

## Killah Priest

### "Wu Hoo Freestyle"

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[Killah Priest] I spit fire; exist in worlds that may be higher than yours Little boys run play wit your toys Fingerprints in the universe, I move asteroids Paranoid, I go deeper than you, pass a void Rap, enjoy art full of secrets, come rappers, get destroyed They call me the King of the Heathens, for reasons I start squeezin', buss off rhymes, like a couple of nines Cup full of wine; sip the niggas that's trippin' My mind's a millennium, shootouts in space and Amphibians Plenty guns, African race and half Indian One third Phoenix bird and Reptilian Dark-ages, new-age, call me Mantanian Chair turn into a throne, I'm Justinian Ruthless, fist turn into stone, I kill many men Nine-hundred souls of God Seven universes of sun, moon, the globe and the star It's in my heart, so of course in God's form When I spit, niggas just don't hear my shit, they log on Check the inbox, when I press in, it's Hip-Hop Homepage of rage, more things to watch I send 'em a link, the more they think... Pop-up, hard luck, bars of snuff, the screen touch Within my head is all a jury of King Tut I hard and I jerk off my pen, my ink bust I cobra clutch the mic wit incredible grip I spit unforgettable shit, till your edible click Your Beretta's don't spit, you have barrette and some hips No homo, fuck around, you'll be in medical stip The rhyme pump shotty, gave 'em a hell of a lift It's the 'Psychic World of Walter Reed' All can bleed, force from, tank top tattoos But his name is Shirley, early

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