

# Killah Priest, Vengeance

(feat. Ras Kass)

[Intro: Killah Priest]

Yeah... Priesthood again, Killah Priest  
Proverbs, the whole unit, Savoy up in here  
You.

[Killah Priest]

Nigga wanna front, get him with the pump  
Bag a body up, on back of the truck  
Whoever this, ain't hear from since  
Beretta's spit, then I'm off in the trench  
Once the head spit, dust off my prints  
Bullet wounds left more than an inch  
Six in him and four in his bitch  
Ya'll should just stop and just call it quits  
Only gonna end up in the morgue or the ditch  
When I start rhyming, put my all in it  
I ain't got time for no baller shit  
One clip, take a nigga to the exit  
Pray that he meet death quick  
Poison body like asbestos  
Shot him when the tech spit  
At the same time, aim nines, canine

[Chorus 2X: Killah Priest, Ras Kass]

So what ya'll want, dog, what's the deal?  
I ain't got, nothin' for ya'll, but lots of steel  
I ain't, runnin' from ya'll got shots to peel  
I ain't, fallin' cuz ya'll, cuz my heart stays real

[Ras Kass]

Yeah, looky here, ain't no crooky here  
Punk pumps no fear or Kool-Aid  
Pump shit the opposite of what you feel, fuck what you say  
Wanna see me trapped (uh-huh), fucked in the game (okay)  
Locked up in the pen, or, caught by the flames  
Nah, caught up by the same thing, glock to your brain chain  
Maintainin' these strange days, pains, what this fame brings  
But how you gon' stand out, with your hand out, beggin' like a bitch  
Expect me to do you a favor, and get you rich  
Faggot, I don't owe you shit, so quit, don't show you shit  
Except, when I'm makin' sure you, who spit  
Either it's this microphone click, either way that go is a hit  
So please believe, thanks to gullies and get gats, so easily

[Chorus w/ Killah Priest ad-libs]

[Killah Priest]

Nigga still wanna beef with court police  
Your code on the streets, is backwards, man  
As we hold heat, put holes in your jeep  
Nigga, what you preach, you should practice and  
This gat in my hand put you back in the land  
Six feet deep sleep, eternal, they sold heat in inferno  
Watch your body drop while your soul leaps external  
Bullet pop like Three's Company did to Colonel  
I gotta taste for war, that's why I lick shots  
And hate for ya'll, bigger than hip hop, nigga stop  
Ya'll not street, ya'll not Priest, ya'll not Ras, ya'll straight trash

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Killah Priest]

Yeah, Killah Priest, Ras Kass  
For you and yours, from the force, the Horse  
That's right ("the wicked"), 2002, 2003, whatever  
What it's gon' be... pop off