

Gun for Gun

Killah Priest

[Chorus x2: Killah Priest]

Gun For Gun, streets full of Rivers of Blood
Raised in the pJ's where real niggaz are thugs
Eye for an eye, two for two, blood for blood
Comin' to a theatre near you, it's all love

[Killah Priest:]

I make Mussolini wear a Kufi
I talk like Dr. Ben but look like Malcolm holdin' his hoochie
Pant through curtains, who will I murder?
Pearl silencer screw 'em up I burner
.44 caliber, the new Nat Turner
I make Hitler wear a Yarmelke
KKK, celebrate Kwanzaa, shit should I pursue further?
I'm like Tutankhamen, with the tools of my garment
Put a few on my cartridge, the Moon and Stars lit
Light up the hood it looks like a techno club
We slam dance to this music when the Tec blows slug
It's ghetto thugs, welfare and poor education
And gang love sit in the federal waitin'

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[Nas:]

What did Malcolm think, split second 'fore he was shot?

Did he think to hit the deck on the floor, before he dropped?
Or did he just say "f**k it, I'ma die for my brothers"
'Cause by killin' him, just made his words teach others
Like Martin Luther King, he preached peace
They still got him, like the West-East beef
Finally that shit is rotten
Place your self in the shoes of a people's leader
From drug kingpin to president, either is off the meter
Your best man can turn to the squeezer
Burn you and leave ya, beside alone on the road
Or inside a meat freezer
That's the way it goes on the third rock from the Sun
Alone circlin' the light where we begun
Where we become, a follower to a general
With soldiers to run, they move off every word of ya tounge
Feelings are ruthless, when you was young pullin' ya gun
Not scared to shoot shit, remember it was all in the fun
Is this the power you wanted? Can you control over a hundred minds?
And these are grown men, who've killed over a hundred times
Every champ team has a arch rival
And it takes one time to mess up and niggaz don't like you
You start to want peace, niggaz want you deceased
Your money low, niggaz want you to go
Who else but I can bring the most hauntin' flow (Nas)
You're soon to see the best of me
From a boy, man, to a king, hear out my destiny

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[Killah Priest:]

When my families at stake, I think at how much slender I'll take

Then I sit back and watch tapes on Alexander the Great

Start studyin' on how he bloodied men

I think of rappers I'ma massacre

Metal armor cover my skin, take me to war, f**k y'all

Priest is Ivan the Terrible, stare in my eyes, unbearable

You collide with the general

surround me like the Most High surrounded by _

Who would of imagine the illest collabo, Priest and Nas are incredible

He spits Ether, I spit Urantia, described by how you Devil's move

Scream on Emcees as I recount my pedestal

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