

Killah Priest, Blackball Me (Throwback)

[Intro: Killah Priest]

Good evening ladies and gentlemen

Welcome to +Priesthood+

If you purchased this album from a store

Or you got a copy from a friend

You about to witness one of hip hop's greatest secrets

That the record industry tried to hide

Due to lack of promotion and scandalous intentions

Priest was forced to take his album underground

And now he will no longer suffer

Reviewing this album, you gotta ask yourself why

Look at every song, and I'mma let you decide

He is one of the greatest MC's, ever to roam this planet

[Killah Priest]

Father forgive me, it's the Henny or Remi

Or maybe it's the many of fame, this world planted in me

When I was just a child, I was misunderstood

Til I saw your finger in the cloud, I was picked from the hood

I was in the myst of a crowd, when shit wasn't good

Til I heard your voice out loud, then I lifted it good

Doctors wouldn't tell me, the teachers would often fail me

And for a grown child, that shit, just wasn't healthy

When the bitches hadn't dealt me, never planned to help me

But now I'm a man, I understand what's really wealthy

It's not about how much tuition you got in your bank

But it's bout how much ammunition that I got in my tank

Yeah, yeah, now y'all scarred cuz I'm talkin revolution

What ya rather see me dead by a fuckin execution

If y'all probably go to bed, cuz it's less confusion

All your see in yo head, is my electricution

But I'm comin back, and this time I'm strapped

And fuck +The Law+, cuz I'm bustin my gat

And I'm wanted by y'all, and my niggas know that

Cuz once they fire, my niggas shoot back

And straight up on some real shit, I'm a lyrical jewel

Ask a wall in the air, and pay ya spiritual dues

Fuck the B.A.'s, cuz nigga suck a dick

And all ya rabbling backstab, I'm not fuckin wit

Aiyo fuck poppi' collars, I'd rather cock the revolver

And have ya momma cryin, while ya sister's watchin them dollars

I'm one of the best, next to 'Face and Jay, Nas, 'Pac and Poppa

You can say Priest or Masada, fasada, motherfucker, +Blackball Me+

[Chorus: Killah Priest]

+Blackball Me+, ya just +Blackball Me+

+Blackball Me+, motherfucker, +Blackball Me+

[Killah Priest]

So, fuck those critics, I ain't got no religious

What ya thought, ya act suspicious, but ya get it

So chill wit it, plus nothin of y'all, ever been in my shoes

Ya probably, play wit a doll, when I payin my dues

That's the type of shit that darkens my heart

Where was y'all motherfuckers when Marcus got shot?

Where was y'all when the guns sparked up my block?

Where was y'all when my sister, was coppin those rocks?

Where was y'all when Pooh fell in my arms?

I had to drag him out the buildin, when them niggas was gone

Where was y'all when that nigga, put a gun to my chest?

Pulled the trigger, but no fuckin bullets was left

What ya figure, that my life was filled wit happiness

Ya wrong, I tell you for real and not the fake stories

Ya can get mad and +Blackball Me+, motherfucker

[Outro: Killah Priest]

+Blackball Me+ (5X)

+Blackball Me+ niggas, +Blackball Me+

Ya know ya bad motherfuckers, +Blackball Me+, +Blackball Me+

+Blackball Me+, +Blackball Me+

I still come back, motherfucker

It's time, motherfucker

Now you left me to judge, fuckin critics

Monkey judge, fuckin wit a muthafuckin prison

Cuz at the end I'mma see you redemption

Believe that, why tell the truth to Allah...

+Blackball Me+ motherfuckers...

[Movie Sample]

Many people feel haunted

By what they call evidence of evil forces in the world

They see genocide, senseless violence, plagues

And they blame demons, or the Devil himself

They believe that demonic spirits can actually possess a human body

And that only rituals of exorcism

Can lift the possessed from the darkest regions of the unexplained