

Killah Priest

"Fake Mc's"

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Intro:

They got a problem now
Knowi'msayin? too many corny rappers...
Knowi'msayin? pretenders, knowi'msayin?

Chorus: {2x}

Theres too many phony mc's out there this year
Ya best to beware
I've burnt thousands already
So get ready, lyrics are deadly

Verse one:

Niggaz keep frontin, ain't saying nuthin
Killah priest remains calm, yet carry on
Go ahead sing your song, claim you have the dons
Rap superstars look cute with your cigars
Bitches like that, where your mics at
Bite me I bite back, plus I break backs
Fuck you, you can sue me, from yours truly
When niggaz sound booty
Theres too many rappers in the east wanna be
gangsters
Too many gangsters in the west wanna be rappers
Bunch of actors, I ought to smack ya, who's your
master
Sit down take a lesson, stop guessin
For years I had, show your mad face
And only showed bad taste
Runnin around like your delirious
Foamin from the mouth like you're furious
I'd rather be serious, it keeps the audience curious
These fantasies is nothin but your fantasies
It might cause casualties
Hollywood is not your neighborhood
And if it is, give the mic to nappy woods

And y'all can be all to be the wizard
The wonderful wizard of oz, which are the a & r's
And you a toto doing promos, along with the scarecrow

You receive no dough

Chorus: {2x}

Verse two:

I lay in the cut, like a rock star
Looking at ya ca ca, 'cause your music sound lop-side
They sound tounge tied, butch of young guys, have
'em hung high
Watched his lungs fry, from the sunshine
Which is one rhyme generating from the mind
Killah priest now late, I terminate
Burn and break, and intimidate
I come cold as when the winter break
I put it into snakes, pretenders and fakes
Shake, like the earthquakes, I judge wisely
Between two pillars of poison ivy
For those that despise me, attach 'em to the i.v.
Your pops should've bust you on the couch
Or sent you down the mouth
Next time where a condom, when I step upon them
I make emcees memories, whenever theres a
symphony
I look sinfully, been doing this for centuries
I write shit sick as shakespeare tripping off of acid
Rolling you like john the baptist with the rusty hatchet
I preach the word of God before I murder y'all
Swear I never heard of y'all

Chorus: {2.5x}

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