

Truth B Told

Killah Priest

Stephen King never wrote a scene as horrific
As God as my witness
What I write should make new artists suspicious
Pardon a nigga
As I say what's in my heart
I guess it's just part of me venting
'Cause like you I'm from the park and the benches
So what could I lose but make a conscious decision
'Cause I'm known to spaz
When I'm asked my remarks on this business
This game will do you in regardless of friendship
So excuse me when you reach for my palms
And part of me flinches
It's not you, dog, it's the critics
The might catch me in a flick drunk with some strippers
And my girl see it
It's part of some sick photographer's vengeance
Real Talk!
So many new people around me
I gotta be sharp with attendance
I mean it's great to MC
To display this art is a privilege
But now I gotta get down to darken my sentence
I dream of dead babies, streams of blood
Raining fire, brimstone, wipe the Earth clean with floods
I'm drowning
My face next to the meanest thugs
I'm telling my testimony to the Supreme above
Ain't I from thy genes?

The Priest was a King, beloved
Then there appeared a bright being, with white wings of a dove
It's lightning, people screamed and shoved
It's frightening, but I kept writing
'Cause what I seen was the judge
And what he showed me were grave sites
And crucifixes, ruthless bitches
How they treat you and what they do to your riches
For thirty pieces of silver, niggas'll kill ya
I read Judas' scriptures, only warned me to be true to my niggas
And getting corrupt, like Catholic church
And child nudity pictures
That's like the Virgin Mary performing Kama Sutra with Hitler
The proof in my liquor is 180
The Grey Goose in my liver
But I still spit truth to the listeners

That's enough son!
That's enough!
Stop!

Nah... hold up...
Let me explain a second
I signed my first deal with Geffen records
I told them crackers "I ain't no muthaf**kin' Stepin Fetchit"
To my recollection, those bastards were like
"Cool, we'll drop you, have our A&R go find the next one"
I said "I'll sue! "
They said "That's alright, blackie
Take us to court!
And your lawyer Larry Studnickie? We been breaking him off"

I almost felt ruined
And in the midst of the confusion
They sent a muthaf**king intern
Saying "we don't understand his music
Now how the f**k we market this?
He's talking all that God-body and that prophet shit"
I said "Damn! But it's still street!
It's real! Niggas can relate to it! "
In return they said, "Priest throw that shit in the sewage"
Meanwhile, niggas like Nas and Kiss and Pun
Is telling me I'm nice
Down to G Rap to KRS One
And GZA told me all this shit would happen, just keep rappin'
I said "that's peace, God, but I ain't muthaf**king tapping"
But still these labels are f**king with me
It's Priest!
Volume 1
Nigga's shit about to get ugly