

## **Cilvaringz f/ Dorona Alberti \*, Killah Priest, Masta Killa, "In the Name of Allah"**

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\* Provides back-up vocals

[Intro: Method Man]

Shout out to Morocco, what's going down?  
This your boy, Meth, Mr. that is  
Capital M, capital E, capital F  
I'm here to speak upon things, one of your hometown  
favorites  
My boy Cilvaringz, doing big things upon this  
We gon' make it pop like this  
Ya'll wanna see what time it izzy  
Man, this is in the name of Allah  
RZA, Shabazz the Disciple, Masta Killa  
Killah Priest, your boy John-John Blazini  
Let's do it

[Masta Killa]

Listen, the wise elder spoke, write as I quote  
Then open the seal, and reveal these things  
That will come to pass, if you can last through the  
storm  
Man will be tested in all forms  
Then flesh will be beaten until submission  
Forgiveness has been given to spare your life  
Still your eyes glaze when you greet my wife  
Sinful thinking, it's strong wine and drinking  
Lead to the destruction of such men as Samson  
The grace period given for those who will repent  
Those other than righteous, Masta Killa will send  
And time is at hand, as I walk the land  
From the U.K., back to the streets of B.K.  
Given sight beyond sight, to write the unseen  
No amount of treasure can measure the gift given  
To speak the unspoken, it's the chosen

[Killah Priest]

I need one cup of Dracula's blood, two virgins  
Dressed in all black, to start my sermon  
One heart of a merchant, one teeth of a priest  
The head of a monk, mixed in a bowl, with the 9/11  
souls

I see him in the sign as the reverend was told  
I read the scroll, but I'm still blindfold  
Wait, I need more ingredients, so I look for the seeds  
of disobedience  
Chop off the foot of Bush, throw him in the pot, let him  
cook  
To every word I jot in this book, I pray the FBI's overlook  
The recipe for America's destiny  
Tech will squeeze, after dragging, I stab him in the  
abdomen  
Free the Palestinians, free the Africans  
Free humanity from the insanity, our planet bleeds  
Mission cycles of symbols and idols  
Our skin put Bibles, Qu' Ran, been through temples to  
old mosque  
Stepping through the Garden of Eden where the  
revengeful angels throw rods  
Oh God, save us from the outrageous Pagans, I spray  
guns, til the barrel's empty  
I'm like Moses to Pharaoh's envy, turn of the century  
Burning in misery, think...

[Chorus 2X: Shabazz the Disciple]

In the, name of Allah, who we give thanks and praises  
They turn us from the wages, watch over your saviors  
He gave us life, made us upright and raised us  
He wrote the book, we live according to your pages

[Killah Priest]

When the holy father spit, you see the bottomless pit  
Demons rise out, Shabazz close the door, this God's  
house

\*Salah Edin praying\*

[RZA]

Titanium fangs, skull nearly mammal  
At the holy city of Mecca, on the back of a talking camel  
Great fan of Colon, crazy ammo get blown  
Wherever I sit son, that is my throne  
I'm the reason why time started, I be the kind hearted  
Trying to bust me, you aiming at a blind target  
Designed with a sublime for the vintage  
I control the whole, don't deal with no percentage  
Even with a 3.5 mil deposit  
Your life is still illusive like a CGI composite  
Where your mind and your body discombobulate  
Need to regenerate, let your mental seed ovulate  
For nine months, in the womb of my wisdom  
You may find a program to descramble the system  
And cause a glitch, whether bright day or black pitch

We strive to build homes, and stack chips  
From the ice of Alaska, to the heat of Calabasas  
We over through the master, he build our own castle  
Remove the impostor, take it up an octave  
As my vibe continues to energize your shocking  
Out of Allah mercy, I speak these verses  
To help bring the truth from beneath the surface  
To help get the proof, from beneath the churches  
Defeat shading, and complete the circle

[Cilvaringz]

I move with a strike of elegance  
Like Saladin on a horse, backed by seraphim  
Where flowers open and my past and unrul'd is  
downhill  
But see, I'm quick to the back  
The fate for the house of Mecca, the stone of Abraham  
My word alone will enslave a man  
Deeply to the sword of Islam, though he resides with  
his mom  
In the Pagan land, the shit's calm  
Praying to the cross of Christ, what is right  
But the Qu' Ran claims Christ never lost his life  
To the crucified punishment of Roman justice  
And that's why the Bible cannot be trusted

[Chorus 2X]

\*Salah Edin praying\*

[Outro: Shabazz the Disciple (Masta Killa)]

What up Prince Rakeem, Masta Killa, Cilvaringz  
John Blaze, S.T.D., in the name of Allah  
(Yo, yo, one-two, one-two, turn my mic up a little bit  
Turn the headphones up just a little bit  
Turn the frequency up a little, yo...)

Visit [Cilvaringz f/ Dorona Alberti \\*, Killah Priest, Masta Killa](#), page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.