

## Killah Priest

### "How Much"

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[Killah Priest] Providence of the bad guy, Mob bosses  
The street gangsters let the corpse fly Over the corpse  
cover with flies Minister bribes the wives Sinister smile  
with lies In this drug trade benevolence is ki King -  
drops the medicines No evidence from D's, everything  
else is capable Unless it's inescapable Bad days, we'll  
make it thru Never hesitate, the street will resonate The  
guns will detonate The fake and the snake The hood  
will legislate The letters to the states Or the goons  
under the moons Ramen noodle platoons Half gorilla,  
half baboon Tattoos paint the skin The hood  
sanctioning Crook dudes and Satan comes again  
(Hook) How much do we really know? Streets is busy yo  
Anti or pro? Which way we go? The question or the  
answer? Shit is serious as cancer I'm just telling you yo  
Yo! [Killah Priest] Digital thugs in hieroglyphical slugs  
in the pictures we love The internet respect or blood,  
download, pounds of dro Compact gats and rounds of  
blow Recorder of the slaughter bullets hold the footage  
D's scan the faces in their booklets Before they start  
booking Child outlet, was Malcolm X house arrest? Now  
his heart beats outside of his chest My verse is holy  
water that I'm dousing On hands of ascended  
gangsters My pen's the painter, words in the chamber  
Wind blow cold over the souls of hot head Shots is  
spread on those phony Some are locked or get dead,  
over doe homie (Hook)

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