

Killah Priest

"My World"

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[Killah Priest] The gangsters I know place guns on tables While they're eatin' their cereal Don't you know that's dangerous? They're quick to bang shit Around the house, on the phone wit some lame chicks Look at you funny when you're talkin' knowledge Look at you hungry when you're talkin' dollars They love cartoons, only time they laugh The X-Box, Playstation, move on your last man They play Mortal Kombat Wait for their lawyers to call back We pack and G-stack and squeeze gats They all got cases, welcome to the underworld nation Where niggas wear mask like Jason A heart like Satan, gun spark give you a spankin' Of conglomerates of arm lunatics And when there's sudden movement or jumps they're shootin' shit My niggas in the wheelchairs keep the burner on the lap And anybody act up, they get the clappin', Mac-10s Niggas wear face of ice and cement, hover by minister and demons Out their ears and they're comin' and leavin' Good evenin' and welcome to my hood (Hook) 2x Welcome to my world where I come from There's a place called the slums where I come from [Killah Priest] Niggas failed their class in math But know how to breakdown an ounce into a gram Look at it, tell you how much can go into a bag They're great accountants Breakdown ki's in the amount they spent Know how much owed from who and when They're like lab scientist when crack is cookin' Ask my homeboy Matt from Brooklyn He said: "Niggas don't got majors in Geology But professors in scholars at Streetology Criminology, Prison Philosophy" Athletes when they're runnin' from police Poppin' benches and fences like they want the medal from the Olympics Bobby got a shotty in the trenches Crackhead finds that crack don't need forensics For instant, relentless, I stand where homicide stood Raised in Brooklyn, welcome to the hood (Hook) 2x [Killah Priest] The ghetto street chew up - it's bricks The bricks eat thru the wall The wall is now on an apartment The apartment tears apart two room to a kid The kid stands up, begin eatin' his skin His skin dissolves his bones His bones swallow the marrow Grabs on to his soul His soul comes out, eats his spirit It gets scary cuz these

streets we live in A killin', robbin' murderous village
called the ghetto Every nigga livin' in it is like waitin' on
death row Come down the Walls of Jericho Spray
rounds at five-o High five, hit the hydro, street survival
Epic deep tribal, I heard blood say as it ooze from the
body Say to the semen: "Good evenin', greetings but
I'm grievin'" The semen asked why, blood said: "Well I
probably be stepped on I'd rather be swimmin' thru my
owners arm Comin' from my owners heart This never
endin' story gets dark" (Hook) 2x

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