

## Killah Priest

### "The Long Ride"

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(Intro) ( lockup ) I really done it this time, I can't believe this (Man up, stop talking) I'm just a kid man, I broke my mom's heart [Killah Priest] Starring out the prison bus windows And mountains of snow only 17 with 40 to go Thinking of all the pussy, weed and drinking he be missing Damn why the judge wasn't leniant on my sentence? Hit the prison system grew up a victim now he's faced with killers Premonition you envision gotta make it nigga Try lifting weights to get in shape Spoons are scraped for wounds to make tatoos on face... That afternoon he was raped He decides that he couldn't take it Make himself a cloth bracelet Put it on his neck draw his breath Last test may you rest in peace or in pieces According to the laws of the street shit Nine releases, pits walk off of leashes Crime increases, Crip chalk line on his cement Behind the precinc A good friend you find you gotta keep it Snakes will try to buy ya secrets, try to find ya weakness For jealousy reasons I'm tired of telling these heathens Overwhelmed by these demons Secret meetings kinda swelling ya melon from what ya man is speaking Open they closets see skeletons reaching My rebellion strategic Teach it grab the nine and squeeze it See I live it and breathe it Raised in poor schools where the principals are parapalegic 90 percent of the students a failure for reading No elder achievement just welfare receiving Who do you believe in? God or this Government? The stars and they publicist It's hard cover-age school yards pushing drugs on kids Drug dealers lost they minds Little kids shooting everywhere no aim cross that line No morals we be judged for that Slug or crack no-ones loyal just a shoulder shrug Perhaps we went way past the borders we going to far Save my babies from the street but mom I'm going to far Back of a cops car I box wit God Wrestle with devils play chess with death seduced by my ghetto Play dice with my life a flirter of murder Tease the grave courted my sanity slept with my rage If life's a bitch then deaths a bastard the presents the gift I guess that what make me a rapper My mind , my pen, my pad that's the ministry The holy trinity, only serenity, divinity My pen

will squeeze footage in booklets of Brooklyn For  
hoodlums I put lens on pens and push film for ends!

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