

# Killah Priest, Gun 4 Gun

[Nas]

Ill Will

Ill Will's alive yea Killah Priest Nasdaq Dow Jones ha ha

(Hook)

Guns for gun streets filled with rivers of blood

Raised in the PJ's with real niggas and thugs

Eye for an eye a tooth for a tooth

Blood for blood coming to a theater near you

It's all love

Guns for gun streets filled with rivers of blood

Raised in the PJ's with real niggas and thugs

[Priest]

I'll make Mussolini wear a Kufi

I talk like Dr. Ben but look like Malcolm holding his Uzi

Peering through curtains who would I murder?

Pearl silencer screw on my burner four four caliber

The new Nat Turner I'll make Hitler wear a yarmulke

KKK celebrate Kwanzaa

Should I pursue further?

I'm like Tutankhamen with the tools in my garment

Put a few in my cartridge the moon and stars lit

Light up the hood it looks like a techno club

We slam dance to this music when the Tek blow slugs

It's ghetto thugs, welfare and poor education and gang love

sitting in the Federal waiting

(Hook)

[Nas]

What did Malcolm think split second before he was shot?

Did he think to hit the deck on the floor before he dropped?

Or did he just say "Fuck it" I'm ah die for my brothers?

'Cause by killing him just made his words teach others

Like Martin Luther King he preached peace

Like the West East beef finally that shit is rotten

Place yourself in the shoes of a people's leader

From drug kingpin to President either is off the meter

Your best man can turn it or squeeze ya burn you and leave ya

Beside a lonely road or inside a meat freezer

That's the way it goes on the 3rd rock from the sun (earth)

Alone circling the light were we begun where we become

A follower to a general with soldiers to run

They move off every word of your tongue

Fearless and ruthless when you was young pulling your gun

Not scared to shoot shit remember it was all in the fun

If it's power you wanted can you control over a hundred minds?

And these are grown men who've killed over a hundred times

Every champ team has an arch rival

And it takes one time to mess up and niggas don't like you

You start to want peace, niggas want you deceased

Your money low, niggas want you to go

Who else but I can bring the most haunting flow? (Nas)

You soon to see the best of me

From a boy man to a king hear out my destiny

(Hook)

[Priest]

When my fam is at stake

I think of how much slander I take

Then I sit back and watch tapes on Alexander the Great

I start studying how he bloodied men  
I think of rappers I'm a massacre  
Metal armor cover my skin  
Take me to war, fuck y'all  
Priest is Ivan the Terrible  
Stare at my eyes, they're unbearable  
You collide with the generals  
Surround me like the most high  
Surrounded by Cherubim  
Who'd imagine the illest collabo  
Priest and Nas are incredible  
He's spits ether, I spit urancha  
Describe how you devils move  
Scream on MC's as I recline on my pedestal

(Hook)

[Nas]  
The I to the L to the L to the W the I to the L to the L  
To the W the I to the L to the L  
To bring trouble to all ya niggas