

# Maccabees, Happy Faces

(Defari:)

It's just so many things in this life that I can't understand  
I'll never be able to understand cause there's no answer for 'em  
The vultures be out though, know that  
And they always gon' be out  
Cause they're savages...

His arteries are punctured, they can't save his body  
He got shot standin' outside the party  
He was only pickin' up his son, he wasn't parkin'  
Niggaz drove by and let the shotgun bark at him  
He died the same way as Malcolm and Martin  
Just tryin' to help people, instead of harm them  
Mr. Youngblood, I know your soul hear me now I know you sittin' on a throne,  
I know you hear me now I stood at King Hospital with emotion  
I'm doin' music now, Pat still coachin'  
Say hello to John...

I always thought that what happened to you was dead wrong  
It doesn't figure out, it doesn't figure in  
A good bottle and I still don't understand  
But that's how life goes, some bigger master plan  
We'll really never know, until the very end

(Chorus:)

The vultures are out, the gun shots fly  
Loved ones die, loved ones cry  
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Loved ones die, loved ones cry  
The vultures are out, the gun shots fly  
Loved ones die, loved ones cry  
The vultures are out, the gun shots fly...

(Defari:)

They jackin' for Hondas, initiation  
She never saw 'em comin', had no inclination  
They shot into her back window at a red light  
Kim, why'd that have to be you that night?  
You was so cool, such a beautiful sista  
Remember 55th in Oakland, all the tree we twist up?  
They pulled you out the car that night and took off  
The vultures struck again, another good person lost

Me and Scotty G went to the funeral  
Service was foul, somethin' we wasn't used to  
We left and got some 40's of Old Gold  
Went to the park and blew one to celebrate your soul  
Had to do our own thing, the whole thing was mindblowin'  
To this day I'm not knowin' why...

(Chorus:)

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(Defari:)

We went to school together, he was a good brotha  
A Double Masters in Education, smooth brotha  
Down for the youth, really shared his Pop's passion  
We used to go head up on Sega's  
Live or Madden He was from New York, but here's the irony  
They found him dead, here in L.A.  
County North off the 405, where they found him  
Damn, my nigga was literally right around me I wish he holla'd, I'd be with him when he pulled over  
He fell victim to the sins of another vulture

Shot in the back of the head  
My nigga Ennis couldn't believe you was really dead  
It was on the news, I'm tryin' to call you  
No answer, no reply, I'm like "Nah dude"  
This shit can't be, this here's a nightmare  
But the truth don't lie, and it's right there  
(Chorus: x2)  
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