

Killah Priest "It's Over"

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[kp] run for your lives.. oh my god
[girl] yo watch it! yo what everybody runnin for?
[kp] this is it... run for your lives
[girl] motherfucker quit pushin!
[kp] oh my god, run for your lives
[girl] yo what's goin on?
[kp] it's coming! it's coming!
[girl] why is y'all runnin?
[kp] it's over, it's coming
[girl] where y'all going? what y'all running for?
[kp] it's over, it's moving closer, the sky getting lower
[girl] hey yo, yo!
[kp] winds turn colder, killah priest soldiers
[girl] wait for me yo!
[kp] steamrollers
[girl] whassup motherfucker quit pushin me up!
[kp] right there, there, it's over, damn he's right there
[kp] it's over, it's over
[girl] hey yo who the fuck is that?
[kp] it's over, run! it's over, run!
[kp] it's over! it's over!
people screaming

[killah priest]
All science addicts religious fanatics
Curiosity seekers biblical preachers historians
Ritual believers scholars teachers spiritual leaders
High priests generals seargeants and them rude
captains
Lieutenants lower your gimmicks I'm the hip-hopper
That'll rock to fill a opera acapella locked cellar
Watch hell-ah, freeze over take you lower break you
bold
Constrict to hit you like fingertips in your soul
Put whiskey in your soda or vodka
Chop you with a blade made of copper
Kick your head off like a soccer, brawl
Raw alcohol and it's over, arrest over in october
Punch a hole through your solar plex, and it's over
I mark x on your chest -- it's over, and bury the dead
Ain't gonna be no rest

Just pretend, watch me blow like the dust in a gust of
wind
Flow with the rush when I adjust the pen take you
Miles and miles and miles leave you at the river of the
nile
Now deliver the vials, fat, found in the pile in the stack
Books that were took, take a look, back
As I take you further high into the sky
Where your eyes like vision surprise then dive back
Vision buildin the b-ombs, upon you peons
Knowledge you crazy knowledge we be goin, off!
Now you lost tossed in confusion, saw an illusion
Of the car that started cruisin
Actual day mathematics were raised to his attic
What's the weight of a flame, state your name
But he was afraid of the height, glazed at the light
Strayed, couldn't stay for the flight
Ran to his book of rhymes, took up some time
For the brother to hook up a line

As if he had a fishing rod, but my mission is god
Science I be dishin out be hard
Deep in his eyes, contacts, plus saw beyond that
Saw the brother couldn't respond back
Tried to rhyme after me to hold the weight
But the science done drive dem niggaz shoulder
blades down
Let's take a trip travel through the mind
And played a trick when he unraveled the rhyme
Bloodthirsty no mercy when I bomb no thinkin emotions
Sick him with potions that I've developed
To make the body swell up like venom
Once I'm in em then I skin em and skull em
After that I call em, back from the essence
Who the fuck want more lessons? it's over!

Know what I'm sayin? it's over
The dead bury the dead, it's over
Your career -- it's over
All you wack mc's (finish em up) -- it's over
Finish em up

The blast, burns back into elements
Development of gas around the mass of the earth
A hundred and ninty six million
Now a hundred and forty thousand miles are occupied
By people causin housin
Over this the mind was just browsin
Thought I was warm coats, I dispose hope
Of the focus and roast energy toward the enemy
Now in burnin g's, chemically enforce infinity

Attack, third eye, what occurred my, vocal form into a storm
Went blaow burnin but left him in the crowd wonderin
Now you wonder on many thoughts you ponder fell asleep
Tryin to seek the beyonder while I would ponder microphones
Recitin poems, strikin domes to your frightening moans -- of horror!
Speakin evil hebrew from the torah
Slammed the mic it turned to a serpent, open the curtains
Saw things he couldn't interpret, destroyed the earth
Fill it with gunpowder, came build sun power
Rebuild it in one hour
Then revealed it through a sunflower shared the shower
Showin the power of the north messiah eyes on fire
Water oxygen you can't comprehend to these strange doc-trines
Stop the winds, beyond the orbits of dionne warwick
With no broomsticks and magic tricks is this
Return of the iron maiden
Stomp your corny ass like the raven
What's the matter? you frostbitten, you lost your mittens
It seem you wanted to cross to smitten
Sec-ret morse from the christians
It's over! killah priest says, it's over!
Huh, it's over!
Your careers is now, finished

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