

## Big Country

### "Fall of Solomon"

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[Intro: Killah Priest]

What up, Priest?

What up, cat?

Since you're one of the dopest MC's that I ever heard

I want you to kick the story

Yeah, I got one, already..

The dopest story I heard, check it

[Killah Priest]

Thieves in the temple, a priest murdered at the  
doorstep

He heard the hounds of horses, surround his fortress

Look down, the whole town with torches

Blood on the door knock where our lord slept

Night before the see-er saw it, so they slept nautious

Broken windows with cannisters, hidden cameras

Masked man at the top of the bannister

Shattered glass everywhere, someone pushed his man  
down the stairs

A knife in the back with a note attached, read 'Beware'

Looked up, saw a blowin curtain, a open window

and heard the whistle of the soft air, someone

screamin 'warfare'

So Solomon takes cover, a servant yells out 'the bitch is  
cursed,

don't touch her', but he trusts her, he also loves her

Cause her to hold the sharing, his bright moon and star

His lil' way out the valley, a spy cut her throat inside a  
dark alley

Someone knocked his daughter off a balcony,  
bloodshed in Galilea

The cowardly flee to the hills of Cabarea

Thieves of a hundred gates, the queen of cities

No one shows pity, flyin spirits, floatin demons, fallen  
saints

Soldiers walkin by their ranks, service of the East gate,  
scared to drink

What would our leaders think? Every man lookin at  
each other, scared to blink

The seed inside the sanctuary, scary

Portraits of Saint Mary, with Mona Lisa

The Queen of Cheeba, strokin a cheetah  
Other mid-wives sayin 'I don't like the way he treats her'  
Pass the reefer, bad cheeba, Solomon judge wisely  
Wisdom spoken of highly, hair knotty, ask God 'Why  
me?'

[Chorus 2X: Killah Priest]

It's the street life that I write  
From beginning to end  
Dealin with these lies and deceptions  
Like the fall of Solomon  
And all my niggas in the State Pen  
Who doin five to ten

[Killah Priest]

Order these Gods to untie me  
He said men do not despise a thief if he still dissatisfy  
his soul  
If he's captured he shall restore it, seven fold  
A legend unfold, let it be written in the scroll  
Solomon's gold, swallow them whole  
He said 'Fuck you!', make me another Pagan God  
Usin brass poles, spies layin up in the closet  
They open the door, they spray holes through the  
prophets  
Solomon whispers, a man reaches in his zipper  
The king killed by his own bishop  
Hit beneath the babel gate himself, fucked when he  
hicced up  
Tears of a child, 'Daddy, get up!'  
Fast forward, you see Malcolm X fallin from a pulpit  
Sprayed up by bullets, dead over bullshit  
Niggas layin on the pavement, holes in their Woolridge  
Look what the wolves did, full clips and cartridges  
Imposters live, abduct the kids in front of corner stores  
Poppin shit, throwin up gang signs at the same time  
Them niggas roll dice and fight canines/K-9's  
Should I wake 'em up or let 'em stay blind?  
Cause education seem like it's only shit to a thug  
You either Crip or you Blood, really? I'm sick of the  
grudge  
Y'all niggas need to dip it in blood, I should walk by  
And take a flick of your mug, show you how vicious you  
was  
Neighborhood overflowed with liquour and drugs  
Young queens grow up to be strippers in clubs  
Man, damn son!

Chorus 2X

[Outro: Killah Priest]

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