Shabazz The Disciple, Breathing For You

(Shabazz The Disciple)
Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo
When I was young, I mad an oath and it was solemn
To scrape my way from being broke without hitting the Island
Me and my mans we juggled coke we used to get from hollering
And jealous brothers on the block, they tried to give us problems and
I started you, jaking jewels on the A train
Til they blew up, my man's praised in the change game
Yea, I remember that long ride through that dark tunnel
All I could remember is cucci's head laying in the puddle
Keep hearing clicks from that empty barrel
Feeling my soul leave my body, am I in the air, getting narrower?
See up until that day my life was physical in my mental
Keep thinking I'm returning as the spiritual
It's like I'm travelling the soul's journey after death
I keep praising Allah that he sparred my breath
Me and my mans, we had plans to get grands
Drink champagne, they was slanging the game
And that's a damn shame
Holding the tech and the firebomb
In '82's back-staircase, bubbling and quoting Islam
Three in the morning, puffing L's and drinking the VincTop
Scheming and thinking of a way to catch a Brink's truck
Then all those times we sent you booking
And watching niggaz get their shit tooken
Facing drug charges for not looking
Cooking them grams of yayo, they didn't play, yo
Then most rappers got out the game, then hey yo
Yo, when they murdered my main man, I was hurt
I'd go into their graves and bust some shots at the dirt
Some little thugs with a vision to count a bill
Cuz made brothers got their wigs peeled on Sugar Hill
In '87 weighing grams and splitting the prophets
Now in '96, I read the caron and study the projects
It's like I'm living on the ground, my mind is haunted
Keep hearing whispers in the dark cuz my soul is wanted
Spiritual wounds never heal from a fast life
I ask Christ to forgive me for me past life
Spinning the wheel to get the fortune
Some brothers got banked up, locked up or ended up in a coffin
Red Hook was up, most of my mans with bullet wounds
At a young age, I never shot no one
But I know I'ma have the bullet soon
mad time I was surrounded by theft
Brothers, they would put up guns close to my head, no bullets left
Yo, I could still taste that steel from that double barrel
When brothers stuck me up under the building, my will got narrower
Stuck to the forehead, with two pistols, I saw red
If it was for Ra and Chuck, I would've ended up in the morgue dead
I never got the chance to return Ra's blessing
Now he's in the essence, my brother's eternally resting
He used to envision ruling this industry
So I kept the dream alive and signed a contract with Penalty
Now I'm negociating deals over meals
Plus playing the game of fortune and fame by Bobby Steels
The gambino latino without Mossimo
In a hip hop casino, cooking albums I split 'em like a kilo'
I'm trying to sell 900,000, move my moms out of public housing
Be in the yacht showroom browsing
Before my journey after life, I'ma get even for you
Your spirit lives inside my body and I'm breathing for you

(Because I'm breathing for you baby
Because I'm breathing for you baby, yeah, yeah

Because I'm breathing for you baby)
Before my journey after life, I'ma get even for you
(Breathing, cuz I'm breathing for you)
Your spirit lives inside my body and I'm breathing for you
(Shabazz is breathing for you, ha, ha, ha, hi, hi, hi, ha
Shabazz is breathing for you, ha, ha, ha, hi, hi, hi, ha
Shabazz is breathing for you, ha, ha, ha, hi, hi, hi, ha)
I'm breathing for you, yes, I'm breathing for you
(Shabazz is breathing for you, ha, ha, ha, hi, hi, hi, ha
Shabazz is breathing for you, ha, ha, ha, hi, hi, hi, ha
Shabazz is breathing for you, ha, ha, ha, hi, hi, hi, ha)
Before my journey after life, I'ma get even for you
Your spirit lives inside my body and I'm breathing for you
(Shabazz is breathing for you, ha, ha, ha, hi, hi, hi, ha
Shabazz is breathing for you, ha, ha, ha, hi, hi, hi, ha
Shabazz is breathing for you, ha, ha, ha, hi, hi, hi, ha)
'96, lieutenant, Supreme and counted