

C U When I Get There

Killah Priest

Feat. Ty-N

[Intro: Killah Priest (Ty-N)]

Uh, yeah, uh uh, uh uh, yo (uhhhh uhthhhhhhhh uhthhhh)

Uh uh, I miss you (Miss you)

To Marcus, uh uh, Kev (Won't forget you)

Y'know I'm sayin

I C U When I Get There

[Killah Priest]

We came a long way from duckin strays

My niggas laid in the alley ways

Funerals were made, by the beauties sprayed

But now I'm different, somethin new today

I'm seein bright tunnels, bein My Life, crumbled before

Now I'm restored I wanna see more

Wanna explore, standin by the ocean shore

It looks like heaven just opened it's doors, shinin on me

I'm like a diamond homey (yeah), yo...

So many eulogies we heard, usually leads to the urb'

Ease the nerve, but I believe in readin the word

Takin head from the man that's feedin the birds

The broaden my horizon, it's hard survivin

I'm job replyin, I keep strivin, I keep tryin

I'm tryin to turn defeat to Triumph

There's no place in this jungle for weak lions

Politicians and preachers, they keep lyin

The streets supplyin, how many times do I have to heat the iron?

Every night there's a gunfight

Fuck misery, I wanna see sunlight

I wanna know at the end that my son's all right

Yo, and to all my fallen soldiers, that's no longer here

I C U When I Get There

I reminisce on the R. Kelly +I Wish+

Yo, right now I'm writin the remix

Y'all heard the stories of the miseries

Rivals between enemies, there's no love or no sympathy

Y'all heard the stories of the stress, death through debts

Project sex and welfare cheques, with Tecs

Automatics, y'all saw the graphics

Well, I know y'all had enough of that shit

I wanna see thrones, I want a land of my own

I want a zone, finally found my way back home

Sit back and relax, readin my poems

While the sunlight hit and gleam off the stones

It's only natural, I want castles and black jewels

I want statues and marble floors

That's what I have toppers for

Open up Solomon doors

Surrounded by priests, scholars and moors

Say my name, dollars just pour

Not that fake paper money

But the coins that they take from mummies

Everybody in my world 'bout the age of 20

Smell a rose, taste the honey, no achin tummies

I could write about my miserable life, critical nights

Fought physical in the spiritual fight

Israelite, mystical type, like a Hindu in white
Let me tell you what my visuals like
Insights of a High Priest, mind's deep as the blue sea
Purple robe, brown Cuffie is all beauty
Absorb the ruby from yours truly, truly

[Outro: Killah Priest (Ty-N)]

Yo, I C U When I Get There, yeah (C U When I Get There)
Yo, I C U When I Get There
For all my homies over here (oh no no, I don't know how long it may be)
I C U When I Get There
Pull out to Mark and Kev
Bob Marley here, Marvin Gaye, uh, yo
I C U When I Get There
To all my homies, straight up done over here
I C U When I Get There, yo (I'm just tryin to make a change to My Life)
You move that, yo
You know 1 and 2ers
On the tracks
Doin it ups (I know I know I know, you'd like to see your homie)
I C U When I Get There
All the great ones
Marion where you at?
Want you on the track
I C U When I Get There, huh (C U When I Get There)
Yo, yo, yo
I have been an inspiration to My Life
I C U When I Get There