

The Chronicles "Hollow Winds"

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Now I lay me down to sleep, speak my piece to the G-O-D.
He's keeping my soul in peice.
I've wanted to see my mom right.
Pleaded, needed the one sight.
SOme nights I feel like I'm fading so we blazing
replacing the sunlight.
With skunk like...
Damn I'm painless after three tokes.
Breath deep.
Choke like landsbury wrote my weed smoke.
And get to thinking on tomorrow in case I don't go.
The plot shocks me so Bacardi O bottles the sorrows.
P had some Black comming out.
Six shots, back of the mouth.
I counce with black hats, scarf, jacket was matching the
trousers.
Chugging bugging.
Visit heaven and got sent away.
So we renegades like runaway slaves on trains with
rubman but what then?
I pray to the Father like, how can I explain myself?
I tried tricking the most high like I'd never lie.
Suicidal, crossed my heart and hoped to die.
That aint right.
Caged like nicholas wife in nickle and dime like nicca.
It's proved to be my pain so we bat men like Bruce
Wayne yeah.
Upsdie their head and then yeah no mor emister nice
guy.
Recruited them dudes, choosing them shoes.
Music, Movements like poos.
Polie tap the cell and half their dues so we go and
hustle times two.
That's needed.
Release Cd's yo.
Scar tissue will bleed hope.
Yo let them fiends know it's the world by strom like El
nino.
What!?!
[Chorus]

Steady we are rising.
It's Shallow but we dive in.
Blazing the night away
Telling tales of the Hollow winds.
You've got to keep your eyes in!
Prepared for the Hollw Winds.

They might deceive us and take a life with strife in
peices and be a gerneal in jail cause lifers get their
stripes like zebras, huh.
That's why I live my life like potential fight nights.
When pipes we get hype, don tjump like white mikes
right.
We don't believe in flinching we get even steven.
In the land of heathens niggas is looking for any
reason to make your last tomorrow.
I wake up like pray like wit it aint my time today.
Your hating look, face is all tight.
He who aint sinned can throw the first stone.
He who aint seen the throne let him know Row aint
gonna be de-throned, NO!
I'm toe to toe like big, middle and little with steady
hands.
Your reneging like adam and eve decieving the plan.
God the guardian meet me on the battle field with guns
as big as chooks and arm your divine crook like an
octopus.
Cause problems probably painning me.
They echo like P-P-pop pop pop.
Shock waves shocked the rock when Super Shaq got
shot.
Police report still say dot dot dot.
Their a dead generation if their not locked up is what
they say.
I look over blue waters and see bermy sons and
daughters caught up.
Our kids single brought up.
Pushing double strollers, baby diapers and that
Similac.
Walking down the Farm or West Gate where their pop's
prisons at.
Thru the glass window I see the tears fighting back.
Keep fighting Black.
We guys are fighting around here too.

[Chorus]

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