

Mariah Carey F/ Da Brat, Missy Elliott

"Vengeance"

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[Intro: Killah Priest]

Yeah... Priesthood again, Killah Priest
Proverbs, the whole unit, Savoy up in here
You.

[Killah Priest]

Nigga wanna front, get him with the pump
Bag a body up, on back of the truck
Whoever this, ain't hear from since
Beretta's spit, then I'm off in the trench
Once the head spit, dust off my prints
Bullet wounds left more than an inch
Six in him and four in his bitch
Ya'll should just stop and just call it quits
Only gonna end up in the morgue or the ditch
When I start rhyming, put my all in it
I ain't got time for no baller shit
One clip, take a nigga to the exit
Pray that he meet death quick
Poison body like asbestos
Shot him when the tech spit
At the same time, aim nines, canine

[Chorus 2X: Killah Priest, Ras Kass]

So what ya'll want, dog, what's the deal?
I ain't got, nothin' for ya'll, but lots of steel
I ain't, runnin' from ya'll got shots to peel
I ain't, fallin' cuz ya'll, cuz my heart stays real

[Ras Kass]

Yeah, looky here, ain't no crooky here
Punk pumps no fear or Kool-Aid
Pump shit the opposite of what you feel, fuck what you say
Wanna see me trapped (uh-huh), fucked in the game (okay)
Locked up in the pen, or, caught by the flames
Nah, caught up by the same thing, glock to your brain chain
Maintainin' these strange days, pains, what this fame brings

But how you gon' stand out, with your hand out,
beggin' like a bitch
Expect me to do you a favor, and get you rich
Faggot, I don't owe you shit, so quit, don't show you
shit
Except, when I'm makin' sure you, who spit
Either it's this microphone click, either way that go is a
hit
So please believe, thanks to gullies and get gats, so
easily

[Chorus w/ Killah Priest ad-libs]

[Killah Priest]
Nigga still wanna beef with court police
Your code on the streets, is backwards, man
As we hold heat, put holes in your jeep
Nigga, what you preach, you should practice and
This gat in my hand put you back in the land
Six feet deep sleep, eternal, they sold heat in inferno
Watch your body drop while your soul leaps external
Bullet pop like Three's Company did to Colonel
I gotta taste for war, that's why I lick shots
And hate for ya'll, bigger than hip hop, nigga stop
Ya'll not street, ya'll not Priest, ya'll not Ras, ya'll
straight trash

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Killah Priest]
Yeah, Killah Priest, Ras Kass
For you and yours, from the force, the Horse
That's right ("the wicked"), 2002, 2003, whatever
What it's gon' be... pop off

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