

Datura

"Cross My Heart"

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Intro: Child and Killah Priest

[Child] One two, one two

[Killah Priest] No doubt

[Child] The microphones on...

[Killah Priest] Cross my heart, hope to die

[Child] I've been waiting along time for this

[Killah Priest] Here we go Killah Priest, '97, '98...

[Killah Priest]

It's the byzantine king, supreme, all kneel kiss the ring
into a ilohean, I blow steam from the families of the
mackabees

smack emcees watch them scream your majesty, make
them suffer

the capacity of tragedy, hold the crowd down like
gravity

back the fuck off, stop grabbing me, hands off me,
niggas start to bore me

I'm getting sleepy, I need some coffee, me and my Wu-
bandits

We bury niggas deep in the canvas, body bandage,
like some mummies

You fucking dummies, you can't take nothing from me

It's the longest waited, the most anticipated, the album
hesitated

Scream the name out KILLAH PRIEST, I leave the blood
spilling in the street

I'm from the dark hills of Brownsville, the seven shields
on windmills

across the killing fields, never forget it, tell them rap
critics

I speak in arithmics, so they can never get it, I'm too
scientific

lyrics explicit, I roll with thirsty niggas, theifs and killers
tigers, gorillas, faces like godzilla

we stomp rappers and smile like a Calm-Della, we got
iller

cross my heart both hope to die, we multiply, by the
hundred

Fuckin by the thousand, see me outside your show

browsin
Beatin up your soundman
playa haters and players, we give um' cold stares
any last prayers...

[Inspectah Deck]

Yo, yo, concrete techniques, bomb beats and cause
casualties
My faculty, hold it down like gravity, rapidly
Threadin like weapons to adolescents, ghetto
residence
quick to past tense your present, state of the slum
Kill four play the drums face one
Their course was now, the snake tounge, I'm deep into
this
I sometimes gasp for air, deadly warfare
Hot block cop and cold stares, shots clear
like fireworks on July the 4th, weapons get torn, fugitive
slidin off
My force is combined, new world, 2009
Digital, criminals, we make mills in cyber-crime
It's all planned ahead, 2 times
I see the signs through a great mind
The heaviest chain could not bind

(Chorus, Killah Priest)

We stare you eye to eye
We tell the truth no lie
We cross our heart and hope to die.. hope to die..

[Genius/GZA]

High ranked officials and armed tanks with missles,
blood drizzle
Simple fact, you slept on the issue, that before you
started jerkin
Joysticks and segas, I was rockin' off 100 watt amps in
Cerwin-Vega
True fine tune it, ship enough units
Emcees ask, who be those rhyme killers in mask
No doubt, difficult task, the last in the square, beware
Infinite amount of darts is in the air, I'm victorious
With no opponents, I blast through components, with
microphonics
Watch the whole world live the moment, anything in
time
They came approaching this
are incapable of speech, remains motionless

(Chorus 2X)

Hope to die..

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