

Stacie Orrico "Israeli News"

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Intro: Killah Priest

Oh yeah. It's time for us to unite.
All tribes. Uh. Hispanic brothers.
Black brothers. Mexicano.
Know why?

Chorus: Killah Priest

In the ways of the world today
It's so easy us to stray away
Go to keep our mind from all the drugs and crime
Material things keep us blind

[Killah Priest]

I hear the souls of the fallen soldiers
Calling for Jehovahs, bitten by the king cobras
And boa constrictors which convict ya
Nothing but hoes in liquor stores
Cops who handcuff us in the figure four
I try to endure, but when it rains it pours
Amongst the pure and the poor, I'm sure there's war
Bless the child, born naked and wild
Life hectic and foul, I used to watch crowds bow
Until I was exiled from miles, must of landed reptiles
And the gentles, trying not to lose the mental
Abuse a gin for a while, taking straight shots
Hold my brother behind the gates, locked
Beat and backed by the state cops
Stripped of our language, walked around nameless
Amongst the strangest, a heart full of anguish
Taught life is dangerous, devil 'copter aimed at us
Society is to gain our trust, fuck a nine to five
I squeeze the 95-0, watch 'em die slow
Cuz you know that I know

Chorus: Trebag

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[Tregbag]

Stop killing your own, hitting your peeps with sticks and stones

Off the negative roams, is what the babies bring home

Teach 'em self-condonment in the dome, make the brain a stronger bone

Why pull a muscle in this tustle

All your hell is a high kettle, burning cuz I'm black

My realm is shillack, my wooden floor's got a crack

Millonium, laced a strayed with the plutoneum, land mines I'm blowing 'em

Nuclear geranium I aiming at 'em, grenades I'm throwing 'em

Walking through my war field, you yield to my heal

Regurgitate to a lead vile, when your ill

I see the blood spill, aspirin needs the pill

Chorus: Hell Razah

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[Hell Razah]

This one is for my brothers and sisters, fathers and mothers

Y'all money lovers, killing one another

Some think the life of a millionaire's the way to go

Chasing hoes through tunnels, streets, convertibles

Go out and spend they dough on weed, cars, gold

Expensive clothes, something black owns

They pack chrome, kill where they live at

Still got to go home, catch the jewels from the

Macabees

For tracks from my honeycomb ways of the world

Got girls on they needs, shorties showing they privacy

For a bag of weed, before she had a seed

And bit off the greed off the money tree

Can it be this world of simplicity, negativity runs the city

Plus the slaves around me, like lost in king's county

Like lost in king's county

Chorus: Killah Priest

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Material things keep us blind

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