

Killah Priest f/ Stori James**"Happy"**

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[Intro: Killah Priest (Stori James)]
Happy (Yeah, yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah)
Happy, time to be Happy

[Killah Priest]
A homeless man smiles at me showing no teeth
A young man laying dead in the cold streets
He was a victim beaten bad by the police
And everyday another funeral there's more grief
And everyday I like to pray when I see the Sun
And if there ever was a Lost Tribe we the one
And every hood there's a project with us in it
The old man in the dust going nuts finished
Years before they use to say "You use to own business
Caught them on tax, I guess you're black, you gotta
know you limit"
And everybody tried to be Happy someway
I think of dinners in the winter on a Sunday
And everybody's poor but we always pull through it
'Cause of Marvin's influence, we always played his
music
My Pops said he was a 'Trouble Man' courtesy of Uncle
Sam
Then I hit the streets then start hustling
But I could see my Grandma when she dressed for
Church
Her style is hat, white dress with the matching purse
And I could hear her sing aloud with the choir marching
in
With the face of joy, proud 'cause her heart's with him
And she could live everlasting and pure peace
No longer worried eyes, speaks to him before sleep
And I stood by the door when she came at me
She said, "You gotta endure and learn to be Happy"

[Chorus: Stori James 2X]
Stood right beside me, look deep inside me
She has inspired me to be +Happy+

[Killah Priest]
My friend wrote his mother: "Mama I'm doing better"

now
My last year of College, told you I wouldn't let you down
And how's things around the house? I know you're still
fussing
I finally heard from Ralphie said "He had a deal
coming"
He wrote me last week; told me him and Dad don't
speak
They both be acting they're kids if you ask me
But anyway, how come you never wrote me back?
This is like my fourth letter to you, I was hoping that...
You could send me something it's getting cold winter's
coming
I know you're standing, laughing, saying, "I'm up or
into something"
I love you mom sincerely yours", as the nurse pause
From reading her his letter, body attached to a cord
Into a breathing pump, the stroke she had was too
much
She's in the coma, been that way for a few months
And if her son knew believe he'll split in two
And go back to using drug before quitting school
But just smile 'cause your mother's still here
Try to live and be proud, make a heart full of cheer
For your mama, tranquility, she's free
Give your heart space and liberty and then peace
The words are golden, emotion, devotion
Just hush, feel the touch for a moment
My life's a paradox, watched by crooked cops
But the law carries me just to be Happy

[Chorus: Stori James 2X]

[Outro: Killah Priest]

Dedicated to my grandmother, Miss Louise Staley
I love you Grandma!

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