

# Killah Priest, Mind As A Weapon

(feat. Hellrazah)

[Hell Razah]

4th Disciple, what what, Sunz of Man  
Sunz of Man.. Heaven Razah, Killah Priest  
Killah Priest, knowl'msayin'?  
Prodigal Sunn, 60 Sec... 60 Sec. (yeah)  
The Ambassador, yeah, ha, what?  
Check.. yo.

[Chorus 3X: Hell Razah w/ ad-libs]

Sunz of Man, what? We come together like gasses of The Sun  
There comes a time without no money, drugs and guns  
Just the Mind as a Weapon for the blind, deaf and dumb

[Hell Razah]

Here we come, here we come, use the truth to overcome.  
Here we come, here we come, here we come.

After my dagger enters, blood drips from ya liver  
I set up real world niggaz out like I'm Tommy Hilfiger  
Take the motive vibe, eye of a killer  
Place drugs and arms on drug dealers  
Satan says "Satan get behind me"  
Georgio Armani, custom garments made from Godbody  
I said the truth hurts ya weak spot like karate  
Illuminati/FBI's couldn't watch me  
You won't survive with a Versace  
or when the gunshot hit ya body  
I'm on some next shit, it's a war, get out ya Lexus  
You on my guest list, so choose ya exit  
to ya deathwish, the useless get buried my a homocidal of unnecessary  
We be drinkin' royal wine, pumpin' wine berries  
I never drink the blood of Mary, ya ass don't scare me  
The enemy is my worst enemy  
Virus to this music industry, come and deliver  
ya water, ya penalty, niggaz they be killin' me  
like they mobsters from Italy  
Meanwhile Kings hate Queens in captivity  
Al Capone clones and brains in slave chains  
Check the herobome, transportin' through white robes  
Headphones and telephones, to make the unknown known  
Before sticks and stones broke bones  
We was conquerin', Roman gold robes  
Kidnapped, naked away from home, now we red guest rolls  
Called by Jon Doe now with the Red Rose, the communists  
Snakes transform like Optimus Prime to a suit and tie  
My mind detects like a lie detector  
We don't need Gadgets to be Inspectors  
The only knowledge, got on Mecca reflectors  
Ain't nothin' funny, I burn ya rap clothes and ya money  
There's too many crash test dummies  
Wearin' shades cuz the truth gets too sunny  
Me and my true fam', we spread history like a museum  
put ya guns down and use ya two hands  
Keepin' documents stack like the paper at a newstand  
The old man ordered the Mr. Officer to stop the lock up  
The black orchestra, scuba divers in Nautica drownin'  
in the blood, road warriors don't budge  
I offer the same office of death of a life of a slave  
Bright light keep the bats in the caves  
Some sold their soul to the Devil to get paid in bundles  
Betray sense, back to the grave in the jungle  
And the camouflage nation never change, now they're humble

Makes the world rumble.  
They shock the world from all, skyscrapers crumble  
And the running back fumbles

[Chorus 3X w/ ad-libs]

[Killah Priest]  
Killah Priest

We used to wear Cuffies studded with Rubies  
But now we into Gucci, Tommy Gunns and mob movies  
Kids ya get robbed for ya lucci  
My black woman, so many names, something  
Their whole wind, sting  
For ya mind and I'll be the string  
Use a form of Yoga, turn my mic into a King Cobra  
Pull out ya brain Nova, my album'll touch you like the death of Malcolm  
Stalk prey like a falcon  
When I design poems, each line shines like a rhinestone  
Will leave ya mind blown, lost in a timezone  
Politicians follow traditions, they got Clinton spittin'  
Some are superstitious, a group of witches  
Reduced to bitches, everyday they shoot switches  
I'm on the loose takin' pictures  
at all the Devils, I drop science like metal  
Black as Othello, heat up a mic like a kettle  
The kid says, "Settle down.. down.. down"  
I'm supernatural, factual, actual, the master  
My garment is laced in Jasper  
Jade, amber, the ladies pull out their cameras  
at the 7 Shield Commander  
Salute the troops when I was away to recoup'  
As a juvenile is when I had to prove style  
Was too cock', it made him shake in his boots  
Must choose spot between Gates and Truth  
And got with the boys and did biz and got lig  
Re-nig and made noise like toys and kids  
Words around the block, the cops versus us  
And got my glock cocked now I'm ready to bust  
Aimin' at Jack with two gats, who to shoot at  
They moved back.. but hold up before we do that  
Let's do a rally in the alley  
And niggaz that'll rally in the valley, ready to retali-  
ate, why realize the hate from the trials and their dates  
Doin' miles, so they foul from the state  
Or do abort their health and aborted all their self  
I hold my ammunition cuz I take the sword of delf  
Vicious, whoever seem suspicious, hit him, leave him twisted  
Just lost my job and got evicted  
Thugs and drug dealers gettin' slugs and squealers  
They hug the killers and drink mugs of Miller's  
And have ya vexed in a hold up while the cops eatin' donuts  
Families is broke up, families is broke up  
Families is broke up.  
Broke up.. broke up, what?  
Killah Priest and Hell Razah