

Gatekeeper

"Righteous Kill"

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[Verse 1:]

I'm a fucking thunderstorm, you's a light shower
You a bitch, you shoot and miss like Dwight Howard
You can't battle the god, I'm too precise coward
That's like Khalid Muhammad saying he's White Power
This the machete that your organs getting sliced out
with
The blind motherfucker in the village Bryce Howard
My brain only function proper in the night hours
You might own a fucking label but the mic ours
My shit hi-tech lord like a plastic bomb
An asshole, I punch people with glasses on
Anybody disagreeable we mashing on
I only fuck with green and gold god magic wand
An encore is the only thing that you clapping on
I'm a pitbull pussy, you a papillon
A bitch get a 40 from me, not a glass of Dom
I'm the G-29 in the assassin's palm

[Chorus:]

All I hear is danger, all I see is danger
All you hear is "run, run, here come danger"
Shatter dreams like Freddy your thoughts rearrange ya
Stare death dead in the eyes, it'll change ya

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[Verse 2:]

It's a righteous kill, I don't do nothing but write and kill
Drink 40s, smoke el, push the white and krill
I move strong and fast, I have a bison's will
I'm the motherfucking champ, I'm the fighting field
I'm from the city of the syrup and Vicodin pills

From the city the most fearless of fighters was filmed
The city where we have the most street veterans still
The Moors, Nuwaubians, Five Percenters will build
I'm from Philly motherfucker, the rawest it comes

I make your body disappear, I'm a sorcerer's tongue
You live your whole life in fear that the torture will come
I hope my music is revered like a portrait of Pun
I'm paranoid god here in my fortress with guns
I had a void god, filled it with whores and with blunts
I ain't have a choice god, I was born in the slums
I ain't have a voice god till I slaughtered the drums

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

Yeah, the four-fifth is a melon popper
Hollow tips spin your body like a helicopter
Anything can move god if you sell it proper
And I've been through more viewings than a
teleprompter
This is horrorcore beat, got hella monsters
My team's got more Gs than a spelling proctor
Y'all ain't never moved D, y'all are petty choppers
I got a vicious left hook, call me Eddie Thomas
But I'm raw with the right hand
Like Jack Johnson fighting against the white man
Yeah I'm about to shorten your life span
Evil shit can be good if it's in the right hands
I make motherfuckers burn, you a slight tan
I keep a motherfucking urn on my nightstand
So wait your motherfucking turn like a hype man
I bury you with the snitches under the white sand

[Chorus]

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