

Killah Priest

"Stand Still"

Visit "[Stand Still](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Blood Sport]

I see you modified your gangsta after seeing me walk
You changed your tone after hearing me talk
Extended your hand and steal my aura
You know the god don't shake on shit
But food, clothing and a glass of water
Though we make love to Jezebels we prey on virgins
We move like Yahuwa in black Excursions
Blood the color of grape wine
Skin tone the color of bronze
I rose from the grave with 9's
And if tears were dollars I'd feed the children
Replace the White House with a project building
I'd stand on top of it, signal in a rocket ship
Hold my dick like I lock down the continent
I'm magnetic, I attract metal L-shaped objects
With hell parallel niggas hit decks
Yo my hand like fire in hell after a shooting
So nigga if you know like I know, keep it moving

(Hook)

Cause I can stand still and watch the world blow up
Cause I can stand still and watch the world blow up
Cause I can stand still and watch the world blow up
Cause I can stand still and watch the world blow up

[Priest]

Cause I can stand still and watch the world blow up
Fuck that museum heist decode alarms, blowing my palms
Turn the knob slowly hear the click, then we open it
Flee with the rarest canvas, called the Della Strada
A fifteenth-century painting of DaVinci's Belladonna
Tie up the Pope, my man's in the Helicopter
Next to the Russian Pilot blowing marijuana
I smell the ganja showing the picture of the black Madonna
Flying over seas full of squids and arowanas
Stole the Mona Lisa in Rome with phony Visas
Disguised as a tourist taking flicks at the Pisa
My cards and my passport reads Dr. Philip L. Glasco

At the airport where the FBI waiting with their taskforce
Cleared customs, pulled the mustache off
A shootout is my last resort
Now we back in the air to the Metropolis, Project shit
Hellhole is bottomless
The beast will crawl out of it
Apocalypse, Communist
Name remains anonymous
Behold the Pale Rhinoceros
It's obvious, don't even shoot it if the shot's a risk
They say I'm too Hitchcockian
When I spit about the projects we in
I'm Jesus resurrected in the drop-top BM
I'm Larry King Live from the hood
Showing scene by scene of murder
So what's good?

(Hook)

Wish I could stand still and watch the world blow up
But then I wouldn't get to see the seeds grow up
Wish I could stand still and watch the world blow up
I'd be the sign that the gangs of the world throw up

[Immortal Technique]

Motherfuckers tell me that I live in the last days
Stupid fucks, you think AIDS is the last plague?
See man made God in his own image
Culture, language and his own limits
Even his own spirit
So he could fool other men
Into believing in his own gimmicks
Stomp the Atlantic, pivot the planet
While niggas turn their cheek to a Catholic faggot
My thological gangsta
Crying if you spit it hard
You get your bitch gang-raped by Minotaurs
No facade or exaggeration
We were born to rule the world after Revelations
You could call it God's wrath or Allah's math
Like in Texas Chainsaw Massacre slash
Bars of death when I spit 'em out
Concentration camp gold ripped out of a Jew's mouth
Melted into Swiss Banks
That's how the world works
We like the Mamluks to America's Ottoman Turks
Fill the country 'til the bottom will burst
Nazi pope, sniper scope shot him in Church
Warrior castle, slavery surviving niggas
Harlem North Philly nobody live-er niggas
Bittersweet Apocalypse I laugh at the end
Gun in your face, that'll be your moment to sin

Cause when your world is over, mine just begins

(Hook)

Visit [Killah Priest](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.