

# Killah Priest, The Killah

(Intro)

Watch this guy, he's killed a lot of rappers  
You just gotta check his motives, his styles  
I want everything on this dude

[Killah Priest]

A cool guy, quiet low key but still blow heat  
Don't smoke but knows how to roll trees  
A ladies man, 'two-step' his favorite dance  
Expensive restaurants, kid's a vaunt, lives by himself  
Owns rare paintings of the Renaissance - in different art  
Likes classical music, assassin's movement  
His cash is fluid, Froogle, type his name in Google  
Wikipedia, Encyclopedia, YouTube media  
They got his name but no birth date  
He kills rappers in the worst way  
He snatches their brains from his skulls  
Slam it to the floor to see what they would think  
Or if they're thinkin' anymore  
He rhymes from the back of the crowd  
He neva acts wild, the Don profile dig his style  
He catches them after the stage then puts them on display  
He's often calm, predictive, crazy  
Talks to 'em while he cuttin' of their arms

(Hook)

He's the Killah \*on repeat\*

[Killah Priest]

Murder is the color of death  
The artist's the Killah  
He leaves ink in a mess  
The Mic is a weapon wheneva threatened  
He brings on Armageddon, he shows regression  
You seem 'em keep steppin'  
He's in and out in different cars - a psycho  
Have used the body of his victim at the morgue  
He speaks other languages; he talks to Angels from cliffs  
He sowed, usually blocks the sun when he sits  
He once broke a rapper in half  
Then put 'em back together all bad  
Another emcee thought he was nice  
He didn't know he was battlin' for his life  
When this rapper strike, he neva hits the same spot twice  
This is his hype, this is his weight  
This is his duplicate of his rhyme book  
We took from our safe  
These are his words; see how they're written like daggers  
This is a sample of his page DNA  
One spit it could split matter  
We got leads to his next hit  
His map points to where he would go...  
American Music Award Show

(Hook)