

Cross My Heart

Killah Priest

It's the visiting king supreme all heal kiss the ring
Into a ? I blow steam from the families of the Mackabees
Smack emcees watch them scream your majesty make them suffer
The capacity of tragedy hold the crowd down like gravity
Back the fuck off stop grabbing me hands off me niggas start to
Bore me

I'm getting sleepy I need some coffee, me and my wu-bandits
We carry niggas deep in the canvas, body bandage, like some mummies
You fucking dummies, you can't take nothing from me
It's the longest waited, the most anticipated, the album amputated
Scream the name out Killah Priest, I leave the blood filling in the
Street

I'm from the dark hills of Brownsville, the seven shields on windmills
Across the killing fields, never forget it, tell them rap critics
I speak in horrific, so they can never get it, I'm too scientific
Lyrics explicit, I roll with thirsty niggas, thieves and killers
Tigers, gorillas, faces like godzilla

We stomp rappers and smile like a Calm-Della, we got iller
Cross my heart both hope to die, we multiply, by the hundred
Fuckin' by the thousand, leave me out ? so grounded
Beatin' up your soundman
Playa haters and players, we give um' cold stares
Any last prayers

Yo, Yo, concrete techniques, bomb beats and cause causalities
My faculty, hold it down like gravity, rapidly
Sweatin' like weapons to adolescence, ghetto residence
Quick to pass since your present, state of the slum
Kill 4 play the drums
Face 1, their course was now, the snake tongue, I'm deep into this
I sometimes gasp for air, deadly warfare
Hot block cop and gold stares, shots clear
They fire was on July the 4th, weapons get torn, fugitive slidin' off
My force is combined, new world, 2009
Digital, criminals you'll make meals in cyber-crime
Let's all plan ahead, 2 times, I keep the chimes to a great mind
The head that you take, you're not blind

[Chorus]

We stare you eye to eye
We tell the truth no lie
We cross our heart and hope to die, hope to die

High ranked officials and armed tanks with missiles, blood drizzle
Simple fact, you slept on the issue, that B-boy started jerkin
Joysticks a Sega, I was rockin' off 100 watt amps in ?, 2 fine tune it
Ship enough units, emcees ask, who be those rhyme killers in mask
No doubt, difficult task, the last in the square, beware
Infinite amount of darts is in the air, I'm victorious
With no opponents, I blast through components, with micro-phonics
Watch the whole world live the moment, anything in time
Became approaching this, are incompatible of speech, remains motionless

[Chorus: x2]

Hope to die