

Sash F/ Inka

"Priesthood"

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[Movie Sample]

horses neighing

As the final days begin, God sends four terrible
horsemen *horses neighing*
to reek his vengeance on a sinfull word. The first three
bring
conquest to war and famine.

[Intro: Killah Priest]

Yea, yea, yea, yea.

Yea, yea. Fuck that!

(Set it off.) Yea, yea, ya shitted.

Ya in some shit now, son.

It's on now, mothafuckas can suck my dick.

I'm back! Fuck that shit!

Ready to eat niggaz up, beat they ass and e'rything,
son.

I'ma prove this shit, right here.

Me and my nigga. What!?

[Movie Sample]

Violence and punishment of enemies.

[Killah Priest]

I give a fake rapper a heart attack, once I start to rap

I'm a vocalist, nigga, I'm supposed to rip

Last Poet's told me this, hit ya in ya head wit my
explosive fist

Then I finish ya off with my tremendous horse-kick
horses neighing

What now, nigga? Look at ya talk shit

Just can't do it, cuz you ain't got no teeth in ya mouth

And I know ya just tired of me, beatin ya out

Ya trained all year, in a karate class

And took one second, to put yo' ass in a body bag

>From a shotty blast, I walk up in ya club and ya parties
don't last

I like to pop shit, don't get me started

I slap y'all mothafuckas like y'all little kids in

kindegarten
Squeeze yo' head till yo' kidneys harden
Now watch this, I'ma call my whole mothafuckin
squadron

[Movie Sample]

The four horsemen of the apocalypse are among the
bible's
most terrifying figures.

[Killah Priest]

Cuz y'all niggaz is fucked up
and Brooklyn niggaz is really ready to get ya
I know how to hit ya, and cut ya open
But don't worry, cuz I'ma stitch ya
With a rusty screwdriver

[Chorus x2: Killah Priest]

Niggaz bop yo' heads to this, real shit
Call up yo' cliques to this, it's realness
You feel this in yo' streets and village
Spare that new shit, Priest killed it

[Canibus]

Yo, yo, yo
Yo I'm a Macabeast MC and I possess the ability
To run at top speed without bendin my knees
I destory shit...

[Movie Sample]

The fourth horsemen is the most frightening of them
all.

[Canibus]

...wrap my hands around ya neck region
Then I start squeezin 'til ya stop breathin
You weaklins is playin tug-of-war wit ya tongues
I knock the teeth out ya gums and suck the breeze out
ya lungs
Hit ya wit a blow your physical frame could never
sustain
You'll probably never walk ever again
Nigga, you think you rhyme sick? I leave you lyin stiff
Pull you behind my horse til I break ya spine, bitch
Stop cryin bitch, before I hit ya wit the Iron Fist
You can't rhyme bitch, the one triple nine's mine bitch
The pain'll make ya voice change octaves
>From low-pitched to high-pitched, every hour we kill a
hostage
We judge MC's by they lyrical fitness
And punish DJ's for puttin corny stickers on they mixes

Smack the stripper bitches for askin for our autograph
and pictures
You'll be scared to leave the club wit us
You stratch my back, I'll scratch your's bitch
I'll eat ya salt-fish, if ya suck my sausage
I got an atomic sub, armed wit a sub-atomic scud
Ready to spill ya crimson-colored blood
The four horsemen on the back of four quadropeds
Puttin four hoof prints on ya foreheads, mothafuckas!
horses neighing

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