

David Elliot

"Militant"

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[Intro: Killah Priest]

It's too militant, it's too militant
Aiyo, aiyo, aiyo, aiyo

[Killah Priest]

Aiyo, we night breathe, move through the night at light speed
With Timb's on, baggy denims and white tees
We rest inside our tents, with Mr. Lightly
The right trees turn my eyes to Chinese
Then speak like Israelite, become Christ
A crown of thorns placed on my head and gun fights
Escape through the night, for holdin' my sons tight
Chased by shadows, runnin' towards the lights
Relatin' to pharaohs, I speak from peace pipes
Each night, then you burn all friends of 'dro
Givin' praises due, abundance of dough
Held by the ebony prince, heavenly set
Down to the streets where we plan our revolt
Amongst strangers, and clouds of weed smoke
Addicts and heartless that love to deep throat
I sit amongst goons, gangsta, ex-felons
Ex-cons, addicts discussin' our rebellion
On the phone with reverends, holdin' up my weapons
Waitin' for the beast to set off Armageddon

[Chorus 2X: Killah Priest & Kurupt]

It's too militant, throw your gats up
Nigga, wanna act up, nigga get clapped up, what
It's too militant, throw your fists high
Let that catch a whip ride, nigga, we split five, why

[Killah Priest]

It's too militant..
I shoot through trench coats, don't trust kin folks
Keep my friends close, so I can watch 'em
Through hard laughter, never know what he's plottin'
Hunger, then he slipped his hands in your pockets
Clip your wallets, it's nothin' personal, it's just projects
Watchin' a videotape of Christopher Wallace
Footage exposed, bullet holes in the side of his jeep

We hold it in, 'til we collide with police
Ride for 2Pac, and all the soldiers every been shot
Though they body rot, they spirit rest inside of my pen
Each of 'em tune in, I write the Blueprints that's
Stillmatic
Build with Arabs, my mic can heal the masses
Or feel the caskets, I studied the books of Iron Octopus
Ladies ride the hook, niggaz spit the verses
A pit of serpents, stand and curved in a s shape
Then I make your death date
I'm hell spawned, drawn near the Hell's gate
The Indian lady warned me an old man, with pale face
She said "Fork tongue make painful kisses
And Priest, when you talk, all the angels listen"

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Killah Priest]
It's too militant..

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