

## Creator

King Los

Why would you create this King in me?  
There's so much responsibility in my hands (oh oh)  
How did I get here?  
Creator of the wind and the stars, the heavens and mars  
Everything there is to be  
Creator why are you so bad to me

I wrote my life on the pages  
You spoke it into existence  
These chapters that held me captive  
A passage of broken scriptures  
Surpassing the passive with passion  
Clashing with hopeless niggas  
My hopes is to show em' focus and growth  
They expose the sickness of seeing these flashing lights  
Taking heed to this bad advice  
You know demons attack at night  
I been dreamin' in black and white  
Due to lack of a true emotion  
From things that I've sacrificed  
In my past  
But movin' past it is bringing me back to life  
Bitch we ballin' gettin' this money  
Fuck it these niggas tell me  
My homies screamed out the window  
I'm making sales on the celly  
He's seldom used to solicit  
His retail just limit detail  
Never used the specifics  
And fuck the views of a critic  
A politician could blow me  
I'm rarely apologetic  
My father ain't even know me  
The fuck do these niggas show me  
If only I could erase the last 20 years of this life  
In a flash; I take em' back just a couple kids on the bike  
But by fate he would have a day  
With knuckleheads in a fight  
As they jumped him  
Stomped out his cousin and bust his head with a pipe  
It erupted something inside him  
Interrupted his peace  
Nothing peaceful about that vengeance he would eventually seek  
See when you truly affected confusion is never gone  
Everyday we losing the youth being used as the devils pawn  
As he thought I'm a kill him  
Fuck Basking in all the sorrow  
If these niggas murdered me they'd be back in the club tomorrow  
Hit my nigga sticks for a pistol that he could borrow  
Came around the block in a tinted out Monte-Carlo  
Told my nigga sticks ride down on em'  
He ready for em'  
Semi-automatic weapon in his sweaty palm  
Caught them niggas slippin  
Start lickin' the pistol barkin'  
Bustin' shots for every flower they put on these niggas coffins  
But nobody got shot

Dissed the pistol he had to throw it  
Rest in Peace to all you niggas still living but don't know it, King

You make me everything I am  
I can't exist without your love  
My enemies rest at your hand  
And it's because of who you are  
Oh oh my creator (ah mm ah mm ah)  
If the sun burns out  
And the moons stops pulling the ocean  
If the trees fall down  
If the birds won't fly  
And my heart can't love  
I'll pray that your love brings me out of the darkness  
My Creator  
Oh Please  
Deliver

Two hours of questions and answers  
A chance to find out what went wrong in 2013 a year that saw 235 murders  
And it's no secret that the past ten days have put Baltimore in a dubious sp  
otlight  
As on of the most violent cities in the Country  
By contrast Baltimore recorded 117 homicides  
The Cities rate is 18.8 per 100, 000  
Three times higher than D.C