

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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