

# Hard Times

Killah Priest

[Killah Priest]

The prophecies of a poor man end on a train  
Take his last breath  
Slumps over drops his last bit of change  
A mother pacing by her window pane

Staring hopeless at the gentle rain  
When the messenger returns telling her  
That her child was slain  
She reaches for his picture frame

Open up the good book read the scriptures  
And sighs his name  
The skies full of flames  
Streets are gothic

Twelve niggaz lay dead in front of their projects  
Reminding D's of a classic mob hit  
Bitches gossip, about they men being targets, or suspects  
Niggaz in the lab taking golden seal

For tomorrows drug test  
Scared niggaz hugging they techs  
Don't want to get plugged next  
Outside there's a bloodfeast

We all product, faced with hard luck  
Since the wrath of God struck  
Now we like "Yo Tone let me borrow a buck"  
He like "Yo what the fuck"

Niggaz was born to be skeletons  
Or was it the curse of this dark melanin  
When I die will I open my eyes in Hell again  
With these jealous men

Lord forgive me but I smell a gin  
On the lips of winos  
Sent a plaque turned `em all into Albinos  
With horns coming from their foreheads like Rhinos

Read it in my last testament and my hidden scrolls  
See my icon straight faced with a torn robe  
A beard and some cornrows  
The whole globe hears when I perform my shows

[Chorus: x2]

We go from hard times to part-times  
From part-time back to hard times  
That's the start of crime  
'Til the day we see the father shine  
Light on us, trying to warn us  
We play the corners

[Killah Priest]

I visit monasteries  
Where dons were buried

Approached the bench with teary eyes  
Tryin' to con the jury

Christ said those of you without sin, cast the first stone  
Those of you without ends, blast the first chrome  
Is it the prophecies of Deuteronomy  
That drove us to this poverty?

Trapped with starvin' seeds  
Fightin' for sovereignty  
Cold nights make the toddler freeze  
Blood over my wallabies

Raining mahogany  
Here`s a dollar for the trees  
We worship weed like idolatry  
Silly bitches with conniving thoughts

Sticking knives and folks  
Don`t understand what it`s like to be a black man in court  
Niggaz up screamin' all night  
Complaining that their handcuffs are too tight

Kicking on the cell till they cut out the lights  
It`s like a curse  
Walk besides white women they start holding they purse  
I just ask you for the time bitch

What you got anyway? Some of the Indians turf  
The Beauty that once flowed from the Nile  
Like the Moses child  
The hand that writes is as good as the hand that holds the plow

[Chorus]

[Killah Priest]

Some say the spirit of a dead angel lies within me  
Look in my eyes, they`re empty  
Poverty stricken beaten with the rod ol' envy  
Lurking through the shadows of death

Dragging my wings, saw the image of a beast  
Ram, dragon and queen, heard the bragging of kings  
Whose laughter was as bitter as a scorpion sting?  
Forced in the ring with idiots so many cliques

Letting out automatic clips  
A dead lady combing the hair of a bastard bitch  
I spit graphic shit you ain`t hear half of it  
From my fucked up marriages

To dealing with miscarriages  
From drinking with savages  
Driving hazardous  
I`m here today to meet the man from Nazareth  
Where`s the pastor? Show me where that chapter is

[Chorus: x2]