

Columbian Ties

Gza

What goes around, comes around
In his own iniquity he dies, through Columbian ties
Faded back to the essence, still forced to learn a lesson
All debts must be settled, no question
The echo from machine gun rounds simmers
A fallen soldier, his gun hangs on his shoulders, lights get dimmer
Key swingin' back and forth on the ignition
The stench is only part of the horrible condition
As he waits for the smoke to clear
All he heard was the blast from the bomb that kept ringin' in his ear
Along with gun barrin' troops, fatigues and wearin' boots
From far away, whether night or day, you hear 'em shoot
It's a very unforgiven and hostile environment
Where military hardware is the only requirement
A world where the deceased is just a thing of the past
And each and every advance is more costly than the last
A President's madness, responsible for losses
Political forces, land littered with corpses
Like the youth in the street, who gamble and gets scarred
Even the troops in the field, bet it all on one card
Some question they reason for bein' here
Face an incredible odd and a recession that's so severe
Raised in the shadow of a terrible loss

And the atmosphere, even breathin' air can cost
A place where the majority is goin' for self
With the agenda not far beyond, personal wealth
It's like, either you eat, or you die from hunger
Starving to death, until the coroner calls your number
With no bread to bite or break from off the table
The caskets had exceeded the number of cradles
When it's dark, danger falls across the plateau
Unmaskin' your deceit, in the streets that sat low
These stompin' grounds are known to bring misfortune
Fueled by his obsessions, he murder for portions
And died from of a miserable death, his final undoin'
His biggest downfall was from the people he left
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