

Hell Razah & Blue Sky Black Death

"Poor Righteous Dreams"

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[Intro: Hell Razah]

Nah nah son

You ain't really gotta go out there and kill them man

Give me the gun, lemme talk to you for a minute

Gimme the gun, sit down, lemme talk to you

[Hell Razah]

I see your destiny revealed looking through my windshield

A little child running wild since Curtis Mayfield

A lot of homies got killed over bagging up crills

Moms stressed out for real when she adding the bills

I get chills from the pain every time that I kneel

Now my head is saying prayer for the rest of Israel

Ever since crack came leaving the projects lame

'Cause we never did invest in no money we made

It's just a dead end street, one way to the grave

You see the funeral arrangements unlocking the cage

Some will join FBI start dropping them names

We was hustling for who when they copped their caine

CIA traced Escobar, they wired his plane

They tapped the phone calls of Malcolm so the '70s changed

We became drugs and guns with God Body names

Tag graffiti on the walls of trains, then form into gangs

[Chorus: Hell Razah]

Now we got old gold wishes and project dreams

Coke in our genes for all the neighbours who done turned into fiends

Some controlled like puppets on strings but who cares

When you can't get a dollar from none of your peers

Sit on the stairs with our weed and beers with ideas

How to make it out the ghettos and rise to millionaires

[Interlude: Hell Razah]

Knowhatl'msayin', God?

How long your crew been known?

There's real craziness in society

They tryin' to steal man

[Hell Razah]

I'm a street G but still son I write it deeply
When I zone like Phillis Wheatley, that's how you greet
me
Dead poets give me the motive, if they don't promote it
Stay devoted, stay focused 'til there's plagues and
locusts
'Cause you can't buy your soul back from Lucifer's
office
Tell Bush we about to make the hood shoot at his office
His tradition in Skull and Bones sleeping in coffins
Like Gogathan they wanna see me on crosses
German Pope sold canned abortions
I slow it down, shit I break it in portions
You heard right, I ain't speaking in Martian
I'm hood but I'm conscious, today's that's nonsense
I do this for the slaves and the brains they washing
Who trained with the marksmen who slept on the park
bench
Who hunt men coming out their apartments
'Cause too much money got him thinking he Clark Kent
Get treated like you dark skin as soon as you as it's all
spent
Got patriotic hoes and America's yard pimps

[Interlude: Hell Razah]

Yo yo I dealt with that crush man
I just do whatever I do about buildin' in the street

[Chorus]

[Outro: Hell Razah]

Yo 7th pass me that forty man
Yo man shit is crazy man
But that shit is what's sellin' to the youths man
They buildin off that shit man
Cuz you know people do it without no health care
It's like.. youknowwhatImean?
When you look at it man, there's not enough homes
Like we gon' have homeless people
And the bastards there buildin' with billions and billions
of dollars
That practically print up the money, you know?
That's why they rule the real estate property...

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