

Killah Priest

"Color of Murder Pt. 2"

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(Sample) Elizabeth didn't confine her particular brand of domestic discipline to Hungary On several occasions during her life she was in Vienna to visit the court of the Austrian king Matthias Despite protests, she tortured servant girls here at her house in Augustiner Strasse (Hook) 2x The color of murder part 2 Put ya heart in a cube Than rip it in two Pour maltose silver in ya eyes I'm a poet and an executioner What color do you see when you die? [Killah Priest] This one's called the Judas cradle Operating table, chop the navel It's very painful First take off his white angel The complaining wolves are very hungry Never close the womb in his tummy Curses open up the tomb of the mummy Color of murder, lyrics are like burners Talk to the bad spirits, open up the furnace Get me the Virgin Next is called the coffin torture Hang 'em up side down, overweight Sharp blades loose braces to support ya Sometimes death occurs when idiots splurge out words To the Mantinea, millennium emerge Such pity, I get busy, stomp teeth on curbs Go head whisper prayers, unprepared beware And may you fall on death airs Next is called the Brazen bull Quiet, we in the woods with gazing wolves I show up in the hood Disturb ya, with the color of murder The Virgin worker, tear drop, they kneel, stop Watch his heels lock, from hip-hops to old castle hop This ancient battle, bones break over rocks Next is called the Rat torture Very painful, send prayers to every angel Than ask me what those heavy chains do It's real, I kill so graceful From the mount Grayskull Pow, now you taste blood (Hook) 2x [Killah Priest] Water torture; turn my back, here comes Walter Blood slaughter, drip, drip, drip Till it's like a boulder falling on ya head Ya friends, ya bird, ya dog, all are dead Depending on ya crime, sentences is the rhyme How about tearing off ya clothes Burying you into the snow, up to ya nose Let any animal or insect eat at you slow Chewing thru ya bones Scream as loud as you want, we're all alone I will let you call ya moms but bars on my phone Next the chair of torture In the air prepare for my daughters Beware when they cross ya, head's in the courtyard Tryna escape, eh-eh-eh (Hook)

2x [Killah Priest] I have tortures exclusive for witches
and liars Blasphemous, homosexuals, I pull out the
pliers I heat 'em up in the fire But now it's your turn
since you claim you a writer I perform rap torture,
breast ripper Look what my raps offer, who's ya best
spitter? Saw torture, it's war, make 'em nauseous
Slaying my iron maiden, I design for plague men You
praying, I ain't playing, the Virgin I'm numbered, spikes
on every wall Hear their screams up the halls Or when
I'm sliding bodies in the morgue Next, the Spanish
tickler The style is vicious cuz, or anything in particular
Oh, the Flagellation whisperer Real torture, baby this
Young that, little this, I'll bought ya Execution in my
texts of music for ya Look at me, look at Lucifer I'm in
foot roasting, for niggas boasting Steak burning, take
turns turning Me and Walter in the Thumbscrew torture
Crucifix crosses, crocodile scute Who wanna battle? I'm
the New Yorker, a wild dude (Hook) 2x (Outro) Medieval
raps nigga, that's right It's not hip-hop, it's castle hop

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