

Barry Manilow F/ Kid Creole And The Coconuts

" Street Parables"

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[Chorus - repeat 2X]

Bear witness! as I exorcise my exorcism
Casting out these devils living in this ghetto prison
With heavy metal and ammunition, conditions are
unbearable
You're listening to street parables!

[Verse One: Shabazz]

In 97 a.d., due to economy we living 22 deuteronomy
submitting to robbery buddha and sodomy
playing a game of street poker with a royal flush
a heart of lust, smoke inhalation from the burning bush
ghetto jerusalem, the streets paved with gold
but what profit a man if he shall lose his own soul
hustling with jewelry like solomon
in the crystal city
eluding the angel on the pale horse with hell following
sipping wine from a golden cup that runneth over
inscribing ghetto scriptures, inspired by jehovah
yay though I walk through the valley sober
bearing witness to the 7 plagues, standing in the pit of
cobras
many disciples in my brigade who prayed, laid with
jade
the harlots womb bares a plague
isaiah 3:16's, drowning in the heroin river
judas a hitman for 30 pieces of silver
the ghetto's the bible for the people of the spirit
interpret the parables, he who has ears let him hear it
the ghetto's the bible for the people of the spirit
interpret the parables, he who has ears let him hear it

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Lord Jamar]

Forever valid being hunted by pontius pilate
confronted by the romans, when I'm blunted I see bad
omens
gifts contained within a trojan horse
we following a chosen coarse
colossians 1:17, belief in one you never seen

I be the true and living supreme, trapped in this prison
of fiends
what's written in the book of philippines
prophesied by ibrahim
black g-zus of nazarine, get ready for the second
coming
caesar's issuing a summons for my arrest
convict me of a lesser charge, and sit me in the devil's
nest
persecution of the gods, we never rest
a never ending battle
against the pagans, who idolize the golden cattle
we've been forsaken with lies, but now we making
some strides
way past ecclesiastes, me and the god shabazz be
in the lab g, building on math scientifically
watching them die in their iniquity

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Shabazz]

I get high off the most high, give masses a contact
smoke herbs in bible paper, keep the cap on ya cognac
I sip a fifth of juice and genesis, smoke a spliff of
exodus
then sniff a kilo of leviticus
running a spot of numbers and buddha due to
economy
crime due to poverty, shoot up a dime of deuteronomy
scramble with joshua, ghetto apostles packing epistles
some were unsettled by their nostrils,
during the plague of crystal
I stood before many judges in the courtroom
they hold black grudges and use bails to extort you
paroled like barabas, heist the finest fabrics
ruthless thieves in the night
who steal 6 days a week, then rest upon the sabbath
I drop a jewel like 1st and 2nd samuel
kings stalking through hell,
destined for treasures, I'ma do well
my ghetto chronicles are visual and mathematical
emphatical, when I speak in street parables

[Chorus]

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