Street Opera

Killah Priest

[intro: killah priest, (hell razah)]
Back in the day, (times, struggles)
940, (in the ghetto)
Going through hell to come out right
This is what we must go through to reach heaven
(this what we go through..) to reach heaven..
(to escape hell,) ha,[chorus: hell razah]
In the days of our life we got one life to live
As the world turns around negative through positive
At the edge of the nights, the guiding light
That leads to another world, for the young and the restless
Beware of your deathwish, to all my children in the general hospital
The most impossible,
We got for you the final saga of the street operas[killah priest]
In my location is where they run the operation
You either stuck or getting bucked by the train station
Word is bond if beyond after dawn, they hit you up bad
And watch drop and they gone, they 9mm's
Make bitches scream high-pitch like a tweater
But shorty is a strong believer when he hold his heater
I use an onze of my mind to make rhymes,
And a half of brain to cause rain
'cause life is like a game with no instructions
Streets they be tusslin' to have a brother bustin'
They adolescence carry weapons in they section, a wrong direction
When they all pack protection, forgot knowledge, is all symbolic
And hedonistic, they need statistics, for cops to search
They pop you first and dig your pockets later
And maybe catch you for money or your pager (gimme that)
Or slice your throat with the razor..
An old man told me once, sitting on a chair rolling a blunt
I had a son your age, that ended up on front page
From the impact of a 12 guage, his assassination
Thrown me in a world of hatred, today is hard to face it
He shown me old fliks, he was up for a scholarship
Today is hard to swallow it, damn I never thought life could be so short
I still see him on a basketball court, the bullet took a part of me
The doctor said it hit the artery, every now and then it bothers me
And all the prayers that I gave god, wouldn't bring him from the graveyard

That's when he took his picture
And send your bucked the streets will get ya,
It's either that or the price of liquor
Even me, I learnt as the days grew
That death is only a stage of phase 2,
Thank allah that he made you..[chorus x3]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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