

Masta Ase

"A Walk Thru the Valley"

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As I walk through the valley of one eighty seven land

No matter what state what city what town

I can see there's no place to run no place to hide

I could be in the crosshairs of somebody somewhere

I wanna ask why...

But I ain't got time for that

I gotta keep movin on

Or be the next one to die

I walk through the valley of no man's land

Sayin peace slappin fives and holdin up those two
fingers

To the many nine millimeter automatic pistol toting
young men

that roam everywhere

I wonder what will be the next small incident

That will cause one of them to pull out

And spray bullets recklessly in every direction

Will my grandmother be on her way to the store

For a loaf of bread and a TV Guide at that very moment

As I walk through the valley at night

I'm thinkin, "I don't know that brother walkin across the
street in the black hoodie, so he may be a threat to me"

He's thinkin, "I don't know that brother walkin across
the
street in the blue hoodie, so he may be a threat to me"
What's goin through out minds
as we reach down into our waistlines
And pull out the tools, the heaters, the scraps
the biscuits, the gats
the jammies, the grips with the clips
All placed there purposely by them
"Here niggaz, sixteen shooter made specially just for
you"
What goes through our minds at that moment
when a brother's at the other end of our barrel
About to catch a hot piece of steel
And take his last breath
What goes through our minds
What's goin through our minds
As we walk through the valley

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