

Killah Priest, Gotta Eat

Masada
2000

[VERSE 1]

My .44 calicol will silence y'all souls, Masada
The ghost of the most prolific writer
Upon my death bed in roast in fire
See my most desires
Smell the smoke from my flesh as my ghost rise up
Hear the voices of 100 choirs
And angels looking down at my body attached to wires
Priest kissed by the widow spider that spit saliva
I write for lifers and boxers at Rikers
I write pain
Blue ink replaced the blood in my veins
Thug in this game, flooded up rings
Cluttered up change, quick to pop a slug in your brain
If you a killer, then slugs we exchange
We like the mobsters, bullet shells and choppers
Cop cars and road blockers, they tryin to knock us
Catch us duck behind the bitches, d's tryin to pop us
On CBS News while the world watch us

[CHORUS]