[intro: killah priest] In the beginning, no different from the ending It's the killah priest, iron sheik from the middle east Lacing it sunz of man, you know what I'm sayin Big moe up in the house Ty g and dreddy kruger representin [chorus x2: trebag, (hell razah)] We make that music, that moves your body (natural high, natural high) We make that music, that moves your body (natural high, natural high) We got the fire, that gets you higher (natural high, natural high) We got the fire, that gets you higher (natural high, natural high) [killah priest] Roamin in the 4-runner all summer Laid back, state maps and 8-tracks Its great that, I laugh at competition I'm champion nigga, I can't be sunned Check the royal posture, by the way where's my oscar Crack your legs like a lobster, break your arms Beat you to death, snap your neck Crack your chest, lay you to rest Then confess, I judge wisely All spys, tryin to size me If you phony, I leave you lonely with your Sony headphones, layin stiff in the dead zone [hell razah] In the dead zone they lay, king nostradamos With golden armless, teachin hartlets That be strippin for they garments Searchin for a broken promise, regardless though You godless, still feed you full for your conscience Red ant now launch this, rockets >from where her projects, come to street Profit a lisha, to fish ya, roll wit a militia Mr. military, now, roll with a team of jim kelly's Send my hoes to your telly Sprayin holes through your belly, you ain't ready For the deadly, gently mc's There ain't a school boy to test me East coast to wesley strite Those who stress me, we streit Fuck you with the fight, fight, fight [chorus] [prodigal sunn] A young king at the age of 15, caught up in things The golden scorpio, sportin material diamond rings Physical, historical, mystical, shinin, crystal-like Stackin, packin pistols, fa and they brought the crystal meth To crown heights, where the fiends get high Cross atlantic avenue, bone down through the sty What we do or die unite the kingdom

Multiply, I sick of seein his mother's cry

It's time to purify

[trebag]

Like an alaskan breeze, I blow through your april's Stuck to your mentals like thumb-tacks and staples Been to temples, learned egyptian time-tables My trade marks on labels and biblic-oohs from mavels Give life to trapped ex-cons and expedites You can't escape my prison, i'ma livin israelite Killin more trabatites and build my paradise Green grass grows, the white house is wiped out Keep your red meat, I'll be fishin for trout That means I'm the mouse, I'll figure my way out Pinky and the brain had to find another house Wherabouts, go walk and frolic in the forest Next time you lie, think about bein honest I bomb this

[hell razah]

We kill with calmness, words come forth like a savior
A wicked man's heaven is the hell for the razah
Raised up in brooklyn, two decades of meetin slaves
From grenada to the grave, from the cradle to the cage
State-pens be like play-pens, the government in-slavin
Inside a science project with no escapin, unless
They die for us, you for the cream so you lie for us
While other thieves already spy for it
I watch snake eyes everywhere around me
Devils try to drown me in the water and the town built for slaughter
Without order you got chaos, player haters
Who play us, death-bed layers, who forgot to pay us, now they
Covered up with layers, it's too deep for you rap duplicators
Who's packs be betrayers

[chorus to fade]