

Maccabeez f/ Hot Flames

"Walk U Thru"

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[Intro: Killah Priest] Dreddy Kruger.... yeah Maccabeez
Do that nigga... feel me... Timbuktu... Killah Priest a/k/a
Michael Priesthood, Maccabeez, Hell Razah [Killah
Priest] Yo, clothes, the wife, the hoes, the ice The flow
that's tight, see, I choose this life Then I sold the rights,
back to the owner's price The crows and fight, to the
coldest night, feel the cobras bite I'm wrapped in
sheets, where Arabs meet Starving, see a bowl of rice, I
reach down and grab it Come up with a hand full of
maggots Mixed with bitter herbs, I chewed it, spewed it
Out my mouth came the living word For every nigga
that heard, may I observe and do Just imagine if I was
you I fight, fiery dragons and bears or two I arm wrestle
the devil over five boroughs Wore a crown of thorns,
and you wonder why I'm gone Hello... yo, a warm gun in
my palms, on a passover night My niggas see the same
vision, we grip our gats kinda tight One dog says a
sign, one of my other dogs says it's just a state of mind
That's when I gain my mind, only play with my kind
Maccabeez, dashikis and gats and beads We on some
other shit, the Ghetto Government Protect the ark of
the covenant, yo We on some other shit, fuck you
fucking republicans [Chorus: Hot Flames] Allow us to
talk to you, walk you through A strong life through a
warrior's view And I'm supposed to have remorse for
who? This is the source of New York What we talk, of
course, it's true [Timbo King] While ya'll was looking at
Johnny Carson I was looking at Sonny Carson, a black
rebel, yeah I daredevil When words fail, music speaks,
seven days without prayer makes one week The naked
truth versus the well dressed lie The best mirror is my
mother's eyes I can't shake hands with a clinched fist
Speech is silver, silence is golden How could I break
bread when it's molded? Time is money, Timb, figure it
out [Chorus] [Hot Flames] This is my destiny, this rap
game is a part of my genes So it's the ingredient in my
recipe Until the heavens speak, my level rise where
yours peak Take over the game in a strong week This
song speaks to the death, give sight to the blind I'm
heaven bound, I'm excited with crime Use words a
hyphen a time, before that, use birds And transport

dimes in little small packs I hate fake rappers, love true
raps Priest brought me here to make noise like two gats
I'm try'nna survive, but I feel like my feets crazy glued
to the ground How can I rise? How can I cry with no
heart like the lion on Oz Since thirteen, I was firing
nines I tried to talk with the force of glocks, but it feel
like I'm try'nna walk through a door that's locked
Stressed out, but ofcourse I'm hot Cuz I rode through
the hard times and made it out of the hard knocks
[Chorus to fade]

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