

Nytowl

"Pay the Piper"

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[Intro: sample (Nytowl)]

...The one dollar bill at the top on the one
You'll see at the top right here on the little curvature
You will see an owl, it is used as a symbol
Because it sees things in the dark
(Oh Shit, what the fuck was that? What the fuck?
I don't know, but they sent y'all to run up in the spot
What the-- I ain't in a hurry... what? What the? What the
fuck?
What the fuck is ... Kingpin! Kingpin! Kingpin!

[Chorus 4X: Nytowl]

You wack ass rappers don't belong in the cipher
I'm comin out to slay, y'all niggaz gotta pay the piper

[Nytowl]

Straight out the wild wild west here comes the bird
Who flew over the cuckoo's nest, on to the cursed and
where y'all vest?
Leave a bloody mess if you come test me
The dark lord of the DSD
It's for your destiny and your whole crew's future
I'm buckin holes in your body with my lyrical shotti
shooter
Click click boo ya, who y'all niggaz in my cipher?
You know to perpetrate me, gotta make them pay the
piper
So feel the fire burn, as the world turn
A M.C. gon' die cause they not gon learn
who's the muthafuckin man, from here to Iran
I stand 5'9", I'm lethal live, peep my rhyme
I survive in the 9, with a tech
Let my man U-Neek, bang beats on ya set
'Nough, 'nough, respect to all reality ciher
La, its the lyrical gunsniiper, boo ya, Mr. Piper

[Chorus 4X]

[Killah Priest]

I stomp rappers through the planet
Break 'em down, lift 'em up like the Titanic

Slam them down the bridges down into the Atlantic
Beat 'em through walls, punch 'em through the floor
Comin' to lay law, I start breakin' jaws
I grab your hands and crush 'em like beer cans
I fear no man, who walk through the rap seminars
The same way Christ walked through Synogauges
Lookin for Pharoah seeds and savage seas
The only difference; I wear green fatigues
Knockin' over turntables, with this burner to your naval
I run up into your label and beat up your A&Rs;
Shake the heavens, watch the fallen stars
Your arms are to short to box with God
Park your cars, watch the stars, I'm swingin the iron rod
I'm on the warpath, check the forecast, the aftermath
of the bloodbath
Wearin a gasmask, low in the grass
Holdin the staff, splittin' bodies in half, then I laugh

[Chorus 4X w/ Killah Priest ad-libs]

[Nytowl]

Boo ya, me gon blow up the spot
Boo ya, boo ya me gon lick up a shot
Big up, big up to all original hip hop
Me flow nonstop, till all them dead boys drop
The lyrical warlock, reggae rock, hear me now
Straight from Killa Cal, it's the, nuh, Nytowl
Another ties down for that ass, baby
A nigga tried to play me, now him say "Hey, Hey"
Please Nytowl, me not take it no more
Me did not know that the style was hardcore
Shut the fuck up, click click drop to the floor
Cuz your bitch ass bound to be a double door
Me ready for war, so everybody get murdered
With wicked, better rip the kid, shit they never heard of
Back up back up son, here come the Nytowl
Step into my cipher, time to pay the piper

[Chorus 8X]

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