

## **Annakin Slayd f/ Killah Priest**

### **"Walkin' the Line"**

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They put truth and love on the plate and we ate hate  
Then the lord tried to kill me so I changed faith  
I spit grimace faced cause I'm sick of the taste  
Clench my fists to my hips cause I'm sick of the waste  
Where did our souls go, were they just misplaced?  
Permanent vacations or eternal disgrace?  
Don't act like you care about what happens to culture  
You're just another money, cash, ho, rappin to vultures  
I wish the Y2K bug actually happened  
Shut the whole thing down cause we ain't actually  
rappin  
The 21st First century can suck my clock  
Getting stoned too much, we can't duck the rocks  
Never ride bandwagon, I just buck the jock  
I've already started walking guy, fuck the talk  
Stalwart, you can bet I never drop the mic  
Increase the peace but never stop the fight

Where did all the people go?  
When did all these evils grow?  
How do I retrieve my soul?  
And stop walking the line

Stalwart, part gentleman and part Neanderthal  
Anni brought his angry heart to answer y'all  
They say to ask a question is to break the spell  
But they say doubt the Lord and go straight to hell  
My Mother always said never lay down and die  
My Father always told me to let shit slide  
An eye for an eye or turn the cheek?  
Give medals to the strong and burn the weak  
Little bitch get filthy rich like Soylent Green  
Means people not evil, just spoiled by greed  
Had morals to protect but didn't guard that shit  
It's like we dropped all our scruples in the Sarlack pit  
We're Han Solo blind when we're blocking the signs  
Teetering, teetering, we're walking the line  
The Man in Black told me to sing shit loudly  
Johnny Cash rules everything around me

Where did all the people go?

When did all these evils grow?  
How do I retrieve my soul?  
And stop walking the line  
Stop walking the line  
Stop walking the line

The lady of judgment  
Is standing above us  
So pick your feet Poughkeepsie and say why don't she  
love us?

Killah Priest:  
Live and death is like a carnival, the cemeteries  
Ain't nobody left that's honorable, they've all been  
buried  
The chronicles from Mohammed's schools of Gods,  
they vary  
Black people all been promised jewels we lost already  
My cross is heavy, I carry it, this is my burden  
Look at the sky, see chariots while the Earth is just  
turning  
Words are determined from the birth of person  
I'm so hurting, soul searching, go to the liquor store  
can I get some more  
Villages, robbers, religions, billions of dollars  
Nat Turners, Geronimos, Patsy Jerner  
Truth with burners, all the chaos that the youth emerge  
from  
Know what I mean? Annakin Slayd, Killah Priest  
We back from the grave

Where did all the people go?  
When did all these evils grow?  
How do I retrieve my soul?  
And stop walking the line  
Stop walking the line  
Stop walking the line

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