

Heat of the Moment

Killah Priest

[Killah Priest]

It's time..I'm tied up in the basement, blindfolded by nine soldiers
With rare paintings and fine sculptures, they spoke blatant
Their nine's loaded, they put a gat to the back of the blind poet
I want to cry but I try and hold it, one of them notice
Crack me over the skull with a crime motive
They made a toast to my death, I rose to my feet
With the heat close to my flesh
May I say these last words to my enemies passing the Earth?
Laughing at my passion and merge, "Ok, kill me if ya'll wanna"
Slay me and never play the corner, cold winters
You're all gonners, tell your momma call the coroners
You get me, and God gets you, it makes sense don't it?
In the heat of the moment[Chorus x2: Killah Priest]
In the heat of the moment, my enemies feel
The heat from my chrome kick, I can't sell
You hit an opponent, the shit gets real
In the heat of the moment, ya'll know the deal[Killah Priest]
After the sunshine there's rain, after the laughter there's pain
After my chapter there's flames, after the rapture the master shall reign
Shockwaves blacken the terrain, and man looks strange
Open the book, see I'm king, read my name, and see thy wings
Believe I changed, I went with the horse, slept at the pastor's door
Heard the whispers through my enemy's walls
Rode the elevator to the thirteenth floor
Console with Gandi, since God placed his hands upon me
I rose up commanding the army, demanding my laundry
Talk to monks, holding a pump, ya'll niggaz wanna roll, what ya'll want?
Shout at satan, shout at the pagans, cats wavin', one of the brave men
PriestChorus x2[Killah Priest]
I know somewhere my assassins await, setting traps at my place
Phones tapped, all my actions are traced
I lay back strapped at the waist
Who's this bitch with a match in my face
I don't know, "Don't smoke 'em, thank you"
Slipped somethin' in my drink with an ice cube
Nice move, bright jewels, she's with this white dude
She said "I like you, I'm in the right mood,"
And she comes with a price too, but as the night grew

She saw the black heart, the Archangel Michael
My gats spark vital, her arms show track marks
Close the rival

PriesthoodChorus x3[Outro: Killah Priest]

Priest is going to get you, Priest is going to get you
Priest is going to get you, Priest is going to get you
Priest is going to get you, Priest is going to get you

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