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KAPOROS (feat. Kiirstin Marilyn) (LYRICS):

-CHORUS:

I want to live, but I'm going to die in vain. They're going to use their finest blade when they come to slice my veins. Oh they'll sacrifice me for their sins. They'll sacrifice me for their sins.

-VERSE1:

They pack em' in a crate like they were clothes(they were clothes). You know, a suitcase that won't close(won't close)(ooohhhh). They stack the crates on trucks and then they go(then they go). A few days, they're about to hit the road(hit the road). They will piss, they will shit, they will sleep on eachother. From the stress they'll start to poke holes with their beaks. Ain't no better where they're going, ain't no peace. When they get there they just drop them in the streets(ooohhhhooowww). They're all starving, they ain't have nothing to eat, or no water. What happened to Tza'ar ba'alei chayim? You can't get rid of your sins by killing another being. This is murder(this is murder). How do you sleep at night from the screams? Only weeks old. Some die from extreme cold. Some never make it to get their throat slit, swung in the air and wings broke. The dark side of Kaporos is a nightmare. If this was my fate I'd rather die fore I got there. But what if I'm one of the lucky ones that make it(freedom, freedom, free). Through a small crack in the crate I escaped and, I made a run for it, until I passed out. On a street somewhere in Brooklyn I passed out. Goodbye(goodbye), I tried(i tried). I took my last breath then I died(I died). Then I started to realize that I was still alive. I started breathing and then I opened my eyes. I saw a human over me and I could feel their love inside(love inside). The same species that wanted to kill me just helped me survive(help me survive). I'll live to see another sunny day. Speaking of sunny days, still with the human and we're on our way to a place where i'll forever stay(freedom, freedom,free), a place where others like me are free to roam and play. But even in this paradise, I can't forget about the others that are sacrificed(ughhh). Use money not chickens. Please, use money not chickens. I'm not even of your faith but i damn sure don't need religion for me to know it's wrong to stop another being from living for the sake of your sinning.

-CHORUS REPEAT:

- WRITTEN BY FELIPE / PRODUCED BY KWAZZ MODEE -
- ALBUM: "THE PHILLY STALLONE ERA" - MIXXTAPE -