

## **Gumz f/ Killah Priest**

### **"Shall I Continue?"**

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(Intro) Priest

Yeah Gumz, Priest, (Yeah), uh, Mo Man, it's like the snowman

Yeah, Priest, yo Gumz whatup? Uh yeah

[Killah Priest]

I wear black rosary beads, crumbled cash and trades  
Four clover leaves, sprinkling water to Catholic prey  
There's a massive grave of the rappers I've slain  
I light candles on that Sabbath day  
I slash my prey across their necks like the symbol of a hex'

Enter the temple when I walk up the steps  
All of us tremble, who is next? My mental is vexed  
The Priest winged lord is vengeful to death  
The 8 Diagrams show you how to divide a man  
Chop off his mother's arm; he tried to hide his hands  
Priest the Saint, majestic ruler, paint oppression  
Go Guerilla like I'm from Cuba, I'm still the future  
Cemeteries get fed when I spread my lead  
Not from shots, but the number two pencil  
Or what have you, got into, the evil that men do  
The best of women they sent to  
Life is so simple; I bring it in through the streets  
Shall I continue? Priest

[Gumz]

Yo, yeah, yeah, I am a Prophet, God's #1, you're just a novice  
Bald head, non-attract shit, that's a promise  
I bomb sonic dropping faster than a comet  
Attract or beg for mercy if I'm about to get upon it  
I'm a blessing, directly from the Angels in the Heavens  
Knocking down the gate, you ready for the Resurrection?  
Inhale air; exhale an infection, on any selection  
I'll upper-cut you to the mid-section  
Of weapon or wordsmith, get any herbs sick  
By letting these words into your mind and its numbness  
Dumb shit sells record, fucking go that route  
Get stabbed through the neck with a hole in your mouth

Down South clone rap, going to get your phone tapped  
With the short lived fiend, about to take a long nap  
I spread kill from the East to the hills  
I'ma beast on the steel faced, call it free will  
Yo, he's ill, that's what they've been telling me  
Spoke on the beat that's close to a felony  
A melody adds sick fucking word play  
Herbs lay down in the streets fucking all day

(Chorus) Gumz X2

Shall I continue? Murder track mental  
Send back what've I learned, burn down the rap temple  
Build it back up with knowledge itself  
Just a flesh wound, next move, honor is dealt

[Gumz]

Yo, I stay focused  
And I provide some of the dopest material out there  
So mothafucka take notice, rhyme chain smoker  
Words are like a flame-thrower  
Every time I press on the paper, it's game's over  
And I stay sober like anonymous, prominent  
Mind is hot like fever thermometers  
My speech is liquid like the ink in this pen  
If you believe you're on my level then you're dumber  
than them  
Spit the poisonous venom, crystallize lyrics with vicious  
And victimize the world with visionary spirits  
I'm the purest thing living, like water from a well  
Half good, half evil, split the heaven and the hell  
You're just looking to sell  
And I'm looking to yell at you for doing it  
This shit is a gift why are you trying to ruin it?  
So quit pursuing it, before you make a fool of yourself  
And every single dude the game has influenced

(Chorus) X4

(Outro)

Priest: Yeah, Gumz, Mo Man, uh

Gumz: (Killah Priest, Gumzilla, 2007 shit)

Priest: The moment is ending, The Offering is coming

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