

## **Snowgoons f/ Killah Priest, Rasul Allah, Richard Raw**

### **"Serve Justice"**

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(Rasul Allah talking)  
Lost Children of Babylon  
Snowgoons  
(You'll burn if we shoot ya)  
Sunz of Man, the Killah Priest  
Maccabeez, Wu-Tang

[Rasul Allah]  
I was consumed by the eternal flames of the sacred  
fire  
Out of war with Mazda, within the temples of  
Sebastiyeh  
Where I met four Samarian Priests  
The Killah Priest from the Middle East  
That deciphered Cuneiform from the walls of Chaldea  
And was given forty keys of the Annunaki to unlock the  
seal of Solomon  
Left stranded in the desert with my cheddard dick  
Where soon pyramids form in the form of sandstorm  
The God was born  
In the volcano surrounded by brimstone  
Conceived through a sea of lava  
And when he spoke words of wisdom;  
He spit magma that could extinguish the sun  
I recite a pack of ultra-violet radiation into the ancient  
hills of Ethiopia  
And receive the Ark of the Covenant  
The holy Shaman that speaks words of the holy Prophet  
Muhammad (pbuh)  
Rasul Allah nigga

(Hooks) [Samples]  
Straight up we serve justice  
So if you can't be trusted  
May you return with a death wish

["Comics, slums, Saddam, Hussein"]  
["Faces of the public scream for justice"]

Straight up Snowgoons serve justice  
So if you can't be trusted

May you return with a death wish

[Killah Priest]

My sword will decapitate your head before it falls off  
Kick your chest back and snatch you by your hair  
Like a phat money stack, then I slam it to the canvas  
Watch your blood splatter over the canvas  
Priest does damage, I push your soul through the planet  
Murder verses run rampant  
The devil's fingerprints upon my manuscript  
The death of evangelist, once the black candle's are lit  
I sit in your living room with my hand on the fifth  
I'm said to be like 'Jack the Ripper' but only sicker  
This rap killer just off remove your body members  
I stretch you way outta normal figure  
Then I cut you open, have your organs for dinner  
You'll be more than injured when you enter into a battle  
I come correct

(Ol' Dirty Bastard sample "Brooklyn Zoo")

"Slacking on your back cause raw's what you lack  
You wanna react? Bring it on back..."

That means beware, I'm prepared for slaughter  
Or the respirator, be breathing for ya, straight torture  
Killah Priest the killing machine and I'm the author  
Priest with German Luger, be the shooters  
So turn to us the future niggas

(Hooks) [Samples]

[Richard Raw]

I slit your throat with a butcher knife  
Then I puncture your chest with a rusty spike  
I pierce your neck with a javelin  
Then watch you start babbling  
That's the pints of blood start traveling  
I sleep in a skin-covered casket  
The African spear throw, oh yes I drink acid  
I kidnap Catholics and I wrap 'em in plastic  
Then I piss on you all to you bastards  
I was born in a black straightjacket  
The Priest's hand I'm holding the black ratchet  
On the Black Sabbath with black rabbits following  
Skin omen, behold the Ghetto Solomon  
Hear the voices from the graves keep hollering  
I'm Neolithic but my brain is much modern  
Yelling "Origami" I dress you up like a Jew  
Then send you to a Palestinian army

(Hooks) [Samples]

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