

# Madness

Killah Priest

Up and down  
Didn't I say niggas gotta come ready for more?  
Father forgive us for we know not what we do  
Ain't nuttin here, ain't nuttin you gotta say to that  
Now what you gonna do about it? What you gonna do  
about it man?  
Bring it any day!

This is madness, niggas runnin up the block, duckin shots  
Cop cars swervin, niggas squirtin, the ghetto's burnin  
Hell's season, the soul's returnin  
We live like crows and a hermit, searchin for a higher learnin  
The fire's burnin, lightnin bolts comin down  
Hittin both coasts, leavin niggas comatosed  
That's why I wear the chrome close  
And we'll all meet the omen in the moment of most  
Runnin in churches with my gun, I'm nervous  
Disrupt the service, ask the pastor, "Where do I worship?"  
My life is worthless, I done seen so many nights and murders  
The enemy stuck a knife in Curtis  
I wake up in cold sweat, grab my Tec, I'm hopeless  
All my homies pullin on roaches of foul coaches  
Or loud explosives, return to the hood like the child Moses  
A bastard in a basket, my gat spit  
Till the palbearers close the casket  
And that's it, the end of the chapter  
The beginnin of the next one  
The resurrection, imperfection, after death come  
The black son in the ghetto section  
The light protect them from the iron weapon  
This is madness

This is madness, this is madness

Mystic night beneath the cherry moon, we rarely move  
Peace to the ghetto nation, three million population  
Guns poppin Satan, feel our feather wings  
Eloheim as we bury kings  
Our fathers pumpin' garbage in their blood streams  
The novel of Apollo, every thug thing  
Blood, money and cancer inside a dope fiend  
My hungry team sellin' drugs, Verazine got me feelin' buzzed  
Ghetto breed felonies, my niggas face the judge  
The witness tryin to place his mug, the D.A. tryin' to taste his blood  
And the lawyers is the court employers, showin' fake love  
The court system is 33 and 1 third of a mace and club  
While niggas is still beefin' and tradin' the slugs  
Who's to blame? I hear cats callin my name  
Sayin, "Please, don't fall in this game!"  
We're all in a gang  
It's like the ghetto, got me trapped with a ball and a chain  
To them crack rocks I swallow, absorbed in my vein  
Nightmares of bein shot, record in my brain  
My neck and soul dropped and fall in the flames  
Every night I wanna roll a Dutch, scared to sober up  
I'm like a bird in the cobra's clutch  
I'm like a bird in the cobra's clutch

This is enough

This is madness, this is madness

You bought this Proverb baby!

Every day I hear violent screams outside my window  
I see black hearses followed by limos  
On your forehead I see the devil's symbol  
3 6's, do the arrhythmic of the witches  
And Grand Wizard, can you withstand the blizzard?  
I see prophecies unfold that was told by the prophets of old  
Looked up, I saw the clouds in Heaven roll  
Back like a gigantic scroll  
UFO's came down to damage the globe  
3 rolls, saw the lamb with blood on his robe  
While the beast shove us in stoves  
And the government swallow our souls  
I'm gettin' drunk of a wild Irish rose  
My brain's haunted, roll with much pain and torment  
A fire like Elijah that came with the warning  
Bodies being carried at the sound of the organ  
Saw the skeleton, the rider of the Four Horsemen  
Pull out my dick, chop off my foreskin  
Take the blood and write down my four sins  
On the side of Satan's coffin, I see angel's corpses  
I start to gettin' nautious from demonic forces

This is madness, this is madness

Sells these drugs to Apocalypse