

## Killah Priest

### "Color of Murder"

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(Intro) Do you know the color of murder? Do you understand what the color of murder is? (You'll be written out the will of Priest) It's what I write, this is Priesthood Neo... You know, Angel of... [Killah Priest] Yo, my ink bleeds fatigues on paper Place it on gangstas, beneath light poles I write scrolls of hood tales My tight flow's a blood trails of ink I dreamt of rhymes and crayons, color to spray on Brothers, my rap is like drawn book of crooks To sing along wit covers, made from concrete Open, it in ciphers, I paint flows As they come off the Prophet tongue I rock a King's robe, holdin' my papa's gun My metaphors is hard like the feathers on thorn Helmet, it's Leo' Di's letter, dawg Rockin' bluish velvet, this man is no rapper The pen in his hand is used to cast a spell Black Israel, my fist hail like the Panther Laugh at rappers like they stand-up The man gon' hand touch my gat And my words are, the colors of murder (Hook) 2x He's like Michael Angelo wit the flow Or Leonardo Da Vinci, his pen squeeze like a burner It could hurt y'all, and these are the colors of murder [Killah Priest] I sat my pages wit the poison pen My choice of gin is anything earlier than 1600's Hell of a stomach, I take straight shots from the shells of gunman Invade your block wit elephants comin' Like Hannibal comin' from Carthage But it's more like the Priest comin' from his projects Load the cartridge in my marker And my pen is a scope, check the murder I wrote The flow gets darker (What's the color dawg?) Two cups of Dracula's blood Three teaspoon, a goon, a gat and a couple of thugs A small funeral room, a fitted cap and a ice mug The skies color of maroon Where young brothas doomed Over crack, his shoulder shrug The little brotha went too soon From a hot bullet, from a burner Wonder if he suffered?, I don't know But I write the color of murder (Hook) 2x (Interlude) This is it, the colors of murder Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha, I laugh at ya rappers man Yo, y'all niggas gon' make me laugh son Yo, this is the color of murder now I'm writin' Check it out, uh, uh, uh - ha-ha-ha-ha [Killah Priest] Fuck y'all rappers, I love to war What do you think all my armor's for Take ten paces back, then

draw But the draw dunn revolves wit the pen Colors  
that blend, the complex to your end Dress me as your  
Highness If you get me mad, throw you in my wine-  
press of my wrath Now I'm drunk from the grapes of  
violence I sip the colors from the Devil's chalice  
Chemicals imbalance, and my brain, migraines I can't  
go further, and my words are, the colors of murder  
(Outro) Dawg, the colors of murder Get 'em in the  
righteous circles Tear these rappers in half I ripped my  
book apart This is it, told you I could write it The colors  
of murder Color this, and color the bullets and color the  
thugs Whatchu mean? What is it?, What do you mean? I  
just finished writin' these colors of murder It's gon' be  
so good, what rhymes wit hematopenic What blends, I  
need the words, to just match Gotta attach this to that,  
sorry What did you say? I have to finish this The color  
of murder Sincerely yours: Priest, leads of Lards The  
Duke of Larks, the Duke of the hood nigga

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