

Killah Priest

"Be Careful"

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[Killah Priest] Insane, my bad brain's insanity Damage me, how can this be? Bronchitis, the itis and sinus Take out the tongue Rubber gloves are the nicest Supplier for the writer Arthritis bones break easily Too much toxins, I need antioxidants I spit Grammys out my oxygen My only family - the hood doctrine When I was just an infant The streets grabbed me reached thru the semen cavities Took my pacifier out and put the concrete in my teeth Breast fed me, grey goose, celeb G Y'all ain't ready; they took me out the crib With numbers across my bib Moms lost her wig, when jail is just an auction Depending on the numbers of ya bid Niggas running under the bridge Train station, the A train, triple six Do you blame Satan, or God? Would you sleep in ya bed or a morgue? (Hook) 2x Be careful who you follow Be careful on what you swallow In hell's frail, pass the L Keep ya eyes on the bottle Cuz if I die, those niggas die It's all thought out in the third eye Feel me? [Killah Priest] we follow drug dealers as Jesus Look at the prophet like a Caesar Dresses miracle, preferable leaders Or a gun handlers Number of the Beast is branding us Mind damage, slumped posture under the cameras Cracked cardiovascular, Dracula passed the massacre The passages, aborting reality planes So foul allow me to explain, young child in the chains Society now has changed, groupies, kufi's Gauge and graves, toolies, bad movies get paid On the roof with the Uzi, popping shit A mouth with the loose leaf Empty clips, enemies get hit, fly shit (Hook) [Killah Priest] A gangsta glory, bed full of benjamins, having orgies Sneak boxes off the floor at least four feet Jury basements, a brewery, cases of champagne Painting's costly, maidens Other bosses talking in foreign languages 40 acres testing aiming Flossing and dressing Walking with ya boys out ya arraignment Priest glory, UFO boarding Able to foresee the Moorish King Strange dudes talk to angels Beam up great wings Brush against the thick walls of the other planets Writing rhymes, they lighting kinds of men Species and women, my streets never made me creepy Goosebumps - only if you front Street Gods and

gangsta devils The USA ready to nuke 'em Mantineum,
the kingtanium Priest ready to introduce 'em

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