

Killah Priest

"Truth Be Told"

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[Intro]

Ha ha ha, real talk, Priesthood
Suck it in, game's so real
(Real talk, talk to 'em son)
He knows what he's doing
(Kick it to 'em man)

[Killah Priest]

Yeah, Hmmm...
Stephen King neva wrote a scene as horrific
As God is my witness
What I write should make new artist suspicious
Pardon a nigga, as I say what's in my heart
I guess it's just a part of me venting
'Cause like you I'm from the Park and the benches
So what could I lose but make a conscious decision
'Cause I'm known to spaz' when I'm asked my remarks
in this business
And this game'll do you in regardless of friendship
So excuse me when you reach for my palms and part of
me flinches
It's not you dawg it's the critics
They might catch me in flick drunk with some strippers
And my girl sees it as part of some sick photographer's
vengeance (Real talk)
So many new people around I gotta be sharp with
attendance
I mean as great to emcee, to display this art is a
privilege
But now I gotta get down to darken my sentence
I dream of dead babies streams of blood
Raining fire brimstone wipe the Earth clean with floods
I'm drowning my face next to the meanest thugs
I'm telling my testimony to the supreme above
Ain't I from thy genes the Priest was a King beloved
Then it appeared a bright beam with white wings of a
Dove
It's Lightning, people screamed and shoved
It's frightening but I kept writing
'Cause what I've seen was the Judge
And what he showed me were grave sights

And crucifixes, ruthless bitches
How they treat you and what they do to your riches
For thirty pieces of silver, niggaz'll kill ya
I read Judas scriptures; only want me to true to my
niggaz
The game corrupt like Catholic Church and child nudity
pictures
That's like the Virgin Mary performing karma sutra with
Hitler
The proof in my liquor is 180 the grey goose in my liver
But I still spit truth to my listener
(That's enough son, that's enough, stop! yo stop!)
Nah hold up, let me explain a second
I signed my first deal with Geffen Records
I told them crackers I ain't no motherfucking step and
fetch it
To my recollection, those bastards were like...
"Cool we'll drop you have our A&R go find the next
one"
I said "I'll sue"
They said "That's alright blacky take us to court
and your lawyer Larry Studnicky we've been breaking
him off"
(Damn!) I've almost felt ruined and in the midst of the
confusion
They sent a motherfucking intern
Saying "We don't understand his music, now how the
fuck do we market this?
He's talking all that God body and that Prophet shit"
I said "Damn!"
But it's still street; it's real, niggaz can relate to it
And return they said "Priest throw that shit in the
sewage"
Meanwhile niggaz like Nas and Kiss and Pun is telling
me I'm nice
Down to G Rap to KRS-One
And GZA told me all this shit will happen, just keep
rapping
I said "That's peace god but I ain't motherfucking
tapping"
But still these Labels are fucking with me
It's Priest Vol. 1, nigga shit 'bout to get ugly

[Outro]

Let me explain a second; just let me explain to y'all,
you'know'what'I'mean?
I'ma tell ya the truth, for all the cats coming up,
you'know'what'I'mean?
(+Truth B Told+) Wait 'til you hear Part II, ha ha ha...

