Run for your lives, oh my God Yo watch it! Yo what everybody runnin' for? This is it, run for your lives Motherfucker quit pushin'! Oh my God, run for your lives Yo what's goin' on? It's coming! It's coming! Why is y'all runnin'? It's over, it's coming Where y'all going? What y'all running for? It's over, it's moving closer, the sky getting lower Hey yo, yo! Winds turn colder, Killah Priest soldiers Wait for me yo! Steamrollers Whats up motherfucker quit pushin' me up! Right there, there, it's over, damn he's right there It's over, it's over Hey yo who the fuck is that? It's over, run! It's over, run! It's over! It's over!

All science addicts religious fanatics
Curiosity seekers biblical preachers historians
Ritual believers scholars teachers spiritual leaders
High priests generals sergeants and them rude captains
Lieutenants lower your gimmicks I'm the hip-hopper
That'll rock to fill a opera acapella locked cellar
Watch hell-ah, freeze over take you lower break you bold
Constrict to hit you like fingertips in your soul
Put whiskey in your soda or vodka
Chop you with a blade made of copper
Kick your head off like a soccer, brawl
Raw alcohol and it's over, arrest over in October
Punch a hole through your solar plex, and it's over!
I mark X on your chest it's over, and bury the dead
Ain't gonna be no rest

Just pretend, watch me blow like the dust in a gust of wind Flow with the rush when I adjust the pen take you Miles and miles and miles leave you at the river of the Nile Now deliver the vials, fat, found in the pile in the stack Books that were took, take a look, back As I take you further high into the sky Where your eyes like vision surprise then dive back Vision buildin' the bombs, upon you peons Knowledge you crazy Knowledge we be goin' off! Now you lost tossed in confusion, saw an illusion Of the car that started cruisin' Actual day mathematics were raised to his attic What's the weight of a flame, state your name But he was afraid of the height, glazed at the light Strayed, couldn't stay for the flight Ran to his book of rhymes, took up some time For the brother to hook up a line As if he had a fishing rod, but my mission is God Science I be dishin' out be hard

Deep in his eyes, contacts, plus saw beyond that
Saw the brother couldn't respond back
Tried to rhyme after me to hold the weight
But the science done drive dem niggas shoulder blades down
Let's take a trip travel through the mind
And played a trick when he unraveled the rhyme
Bloodthirsty no mercy when I bomb no thinkin' emotions
Sick him with potions that I've developed
To make the body swell up like venom
Once I'm in em then I skin em and skull em
After that I call em, back from the essence
Who the fuck want more lessons? It's over!

Know what I'm sayin'? It's over
The dead bury the dead, it's over
Your career, it's over
All you wack M-C's (finish em up) it's over
Finish em up

The blast, burns back into elements Development of gas around the mass of the Earth A hundred and ninty six million Now a hundred and forty thousand miles are occupied By people causin' housin' Over this the mind was just browsin' Thought I was warm coats, I dispose hope Of the focus and roast energy toward the enemy Now in burnin' G's, chemically enforce infinity Attack, third eye, what occured my, vocal form into a storm Went blaow burnin' but left him in the crowd wonderin' Now you wonder on many thoughts you ponder fell asleep Tryin' to seek the beyonder while I would ponder microphones Recitin' poems, strikin' domes to your frightening moans, of horror! Speakin' evil Hebrew from the Torah Slammed the mic it turned to a serpent, open the curtains Saw things he couldn't interpret, destroyed the Earth Fill it with gunpowder, came build sun power Rebuild it in one hour Then revealed it through a sunflower shared the shower Showin' the power of the North Messiah eyes on fire Water oxygen you can't comprehend to these strange doc-trines Stop the winds, beyond the orbits of Dionne Warwick With no broomsticks and magic tricks is this Return of the Iron Maiden Stomp your corny ass like the Raven What's the matter? You frostbitten, you lost your mittens It seem you wanted to cross to smitten Secret more from the Christians It's over! Killah Priest says, it's over! Huh, it's over! Your careers is now, finished