

The Roots

"Panic!!!!!!"

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Black Thought:

Now they searchin, the cops lookin for the person...
Look out the window, peep the high beams
Medical figures is nursin the kid that got shot
That pulled the trigga
I woke up in the darkness at 12:17...to shots and
sirenes
Some innocent ak that would front
To flip the rock on them at King Street block
Similar to the blood now floodin his top
I tried to tell him to stop 'cause yo, it's ghetto red hot
And see the shorty wop heart blast out his back
I take a step out the spot, to the point of attack
It's still crime on the streets
Damn, I'm thinkin it don't cease, it's no more peace
Police level increase, but what the fuck...
I can't breathe, now what's goin on?
Illadel-P-H-I-A Hell
One minute you alive, the next, you're gone
And hit the L, for the niggaz who fell
In front of the flat your moms rented
Bust off into the heavens for the nigga who fell
And no one expect that from you, 'cause you was timid
When that could have been prevented
Funny how this whole thing changed, an off minute
Fuckin with them cats from outside city limits
Drownin in a nightmare, stranded Yo, dig it, Panic!!!!!!
None of this is ever granted

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