

Death Physical

Killah Priest

[Killah Priest]
Will we all sell drugs forever?
Life endeavors, the pipe's the pleasure
Fight the pressure, tides just severed
Crack is measured, go broke then y'all back together
Jail or gettin' clapped, we all are trapped, however
How many gangsta spirits you have to deal wit in dreams
Wake up in screams till you finally feel it
Never realizin', neva feelin' vibes in
But still survivin'
Till around the corner they peel the iron
Eyes them, flashback when you clap gats
That was a payback, bad karma
You shoulda had ya armor, grab the llama
Light the ganja, spirit conjures
When the body goes back to the Earth
The soul goes back to the Universe
Names on plaque in tombs and the dirt
Fact is we all consumed by the work
A young soldier told me the streets is glory
Died before me

(Hook) 2x
On death birthday
Blowin' candles, wooden handles
Damn, he went in the worst way
Death birthday
His presence is no presents
Draw your weapon for protection

We all wear black on death birthday

[Killah Priest]
What's love a bullet wit ya best friends blood?
You see your little sister's kid
Give 'em a pack of the drugs
What's real, you see ya man consultin' the deal
You really jealous but neva really express how you feel
What's heart, you see ya man gettin' killed in the park
You both get shot at, but you disappear in the dark
What's life, it's somethin' we all go thru
From the old school
I know them rules, I know them jewels
Niggas play cool but get you punked
Next thing they get you drunked
Next thing you know you in the alley slumped
And niggas ask you to burn
Turn around and pass you some sherm
You neva learned till that casket discerned
Your best friend haven't been dead for an hour
And you at his baby-mom house wit some flowers
Rubbin' her back, tellin' her she need to relax
How foul is that? Fingertips on her back

(Hook) 2x