# Big Country
## "Do the Damn Thing"

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[Intro: Killah Priest]
You know this beat is crazy, right
This the beat right here, yo
They gonna love this when they hear this, g

[Chorus: Killah Priest]
A lot of these rappers are indecisive
Ya'll comin' to this game, like ya'll the nicest
But, anyway, get rich, get brain
Get off the wall and do the damn thing
Get off the floor and do the damn thing
Get off the floor and do the damn thing

[Killah Priest]
Silly rappers, when will you learn
You play with fire and you will get burned
Cuz now, I've been low, lately, waitin' my turn
Turn off my radio cuz I'm not concerned with ya'll
Weak rhymes, same topics
This one's for the streets, for the projects
For my g's with the weed in the apartments
For my dogs in the law hit with charges
Fuck them, cuz I love ya'll regardless
For my chicks in the whips dancin' bra-less
Hair done, nice face, lookin' flawless
I got that thing, bust off, lead objects
Ya'll cats are lame, no threat, it's a promise
Name your favorite rapper, well, he's fake
And you fake, that's why you fuck with his tape
I'll take that thing and just bust in your face
You're not real, same flow, no style
I pop steel, lames, no know who go down
And I don't give a fuck, who run the city or not
Cuz the streets is real, even Biggie got Pac
And I love those niggas, but I don't love ya'll
Bust a slug for those niggas, but bust a slug at ya'll
And I get physical, visual, very artistical
Givin' party people something, funky to listen to
Hizza, hey, my rhymes is blizza, blazed
Cross your fizza, face, down to your waist
Raps, I do this, since the music influence the truest

I shoot 'em with rhymes, execute 'em with lines
They knew since their kind is all stupid
Beats we loop it then they cue it, they foolish
And I stand to prove it this time, come on

[Chorus]

[Hook: Killah Priest]
Cuz it's new year, best to come correct
I ain't hear a style that I can't do yet
I ain't hear a rapper, that I can't move yet
Get off the wall and do the damn thing
Get on the floor and do the damn thing

[Killah Priest]
I see it, then write it, believe it, I'm psychic
The nicest is here, the rest of those cats
They was last year, well do something...
I heard it, the beefs, the murders, the streets
The cursin', that's weak, do something
Different, for instance, the Priest is brief
A technique, I proves my point, with the pen and some
gin
Thoughts and beats, I'm blendin' it in
My records will spin, everybody knows the kid can flow
Rip a show, or lift a soul, but this time, I gets that dough
Plus I'm not, 50, or Biggie, or Diddy
I'm Witty Unpredictable, lyrical masterful mind
Chapters of rhymes, irresistible lines, metaphors is
clever than yours
Sever your jaws, I'm ready for war
Like Pac in his Makaveli era, ready for ya'll, with a glock
And rap to spread to deadly terror, I squeeze on this
whole industry
Enemies please don't sit with me
I sit with these and cats with keys
Cash and V's, black fatigues, smack M.C.'s, it's over!

[Chorus]

[Hook]

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