

Killah Priest

"Live"

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[Killah Priest] I reminisce as street kings in six-story castle projects Addidas outfit, name ringin' thru the complex Fur garments wit Africa around their necks Shootouts, families' movin' in and out Some dudes took the Manasquan route Neva seen them on basketball courts We mastered those sports Mines was football, often in and out on hood brawls Till I seen my nephew's coffin I left got serious wit my rhymes Ms. Shirley said "Good call" The bullet that had my name probably still screamin' May it go into the brain of a demon That cold sale that wanted to swallow my body Still have metal stomach pains probably I neva planned to fell but neva planned to rise I see it when I close my eyes The soul inside was a king, the globe in the sky It's my reign, I put letter together Like crosswords puzzle And nailed to the cross were the hustlers (Hook) 1.5x Live for the most See BIG in your scope Take the righteous oath Till we get by the ghost [Killah Priest] My rocks were hunted and killed Police raided Brownsville Like Romans searchin' for every first born male Gangsters were also placed in crucifixion Hammers and nailed, their resurrection would only come thru records Mid '90s were the last breeds Most of the hid under siege A few had seen, every now you get a glimpse of what use to be Under light poles you neva know what life holds No Virgin Mary it's scary, prison scars and all our laws buried Friends buried and dirt cover their stories Bullet seals their glory So we all smoke weed to foresee Future look there's Dark Street Hospital beds of morgue, bodies layin' near park Jeeps While other see awards from basketball Commercial, then it starts all over the circle From the nurse to ya first school To the hearse then the dirt moves Then is to spirit land wit the man wit the hole in his hand Yo, damn, what's the plan?

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