

Time

Killah Priest

[Intro: sample]

I know how tough it is *gunshot*

[Killah Priest]

My life flashes, I'm eight years old, my face stares cold
At the pastor, as he picks up the robe
He reads a chapter, his voice is like, grabbin' my soul
The seeds turn blacker and finally it fades out slow
The hearing after, a whole brand new screen show
I hear laughter, it's my birthday, I'm eighteen years old
I'm on gates between Monroe, eight fiends and young hoes
The flake dreams with gun blows, wake screams and blunt rose
Up, they lit it, some hit it, I'm drunk
So much, that I can't see straight
Another flash, I'm in a fancy place
A waiter walks over, hands me a plate
I trance it to escape, but it's too late
I shoot my casket, my moms screamin' bastard
Ya'll know who killed them, filled them with them lugers
Ruger, you God damn hoodlums
But it's too late, I see the king in the New Jerusalem
I can touch the gates

[Chorus 2X: Savoy]

Time keep on ticking
Stay focused, ain't no time for politicking
Got to keep our young brothers out of prison
Every day, I dream it feels like a nation, listen

[Killah Priest]

Was this my fate, to be judged in this place
Angels watchin' me, I step up to plead my case
I see his face in black space, okay let me back space
Somethin' went front between that gat and my waste
Somethin' went wrong between the slow reaction when they were clappin' my wa
y

Is this the judgment, the place where every thug has been
After hearin' gun fire, and slugs go in
Are you the chosen, or the one known as the omen
The gates are open, I wanna know where I'm going
Is this the place I was destined to come, I slept in the slums
Next to a bum, saw death pestilence and guns
I was born cold naked and young
Mouth open, rings slashin' off of cardboard, wettin' my tongue
We prayed for the shepherd to come
I was called a monster, I was a youngster
Crawlin' out the dumpster, toes were bloody, clothes we muddy
Eyes were crummy, peeped to the skies above me
Cried I'm ugly, found out this life don't love me
Despised by the country, paralyzed in my one knee
Talked to the most high, Priest, hug me, real, real

[Chorus 2X]

[Interlude: Savoy]

No, no, no, no, no, no, no
Priesthood, Savoy Murda
G-13, what's poppin', oh, no, no, no
No, it's real, it's real
It's real, just sing it when it's real
It's real, it's real, it's real, it's real

[Chorus 2X]