

Defari

"Vultures"

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[Defari]

It's just so many things
in this life that I can't understand
I'll never be able to understand
cause there's no answer for 'em
The vultures be out though, know that
And they always gon' be out
Cause they're savages...

His arteries are punctured, they can't save his body
He got shot standin' outside the party
He was only pickin' up his son, he wasn't parkin'
Niggaz drove by and let the shotgun bark at him
He died the same way as Malcolm and Martin
Just tryin' to help people, instead of harm them
Mr. Youngblood, I know your soul hear me now
I know you sittin' on a throne, I know you hear me now
I stood at King Hospital with emotion
I'm doin' music now, Pat still coachin'
Say hello to John... I always thought
that what happened to you was dead wrong
It doesn't figure out, it doesn't figure in
A good bottle and I still don't understand
But that's how life goes, some bigger master plan
We'll really never know, until the very end

[Chorus]

The vultures are out, the gun shots fly
Loved ones die, loved ones cry
The vultures are out, the gun shots fly
Loved ones die, loved ones cry
The vultures are out, the gun shots fly
Loved ones die, loved ones cry
The vultures are out, the gun shots fly...

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They jackin' for Hondas, initiation
She never saw 'em comin', had no inclination
They shot into her back window at a red light
Kim, why'd that have to be you that night?
You was so cool, such a beautiful sista

Remember 55th in Oakland, all the tree we twist up?
They pulled you out the car that night and took off
The vultures struck again, another good person lost
Me and Scotty G went to the funeral
Service was foul, somethin' we wasn't used to
We left and got some 40's of Old Gold
Went to the park and blew one to celebrate your soul
Had to do our own thing, the whole thing was
mindblowin'
To this day I'm not knowin' why...

[Chorus]

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We went to school together, he was a good brotha
A Double Masters in Education, smooth brotha
Down for the youth, really shared his Pop's passion
We used to go head up on Sega's Live or Madden
He was from New York, but here's the irony
They found him dead, here in L.A. County
North off the 405, where they found him
Damn, my nigga was literally right around me
I wish he holla'd, I'd be with him when he pulled over
He fell victim to the sins of another vulture
Shot in the back of the head
My nigga Ennis couldn't believe you was really dead
It was on the news, I'm tryin' to call you
No answer, no reply, I'm like "Nah dude"
This shit can't be, this here's a nightmare
But the truth don't lie, and it's right there

[Chorus] - X 2

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