

## Killah Priest

### "Taking it Back"

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Life is death Love is life [Killah Priest] Tear sprinklers,  
closed coffins and liquor bottles Cups of sorrows,  
brush off tomorrow Lost love, no luck, Greyhound bus  
Blow gray smoke rose over the city potholes Obituary to  
those we missed we buried Or like gospel scriptures of  
each niggas But there weren't saints The bullet ink  
helps us paints those pictures Mornin' grandmother  
Brothers holdin' their mothers and faintin' sisters The  
streets gather wit people Than as time goes, small  
groups fade off A day walk thru the cemetery, I could  
hear the grave talk Couldn't cheat death, tho twice he  
bet Not Eve to the trees, he kept switchin' the debt Left-  
handed, under the dirt soon become under a college  
campus Later a place of research and vistin' planets  
Will we eva see this gangster again? No more Timbs,  
no more 20 inch rims All the jewelry don't matter, all his  
money were scattered Far as the crumbs his wife could  
gather No guns, no beef, just eternal sleep And all you  
had you couldn't keep The hood creeps about a week  
then soon start to forget Your memory turns to a  
history The nigga you use to had beef wit is now livin' in  
your project And that's hell (Hook) No time for talkin'  
backwards I'ma blow this automatic Your whole future's  
goin' down Goin' down-down-down [Killah Priest] What  
crosses the mind right before you're flatlined Do you  
see bright? Do you see night? Do you see Christ? I  
wonder what heaven is like? Paramedics bring life, to  
we go where each of us came from One comes cryin',  
one goes silent Which is worst? I don't know, it makes  
my brain numb When brothers squeeze triggers to  
cease niggas Do they think of our future before they  
shoot ya? What was it a Pale Horse thoughts of William  
Cooper Nailed to a cross, all leads variety of anxieties  
within my medulla Kennedy was shot in the head while  
ridin' the Lincoln I wonder what Lee Harvey Oswald was  
thinkin' When he tried to escape and hide in the theatre  
Did he see Mr. John Wilkes Booth in the mirror? For  
street cred niggas take heads For a block they don't  
even own The red, blue and gold is in the colors of the  
rainbow Heads hang low, when it's a four year old that  
had to go No halo, no big bright wings At the end the

dust conquers all of us And that's the true destiny of a  
king (Hook)

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