

David Elliot

"If You Don't Know"

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Killah Priest... King of Sodom
Landed on a sick canvas
Now I roam this dead planet, head bandaged
Insane, preachin God's commandment, feel me

I move through the dark rages, and won't stop
til we even, until you bleedin, until you stop breathin
Givin careers a severe beatin
for MCing; it's something
that I don't take lightly, how the fuck you ever invite me
to a duel, I drool
Before I break fool, then I drag MC's
Beat em down to they knees, grab your necks and
SQUEEZE
til there's no life left, they lifeless
Then micless, what a crisis
I give them a good night's rest
I break they biceps, and triceps, thighs and necks
Breast area, is the best area
Before I bury ya, I make sure that you never
ever, ever, ever, try that shit no more
Knowhat!msayin? (Word is bond!)
Your ambition, put you in that fucked up condition
Leave you with your own conviction, shit was not fiction
Now you in a state of non-fiction
Make you beg for mercy, if you ever approach me
I blow your head off, when I talk, chop off your arms
and bash your head in, you know where this shit is
headin
for a dead-end, stop your sweatin
like Otis Reading, got your pants wettin
Snuck up on you at your wedding, at your honeymoon,
turn that shit
into doom, turn your rap cass-ettes, into your fucking
caskets
You God damn bastards
Lyrics I mastered, rhymes burns like acid

[O! Dirty Bastard]
I'm complete analyzer of your entire eye
Debut not told to crawl, so walk on by

I'm the insect in your pie, the hair to your lie
Do good to you mind; your question to your why?
The wing to your fly, bone to your high
The Dirt Dog, I be the God; the tear to your cry
I drop in it, cleanse the Earth's
My place to birth strong, gave me the eye

[Killah Priest]

The fatal brave to grave, the ceremonies
from religious cults, half man and half goat
Tomorrow hopes, based on the horoscopes
We followed goats, our nose and hella smoke
Fire breathin dragons, I rubbed the gold lantern
to the see the future, through the crystal ball
The triple walls of fisher wants to miss the fall
Offence, see the coffin, often
I fell at the doorstep coughin, I heard the pipe organ
(cough)
Saw some men of a white origin
I saw Bill Clinton, Ronald Reagan, and George Bush
Barefoot, sucking from the titties of a wolf
Upon the brazen altar, six men
offer they only daughter splashin holy water
I ran for the, camcorders, now I'm plagued with curses
I roam the Earth's surface, snatchin purses
Allergic to catholic churches, what's the purpose
Religious worship, is worthless
I visit ancient sanctuaries, where the saints were
married
But now they buried cause of Satan's fury, I faced the
jury
Held in court, like Christ nailed to a cross
Confront my knowledge, like Christ in front of Pontius
Pilate
Days of violent, standing in a haunted palace
The government wants my wallet

[Ol' Dirty Bastard]

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[Killah Priest]

If you don't know... now you know
Killah Priest, now you know

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