

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

It's a blessing