

# Killah Priest, Fake MC's

[Intro]

They got a problem now  
Knahmsayin? There's like, too many corny rappers...  
Knahmsayin? Pretenders (put a end to you) knahmsayin?

[Chorus: Killah Priest]

There's too many phony MC's out there this year  
They best to beware  
I've burnt thousands already  
So get ready, lyrics are deadly  
There's too many phony MC's out there this year  
They best to beware  
I've burnt thousands already  
So get ready, lyrics are deadly (knahmsayin?)

[Killah Priest]

Niggaz keep frontin, ain't saying nuttin  
Killah Priest remains calm, yet carry on  
Go 'head sing your song, claim y'all the dons  
Rap superstars look cute with your cigars  
Bitches like that, but where your mics at?  
Bite me I bite back - plus I break backs  
Fuck you, you can sue me, from yours truly  
when niggaz sound booty  
There's too many rappers in the East wanna be gangsters  
Too many gangsters in the West wanna be rappers  
Bunch of actors - I ought to smack ya - who's your master?  
Sit down take a lesson, stop guessin  
For years I had grace, saw your mad face  
That only showed bad taste  
Run around like you're delirious  
Foamin from the mouth like you're furious  
I'd rather be serious, it keeps the audience curious  
These fantasies - nothin for your fans to seize  
It might cause casualties  
Hollywood is not your neighborhood  
And if it is, give the mic to Natalie Woods  
And y'all can be off to see the wizard  
The wonderful Wizard of Oz, which are the A&R's  
And you and Toto, doin promos, along with the Scarecrow  
You will see no dough

[Chorus: Killah Priest]

There's too many phony MC's out there this year  
They best to be aware  
I've burnt thousands already  
So get ready, my lyrics are deadly  
There's too many phony MC's out there this year  
They best to beware  
I've burnt thousands already  
So get ready, my lyrics are deadly

[Killah Priest]

I lay in the cut like peroxide  
Lookin at ya cock-eyed, cause your music sounds lop-side  
(Oooh!) They sound tounge tied  
Butch of young guys, have 'em hung high  
Watched his lungs fry, from the sunshine  
which is one rhyme generating from the mind  
Killah Priest now or late, I terminate  
Burn and break, and intimidate  
I come cold as when the winter break  
I put an end to snakes - pretenders and fakes  
Shake like a earthquake, I judge wisely

between two pillars of poison ivy  
For those that despise me - attach 'em to the I.V.  
Your pops should've bust you on the couch  
or sent you down the mouth  
Next time wear a condom, when I step upon them  
I make MCs memories  
Whenever there's a symphony, I look sinfully  
Been doin this for centuries  
I write shit sick as Shakespeare trippin off of acid  
Roll on you like John the Baptist, with the rusty hatchet  
I preach the word of God before I murder y'all  
I swear I never heard of y'all  
There's too many MC's out there..

[Chorus: Killah Priest]  
There's too many phony MC's out there this year  
They best to beware  
I've burnt the thousands already  
So get ready, my lyrics are deadly  
There's too many phony MC's out there this year  
They best to beware  
I've burnt thousands already  
So get ready, my lyrics are deadly  
There's too many phony MC's out there this year  
They best to beware  
I've burnt thousands already.. {\*fades out\*}