Â⁻ like the night brings, pain afflicting my brain Damn man, trying to maintain, my my my composure Puffing on dosher, feel like the hearts getting colder

Black P stone solider knows ya, follow ya then fold ya

hold ya Uh, if you chose to bang with me hang With me do ya thang with me, but I see angels see Flying through my mind crying doing time

[Judas Maccabee] Dear Father, forgive me for what I done Live by the gun die by the gun Screaming bloody murdah, murder and more murder Red rum red rum Monster like Coby You donÃf¦Ã... Ã,° know me IÃf¦Ã... Ã,¦ a O.G. You try to pop me IÃf¦Ã... Ã,¦ a pop you Ready to die bitch Ready to die too

[Chorus]

[Nikki Bonds] North, South, Midwest, West, East Coast Wherever I go keep the heat close Got some .45 slugs make a nigga eat those If not leave a nigga with some deep holes Throws his body in a deep hole Never fuck with no creep hoes Rose Cartel staring in street show Find me layed back sitting in a E-420 With 20 grand in the truck, hand on the pump Ready to dump on any man for a lump Acting like a bitch, is you a man or a chump? Many niggas stood in the quicksand and they sunk Nikki Bonds, Rose Cartel, Killah Priest Masada rose be the sheik from the Middle East Swinging a double edge sword trying to stay the beast Swinging a double edge sword trying to stay the beast

[Chorus]

[Hook x7]

[Unknown Singer] Father forgive us...

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