

Killah Priest, My World

[Killah Priest]

The gangsters I know place guns on tables
While they're eating their cereal
Don't you know that's dangerous?
They're quick to bang shit
Around the house, on the phone with some lame chicks
Look at you funny when you're talking knowledge
Look at you hungry when you're talking dollars
They love cartoons, only time they laugh
The X-Box, Playstation, you're on your last man
They play Mortal Kombat
Wait for their lawyers to call back
We pack and G-stack and squeeze gats
They all got cases, welcome to the underworld nation
Where niggas wear mask like Jason
A heart like Satan, gun spark give you a spanking
Of conglomerates of arm lunatics
And when there's sudden movement or jumps they're shooting shit
My niggas in the wheelchairs keep the burner on the lap
And anybody act up, they get the clapping, Mac-10s
Niggas wear a face of ice and cement, hover by minister and demons
Out their ears and they're coming and leaving
Good evening and welcome to my hood

(Hook) 2x

Welcome to my world where I come from
There's a place called the slums where I come from

[Killah Priest]

Niggas failed their class in math
But know how to breakdown an ounce into a gram
Look at it, tell you how much can go into a bag
They're great accountants
Breakdown ki's in the amount they spent
Know how much owed from who and when
They're like lab scientist when crack is cooking
Ask my homeboy Matt from Brooklyn
He said: "Niggas don't got majors in Geology
But professors and scholars at Streetology
Criminology, Prison Philosophy"
Athletes when they're running from police
Popping benches and fences like they want the medal from the Olympics
Bobby got a shotty in the trenches
Crackhead finds that crack don't need forensics
For instant, relentless, I stand where homicide stood
Raised in Brooklyn, welcome to the hood

(Hook) 2x

[Killah Priest]

The ghetto street chew up its bricks
The bricks eat through the wall
The wall is now on an apartment
The apartment tears apart to a room to a kid
The kid stands up, begin eating his skin
His skin dissolves his bones
His bones swallow the marrow, grabs on to his soul
His soul comes out, eats his spirit
It gets scary 'cause these streets we live in
A killing, robbing, murderous village called the ghetto
Every nigga living in it is like waiting on death row
Come down the Walls of Jericho
Spray rounds at five-o
High five, hit the hydro, street survival

It can get deep tribal, I heard blood say as it ooze from the body
Say to the semen: "Good evening, greetings but I'm grieving"
The semen asked why, blood said:
"Well I probably be stepped on
I'd rather be swimming through my owners arm
Coming from my owners heart
This never ending story gets dark"

(Hook) 2x