

Warfare

Killah Priest

Grab guns, soldier fatigues, black rosary beads
Black candles held in many prayers are under my breath
Spread death to the snake tight
Snappin' cobras all around me
Talkin' to my coffin, I'm ridin' till they see my brake lights
Y'all must hate life, love death
I suggest a blood fest
Let the slugs open the thug's chest
I do an autopsy on your body
Makin' incision wit the slug from the sawed-off shotty
Blood splashin' the white walls make you look sloppy
You got the drop on me, I go kamikaze
All hail Priest the Great
I'm back to eatin' steak and cleanin' the plate
Any beef y'all wanna grill, fried or baked
Crabs in the bucket, I add the onion
Powder, makin' chowder, wit the old bane
Let the water broil till it souffl
Whoeva claim king I'm slayin'
Assassinator, I'm grabbin'
Juxin', slashin' till they gaggin'
Head in some plastic, nails on the plague pit
f*ck king, I'd rather be a killer
Achilles, Philly's, no one's realer

[Chorus: x2]

"Deadly warfare, blood-thirsty"

"Devil smirks I grab a gun and blow off his grin"

"Gotta hunger for the mic"

"Here's a lesson from God, show 'em how we rode hard"

The grippin' tale of the killer's hell
Will he prevail? Oh well
Stakes around his building where his enemy's impaled
He crossed the path of black dolls
Black dolls wit scary eyes oh Mary cries
Black blood you slip, try to stand, fall back in the tub
Crack your skull on the metal forces
Bones and crosses, gray skeleton tones ridin' horses
Aren't you tired of flossin'?
My losses can't amount to my mom's fortune
So go'head Knight me, like I'm King Arthur
For freedom, I do it like Leonidas did for Sparta
The 300 of G Ciples, squeeze rifles
Take on enemies and rivals
Who want it? Sound the trumpet
Aim for the chest, neck and the stomach
Death is comin', the art of seduction
You honor my thuggin', my palms are destruction
My Psalms are instruction
Basic Before Leaving Earth
I'm at the grave-ship when I'm meetin' work
The AK kick, leave 'em search
Demons burst from hell, Priest prevail