

## It's Over

Killah Priest

Run for your lives, oh my God  
Yo watch it! Yo what everybody runnin' for?  
This is it, run for your lives  
Motherfucker quit pushin'!  
Oh my God, run for your lives  
Yo what's goin' on?  
It's coming! It's coming!  
Why is y'all runnin'?  
It's over, it's coming  
Where y'all going? What y'all running for?  
It's over, it's moving closer, the sky getting lower  
Hey yo, yo!  
Winds turn colder, Killah Priest soldiers  
Wait for me yo!  
Steamrollers  
Whats up motherfucker quit pushin' me up!  
Right there, there, it's over, damn he's right there  
It's over, it's over  
Hey yo who the fuck is that?  
It's over, run! It's over, run!  
It's over! It's over!

All science addicts religious fanatics  
Curiosity seekers biblical preachers historians  
Ritual believers scholars teachers spiritual leaders  
High priests generals sergeants and them rude captains  
Lieutenants lower your gimmicks I'm the hip-hopper  
That'll rock to fill a opera acapella locked cellar  
Watch hell-ah, freeze over take you lower break you bold  
Constrict to hit you like fingertips in your soul  
Put whiskey in your soda or vodka  
Chop you with a blade made of copper  
Kick your head off like a soccer, brawl  
Raw alcohol and it's over, arrest over in October  
Punch a hole through your solar plex, and it's over!  
I mark X on your chest it's over, and bury the dead  
Ain't gonna be no rest

Just pretend, watch me blow like the dust in a gust of wind  
Flow with the rush when I adjust the pen take you  
Miles and miles and miles leave you at the river of the Nile  
Now deliver the vials, fat, found in the pile in the stack  
Books that were took, take a look, back  
As I take you further high into the sky  
Where your eyes like vision surprise then dive back  
Vision buildin' the bombs, upon you peons  
Knowledge you crazy Knowledge we be goin' off!  
Now you lost tossed in confusion, saw an illusion  
Of the car that started cruisin'  
Actual day mathematics were raised to his attic  
What's the weight of a flame, state your name  
But he was afraid of the height, glazed at the light  
Strayed, couldn't stay for the flight  
Ran to his book of rhymes, took up some time  
For the brother to hook up a line  
As if he had a fishing rod, but my mission is God  
Science I be dishin' out be hard

Deep in his eyes, contacts, plus saw beyond that  
Saw the brother couldn't respond back  
Tried to rhyme after me to hold the weight  
But the science done drive dem niggas shoulder blades down  
Let's take a trip travel through the mind  
And played a trick when he unraveled the rhyme  
Bloodthirsty no mercy when I bomb no thinkin' emotions  
Sick him with potions that I've developed  
To make the body swell up like venom  
Once I'm in em then I skin em and skull em  
After that I call em, back from the essence  
Who the fuck want more lessons? It's over!

Know what I'm sayin'? It's over  
The dead bury the dead, it's over  
Your career, it's over  
All you wack M-C's (finish em up) it's over  
Finish em up

The blast, burns back into elements  
Development of gas around the mass of the Earth  
A hundred and ninty six million  
Now a hundred and forty thousand miles are occupied  
By people causin' housin'  
Over this the mind was just browsin'  
Thought I was warm coats, I dispose hope  
Of the focus and roast energy toward the enemy  
Now in burnin' G's, chemically enforce infinity  
Attack, third eye, what occured my, vocal form into a storm  
Went blaow burnin' but left him in the crowd wonderin'  
Now you wonder on many thoughts you ponder fell asleep  
Tryin' to seek the beyonder while I would ponder microphones  
Recitin' poems, strikin' domes to your frightening moans, of horror!  
Speakin' evil Hebrew from the Torah  
Slammed the mic it turned to a serpent, open the curtains  
Saw things he couldn't interpret, destroyed the Earth  
Fill it with gunpowder, came build sun power  
Rebuild it in one hour  
Then revealed it through a sunflower shared the shower  
Showin' the power of the North Messiah eyes on fire  
Water oxygen you can't comprehend to these strange doc-trines  
Stop the winds, beyond the orbits of Dionne Warwick  
With no broomsticks and magic tricks is this  
Return of the Iron Maiden  
Stomp your corny ass like the Raven  
What's the matter? You frostbitten, you lost your mittens  
It seem you wanted to cross to smitten  
Secret more from the Christians  
It's over! Killah Priest says, it's over!  
Huh, it's over!  
Your careers is now, finished