

# 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