

Krumb Snatcha, Closer to God

(Intro: Krumb Snatcha)

Uh, '97

Premo, D&D y'all, that's right, I want to speak a little truth
'Bout what guns is really about cause me being victim of guns
Was an experience of gettin' Closer To God

(Verse 1: Krumb Snatcha)

Since the day I was young I had preminitions of an ending to come
Behind the barrel of the next man's gun
It used to be fun, when I'm the one doin' the clappin'
Now I'm facin' my death, doin' fast breath, no laughin'
How can this happen, holdin' my chest to the floor
Laid up, or spraid up dreamin' to even the score
Bright lights all I saw my life flashed before me
From a distance I heard a faint voice steady call me
I guess my time is here, surpress my fear I'm ready
Tryin' to breath steady, feelin' my legs gettin' heavy
Lord, don't let me..die this young, without leavin' a son
To carry tradition, listen my life has just begun
A nightmare flip visions of swingin' the poolstick
Defendin' my near if I turn left the pool quick
Lost control of my mind, flipped the safety of the nine
And squeezed tastin' down this judge and roused, then fell on my knees
Weak from my heart feel my chest gettin' hot, I got caught
Vivid memories of how my gun dropped, bullets in stock
Lost all thoughts of me rappin' try to catch one for I die
For self satisfaction, get up off my knees begged him don't please
Picked up the squeeze dipped behind cars bullet shelves hittin' the trees
Curse my enemies will be as smart enough to take cover
Feelin' my body shudder as I drop right in front of
The boot place as hot shells hit the cheek of my face
Catchin' bloody taste, watch my blood leave trace
Hennessy got me trippin' plus the brew I was sippin'
Feelin' more blood drippin' I see them load a second clip in
Betreated, I been defeated my life is ice like popsicles
Open the door hit the floor of the hospital
It's on

(Hook: scratched and cut by DJ Premier)

"Gettin' closer to god in a tight situation" - Prodigy - Shook Ones (Part II)

"Let me be your angel and I be your protection" - Rakim - Eric B. Is President

"I stopped breathin' damn I see demons" - Snoop Doggy Dogg - Murder Was The Case

(Verse 2: Krumb Snatcha)

My heart's racin' a casualty and convertation
Hopin' one day I'll awake and feelin' my body, start shakin'
I been mistakin' retaliation to come
Soon holdin' my gun boom on the floor of the hospital room
Or shall I cry for help as I look up at the ceiling
My inner feelin' tellin' me to start healin' not in a million
Years I would wanna end here, whipin' my tears
Thinkin' of my long lost carreer, in this business of rap
Now flat on my back, tryin' to put it place to face on this enemy cat
Cardiac control, I put a hold on my soul
Twenty-two years old and my life gon' took her some toe
My body fall for numerous feelings I fell layin' here lonely
Watchin' my homie scream for help I hear a doctor
Yellin' directions to the meds cut open my friends
Bring me to the nearest bed half dead
My inner head screamin' losin' my breathin'
scratch "Damn I see demons" -& Snoop

Don't remember the good Krumb, only the bad one
And now I can tell the depths of hell for evils I've done
Can't run, facin' my worst of fears
Leavin' my physical as my spiritual descends stairs
But wait, this can't be real, I feel the agents are real
Askin' my name, overlookin' my bloodstained gold chain
Easin' my pain from where we came I don't know
But he's tellin' me it's not the right time to go
Back in my fo' tubes suckin' the ooze from my mouth
As nurses run about, tryin' to send me down south
Who shot ya? That's word from the detect' and the doctor
Before I got flown to Beantown in a helicopter

(Hook: scratched and cut by DJ Premier)

"Gettin' closer to god in a tight situation" - Prodigy
"Let me be your angel and I be your protection" - Rakim
"I stopped breathin' damn I see demons" - Snoop
"Gettin' closer to god in a tight situation" - Prodigy

(Verse 3: Krumb Snatcha)

I awake with cold feet feelin' weak and can't eat
Seein' homies stand around, but no sounds I can't speak
Cheap hospital clothes a badged up of holes got me depressed
As I'm lookin' at my legs and my chest
They patched up five, lucky that I had survived
Layin' in bed with a naked head, but alive
We call it a night, before, we tryin' to make sure
I was staggerin' in to the hospital door
Whosader, the flash to a honourable respitator
The flashback to me gettin' respect from my savior
I can't understand it, must been the way that they planned it
And my commandment I've never takin' live for granted
Rememberin' on my knees, beggin' please
Don't let my soul get seized, lost track of my thoughts
Cause the d.t.'s came and question me, testin' me
Guess havin' thoughts arrestin' me
Stop stressin' me cause ain't no confession see
Funny ain't it thought I was back in an inseinment
Now my image is tainted coughed on my crutches for enreinment
Damn..