

## **Killah Priest**

# **"Bop Your Head"**

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[intro: killah priest]

Yea, yea, yea, yea.

Yea, yea. fuck that!

I'm set it off. yea, yea, ya shitted.

Ya in some shit now, son.

It's on now, mothafuckas can suck my dick.

I'm back! fuck that shit!

Ready to eat niggaz up, beat they ass and e'rything,  
son.

I'ma prove this shit, right here.

Me and my nigga. what!?

[killah priest]

The emperor, chief sinister, street minister

Guarenteed in two bars to finish ya

React like a cat when he arches back

Give a fake rapper a heart attack, once I start to rap

I'm a vocalist, nigga, supposed to rip

Last poet's told me this, hit ya in ya head wit my  
explosive fist

Then I finish ya off with my tremendous horse-kick

What now, nigga? look at ya, talk shit

Can't do it, 'cause you ain't got no teeth in ya mouth

And I know ya just tired of me, beatin ya out

Ya trained all year, in a karate class

It took one second, to put yo' ass in a body bag

>from a shotty blast, I walk up in ya club and ya parties  
don't last

I like to pop shit, don't get me started

I slap y'all mothafuckas like y'all little kids in  
kindegarten

Squeeze yo' head till yo' kidneys harden

Now watch this, i'ma call my whole mothafuckin  
squadron

And tell niggaz to just start robbin

'cause y'all niggaz is fucked up

And brooklyn niggaz is really ready to get ya

I know how to hit ya, and cut ya open

But don't worry, 'cause i'ma stitch ya, with a rusty  
screwdriver

[chorus: killah priest]

Niggaz bop yo' heads to this, real shit  
Call up yo' clicks to this, it's realness  
You feel this in yo' streets and village  
Spare that new shit, priest killed it  
Y! niggaz bop yo' heads to this, real shit  
Call up yo' clicks to this, it's realness  
You feel this in yo' streets and village  
Spare that new shit, 'bus killed it

[canibus]

Yo, yo, yo

Yo I'm a macabeast mc and I possess the ability  
To run at top speed without bendin my knees  
I destory shit, pin-point asteroids in orbit  
Then, hurl niggaz thousands of miles an hour, towards  
it  
Fuckin heathen, wrap my hands around ya neck region  
Then I start squeezin 'til ya stop breathin  
You weaklins is playin tug-of-war wit ya tongues  
I knock the teeth out ya gums and suck the breeze out  
ya lungs  
Hit ya wit a blow your physical frame could never  
sustain  
You'll probably never walk ever again  
Nigga, you think you rhyme sick? I leave you lyin stiff  
Pull you behind my horse til I break ya spine, bitch  
Stop cryin bitch, before I hit ya wit the iron, bitch  
You can't rhyme bitch, the one triple nine's mine bitch  
The pain'll make ya voice change octaves  
>from low-pitched to high-pitched, every hour we kill a  
hostage  
We judge mc's by they lyrical fitness  
And punish dj's for puttin corny stickers on they mixes  
Smack the stripper bitches for askin for our autograph  
and pictures  
You'll be scared to leave the club wit us  
You scratch my back, I'll scratch your's bitch  
I'll eat ya salt-fish, if ya suck my sausage  
I got an atomic sub, armed wit a sub-atomic scud  
Ready to spill ya crimson-colored blood  
The four horsemen on the back of four quadropeds  
Puttin four hoof prints on ya foreheads, mothafuckas!  
(there it is!) so bop ya heads to that, uh (there it is!)

[chorus]

[outro: killah priest]

Fuckin pussy emcee's, gon' get a shot in the eye  
Y'all niggaz talk behind nigga's backs  
Y'all niggaz better bop ya mothafuckin heads before  
we blow it off

Ya fuckin perfume missin idiots  
Y'all niggaz always runnin, go run and tell that  
Go on, runnin, run behind somebody's back  
Run and tell that and take these fuckin slugs wit ya  
We gon' get ya mothafuckin clown  
Yea...

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