

Crime Stories Interlude

Killah Priest

{*thunder & lightning*}[Intro: Killah Priest]
Crime, Crime Stories (Will someone help me?)
Crime Stories (Someone help me)
Crime Stories (I'm dyin)
Crime Stories[Killah Priest]

The mobster, long coat and brim hat, staggered in the rain
Fallin, load the .38, breathin heavy, beneath a window pane
Sideways from cop cars {*cop sirens*}, echoes through his ears
And the rain blended with his tears, heart full of fear
He's exhausted from the loss of blood, his head is drowsy
He thought to his self, "Damn, all the fake niggas around me"
So he fought off a thug, breathin heavy
With the weapon in his hand that he held was deadly
His face was sweaty
Damn, what you do when you at the door of life and death?
Plus you staggered 22 blocks, with a bullet in your chest
Plus you soakin wet
You might catch pneumonia, suddenly you smelt smell death's foul aroma
It burnt his nose hairs like ammonia
He inhaled deep then fell asleep
Opened his eyes in Hell
Where he saw every nigga he made the sale
Every crack addict with a bad habit
Every drug users and every needle abuser
Never knew he worked for Lucifer
He shut his eyes and opened them again (Yo)
But still, he was there with the fire and brimstone
This is your home (Uh-oh), that's it, end of poem
(Help me! AGGGH! HELP! {*smacking sound*} HELP!)

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