

## **Killah Priest**

### **"Night Hawk"**

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[Killah Priest] Emcees will have nightmares about the God right here Flights of stairs runnin' recurrin', he's comin' Concussions, concumptions, combustions Your head bussin', lead clutchin' You're dead fucka, I got the bread to cover I'll have an emcee morgue Step inside the fog Many died tryna understand my dialogue Side parks, write a blog I'll be oblige to applaude wit the machine gun for fun Priest the Alfred Hitchcock of Hip-Hop Since BIG-Pac, I'm the big shot Stamina for Pamela or Kid Rock Empty clips out on ya plot Lift the glock, rob you and yours for your wrist watch Peoples rock Eight-off jackets Sawed-off ratchets, haul y'all in caskets Shout out to Adolf the assassin You maggots, rock wit a Messiah faction Holy of Holies is up next Rim on deck, my pen put y'all to death But this will be more spiritual then somethin' lyrical (Hook) 2x Niggas talk and run their mouth till the Hawk come out Let me show you what New York's about Let me show you what Brooklyn's about Let me show you why this hook's in ya mouth Keep fuckin', I'ma do somethin' [Killah Priest] Killers in the street, dealers in their beef Niggas squeeze triggers 'Fore heat makin' brief niggas could eat quicker Ambulance truck pull up, niggas try and glance "Damn, what the fuck, who got bucked?" Spend a dollar on the dutch, lit one up While the goons post on the roof sittin' in the cut Ridiculous, chick is cluck for the roosters Ruthless shooters, use to die on corners Or shootin' hoop cuz... There ain't no leaders so there ain't no future Plus all of his school teachers called him a loser Apple Bottoms, Red Monkey Tap the bottles, spend money on the Timberland boots At the dice game, the middle-men scoop all of the loot Gimme a cause to shoot, bitches wit fat onions Thick lips, lemme hold somethin' Cats wit no doe frontin' Niggas 18 or 36, life is a dirty bitch wit crab She picked out of her ass and threw it in the bucket Fuck it (Hook) 2x [Killah Priest] I spaz out wit the Mac out Get back out then I blackout till it's black out Then I pass out Fuckin' rappers, y'all assed out Lyrically Walter Reed is the best Fought emcees like they chess The fourth will squeeze on ya necks Ultimately to your coffin bleedin'

till your death Paramedics kept, here's the record - You  
tryna lead my people in your step? Nah son, leave  
those niggas alone Priest got us sewn, he in the zone  
It's hard to hear y'all from his throne King of BK, ee-  
zay, best of Ra From outta Bed-Stuy into Best Buy How  
many emcees must I defeat? I let the lead fly, but not  
the lead that come from a bullet But the lead that I  
write in my footage, feel me? (Hook) 2x

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