

## **Masta Ace Incorporated**

### **"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 out 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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