

Kim Larsen

"Witness The King"

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[Killah Priest]

As my soul gets darker, my guns will spark ya
Greet the night stalker, meet your fate
Bow and pay homage, I rap with a garment
Like one of the profits that's teaching faith
One mistake and your life gets taken, I'm from
Brooklyn
Two blocks over from where Satan lives
Where my niggaz break in cribs and we shake your
kids
Turn 'em upside down, "Where that bacon is?"
But we don't kill toddlers, feel the revolver
On the side of the father or the mother
It's time for you to suffer, I kill your brothers
Front and be laying under covers
My rap style smothers, sweet like smuckers
Pull out the heat and you studder, no teeth, just pucker
And kiss my rings, I hit with a sting, the gifts you bring
Witness the king

[Chorus x2: Killah Priest]

The strongest motherfucker make the world go 'round
If you a weak motherfucker then you best bow down
Show your respect, kneel or you might be next
Pay homage to my rings, and witness the king

[Killah Priest]

Come on
Show gratitude, never attitude
When I start grabbin' tools, your ass is his'
One shot make a nigga turn bitch real quick
Deal with the ruckus, I leave ya in crutches
I shoot ya'll in public, put two through your luggage
The gun to your nugget, run your jewels
I rap for motherfuckers, clapped at motherfuckers
If you don't know then you must be schooled
My flow's bonafied to be a supreme force
Cultivate the rhyme to make a supreme source
Activate the mind, I'm a light that taught
Don't wait for prime time, the fight is off
Witness the king

Chorus x2

[Killah Priest]

Come on

I bet ya'll never heard a rapper like I

Cut to the gut motherfucker, ask why

Once I reply it's the sty 'til I die

Down to the bill, nigga work in the field

Squirtin' the steel, caps get peeled

Cats get killed, wack until I feel it's necessary to get
wet in every

Spot from the glock, drop two double oh's

In trouble your souls, three fifty seven mac 10, better

You say never, I say whatever, spraying berettas

Nothing protect ya, tear up your texture

Applyin' that pressure, it's my pleasure

Hit you from your neck up, I want that respect, what!

Chorus x2

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