

Big Country

"Intro"

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[Intro: Killah Priest]

Good evening ladies and gentlemen
Welcome to +Priesthood+
If you purchased this album from a store
Or you got a copy from a friend
You about to witness one of hip hop's greatest secrets
That the record industry tried to hide
Due to lack of promotion and scandalous intentions
Priest was forced to take his album underground
And now he will no longer suffer
Reviewing this album, you gotta ask yourself why
Look at every song, and I'mma let you decide
He is one of the greatest MC's, ever to roam this planet

[Killah Priest]

Father forgive me, it's the Henny or Remi
Or maybe it's the many of fame, this world planted in
me
When I was just a child, I was misunderstood
Til I saw your finger in the cloud, I was picked from the
hood
I was in the myst of a crowd, when shit wasn't good
Til I heard your voice out loud, then I lifted it good
Doctors wouldn't tell me, the teachers would often fail
me
And for a grown child, that shit, just wasn't healthy
When the bitches hadn't dealt me, never planned to
help me
But now I'm a man, I understand what's really wealthy
It's not about how much tuition you got in your bank
But it's bout how much ammunition that I got in my tank
Yeah, yeah, now y'all scarred cuz I'm talkin revolution
What ya rather see me dead by a fuckin execution
If y'all probably go to bed, cuz it's less confusion
All your see in yo head, is my electricution
But I'm comin back, and this time I'm strapped
And fuck +The Law+, cuz I'm bustin my gat
And I'm wanted by y'all, and my niggas know that
Cuz once they fire, my niggas shoot back
And straight up on some real shit, I'm a lyrical jewel
Ask a wall in the air, and pay ya spiritual dues

Fuck the B.A.'s, cuz nigga suck a dick
And all ya rabbling backstab, I'm not fuckin wit
Aiyo fuck poppi' collars, I'd rather cock the revolver
And have ya momma cryin, while ya sister's watchin
them dollars
I'm one of the best, next to 'Face and Jay, Nas, 'Pac and
Poppa
You can say Priest or Masada, fasada, motherfucker,
+Blackball Me+

[Chorus: Killah Priest]

+Blackball Me+, ya just +Blackball Me+
+Blackball Me+, motherfucker, +Blackball Me+

[Killah Priest]

So, fuck those critics, I ain't got no religious
What ya thought, ya act suspicious, but ya get it
So chill wit it, plus nothin of y'all, ever been in my shoes
Ya probably, play wit a doll, when I payin my dues
That's the type of shit that darkens my heart
Where was y'all motherfuckers when Marcus got shot?
Where was y'all when the guns sparked up my block?
Where was y'all when my sister, was coppin those
rocks?
Where was y'all when Pooh fell in my arms?
I had to drag him out the buildin, when them niggas
was gone
Where was y'all when that nigga, put a gun to my
chest?
Pulled the trigger, but no fuckin bullets was left
What ya figure, that my life was filled wit happiness
Ya wrong, I tell you for real and not the fake stories
Ya can get mad and +Blackball Me+, motherfucker

[Outro: Killah Priest]

+Blackball Me+ (5X)
+Blackball Me+ niggas, +Blackball Me+
Ya know ya bad motherfuckers, +Blackball Me+,
+Blackball Me+
+Blackball Me+, +Blackball Me+
I still come back, motherfucker
It's time, motherfucker
Now you left me to judge, fuckin critics
Monkey judge, fuckin wit a muthafuckin prison
Cuz at the end I'mma see you redemption
Believe that, why tell the truth to Allah...
+Blackball Me+ motherfuckers...

[Movie Sample]

Many people feel haunted
By what they call evidence of evil forces in the world

They see genocide, senseless violence, plagues
And they blame demons, or the Devil himself
They believe that demonic spirits can actually possess
a human body
And that only rituals of exorcism
Can lift the possessed from the darkest regions of the
unexplained

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