

Killah Priest

"Give It More Unreleased"

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VERSE 1

CANIBUS

I got this beat from Riggs, yeah I got it from Riggs
Cause in a minute I'ma be on top of the biz
Try to act like you don't know who it is
Around the globe there's kids that play the Canibus
quotable quiz
It's like if you ain't a mogul they don't know who you is
But I'm a oldie in the biz with the vocals and libs
Said so much crazy shit on my last album
My name shut Interpol down for two hours
Now that's true power
I create what I can't count to rhyme from my anger
management counselor
Just listen to the fives and blend in with the signal you
getting
Can you hear me now? Answer the question
You wanna talk about sick poems? I spit stones
Leave you split holmes, tied knots with your rib bones
Quick blows break off your limp wrist bones
Make you scream melodies in twelve different
ringtones
I can speak Chinese, ching chong get off the ding dong
Knock your ass over the tables like little ping pongs
You got balls? Bring 'em on
I smash 'em with a spiked bat like Raekwon with Cuban
Linx on
Blink and you gone, let off more shells than shrimp
farms
Spit raw, your face look like you smelling stink bombs
You ain't dreamin nigga, pinch your arm
Canibus be spittin' bars that can dislodge Kanye's jaws

HOOK 2x

CANIBUS

What you lookin' for? We hookin' off
Punchlines on the song through the hook and all
You actin' like you think you too good to fall
You spit with a glass jaw, get up give it more

VERSE 2
KILLAH PRIEST

It's the byzantine king, supreme, all kneel kiss the ring
Into a ilohean, I blow steam from the families of the
mackabees
Smack emcees watch them scream your majesty, make
them suffer
The capacity of tragedy, hold the crowd down like
gravity
Back the fuck off, stop grabbing me, hands off me,
niggas start to bore me
I'm getting sleepy, I need some coffee, me and my Wu-
bandits
We bury niggas deep in the canvas, body bandage,
like some mummies
You fucking dummies, you can't take nothing from me
It's the longest waited, the most anticipated, the album
hesitated
Scream the name out KILLAH PRIEST, I leave the blood
spilling in the street
I'm from the dark hills of Brownsville, the seven shields
on windmills
Across the killing fields, never forget it, tell them rap
critics
I speak in arithmics, so they can never get it, I'm too
scientific
Lyrics explicit, I roll with thirsty niggas, theifs and
killers
Tigers, gorillas, faces like godzilla
We stomp rappers and smile like a Calm-Della, we got
iller
Cross my heart both hope to die, we multiply, by the
hundred
Fuckin by the thousand, see me outside your show
browsin
Beatin up your soundman
Playa haters and players, we give um' cold stares
Any last prayers.

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