

Masta Ace

"A walk thru the valley"

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As I walk through the valley of one eighty-seven land
No matter what state, what city, what town
I can see there's no place to run, no place to hide
I could be in the crosshairs of somebody, somewhere
I wanna ask why...
But I ain't got time for that
I gotta keep movin on
Or be the next one to die
I walk through the valley of no-man's land
Sayin peace, slappin fives and holdin up those two
fingers
To the many nine millimeter automatic pistol toting
young men
that roam everywhere
I wonder what will be the next small incident
That will cause one of them to pull out
And spray bullets recklessly in every direction
Will my grandmother be on her way to the store
For a loaf of bread and a TV Guide at that very moment
As I walk through the valley at night
I'm thinkin, "I don't know that brother walkin across the
street in the black hoodie, so he may be a threat to me"
He's thinkin, "I don't know that brother walkin across
the
street in the blue hoodie, so he may be a threat to me"
What's goin through our minds
as we reach down into our waistlines
And pull out the tools, the heaters, the scraps
the biscuits, the gats
the jammies, the grips with the clips
All placed there purposely by them
"Here niggaz, sixteen shooter made specially just for
you"
What goes through our minds at that moment
when a brother's at the other end of our barrel
About to catch a hot piece of steel
And take his last breath
What goes through our minds
What's goin through our minds
As we walk through the valley

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