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Shabazz The Disciple "Ghetto Apostles"

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* EP on Red Hook Records.

[Shabazz The Disciple] Yo yo yo yo yo When I was young I mad an oath and it was solemn To scrape my way from being broke without hitting the Island Me and my mans we juggled coke we used to get from hollering And jealous brothers on the block they tried to give us problems and I started you jaking jewels on the A train Til they blew up my man's praised in the change game Yea, I remember that long ride through that dark tunnel All I could remember is cucci's head laying in the puddle Keep hearing clicks from that empty barrel Feeling my soul leave my body, am I in the air, getting narrower? See up until that day my life was physical in my mental Keep thinking I'm returning as the spiritual It's like I'm travelling the soul's journey after death I keep praising Allah that he sparred my breath Me and my mans, we had plans to get grands Drink champagne, they was slanging the game And that's a damn shame Holding the tech and the firebomb In '82's back-staircase, bubbling and quoting Islam Three in the morning, puffing L's and drinking the VincTop Scheming and thinking of a way to catch a Brink's truck Then all those times we sent you booking And watching niggaz get their shit tooken Facing drug charges for not looking Cooking them grams of yayo, they didn't play, yo Then most rappers got out the game, then hey yo Yo, when they murdered my main man, I was hurt I'd go into their graves and bust some shots at the dirt Some little thugs with a vision to count a bill Cuz made brothers got their wigs peeled on Sugar Hill In '87 weighing grams and splitting the prophets

Now in '96, I read the caron and study the projects It's like I'm living on the ground, my mind is haunted Keep hearing whispers in the dark cuz my soul is wanted Spiritual wounds never heal from a fast life I ask Christ to forgive me for me past life Spinning the wheel to get the fortune Some brothers got banked up, locked up or ended up in a coffin Red Hook was up, most of my mans with bullet wounds At a young age, I never shot no one But I know I'ma have the bullet soon mad time I was surrounded by theft Brothers, they would put up guns close to my head, no bullets left Yo, I could still taste that steel from that double barrel When brothers stuck me up under the building, my will got narrower Stuck to the forehead, with two pistols, I saw red If it was for Ra and Chuck, I would've ended up in the morgue dead I never got the chance to return Ra's blessing Now he's in the essence, my brother's eternally resting He used to envision ruling this industry So I kept the dream alive and signed a contract with Penalty Now I'm negociating deals over meals Plus playing the game of fortune and fame by Bobby Steels The gambino latino without Mossimo In a hip hop casino, cooking albums I split 'em like a kilo' I'm trying to sell 900,000, move my moms out of public housing Be in the yacht showroom browsing Before my journey after life, I'ma get even for you Your spirit lives inside my body and I'm breathing for you (Because I'm breathing for you baby Because I'm breathing for you baby, yeah, yeah Because I'm breathing for you baby) Before my journey after life, I'ma get even for you (Breathing, cuz I'm breathing for you) Your spirit lives inside my body and I'm breathing for you (Shabazz is breathing for you, ha, ha, ha, hi, hi, hi, ha Shabazz is breathing for you, ha, ha, ha, hi, hi, hi, ha Shabazz is breathing for you, ha, ha, ha, hi, hi, hi, ha) I'm breathing for you, yes, I'm breathing for you (Shabazz is breathing for you, ha, ha, ha, hi, hi, hi, ha

Shabazz is breathing for you, ha, ha, ha, hi, hi, hi, ha Shabazz is breathing for you, ha, ha, ha, hi, hi, hi, ha) Before my journey after life, I'ma get even for you Your spirit lives inside my body and I'm breathing for you (Shabazz is breathing for you, ha, ha, ha, hi, hi, hi, ha Shabazz is breathing for you, ha, ha, ha, hi, hi, hi, ha Shabazz is breathing for you, ha, ha, ha, hi, hi, hi, ha Shabazz is breathing for you, ha, ha, ha, hi, hi, hi, ha

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