

## Killah Priest f/ Blood Sport, Immortal Technique "Stand Still"

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[Blood Sport]

I see you modified your gangsta after seeing me walk  
You changed your tone after hearing me talk  
Extended your hand and steal my aura  
You know the god don't shake on shit  
But food, clothing and a glass of water  
Though we make love to Jezebels we prey on virgins  
We move like Yahuwa in black Excursions  
Blood the color of grape wine  
Skin tone the color of bronze  
I rose from the grave with 9's  
And if tears were dollars I'd feed the children  
Replace the White House with a project building  
I'd stand on top of it, signal in a rocket ship  
Hold my dick like I lock down the continent  
I'm magnetic, I attract metal L-shaped objects  
With hell parallel niggas hit decks  
Yo my hand like fire in hell after a shooting  
So nigga if you know like I know, keep it moving

(Hook)

'Cause I can stand still and watch the world blow up  
'Cause I can stand still and watch the world blow up  
'Cause I can stand still and watch the world blow up  
'Cause I can stand still and watch the world blow up

[Priest]

'Cause I can stand still and watch the world blow up  
Fuck that museum heist decode alarms, blowing my palms  
Turn the knob slowly hear the click, then we open it  
Flee with the rarest canvas, called the Della Strada  
A fifteenth-century painting of DaVinci's Belladonna  
Tie up the Pope, my man's in the Helicopter  
Next to the Russian Pilot blowing marijuana  
I smell the ganja showing the picture of the black Madonna  
Flying over seas full of squids and arowanas  
Stole the Mona Lisa in Rome with phony Visas  
Disguised as a tourist taking flicks at the Pisa  
My cards and my passport reads Dr. Philip L. Glasco

At the airport where the FBI waiting with their taskforce  
Cleared customs, pulled the mustache off  
A shootout is my last resort  
Now we back in the air to the Metropolis, Project shit  
Hellhole is bottomless  
The beast will crawl out of it  
Apocalypse, Communist  
Name remains anonymous  
Behold the Pale Rhinoceros  
It's obvious, don't even shoot it if the shot's a risk  
They say I'm too Hitchcockian  
when I spit about the projects we in  
I'm Jesus resurrected in the drop-top BM  
I'm Larry King Live from the hood  
Showing scene by scene of murder  
So what's good?

(Hook)

Wish I could stand still and watch the world blow up  
But then I wouldn't get to see the seeds grow up  
Wish I could stand still and watch the world blow up  
I'd be the sign that the gangs of the world throw up

[Immortal Technique]

Motherfuckers tell me that I live in the last days  
Stupid fucks, you think AIDS is the last plague?  
See man made God in his own image  
Culture, language and his own limits  
Even his own spirit  
So he could fool other men  
into believing in his own gimmicks  
Stomp the Atlantic, pivot the planet  
While niggas turn their cheek to a Catholic faggot  
My thological gangsta  
Crying if you spit it hard  
You get your bitch gang-raped by Minotaurs  
No facade or exaggeration  
We were born to rule the world after Revelations  
You could call it God's wrath or Allah's math  
Like in Texas Chainsaw Massacre slash  
Bars of death when I spit 'em out  
Concentration camp gold ripped out of a Jew's mouth  
Melted into Swiss Banks  
That's how the world works  
We like the Mamluks to America's Ottoman Turks  
Fill the country 'til the bottom will burst  
Nazi pope, sniper scope shot him in Church  
Warrior castle, slavery surviving niggas  
Harlem North Philly nobody live-er niggas  
Bittersweet Apocalypse I laugh at the end  
Gun in your face, that'll be your moment to sin

'Cause when your world is over, mine just begins

(Hook)

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