

Killah Priest

"Places I've Been"

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[killah priest]

Yeah, take it back, in the days

You know, of reminising

Just, just chillin

Word

Late at night, ah shoot it's damn near morning

Check it out

From shootouts at block parties, from God bodies

That flooded the project lobbys, cold degrees

Smokin weed, talkin 'bout the black and latin seeds

Durags and universal flags

On the ave little niggas throwin up tags

They get defeated, almost bit the broken tree

I recall, niggas who was nice in basketball

Just as my nephew, he had a gift that was special

But instead at least seein him with a scholarship

I'm lookin at him in the funeral parlor and shit

Life is a bitch, some go down, tryin to make it rich

Some say "fuck it", and start takin shit

Sometimes I wish, when bullets are sprayed, the fake
niggas get hit

'cause you know, we know

When you lose something that you really love, is hard
to replace it

But we have to face it till the day we lay

[chorus x2: killah priest]

From niggas I've seen, places I've been

Have my share of fake friends, ran with evil men

Chillin with the snakes is a sin

But through it all, I kept it real within

[killah priest]

From the giggles of a murderer, or the hugs of a
burglar

So many faces tryin to read us, I need an interpreters

In these dark dreams, where the car thieves lurk

Around the park, jeeps, narcs creep

At night the sharks eat, streets is so cold

As if they hearts don't beat

From niggas with tanktops, yellin bank stop

At night they fight like gang cops
Wet each other like rain drops
And keep sinnin till the game stop

Until there's no longer breathin
Shit at last the soul is leavin
They goin nowhere fast
Tryin to escape this life is a difficult task

[chorus x2]

[killah priest]

To the little niggas on the corner holdin their dicks
Rollin in clicks, had to get control in their strips
I ain't provin shit, bad asses cuttin classes
You need your ass split, maybe that will save you from
that casket
And I copped the blast quick, with young black males of
black bastard
See those niggas who trigger happy?
Maybe they will take the lives of mad niggas' daddy
I know it sound harsh, but I gotta kick it like this
And I don't give a fuck if you don't like it
Go to save the righteous
And your ass walk around here lifeless
Trust me, I know it, you say I'm psychic
When the order hits it's gonna be a crisis
And believe me, I ain't gonna be concerned who's the
nicest
We made a crack sale, away the next fighters
When you look up and see that sky lit, you will know
christ lives
So until the next time, or if there is one
Check for the jewel, I left deep in your eardrum
Be aware, and stay awake, because we got to watch
the snakes

[chorus x2]

[outro: killah priest]

Know I'm sayin? we gotta wake up motherfuckers
We gotta sit together
Word, you know?
For all my motherfuckin, gigantic army
And just, you know, being together
The sky looks like coney black, nigga
Be aware
Yeah, fuck that shit

