

Hard Times

Killah Priest

[Killah Priest]

The prophecies of a poor man end on a train
Take his last breath
Slumps over drops his last bit of change
A mother pacing by her window pane

Staring hopeless at the gentle rain
When the messenger returns telling her
That her child was slain
She reaches for his picture frame

Open up the good book read the scriptures
And sighs his name
The skies full of flames
Streets are gothic

Twelve niggaz lay dead in front of their projects
Reminding D's of a classic mob hit
Bitches gossip, about they men being targets, or suspects
Niggaz in the lab taking golden seal

For tomorrows drug test
Scared niggaz hugging they techs
Don't want to get plugged next
Outside there's a bloodfeast

We all product, faced with hard luck
Since the wrath of God struck
Now we like "Yo Tone let me borrow a buck"
He like "Yo what the fuck"

Niggaz was born to be skeletons
Or was it the curse of this dark melanin
When I die will I open my eyes in Hell again
With these jealous men

Lord forgive me but I smell a gin
On the lips of winos
Sent a plaque turned `em all into Albinos
With horns coming from their foreheads like Rhinos

Read it in my last testament and my hidden scrolls
See my icon straight faced with a torn robe
A beard and some cornrows
The whole globe hears when I perform my shows

[Chorus: x2]

We go from hard times to part-times
From part-time back to hard times
That's the start of crime
'Til the day we see the father shine
Light on us, trying to warn us
We play the corners

[Killah Priest]

I visit monasteries
Where dons were buried

Approached the bench with teary eyes
Tryin' to con the jury

Christ said those of you without sin, cast the first stone
Those of you without ends, blast the first chrome
Is it the prophecies of Deuteronomy
That drove us to this poverty?

Trapped with starvin' seeds
Fightin' for sovereignty
Cold nights make the toddler freeze
Blood over my wallabies

Raining mahogany
Here`s a dollar for the trees
We worship weed like idolatry
Silly bitches with conniving thoughts

Sticking knives and folks
Don`t understand what it`s like to be a black man in court
Niggaz up screamin' all night
Complaining that their handcuffs are too tight

Kicking on the cell till they cut out the lights
It`s like a curse
Walk besides white women they start holding they purse
I just ask you for the time bitch

What you got anyway? Some of the Indians turf
The Beauty that once flowed from the Nile
Like the Moses child
The hand that writes is a good as the hand that holds the plow

[Chorus]

[Killah Priest]

Some say the spirit of a dead angel lies within me
Look in my eyes, they`re empty
Poverty stricken beaten with the rod ol' envy
Lurking through the shadows of death

Dragging my wings, saw the image of a beast
Ram, dragon and queen, heard the bragging of kings
Whose laughter was as bitter as a scorpion sting?
Forced in the ring with idiots so many cliques

Letting out automatic clips
A dead lady combing the hair of a bastard bitch
I spit graphic shit you ain`t hear half of it
From my fucked up marriages

To dealing with miscarriages
From drinking with savages
Driving hazardous
I`m here today to meet the man from Nazareth
Where`s the pastor? Show me where that chapter is

[Chorus: x2]