

Happy

Killah Priest

A homeless man smiles at me
Showing no teeth
A young man laying dead in the cold streets
He was a victim, beaten bad by the police
And every day another funeral
There's more grief
And every day I like to pray when I see the sun
And if there ever was a lost tribe we the one
In every hood, there's a project with us in it
The old man in the dust goin' nuts - finished
Years before they used to say
He used to own a business
Caught him on taxes
Guess you're black
You got to know your limits
And everybody try to be happy some way
I think of dinners in the winters on a Sunday
And everybody's poor
But we always pulled through it
'Cause of Marvin's influences
We always played his music
My pops said he was a troubled man
Courtesy of Uncle Sam
Then I hit the streets and start hustlin'
But I can see my grandmoms when she dressed for church
A stylish hat, white dress with a matching purse
And I could hear her singing loud with the choir
Marching in, with the face of joy
Proud 'cause her heart's with Him
And she could live everlasting in pure peace
No longer worried eyes, speak to him before I sleep
And I stood by the door when she came at me
She said "You got to endure, and learn to be Happy"
[Chorus: Stori James]
Stood right beside me
Look deep inside me
She had inspired me to be
Happy
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My friend wrote his mother
"Mom, I'm doing better now
My last year in college, told you I wouldn't let you down
And how is things around the house?
I know you still fussin'
I finally heard from Ralph he said he had appeal comin'
He wrote me last week, told me him and dad don't speak
They both be actin' like they kids if you ask me
But anyway, how come you never wrote me back?
This is like my fourth letter to you
I was hoping that
You could send me something
It's gettin' cold winter's comin'
I know you standing, laughing
Saying that I'm up or into something

I love you mom, Sincerely Yours"
As the nurse paused
From reading hers letter body attached to a cord
Into a breathing pump the stroke she had was too much
She's in a coma, been that way for a few months
And if her son knew, believe me, he would split in two
And going back to using drugs before quitting school
But just smile, 'cause your mother's still here
Try to live, and be proud, make her heart full of cheer
Fill your mind with tranquility, she's free
Give your hearts space and liberty and then peace
The words are golden, emotion, devotion
Just hush, feel her touch for a moment
My life's paradox, watched by crooked cops
But the Lord carries me, just to be
Happy
[Chorus]
Dedicated to my grandmother, Ms. Louise Staley
I love you, Grandma