

Fake Mc's

Killah Priest

There's too many phony MC's out there this year
It's best to beware
I've burnt thousands already
So get ready lyrics are deadly
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Too frontin ain't saying nuthin
Killah Priest remains calm and carry on
So heads sing your song
Claim that your dons rap stars look cute with your cigars
It's like that, where your mics at, bite me I bite back
Plus I break backs, you can sue me, yours truly
Say I'm phony, there's too many rappers in the east want to be gangsters
Too many gangsters in the west want to be rappers
Bunch of actors, I aught to smack them, who's your master
Sit down take a lesson, stop guessin', begin to have grace
Show your mad face, and only show bad taste
Runnin around like your delirious
Foamin from the mouth like you're furious
I'd rather be serious, keep the audience curious
Beats fetch emcees loving for your fantasys, it might cause casualties
I'd be with ? your neighborhood, and if it is
Give the mic to ?wood
And ya'll can be all to be the wizard
The wonderful wizard of are, which are, the A & are's
And you ? doing promo, along with the scarecrow
You receive no dough

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I lay in the cut, like a rock star
Looking at ya ca ca, 'cause your music sound ?
They sound tongue tied, butch of young guys
Have um' hung high, watch his lungs fry
From the sunshine, which is one rhyme
Generating from the mind
Killah Priest now late, I terminate
Burn and break, and intimidate
I come cold as blue winter break
I put it in to snakes, pretenders and fakes
Shake, like the earthquakes, I judge wisely
Between two pillars of poison ivy
Those that despise me, attach in to the eyes be
And pops should've bust you on the couch
And sit you down a mount, next time where a condom
When I step upon them, I make emcees memories
Whenever there's a symphony, I look sinfully
Been doing this for centuries
I write ? like Shakespear tripping off an asprin
Rolling you like John The Baptist
With the rusty hatchet
I preach to murder talk before I murder y'all
Swear I never heard of y'all

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