

## Krumb Snatcha

### "Closer to God"

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[Intro: Krumb Snatcha]

Uh, '97

Premo, D&D y'all, that's right, I want to speak a little truth

'Bout what guns is really about cause me being victim of guns

Was an experience of gettin' Closer To God

[Verse 1: Krumb Snatcha]

Since the day I was young I had preminitions of an ending to come

Behind the barrel of the next man's gun

It used to be fun, when I'm the one doin' the clappin'

Now I'm facin' my death, doin' fast breath, no laughin'

How can this happen, holdin' my chest to the floor

Laid up, or spraid up dreamin' to even the score

Bright lights all I saw my life flashed before me

From a distance I heard a faint voice steady call me

I guess my time is here, surpress my fear I'm ready

Tryin' to breath steady, feelin' my legs gettin' heavy

Lord, don't let me..die this young, without leavin' a son

To carry tradition, listen my life has just begun

A nightmare flip visions of swingin' the poolstick

Defendin' my near if I turn left the pool quick

Lost control of my mind, flipped the safety of the nine

And squeezed tastin' down this judge and roused, then

fell on my knees

Weak from my heart feel my chest gettin' hot, I got caught

Vivid memories of how my gun dropped, bullets in stock

Lost all thoughts of me rappin' try to catch one for I die

For self satisfaction, get up off my knees begged him don't please

Picked up the squeeze dipped behind cars bullet shelves hittin' the trees

Curse my enemies will be as smart enough to take cover

Feelin' my body shudder as I drop right in front of

The boot place as hot shells hit the cheek of my face

Catchin' bloody taste, watch my blood leave trace

Hennessy got me trippin' plus the brew I was sippin'  
Feelin' more blood drippin' I see them load a second  
clip in  
Betreated, I been defeated my life is ice like popsicles  
Open the door hit the floor of the hospital  
It's on

[Hook: scratched and cut by DJ Premier]

"Gettin' closer to god in a tight situation" - Prodigy -  
Shook Ones (Part  
II)

"Let me be your angel and I be your protection" - Rakim  
- Eric B. Is  
President

"I stopped breathin' damn I see demons" - Snoop  
Doggy Dogg - Murder Was The  
Case

[Verse 2: Krumb Snatcha]

My heart's racin' a casualty and convertation  
Hopin' one day I'll awake and feelin' my body, start  
shakin'  
I been mistakin' retaliation to come  
Soon holdin' my gun boom on the floor of the hospital  
room  
Or shall I cry for help as I look up at the ceiling  
My inner feelin' tellin' me to start healin' not in a million  
Years I would wanna end here, whipin' my tears  
Thinkin' of my long lost carreer, in this business of rap  
Now flat on my back, tryin' to put it place to face on this  
enemy cat  
Cardiac control, I put a hold on my soul  
Twenty-two years old and my life gon' took her some  
toe  
My body fall for numerous feelings I fell layin' here  
lonely  
Watchin' my homie scream for help I hear a doctor  
Yellin' directions to the meds cut open my friends  
Bring me to the nearest bed half dead  
My inner head screamin' losin' my breathin'  
\*scratch\* "Damn I see demons" -> Snoop  
Don't remember the good Krumb, only the bad one  
And now I can tell the depths of hell for evils I've done  
Can't run, facin' my worst of fears  
Leavin' my physical as my spiritual descends stairs  
But wait, this can't be real, I feel the agents are real  
Askin' my name, overlookin' my bloodstained gold  
chain  
Easin' my pain from where we came I don't know  
But he's tellin' me it's not the right time to go  
Back in my fo' tubes suckin' the ooze from my mouth

As nurses run about, tryin' to send me down south  
Who shot ya? That's word from the detect' and the  
doctor  
Before I got flown to Beantown in a helicopter

[Hook: scratched and cut by DJ Premier]  
"Gettin' closer to god in a tight situation" - Prodigy  
"Let me be your angel and I be your protection" - Rakim  
"I stopped breathin' damn I see demons" - Snoop  
"Gettin' closer to god in a tight situation" - Prodigy

[Verse 3: Krumb Snatcha]  
I awake with cold feet feelin' weak and can't eat  
Seein' homies stand around, but no sounds I can't  
speak  
Cheap hospital clothes a badged up of holes got me  
depressed  
As I'm lookin' at my legs and my chest  
They patched up five, lucky that I had survived  
Layin' in bed with a naked head, but alive  
We call it a night, before, we tryin' to make sure  
I was staggerin' in to the hospital door  
Whosader, the flash to a honourable respirator  
The flashback to me gettin' respect form my savior  
I can't understand it, must been the way that they  
planned it  
And my commandment I've never takin' live for  
granted  
Rememberin' on my knees, beggin' please  
Don't let my soul get seized, lost track of my thoughts  
Cause the d.t.'s came and question me, testin' me  
Guess havin' thoughts arrestin' me  
Stop stressin' me cause ain't no confession see  
Funny ain't it thought I was back in an inseinment  
Now my image is tainted coughed on my crutches for  
enreinment  
Damn..

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