

Priesthood

Canibus

As the final days begin, God sends four terrible horsemen horses neighing
To reek his vengeance on a sinfull word. the first three bring
Conquest to war and famine.

Yea, yea, yea, yea.
Yea, yea. fuck that!
(set it off.) yea, yea, ya shitted.
Ya in some shit now, son.
It's on now, mothafuckas can suck my dick.
I'm back! fuck that shit!
Ready to eat niggaz up, beat they ass and e'rything, son.
I'ma prove this shit, right here.
Me and my nigga. what!?

Violence and punishment of enemies.

I give a fake rapper a heart attack, once I start to rap
I'm a vocalist, nigga, I'm supposed to rip
Last poet's told me this, hit ya in ya head wit my explosive fist
Then I finish ya off with my tremendous horse-kick horses neighing
What now, nigga? look at ya talk shit
Just can't do it, 'cause you ain't got no teeth in ya mouth
And I know ya just tired of me, beatin ya out
Ya trained all year, in a karate class
And took one second, to put yo' ass in a body bag
>from a shotty blast, I walk up in ya club and ya parties don't last
I like to pop shit, don't get me started
I slap y'all mothafuckas like y'all little kids in kindegarten
Squeeze yo' head till yo' kidneys harden
Now watch this, i'ma call my whole mothafuckin squadron

The four horsemen of the apocalypse are among the bible's
Most terrifying figures.

'cause y'all niggaz is fucked up
And brooklyn niggaz is really ready to get ya
I know how to hit ya, and cut ya open
But don't worry, 'cause i'ma stitch ya
With a rusty screwdriver

Niggaz bop yo' heads to this, real shit
Call up yo' cliques to this, it's realness
You feel this in yo' streets and village
Spare that new shit, priest killed it

Yo, yo, yo
Yo I'm a macabeast mc and I possess the ability
To run at top speed without bendin my knees
I destory shit...

The fourth horsemen is the most frightening of them all.

...wrap my hands around ya neck region
Then I start squeezin 'til ya stop breathin
You weaklins is playin tug-of-war wit ya tongues
I knock the teeth out ya gums and suck the breeze out ya lungs
Hit ya wit a blow your physical frame could never sustain

You'll probably never walk ever again
Nigga, you think you rhyme sick? I leave you lyin stiff
Pull you behind my horse til I break ya spine, bitch
Stop cryin bitch, before I hit ya wit the iron fist
You can't rhyme bitch, the one triple nine's mine bitch
The pain'll make ya voice change octaves
>from low-pitched to high-pitched, every hour we kill a hostage
We judge mc's by they lyrical fitness
And punish dj's for puttin corny stickers on they mixes
Smack the stripper bitches for askin for our autograph and pictures
You'll be scared to leave the club wit us
You stratch my back, I'll scratch your's bitch
I'll eat ya salt-fish, if ya suck my sausage
I got an atomic sub, armed wit a sub-atomic scud
Ready to spill ya crimson-colored blood
The four horsemen on the back of four quadropeds
Puttin four hoof prints on ya foreheads, mothafuckas!
horses neighing