

# Silence

Krayzie Bone

Silence is necessary, don't tell them who you are

Formulate a different tactic, let's sing anthems  
No sterotypical categorizing, rising above all make shift realities  
Fantasies misconstrued the thoughts of wicked men  
They cough as lungs inhale, exhale poisonous gases  
Oh well, I guess I'll just protect myself in good help  
Done played out the wickedest hand man has ever dealt  
I felt like dying just the other day cuz Satan was trying  
Walking too close by my side  
Stay still, please don't move your soul you could lose  
No crying, where's my blood?  
You'll find out soon enough  
Alright I'll ride, in due time we'll get our chance to die  
Hold on to my mind  
No use for guns or drugs, need mo' love  
But yet and still, slugs get fired off constantly  
Immorally, destroying my holy oracle  
But I just ignore it though  
Keep a steady pace just movin slow...slow, just movin slow

[Chorus: Sin of Graveyard Shift])

Silence... silence... silence... silence

As I sit in my livin room, chillin in my thug mood  
I begin to hear noises comin from the other room  
So I pause my Nintendo, then I walk over to the window  
Is it paranoia from the indo?  
Then goes a thought, then another thought  
Run and get the pump, 'who goes there?  
What the fuck you want?'  
Cuz I'm gone off that blunt and I will buck a motha fucka down  
You on my grounds  
Hope they got enough of the rounds  
All of a sudden I heard a crash  
My first instinct was to blast, but the Mauseburg didn't last  
So I had to dash, ran upstairs I was franic in panic  
But I managed to make it to the top, to my artillery shop  
I was runnin, but I could hear the souljah's comin  
I don't they must think I have some money  
AK-47 and a Mack-11  
Jettin to the bedroom locked myself in, the clip is in  
Teach 'em a lesson it ain't healthy to rob  
They fit to slip on the job, soon as they twist on the knob  
Just like I figured when they twisted it, the AK-47 was hot  
I had to drop it but I emptied it  
The Mack-11 would hit, hit the niggaz up from head to toe  
Had to escape and I was out the window  
Here I do, I hit the ground, uhh  
Then I looked around, shook the fall  
Hopped in the Benz and hauled  
Callin my niggaz let's get ready for war  
I think I killed 'em all but I know that they'll be sendin some more  
So when they come back around, I say we show 'em rappin don't mean a thang  
And this is a gun, and this is a grave  
Rest in peace you're not feelin me  
Truly Mr. Leatherface, I dedicate thiiis.....

Silence... silence... silence... silence

Fight, movin in the night  
Daylight, takin slow paces might outrun the race  
Never wanna rely on murda, enter my life  
But life's so strange and hectic all backwards and shelled  
The killin factor in jail  
The streets is hell, you can tell by the smell  
Off with his head oh well  
You know they don't give a damn if that make the weak mind feel the same  
It's a shame how they watch you, stalk you  
Pinnin every step I make, Knowin every breath I take  
Makin it easy for the next man to get his hands on a .38  
They be buckin on niggaz in these last days  
But thanks for the fun  
Can't stay focused, causin ruckus  
The devil done play with the Earth like a puppet  
Now we all in fucked shit  
That's why silence is necessary don't tell 'em who you are by far  
Don't you tell them...who you are

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