

Killah Priest

"Just Some Shit Off the Top"

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[Killah Priest] 300 blunted scriptures of Hitler's Mixture,
Holocaust thoughts 500 bareback slave masters
whippin' niggas Pickin' cotton, Bin Laden shockin' 700
Monks wit their teeth rotten speak doctrines A man
enters a temple wit his back hunched A dragon lands in
the cave near the Caspian Sea A palm reader dreams,
materialize to an image of Priest The mic comes on,
quiet storm, Killa Beez swarm The lion can't sleep, the
monkeys are restless The birds fly from trees An
engineer sits at the masters session My A&R brings the
disc of the record DJ Wool makes a beat, the booth is
empty Instrumental's playin', Preachers begin prayin'
Rappers stop rappin', law of attraction Cause and
reaction I walk in like the dinosaur in the room Look at
me, like fire works in front of the moon The air turns
gloom Then I sit back and hear my favorite tune Then I
start spittin', you rapper's doomed You rapper's
doomed Yeah this is comin' out the brain, kno'I'mean?
Insane, back for the second verse DJ Wool whadup?
Ight! [Killah Priest] Fuckin' Wonder Woman on top of
the Hall of Justice control panel Batman can't even read
the image on the channel But here's the moanin'
Superman will rise, I throw him He shoots lasers from
his eyes I block it like the Lone Shogun My arms
transform to guns, blow 'em to the sun Wonder
Woman's cryin' I grab that bitch by her brace as she's
naked Her tittie is hangin' Aquaman walks in thirsty, my
guns bang 'em I make dracula eat cereal, preferably
Franken Berry's Fuck like a tank heavy, pull out burners
Y'all heart beat fast like the motor on a new Chevy Y'all
ready? Everybody gettin' buried I'm the only rapper
left, all of y'all favor death All y'all wack, all y'all style's
get smacked I keep a 144,000 crowns under my hat My
durag ties up, the mind of King Tut Kool G hoodie
keeps my wings tucked, don't give a fuck Straight out
the dome, kno'I'mean? Pop 'em in his home, yeah, pop
y'all crown Priest, yeah, all y'all styles get smacked
Across the map, it's like that I just wrote this right now,
straight up There's no thinkin', no ink pen, no nothin'
Just sittin' down Yeah, come one, come all

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