

Maccabeez

"Maccabee Freestyle"

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[Timbo King] Yeah, you was there for me, when nobody cared for me My black queen on my side, til death do us Part of my life, since I left Lewis, everybody knew us Played cops & robbers, crooked cops tried to rob us Took you to see Shottas, cuz you love violence So special, Saturday nights, watch Heckler and Koch My finger tips on your clitoris, you sexy and hot Ace in the hole, always have a place in my soul I promise to take you everywhere, travel the globe I have you to hold, even when you O.G. knew I'm fascinated by the things you do I'm fascinated by the things you do, yea Aiyo, winter come it here, and they bring me off I got that shotgun double barrel, ma, ain't nuthin' soft I ain't scared to pull out, women strip when they see it I pull my burner out, plus I cock it back Yeah, you love my gun play, early morning Sunday Before church, I burst gun powder, holla if you feel this steel I murder pussy, gun man, bust shells, now you know I wear gloves Chicks love my nine, the big black heater I get my mack on, attract divas in Adidas [Killah Priest] Been a, lotta talking, from my offsprings Alot of coffins will be needed, treated By doctors, asking who shot ya It's the Priest, I reveal dark secrets How you know that death is near? When you feel that cold steel in ya chest And the doctor yells "clear" It's Priest, I'm the Ghetto Jesus Get off ya feet and light your weed up And, blow out my lyrical essence There's no father to this style, it's the immaculate conception Gats for a weapon, rap for a message to the hood niggas That's real in the heart, for them knuckleheads still in the dark I'm still in the park, rhyme like I'm still on the block The way I rhyme, the way a gangsta lay down his nine I'm in my prime, ya'll know it It's Killah Priest, Michaelangelo Leonardo DaVinci, pen squeeze out sculptures Let me freestyle, soldiers, uh Realize... [Hell Razah] They don't know what they dealing with... I'm the, best threat since man made computer Used to roll phillies and listen to Grand Puba International like Castro and Cuba Da Last Future, international ruler With Arabic AK's and black German lugers We Jews from Israel, not Jacob the Jeweler, man To the game I'm like Pancho Villa It's beef til America,

pay us skrillas Robin Hood and my ghetto is Mexico
Only thing change is the place of the decimal I write my
name in lamb's blood, El Israel My ghetto is hell and my
cup me the waters of Miriam's well Tell a snake how
they move by his head or they tail Maccabeez will
prevail, rebel inside jails The cops hating on our AK
shells, farewell Kiss the scepter of the young pharaoh
The scientists study my bone marrow Where I'm known
to travel, I'm from a family that built castles It's melodic
carpentry, so we build with ProTools A project school,
take these jewels how you digest food The wolf drew
and the sheep act fool Breaking news, young black girl
missing all they found was her shoes I've been threat
since fallopian tubes, now babies raised by a
GameCube And found out the planet, they rule [Outro:
Killah Priest] These three words In the heart... Won't be
war... In the hood... I can touch the stars, nigga I can
touch the stars... Yeah, it's not jewel rap We just
keeping it real Keeping it thorough From the hood to
the prison walls, behind the walls to find the corpse It's
all good, niggas

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