

Missy Elliott F/ Ginuwine

"Madness"

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* background vocals

[Intro: Killah Priest]

Up and down

Didn't I say niggas gotta come ready for more?

Father forgive us for we know not what we do

Ain't nuttin here, ain't nuttin you gotta say to that

Now what you gonna do about it? What you gonna do
about it man?

{*police sirens*} Bring it any day!

[Killah Priest]

This is madness, niggas runnin up the block, duckin
shots

Cop cars swervin, niggas squirtin, the ghetto's burnin
Hell's season, the soul's returnin

We live like crows and a hermit, searchin for a higher
learnin

The fire's burnin, lightnin bolts comin down
Hittin both coasts, leavin niggas comatosed

That's why I wear the chrome close

And we'll all meet the omen in the moment of most

Runnin in churches with my gun, I'm nervous

Disrupt the service, ask the pastor, "Where do I
worship?"

My life is worthless, I done seen so many nights and
murders

The enemy stuck a knife in Curtis

I wake up in cold sweat, grab my Tec, I'm hopeless

All my homies pullin on roaches of foul coaches

Or loud explosives, return to the hood like the child
Moses

A bastard in a basket, my gat spit

Till the palbearers close the casket

And that's it, the end of the chapter

The beginnin of the next one

The resurrection, imperfection, after death come

The black son in the ghetto section

The light protect them from the iron weapon

This is madness...

[Chorus: Killah Priest]

This is madness, this is madness...

[Killah Priest]

Mystic night beneath the cherry moon, we rarely move
Peace to the ghetto nation, three million population
Guns poppin Satan, feel our feather wings
Eloheim as we bury kings
Our fathers pumpin garbage in their blood streams
The novel of Apollo, every thug thing
Blood, money and cancer inside a dope fiend
My hungry team sellin drugs, Verazine got me feelin
buzzed
Ghetto breed felonies, my niggas face the judge
The witness tryin to place his mug, the D.A. tryin to
taste his blood
And the lawyers is the court employers, showin fake
love
The court system is 33 and 1 third of a mace and club
While niggas is still beefin and tradin the slugs
{*gat firin*}
Who's to blame? I hear cats callin my name
Sayin, "Please, don't fall in this game!"
We're all in a gang
It's like the ghetto, got me trapped with a ball and a
chain
To them crack rocks I swallow, absorbed in my vein
Nightmares of bein shot, record in my brain
My neck and soul dropped and fall in the flames
Every night I wanna roll a Dutch, scared to sober up
I'm like a bird in the cobra's clutch
I'm like a bird in the cobra's clutch
This is enough...

[Chorus]

[Killah Priest]

You bought this Proverb baby!

Every day I hear violent screams outside my window
I see black hurses followed by limos
On your forehead I see the devil's symbol
3 6's, do the arithmic of the witches
And Grand Wizard, can you withstand the blizzard?
I see prophecies unfold that was told by the prophets of
old
Looked up, I saw the clouds in Heaven roll
Back like a gigantic scroll
UFO's came down to damage the globe
3 rolls, saw the lamb with blood on his robe
While the beast shove us in stoves

And the government swallow our souls
I'm gettin drunk of a wild Irish rose
My brain's haunted, roll with much pain and torment
A fire like Elijah that came with the warnin
Bodies bein carried at the sound of the organ
Saw the skeleton, the rider of the Four Horsemen
Pull out my dick, chop off my foreskin
Take the blood and write down my four sins
On the side of Satan's coffin, I see angel's corpses
I start to gettin nautious from demonic forces

{*gats firin & siren sounds*}

[Chorus to fade w/ unknown singer]

[Outro: Killah Priest]
Sells these drugs to Apocalypse

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