

# Fake MC's

## Killah Priest

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Intro: They got a problem now  
Knowi'msayin? too many corny rappers...  
Knowi'msayin? pretenders, knowi'msayin? Chorus: {2x} Theres too many phony mc's out there this year  
Ya best to beware  
I've burnt thousands already  
So get ready, lyrics are deadly Verse one: Niggaz keep frontin, ain't saying nuthin  
Killah priest remains calm, yet carry on  
Go ahead sing your song, claim you have the dons  
Rap superstars look cute with your cigars  
Bitches like that, where your mics at  
Bite me I bite back, plus I break backs  
Fuck you, you can sue me, from yours truly  
When niggaz sound booty  
Theres too many rappers in the east wanna be gangsters  
Too many gangsters in the west wanna be rappers  
Bunch of actors, I ought to smack ya, who's your master  
Sit down take a lesson, stop guessin  
For years I had, show your mad face  
And only showed bad taste  
Runnin around like your delirious  
Foamin from the mouth like you're furious  
I'd rather be serious, it keeps the audience curious  
These fantasies is nothin but your fantasies  
It might cause casualties  
Hollywood is not your neighborhood  
And if it is, give the mic to nappy woods  
And y'all can be all to be the wizard  
The wonderful wizard of oz, which are the a & r's  
And you a toto doing promos, along with the scarecrow  
You receive no dough Chorus: {2x} Verse two: I lay in the cut, like a rock star  
Looking at ya ca ca, 'cause your music sound lop-side  
They sound tounge tied, butch of young guys, have 'em hung high

Watched 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 when the winter break  
I put it into snakes, pretenders and fakes  
Shake, like the earthquakes, I judge wisely  
Between two pillars of poison ivy  
For those that despise me, attach 'em to the i.v.  
Your pops should've bust you on the couch  
Or sent you down the mouth  
Next time where a condom, when I step upon them  
I make emcees memories, whenever theres a symphony  
I look sinfully, been doing this for centuries  
I write shit sick as shakespeare tripping off of acid  
Rolling you like john the baptist with the rusty hatchet  
I preach the word of God before I murder y'all  
Swear I never heard of y'all

Chorus: {2.5x}

Lyrics provided by

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