

Killah Priest

"Welcome"

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[Intro]

Ahhh hahaha - come with me to the hood
Killers, thieves and murders

[Killah Priest]

Beneath the pale Moon the night watches the goons
Hop in the costume dressed as killa clowns
As death feel the town niggaz surround
They see grave near the Marry Go Round
Beneath the slave burial ground
(What else you see?) There's blood on the pavement
There's thug in the states
There's Cops from patrol just watching with soul
I turned hot to turn cold, something's burning my soul
It's the Brimstone, fill it when the wind blown
Push my skin against the bones
I cringe as I smell stitch from the chrome
Its home, the projects - Bitches gossip the glock clips
Cops sick, just watch shit, when T.V. brainwash it
The pain of the Projects, a slow process
No progress I'm held hostage with thieves
Receive princely fees after they empty your sleeve
Your enemy squeeze, Tec .9, its death and crime
It's all stress something that's left is blind
It's the prognosis of Moses
The Jones', the hopeless, the homeless
The oppress and slow death souls are left, no rest
Shootouts everyday like the old West

[Chorus 2X]

Who'd you rather serve? - God or Devil?
+Welcome+ into Earth's graveyard with shovel
Or do you rather be amongst the living and enjoy your
life?
Observing the Stars from distance the Voyage of light

[Killah Priest]

Each day I hunger, feeling my days are numbered
If I go under - Who will be there to raise my son up?
Feeling discomfort it's sounds like I'm hearing the
trumpets

Blowing across the sky feels like the spirits are coming
By drilling and pumping, stealing is corruption
Face with Women seduction
Sitting and fucking the beginning was nutting
Genesis forbidden the plucking'
From the trees of Adam & Eve
Gathering leaves, the madness it sees
The Magnum will squeeze, handguns and weed
From the days of Egyptian clay powders
Since the days of grave robbers
To the days of slave drivers
On the Mayflowers, they gave us powder
Nowadays our devoured, we're afraid of the power
Like cowards we lay in the shower
Pray for what's ours

[Chorus 2X]

[Killah Priest]

The Sun darkens; the Moon's covered with blood
I'm in the projects, in a room with couple of thugs
We all share hugs
Light candles, sit in circles and read from the ghettos
manual
As I open the book filled with crooks
Thieves with dirty looks
Pictures of killers and niggaz and drug dealers
We all get the chills but we still keep turning the page
I'm burning some siege
Beneath the red light bulbs
Read the life of thugs
Sort of image of Knight, some blood, some gloves
Some slugs, some ice, some fights in clubs
Ivory tribal are like Africans they madd tribal
We close our eyes too, the Ghetto Bible have recitals
Think all about our rivals, draw tattoos on our back too
My man just got one of a fat Pterodactyl, we eat fast
food

[Chorus 4X]

[Outro]

Close the Book -- that's enough
Until next time, I'll tell you more tales
More dark imagery and show you more pictures, come
on!

****Animals growling****

