

Maccabeez f/ Shabazz the Disciple "Black Angels"

Visit "[Black Angels](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Intro) Priest Streets is back, yeah, yeah Yeah, it's that
doulja, one life nigga Live for this one, yeah, we gon'
do this Forever, Maccabeez, Supreme, yo [Killah Priest]
Life and death is like a carnival to cemeteries Ain't
nobody left that's honorable, they all been buried The
chronicles of the projects, the Gods wore heavy
Chains, his name reign over ghetto terrains The dope
fiends worship, he respected by Killah The realest over
everyone, kept reflectable trigger Niggas laugh till they
cry fallin' from shots Hollerin' crackheads, someone's
callin' the cops Hold up, let me let y'all niggas know
one thing I'm Ghetto Jezuz of the hood, be where guns
ring When I dream, I see war planes and submachines
Judges poke the pitchfork at thugs wit wings (Hook)
Razah, Timbo King 2x Look deep into my eyes, can you
see my soul? Man fell from heaven to this one hell hole
From this hell, we excel and we rise again Look deep
into my eyes again, Black Angels [Hell Razah] Dear
Lord come save us sinners Slaves that was made to kill
us Young lions and gorillas in this jungle of dealers In
this hell where you buy you sell You sell your buyers We
Jeremiah prophecy - Maccabee Riders Heavenly riders,
Satan wants the spirit inside us Waitin' to try us,
innocent faces and liars Judas' seed, sex, death, music
and weed The beauty of Eve, it's all above, soon to be
grieved Capture souls get left wit their casket closed
While the poor in the streets yellin' "Free Daddy Rose"
Project shootouts, dice game bank root out Some
pronounced dead befo they move out What you about,
shootin' or tellin'? It's heaven for a felon, age 11 playin'
wit weapons Raised off old 70's records by coke
Chemist's use credit, that dope epidemic The more
money that's not made; the more blood to shed it They
buy weight and sell it, straight cash, no credit Stolen
dirt-bikes on the turnpipe, stolen merchandise Dropped
off, knocked off fast for higher price Last night made a
killin' Heard shots up in my building In the midst fuckin'
this chick Son I was filmin', thought I was filmin' (Hook)
Razah 2x [Shabazz the Disciple] Ayo I been thru a lot,
the game tortured me These flames be scorchin' me
Allah's hands be stretchin' forth for me Sometimes I

feel heavenly Father be divorcin' me My life is like a
Biblical novel, y'all ain't a fore for me The perils of my
penance almost got me a life sentence Fatal syringe
piercin' the veins of sinners Playin' roulette in this
game wit Ds and barrel spinners Poison snow flake on a
scale wit 'Five Percenters' Stripped of our halo and
wings, evil got in us Mad guns and heavy weight,
money machine to print us I ran the streets wit them
killers and squealer gators Guerrillas dodgin' NARC's,
seagulls, sharks and counterfeiterers Talk out the side of
ya mouth The slugs will fly right out the side of ya
mouth And everybody's gettin' tired of ya somehow
The gats snuff 'em, we cuff 'em and duck tape 'em If
y'all ain't meet our ransom demands then we rape 'em
We neva gave flyin' fuck, whether you sold or snort The
Judge told niggas don't eva show their face in this
court You come up short or you bounce me the ball You
get hit up in broad daylight in front of ya moms That
real gangsta shit, neva showin' faces in flicks Pop
witnesses to get them cases dismissed Go to ya wake
wit a gun and flowers Kiss ya moms and sign ya
obituary if you hit one of ours Call me an animal, man,
the streets raised me Somebody must of prayed for
me cuz God saved me

Visit [Maccabeez f/ Shabazz the Disciple](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.