

# Killah Priest "Militant"

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F/ Kurupt

[Intro: Killah Priest]

It's too militant, it's too militant  
Aiyo, aiyo, aiyo, aiyo

[Killah Priest]

Aiyo, we night breathe, move through the night at light  
speed  
With Timb's on, baggy denims and white tees  
We rest inside our tents, with Mr. Lightly  
The right trees turn my eyes to Chinese  
Then speak like Israelite, become Christ  
A crown of thorns placed on my head and gun fights  
Escape through the night, for holdin' my sons tight  
Chased by shadows, runnin' towards the lights  
Relatin' to pharaohs, I speak from peace pipes  
Each night, then you burn all friends of 'dro  
Givin' praises due, abundance of dough  
Held by the ebony prince, heavenly set  
Down to the streets where we plan our revolt  
Amongst strangers, and clouds of weed smoke  
Addicts and heartless that love to deep throat  
I sit amongst goons, gangsta, ex-felons  
Ex-cons, addicts discussin' our rebellion  
On the phone with reverends, holdin' up my weapons  
Waitin' for the beast to set off Armageddon

[Chorus 2X: Killah Priest & Kurupt]

It's too militant, throw your gats up  
Nigga, wanna act up, nigga get clapped up, what  
It's too militant, throw your fists high  
Let that catch a whip ride, nigga, we split five, why

[Killah Priest]

It's too militant..  
I shoot through trench coats, don't trust kin folks  
Keep my friends close, so I can watch 'em  
Through hard laughter, never know what he's plottin'  
Hunger, then he slipped his hands in your pockets  
Clip your wallets, it's nothin' personal, it's just projects  
Watchin' a videotape of Christopher Wallace

Footage exposed, bullet holes in the side of his jeep  
We hold it in, 'til we collide with police  
Ride for 2Pac, and all the soldiers every been shot  
Though they body rot, they spirit rest inside of my pen  
Each of 'em tune in, I write the Blueprints that's  
Stillmatic  
Build with Arabs, my mic can heal the masses  
Or feel the caskets, I studied the books of Iron Octopus  
Ladies ride the hook, niggaz spit the verses  
A pit of serpents, stand and curved in a s shape  
Then I make your death date  
I'm hell spawned, drawn near the Hell's gate  
The Indian lady warned me an old man, with pale face  
She said "Fork tongue make painful kisses  
And Priest, when you talk, all the angels listen"

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Killah Priest]  
It's too militant..

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