

# Killah Priest, People

[Chorus: Killah Priest]

(People) Is the world we live in  
Full of innocent, Yasa's word, we the victims  
(6 billion people) To the suburban area  
Filled with doctors and lawyers  
Cops and judges, we all suffer from paranoia  
(6 billion people) From the White House to Hollywoods  
To everybody hood, to down south, to deep in the woods  
From my hood (people) to my hood, let's make it better, overstanding  
(People) To six million people, that on this planet

[Killah Priest]

As the moon appears like a pearl in the mists of the clouds  
I move up through the shadows til I'm at the cliff of the aisle  
I sit overlooking, the borough of Brooklyn  
As the Devils start to settle and the cement is pushed in  
The ghetto comes to life, you can feel it's pulse  
I hear, every corner breathing like the streets awoke  
It grabs you, it makes you, so you can't escape  
It's the phantom, it haunts us, it changes shape  
And the building's most chilling, described by children  
As the gateway to Hell, it holds the ghosts of millions  
Come close to it, it gives you the most grossest feelings  
As the black sky open up, my soul is exploding  
Back down to the surface, where these seeds are nurtured  
With alcohol and drugs, which leads to murders  
Born poor, broke and hungry that's when thieves emerges  
But to, rob their own, defeats the purpose, and

[Chorus]

[Killah Priest]

I write for children, who really can't express their feelings  
I'm their voice, their thoughts, the way they talk  
I'm their worries, their fears, their dreams, nightmares  
Through that tunnel of darkness, I'm the light that's there  
Just stare, look into my endless eyes  
See a child walking on stage, his very first time  
And the same in the White House when light goes out  
The night comes down, the Earth leases unrighteous sound  
With gunshots, echoing, through the dark  
It's the sand of the ghetto's heart  
Put your ear to the ground, you can hear it pound  
Subway trains, run through the tunnels like blood through his veins  
People in cells, carry like fluid to the brain  
Clouds filled with red rain, the sewage drains as the nostrils  
And I'm the arsenal, I'm here to set fire, til the entire empire is on

[Chorus]