

Killah Priest, Moanin'

[Killah Priest]

This goes out, to all the brothers that lost somebody
and all the brothers who got brothers that's locked down
sisters too...

[Unknown Singers]

We'll be Moanin' for my peeps, who've got shot down in the street
we'll be moanin' for my brothers who've got locked down in jail
we'll moanin' for my sisters who be constantly abused
moanin' for the children who resisted our fail
moanin' for my peoplez who are dying all
we trying to be strong, but we know that life goes on

[Killa Sin]

Yo, melodic war chamber, bang ya, 36 styles of danger
murderous, floating in the myst of perfect strangers
Killarm Saddam we're built with golden arms
prophesies about the black bomb, we drop, bodily harm
the shot graze ya, who snitched the cops neighbors
thick crack rocks invade your block major
spots been taking his time for move making
mood thugs breaking and leave your styles faking
cream is the theme of this wicked world we breathing
schemeing whilst dreaming I fantasize a squeezing
zoneing, thinkin' about case I grab the foam in
blaze off, one to your dome, your left moanin'...

[Killah Priest]

I take a walk through the park at night, living a black life
and while I'm stepping over crack pipes, everybody wants to get high
but nobody really wants to die, they only have fun for a season
but for what reason, plus who do you believe in?
they drink forties with they shorties, telling war stories
some rebel, and some give a glory,
and fame is like a game in the streets
(wassup g) players kicking game to the freaks, crack buildings
packed with black children, entrepreneurs producing stacks by the millions
the young kids they want rings and things
the buildings is flooded up with fiends,
but I stand strong like a black pope
gazeing through the crack smoke,
repent from the pagan ways
I know your mind strays, but just listen to the phrase...

[Unknown Singers]

I'm moanin' for my peoplez sleeping out in the cold
moanin' for the youthz who try to make it on their own
moanin' for my peoplez starving all over the world
moanin' for my people those they light fire-war
moanin' for my peoplez who are dying all
we're trying to be strong, but we know that life goes on..
but they'll be moanin', weeping, and crying out for pain,
long to not afraid to you, oh when will it end.. they'll be moanin'
(the whole world, the whole damn world will be moaning..)
they'll be moanin'...
(the whole world, the whole damn world will be moaning..)
they'll be moanin'...
(the whole world, the whole damn world will be moaning..)
they'll be moanin'...
(the whole world, the whole damn world will be moaning..)

[Killah Priest]

The great massacre, we fled to Africa,
the 7 year D Babylon 10 buck 2 page 83,

and all the lies about Africanas, and Nostradamus, promise,
atomic, bomb, Saddam, Hussein, who's names not written in the book of life,
this be the exodus out of flesh and lust, common minded,
abominal and declined?, blast framers, adulterers and drug schemers..
they'll be moanin'...
(the whole world, the whole damn world will be moaning..)
they'll be moanin'...
(the whole world, the whole damn world will be moaning..)
they'll be moanin'...
(the whole world, the whole damn world will be moaning..)
they'll be moanin'...
(the whole world, the whole damn world will be moaning..)
they'll be moanin'
(they'll be moanin' and weeping and crying out for more)
they'll be moanin'
(long to not afraid to you oh when will it end..)
they'll be moanin'
(they'll be moanin')
(the whole damn world)
they'll be moanin'