

Killah Priest, Truth B Told

[Killah Priest]

Stephen King never wrote a scene as horrific
As God as my witness, what I write should make you artists suspicious
Pardon a nigga, as I say whats in my heart
I guess its just part of me venting
Cause like you Im from the park and the benches
So what can I lose? Well make a conscious decision
Cause Im known to spaz when Im asked my remarks on this business
In this game of do you and regardless of friendship
So excuse me when you reach for my palms and part of me flinches
Its not you dog, its the critics
They might catch me in the flick drunk with some strippers
And my girl see it as part of some sick photographer vengeance
So many new people around I gotta be sharp when in attendance
I mean its great to MC, to display this art is a privilege
But now I gotta get down to darken my sentence
I dream of dead babies, streams of blood
Raining fire and brimstone, wipe the Earth clean with floods
Im drowning my face next to the meanest thug
Im telling my testimony to the supreme above
Aint I from thy genes, the Priest was a king beloved
Then there appeared a bright beam with white wings of a dove
Its lightning, people screamed and shoved
Its frightening, but I kept writing cause what I seen was the judge
And what he shown me where grave sites and crucifixes
Ruthless bitches, how they treat you and what they do to your riches
For thirty pieces of silver niggas will kill you
I read Judas scriptures, only want me to be true to my niggas
The game corrupt like Catholic Church and child nudity pictures
Thats like the Virgin Mary performing Karma Sutra with Hitler
The proof of my liquor is 180, the Grey Goose in my liver
But I still spit truth to the listener

[Break: Killah Priest]

Thats enough son
Session up, stop

[Killah Priest]

No, hold up let me explain a second
I signed my first deal with Geffen Records
I told those crackers I aint no motherfucker stepping fetched
To my recollection those bastards
Were like, cool well drop you have our A&R go find the next one
I said Ill sue, they said, thats alright Blacky
Take us to court and your lawyer Larry Stud Nicky
Weve been breaking him off, I almost felt ruined
And in the midst of the confusion
They said to motherfucking intern, Sam, we dont understand his music
And how the fuck we market this
He talking all that God Body and that prophet shit
I said, damn, but its still street, its real, niggas can relate to it
In return they said, Priest throw that shit in the sewage
Meanwhile niggas like Nas and Kiss and Pun
Is telling me Im nice, down to G Rap and KRS-One
And GZA told me all this shit would happen, just keep rapping
I said, thats piece God but I aint motherfucking tapping
But still these labels our fucking with me, its Priest
Volume One, nigga, shit about to get ugly