

# When Will We Learn?

Killah Priest

When are we ever gonna learn?  
One day we all gonna burn  
Life in the fast lane  
Are we ever gonna change?  
Same shit, different day  
The price that a thug pay  
I heard a wise man once say, "Thugs pray"  
But still slugs spray from the double barrels  
Fallin' pharoahs over the graves of the sleepin' prophets  
Release the pain from the deepest closet  
It's like a secret that we keep in bondage  
Mothers weavin' from they projects  
First it be that soul, send to haunt the empty halls  
Memories painted on the wall  
Like The Lamb's Blood on the doors, of the black Hebrews  
Nowadays the same people on subway trains sellin' street news  
A ghetto movie, with no sequels  
But I still show you previews  
That will free you, from your evil  
An old man, cookin' her-on, over hot tea spoons  
Old G's are all evil, usin' dope needles  
Wearin' fan parafanil's  
We live in the black hole, where no one can hear us  
The valley of the dry bones, without reflections in the mirrors  
The world fearers, first make 'em feel us  
Come on  
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The Solomon couldn't say it better  
It's all vanity, and sanity  
We come from broken families  
My own pop's abandoned me, black becomely  
The spirits of Lords upon me, I grew up hungry  
Now we chase money and live grungy  
The fears want me, to bring me to the hills of this country  
So they can jump me, feel me up, in land and dump me  
Damn right I said it bluntly  
I ain't scared of none of y'all monkeys  
At school my teachers used to flunk me  
Hopin' one day I turn to junkey  
But only God can judge me, words of Makaveli  
Black Israeli, hear me? Told you y'all niggas gonna feel me  
Killah Priest AK Masada, sincerely yours  
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So check out my darkest secrets, my truest confessions  
Come to you as a blessing, parental viewing in this aggression  
Is advised, tune in to the wise, zoom in your eyes  
Step up closer, to the light, like that child on Poltergeist  
Wisdom be ultra right  
Explosive to the sight, 3D, virtual reality  
Verbal mentality, come with me  
Load up your gun with me, run with me  
Become one with me, this is channel three  
High definition, ghetto TV, DVD  
Cable networks, stick your fingers  
In the bullet holes in my sweatshirt  
Take it out and taste the blood, so you can see that its real  
A View From Masada, give kids, chill  
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