

Blessed Are Those

Killah Priest

It goes: life difficult times and mad crimes
Some pay the price while others refine
Blessed are those who struggle God loves you
And Wisdom is the principle thing for Kings and Queens

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Many alliance will end it's like a sad song
from a violin trapped like Daniel's in the Lion's Den
Tryin to pie rce the iron skin of Leviathan
Souls blowin in the violent winds
God help us, if we die in sign, I hear the trials
in the cries of men, that's when the riot begins
Like things never get better, we forever
servin Ebekenezzer, since the days of our ancestors
Slaves to a mad pleasure, building great architectures
Sharp dressers, smart professors
Start my lecture, I build lyrics like a art director
Show it to you like the film projector
Blessed are those who struggle, from day to day we all hustle
Comin home with sore muscles, and scarred faces
Scuffed knuckles, we all share the same trouble
separated couples, sometimes it seem like
there's no escapin, the clutches of Satan
Spendin years in state pens, awaitin patient
Dreams of a scholarship, ended by a hollowtip
Politics and number slip

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Once, shoved in ships, now we Bloods and Crips
Thugs with clips, niggaz who love the clicks
Hit the clubs and shit, so they can rub their hips
Hugs and flicks, niggaz with drugs and whips
Cash Rules this Rotten Apple, they got a worm in it
Corrupt sinners, in my man's jeep
with the windows tinted, sippin Guinness
Observin all the clinics, and liquor spots
They make me lick a shot through the rooftop
I never seen the glory
In the ghetto it's the same story
Cigarette butts and cold coffee, black faces
and white mouths, they cry out, for the White House
Ain't no wealth shared, it's welfare
and poor health care, self scared
It's senseless, the way they got our black princess
on public assistance to end our existence

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It's a blessing, to struggle

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It's a blessing

Yeah yeah, it's a blessing, just a blessing

It's a blessing