

# Street Opera

Killah Priest

[intro: killah priest, (hell razah)]  
Back in the day, (times, struggles)  
940, (in the ghetto)  
Going through hell to come out right  
This is what we must go through to reach heaven  
(this what we go through..) to reach heaven..  
(to escape hell,) ha,

[chorus: hell razah]  
In the days of our life we got one life to live  
As the world turns around negative through positive  
At the edge of the nights, the guiding light  
That leads to another world, for the young and the restless  
Beware of your deathwish, to all my children in the general hospital  
The most impossible,  
We got for you the final saga of the street operas

[killah priest]  
In my location is where they run the operation  
You either stuck or getting bucked by the train station  
Word is bond if beyond after dawn, they hit you up bad  
And watch drop and they gone, they 9mm's  
Make bitches scream high-pitch like a tweeter  
But shorty is a strong believer when he hold his heater  
I use an onze of my mind to make rhymes,  
And a half of brain to cause rain  
'cause life is like a game with no instructions  
Streets they be tusslin' to have a brother bustin'  
They adolescence carry weapons in they section, a wrong direction  
When they all pack protection, forgot knowledge, is all symbolic  
And hedonistic, they need statistics, for cops to search  
They pop you first and dig your pockets later  
And maybe catch you for money or your pager (gimme that)  
Or slice your throat with the razor..  
An old man told me once, sitting on a chair rolling a blunt  
I had a son your age, that ended up on front page  
From the impact of a 12 guage, his assassination  
Thrown me in a world of hatred, today is hard to face it  
He shown me old fliks, he was up for a scholarship  
Today is hard to swallow it, damn I never thought life could be so short  
I still see him on a basketball court, the bullet took a part of me  
The doctor said it hit the artery, every now and then it bothers me  
And all the prayers that I gave god, wouldn't bring him from the graveyard  
That's when he took his picture  
And send your bucked the streets will get ya,  
It's either that or the price of liquor  
Even me, I learnt as the days grew  
That death is only a stage of phase 2,  
Thank allah that he made you..

[chorus x3]

[outro: hell razah]  
The final saga of the street operas  
Of the street operas  
The final saga of the street operas  
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