

# Killah Priest, Taking it Back

Life is death  
Love is life

[Killah Priest]

Tear sprinklers, closed coffins and liquor bottles  
Cups of sorrows, brush off tomorrow  
Lost love, no luck, Greyhound bus  
Blow grey smoke rose over the city potholes  
Obituary to those we missed we buried  
Or like gospel scriptures of each niggas  
But there weren't saints  
The bullet ink helps us paints those pictures  
Morning grandmother  
Brothers holding their mothers and fainting sisters  
The streets gather with people  
Than as time goes, small groups fade off  
A day walk through the cemetery, I could hear the grave talk  
Couldn't cheat death, though twice he bet  
Not Eve to the trees, he kept switching the debt  
Left-handed, under the dirt soon become under a college campus  
Later a place of research and visiting planets  
Will we ever see this gangster again?  
No more Timbs, no more 20 inch rims  
All the jewellery don't matter, all his money was scattered  
Far as the crumbs his wife could gather  
No guns, no beef, just eternal sleep  
And all you had you couldn't keep  
The hood creeps about a week then soon start to forget  
Your memory turns to a history  
The nigga you use to had beef with is now living in your project  
And that's Hell

(Hook)

No time for talking backwards  
I'ma blow this automatic  
Your whole future's going down  
Going down-down-down

[Killah Priest]

What crosses the mind right before you're flatlined  
Do you see bright? Do you see night? Do you see Christ?  
I wonder what Heaven is like?  
Paramedics bring life, to we go where each of us came from  
One comes crying, one goes silent  
Which is worst? I don't know, it makes my brain numb  
When brothers squeeze triggers to cease niggas  
Do they think of our future before they shoot ya?  
What was it a Pale Horse thoughts of William Cooper  
Nailed to a cross, all leads variety of anxieties within my medulla  
Kennedy was shot in the head while riding the Lincoln  
I wonder what Lee Harvey Oswald was thinking  
When he tried to escape and hide in the theatre  
Did he see Mr. John Wilkes Booth in the mirror?  
For street cred niggas take heads  
For a block they don't even own  
The red, blue and gold is in the colours of the rainbow  
Heads hang low, when it's a four year old that had to go  
No halo, no big bright wings  
At the end the dust conquers all of us  
And that's the true destiny of a king

(Hook)