

# Killah Priest, Do The Damn Thing

[Intro: Killah Priest]

You know this beat is crazy, right  
This the beat right here, yo  
They gonna love this when they hear this, g

[Chorus: Killah Priest]

A lot of these rappers are indecisive  
Ya'll comin' to this game, like ya'll the nicest  
But, anyway, get rich, get brain  
Get off the wall and do the damn thing  
Get off the floor and do the damn thing  
Get off the floor and do the damn thing

[Killah Priest]

Silly rappers, when will you learn  
You play with fire and you will get burned  
Cuz now, I've been low, lately, waitin' my turn  
Turn off my radio cuz I'm not concerned with ya'll  
Weak rhymes, same topics  
This one's for the streets, for the projects  
For my g's with the weed in the apartments  
For my dogs in the law hit with charges  
Fuck them, cuz I love ya'll regardless  
For my chicks in the whips dancin' bra-less  
Hair done, nice face, lookin' flawless  
I got that thing, bust off, lead objects  
Ya'll cats are lame, no threat, it's a promise  
Name your favorite rapper, well, he's fake  
And you fake, that's why you fuck with his tape  
I'll take that thing and just bust in your face  
You're not real, same flow, no style  
I pop steel, lames, no know who go down  
And I don't give a fuck, who run the city or not  
Cuz the streets is real, even Biggie got Pac  
And I love those niggas, but I don't love ya'll  
Bust a slug for those niggas, but bust a slug at ya'll  
And I get physical, visual, very artistic  
Givin' party people something, funky to listen to  
Hizza, hey, my rhymes is blizza, blazed  
Cross your fizza, face, down to your waist  
Raps, I do this, since the music influence the truest  
I shoot 'em with rhymes, execute 'em with lines  
They knew since their kind is all stupid  
Beats we loop it then they cue it, they foolish  
And I stand to prove it this time, come on

[Chorus]

[Hook: Killah Priest]

Cuz it's new year, best to come correct  
I ain't hear a style that I can't do yet  
I ain't hear a rapper, that I can't move yet  
Get off the wall and do the damn thing  
Get on the floor and do the damn thing

[Killah Priest]

I see it, then write it, believe it, I'm psychic  
The nicest is here, the rest of those cats  
They was last year, well do something...  
I heard it, the beefs, the murders, the streets  
The cursin', that's weak, do something  
Different, for instance, the Priest is brief  
A technique, I proves my point, with the pen and some gin  
Thoughts and beats, I'm blendin' it in

My records will spin, everybody knows the kid can flow  
Rip a show, or lift a soul, but this time, I gets that dough  
Plus I'm not, 50, or Biggie, or Diddy  
I'm Witty Unpredictable, lyrical masterful mind  
Chapters of rhymes, irresistible lines, metaphors is clever than yours  
Sever your jaws, I'm ready for war  
Like Pac in his Makaveli era, ready for ya'll, with a glock  
And rap to spread to deadly terror, I squeeze on this whole industry  
Enemies please don't sit with me  
I sit with these and cats with keys  
Cash and V's, black fatigues, smack M.C.'s, it's over!

[Chorus]

[Hook]