

## Shaquille O'Neal F/ Jay-Z, Lord Tariq "Militant"

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[Intro: Killah Priest]

It's too militant, it's too militant

Aiyo, aiyo, aiyo, aiyo

[Killah Priest]

Aiyo, we night breathe, move through the night at light speed

With Timb's on, baggy denims and white tees

We rest inside our tents, with Mr. Lightly

The right trees turn my eyes to Chinese

Then speak like Israelite, become Christ

A crown of thorns placed on my head and gun fights

Escape through the night, for holdin' my sons tight

Chased by shadows, runnin' towards the lights

Relatin' to pharaohs, I speak from peace pipes

Each night, then you burn all friends of 'dro

Givin' praises due, abundance of dough

Held by the ebony prince, heavenly set

Down to the streets where we plan our revolt

Amongst strangers, and clouds of weed smoke

Addicts and heartless that love to deep throat

I sit amongst goons, gangsta, ex-felons

Ex-cons, addicts discussin' our rebellion

On the phone with reverends, holdin' up my weapons

Waitin' for the beast to set off Armageddon

[Chorus 2X: Killah Priest & Kurupt]

It's too militant, throw your gats up

Nigga, wanna act up, nigga get clapped up, what

It's too militant, throw your fists high

Let that catch a whip ride, nigga, we split five, why

[Killah Priest]

It's too militant..

I shoot through trench coats, don't trust kin folks

Keep my friends close, so I can watch 'em

Through hard laughter, never know what he's plottin'

Hunger, then he slipped his hands in your pockets

Clip your wallets, it's nothin' personal, it's just projects

Watchin' a videotape of Christopher Wallace

Footage exposed, bullet holes in the side of his jeep

We hold it in, 'til we collide with police  
Ride for 2Pac, and all the soldiers every been shot  
Though they body rot, they spirit rest inside of my pen  
Each of 'em tune in, I write the Blueprints that's  
Stillmatic  
Build with Arabs, my mic can heal the masses  
Or feel the caskets, I studied the books of Iron Octopus  
Ladies ride the hook, niggaz spit the verses  
A pit of serpents, stand and curved in a s shape  
Then I make your death date  
I'm hell spawned, drawn near the Hell's gate  
The Indian lady warned me an old man, with pale face  
She said "Fork tongue make painful kisses  
And Priest, when you talk, all the angels listen"

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Killah Priest]  
It's too militant..

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