

Killah Priest, Places I've Been

[Killah Priest]

Yeah, take it back, in the days
You know, of reminising
Just, just chillin
Word
Late at night, ah shoot its damn near morning
Check it out

From shootouts at block parties, from God Bodies
That flooded the project lobbys, cold degrees
Smokin weed, talkin 'bout the black and latin seeds
Durags and universal flags
On the ave little niggas throwin up tags
They get defeated, almost bit the broken tree
I recall, niggas who was nice in basketball
Just as my nephew, he had a gift that was special
But instead at least seein him with a scholarship
I'm lookin at him in the funeral parlor and shit
Life is a bitch, some go down, tryin to make it rich
Some say "fuck it" and start takin shit
Sometimes I wish, when bullets are sprayed, the fake niggas get hit
Cuz you know, we know
When you lose something that you really love, is hard to replace it
But we have to face it till the day we lay

[Chorus x2: Killah Priest]

From niggas I've seen, places I've been
Have my share of fake friends, ran with evil men
Chillin with the snakes is a sin
But through it all, I kept it real within

[Killah Priest]

From the giggles of a murderer, or the hugs of a burglar
So many faces tryin to read us, I need an interpreters
In these dark dreams, where the car thieves lurk
around the park, Jeeps, NARCs creep
At night the sharks eat, streets is so cold
As if they hearts don't beat
From niggas with tanktops, yellin bank stop
At night they fight like gang cops
Wet eachother like rain drops
And keep sinnin till the game stop
Until there's no longer breathin
Shit at last the soul is leavin
They goin nowhere fast
Tryin to escape this life is a difficult task

[Chorus x2]

[Killah Priest]

To the little niggas on the corner holdin their dicks
Rollin in clicks, had to get control in their strips
I ain't provin shit, bad asses cuttin classes
You need your ass split, maybe that will save you from that casket
And I copped the blast quick, with young black males of black bastard
See those niggas who trigger happy?
Maybe they will take the lives of mad niggas' daddy
I know it sound harsh, but I gotta kick it like this
And I don't give a fuck if you don't like it
Go to save the righteous
and your ass walk around here lifeless
Trust me, I know it, you say I'm psychic
When the order hits its gonna be a crisis
And believe me, I ain't gonna be concerned who's the nicest

We made a crack sale, away the next fighters
When you look up and see that sky lit, you will know Christ lives
So until the next time, or if there is one
Check for the jewel, I left deep in your eardrum
Be aware, and stay awake, because we got to watch the snakes

[Chorus x2]

[Outro: Killah Priest]
Know I'm sayin? We gotta wake up motherfuckers
We gotta sit together
Word, you know?
For all my motherfuckin, gigantic army
And just, you know, being together
The sky looks like Coney Black, nigga
Be aware
Yeah, fuck that shit