

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)