

Killah Priest, Lights Are Golden

(Priest talkin')

Yeah, Metropolis, Expedyte, wazup it's Killah Priest

[Expedyte]

Ayo, he had a bullet in his brain
Befo they ever even pulled the trigger he was played
SHIT's no game; he's from a place where you'll always find a person
Lurking, in the alley way to make a purchase
Searching, every night and day the crack hurts him
Got clean when he found beats to place words in
He can't follow the path where he'll be swallowed
He can't be having sorrows; he has to see tomorrow but...
Everyday someone is off getting caught with
Something that gets cocked or makes him illegal profits
You know it's hard not to be a part of all this
Cuz if he's not part of it, he'll prolly be a target
He's in the rap game and needs to have an image
Where people think he's that brave or motherfuckers kill 'em there
Fate takes toll when you play a fool's role
And you can't see the dark 'cause the lights look gold

(Chorus) Expedyte 2x

Yeah, when you're in the dark and the light look gold
Follow in the road that could take a man's soul
Headed to a place where you know you can't go
And now you gon' fold cuz you didn't have hope

[Killah Priest]

Anatomy of a bullet, his heart is on the right side
No bones, no tongue, only one eye
Each flesh glandless and feast on death
No table manners, it bleeds his teeth all wet
And his intestine someone flesh start digestin'
Cause someone had fired the weapon
Shootouts, silver badges, you can feel the madness
Life loss someone revealed the magic
Gats spit, casket close, plastic blow
Project process is slow
And yo gold objects is snatched
Young ladies and dudes are clapped
What you know about that?
Apocalyptic, optimistic, watch for snitches
I pop the biscuit, relentless
Vintage, while I'm venting, while I spit

(Chorus) Expedyte 2x

[Phakt]

At 25, life is a riddle to a crook
25-to-life judge hit 'em wit the book
Got caught dumping wit a body in the Brook
Homie only took jobs that nobody else took
Solo soul, since most of his friends died
Knowing that the victim got niggas on the inside
He ain't easy to kill, niggas been tried
Eye for eye, the plea thugs live by
Now it's you against all of their men
The whole starts looking like the Holiday Inn
Fuck three hots and a khat
You got three hots in a box wit no chance they'll get in
Judge won't free 'em, inmates wanna beat 'em
The light from the feed hole looks like freedom
Left the box two o'clock he was dead by ten
Guess that light glow was fool's gold in the end

(Chorus) Expedyte 2x