

# Killah Priest, Witness The King

[Killah Priest]

As my soul gets darker, my guns will spark ya  
Greet the night stalker, meet your fate  
Bow and pay homage, I rap with a garment  
Like one of the profits that's teaching faith  
One mistake and your life gets taken, I'm from Brooklyn  
Two blocks over from where Satan lives  
Where my niggaz break in cribs and we shake your kids  
Turn 'em upside down, "Where that bacon is?"  
But we don't kill toddlers, feel the revolver  
On the side of the father or the mother  
It's time for you to suffer, I kill your brothers  
Front and be laying under covers  
My rap style smothers, sweet like smuckers  
Pull out the heat and you studder, no teeth, just pucker  
And kiss my rings, I hit with a sting, the gifts you bring  
Witness the king

[Chorus x2: Killah Priest]

The strongest motherfucker make the world go 'round  
If you a weak motherfucker then you best bow down  
Show your respect, kneel or you might be next  
Pay homage to my rings, and witness the king

[Killah Priest]

Come on  
Show gratitude, never attitude  
When I start grabbin' tools, your ass is his'  
One shot make a nigga turn bitch real quick  
Deal with the ruckus, I leave ya in crutches  
I shoot ya'll in public, put two through your luggage  
The gun to your nugget, run your jewels  
I rap for motherfuckers, clapped at motherfuckers  
If you don't know then you must be schooled  
My flow's bonafied to be a supreme force  
Cultivate the rhyme to make a supreme source  
Activate the mind, I'm a light that taught  
Don't wait for prime time, the fight is off  
Witness the king

Chorus x2

[Killah Priest]

Come on  
I bet ya'll never heard a rapper like I  
Cut to the gut motherfucker, ask why  
Once I reply it's the sty 'til I die  
Down to the bill, nigga work in the field  
Squirtin' the steel, caps get peeled  
Cats get killed, wack until I feel it's necessary to get wet in every  
Spot from the glock, drop two double oh's  
In trouble your souls, three fifty seven mac 10, better  
You say never, I say whatever, spraying berettas  
Nothing protect ya, tear up your texture  
Applyin' that pressure, it's my pleasure  
Hit you from your neck up, I want that respect, what!

Chorus x2