Killah Priest, Intro (Black August Revisited)

{*phone rings twice*}

[Intro: Killah Priest & amp; amp; Rudy] K: Hello? R: What's up Head? K: Who this Rudy? What's the deal? R: Nuttin', just chillin'. Waitin' for the new album, "Black August" K: Ah, don't worry about it. Here it go {*beat kicks in*} {*phone rings again*} k: Hello? R: Yo what up? It's me P, just sayin' respect K: Yo what's the deal? Yo know, man, I'm just here tryin' to get this album together, man R: Yeah I gotta hear that Black August, that shit is tight, man I know that, man. These motherfuckers out here better get ready, for real Yo you comin' thru showin' respect to everybody, man You better get this shit out it's bangin' for real Yo what's up, Priest? Niggaz is gon' feel it for real this time, man Nigga gonna get the whole shibang (the whole kit and kaboodle for that shit) Killah Priest is back man, shit ain't playin' no games Niggaz better watch out that's word to my mother! [Killah Priest] Priest the ghetto novelist, thugs and hollow tips Slugs and mac-10's, drugs when I rap and I craft pens near the streets of New York Basketball courts, gats could go off Crack a pro sport, I rap of all thoughts My tongue's a paintbrush, ya brain's a canvas I draw in gangstas with their shootin' hand bandaged I draw in artforms and stark corn, shall born with clocks sorn Posin' in '87 on Riker's in ciphers, Mercedes the legend for bikers Clubs and thugs is all righteous Yeah you hear a porpus, you ain't got nuthin' for us That's what's up! [Outro: Master Fool] Yeah, nigga! Black August, nigga! We ain't playin', we layin' y'all niggaz down, man! You come, get yo' head popped off, man! This ain't a game, baby! Masada! Same shit, different toilet! We shittin' on y'all niggaz! You got a motherfuckin' game right now, nigga! Weak warrior niggaz like you, came thru It's 'bout to go down, nigga You see the View From Masada, nigga Yo, nigga feel this Nigga, join us or sit down All y'all niggaz! Black August, nigga Black August, motherfucker...