

## Maccabeez

### "Maccabee Ridaz"

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[Intro: Killah Priest] Yeah, Killah Priest, Timbo King  
Maccabeez, nigga, whatever we do Heaven Razah,  
where you at? We all together, you know what time it is  
This is it... [Killah Priest] Fall back and analyze, a man  
rarely seen Before the cameras eyes, two cannons by  
his side Heart's so real, that he can not die God's my  
shield, I'm ready to ride When I was young I'm into  
breaks by dope phenoms Now I'mma stare up to space  
with guns in my palms Light storms, the cloud forms,  
the night is born Draw swords, I'm ready for war I'm  
lords over ya'll laws, ya'll rappers, ya'll used to be hot  
But now ya'll make me bored, now it's back to board  
Back to the core, back to the backsore, putting in work  
Back to the block, putting ya'll in the dirt Bullets insert,  
lead that comes out, you niggas'll squirt Lead all over  
the turf, limbs'll hurt Sanity is the curse, Priesthood,  
nigga Hold guns like Clint Eastwood, plan to eat good,  
nigga [Chorus: Killah Priest] Yeah.. the Maccabee Ridaz  
Maccabee Ridaz Yo, it's the Maccabee Ridaz It's the  
Maccabee Ridaz [Killah Priest] I'm a monster, ready to  
conquer Hit ya'll muthafuckas with the power of a  
Tonka Truck, I don't give a fuck, guns'll buck Niggas'll  
duck, shots start to roll Under the fucking cops... yeah...  
toll Tell the brothers, straight off the head... Straight off  
the lead... from guns to automatic And it's all the static,  
comical army grab it Yeah, ya'll niggas is maggots,  
unload the ratchet Gats spits, niggas placed in caskets  
Blow muthafucking paper, yo straight off the head, it's  
my nature I put it down, yeah, yeah, Timbo, you gon'  
paint the ground Fuck that... guns pat, Maccabeez  
muthafucka, one more time [Chorus w/ ad-libs] [Timbo  
King] Let's ride on 'em, let's ride on 'em Fuck them  
niggas, fuck them niggas Them niggas busboys,  
always catching the bus, boy The game's foul, who can  
you trust, boy? Bo, shepherd king, repping Brook,  
Crook, go 'head and move, rook Smoking tobacco, my  
niggas blacko Slap niggas, mean what I say Say what I  
mean, gangsta lean, Tim Brown slaughterhouse I want  
big money, ready to die, big money Keep food up in  
the fridge, money Revolutionary gun talk... ride on 'em,  
ride on 'em

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