

# If You Don't Know

## Killah Priest & Ol' Dirty Bastard

Killah Priest, King of Sodom  
Landed on a sick canvas  
Now I roam this dead planet  
Head bandaged, insane  
Preachin' God's commandment, feel me I move through the dark rages and won't stop  
Til we even, until you bleedin', until you stop breathin'  
Givin' careers a severe beatin' for MCing, it's something  
That I don't take lightly, how the fuck you ever invite me To a duel, I drool before I break fool, then I drag MC's  
Beat 'em down to they knees  
Grab your necks and squeeze  
Til there's no life left, they lifeless  
Then micless, what a crisis  
I give them a good night's rest  
I break they biceps and triceps  
Thighs and necks, breast area, is the best area Before I bury ya, I make sure that you never  
Ever, ever, ever, try that shit no more  
Know what I'm sayin'?

(Word is bond) Your ambition, put you in that fucked up condition  
Leave you with your own conviction, shit was not fiction  
Now you in a state of non-fiction Make you beg for mercy, if you ever approach me  
I blow your head off, when I talk, chop off your arms  
And bash your head in, you know where this shit is headin'  
For a dead-end, stop your sweatin'  
Like Otis Reading, got your pants wettin'  
Snuck up on you at your wedding  
At your honeymoon, turn that shit  
Into doom, turn your rap cass-ettes  
Into your fucking caskets, you goddamn bastards  
Lyrics I mastered, rhymes burns like acid I'm complete analyzer of your entire eye  
Debut not told to crawl, so walk on by  
I'm the insect in your pie, the hair to your lie  
Do good to you mind, your question to your why? The wing to your fly, bone to your high  
The Dirt Dog, I be the God, the tear to your cry  
I drop in it, cleanse the Earth's  
My place to birth strong, gave me the eye The fatal brave to grave, the ceremonies  
From religious cults, half man and half goat  
Tomorrow hopes, based on the horoscopes  
We followed goats, our nose and hella smoke Fire breathin' dragons, I rubbed the gold lantern  
To the see the future, through the crystal ball

The triple walls of fisher wants to miss the fall  
Offence, see the coffin  
Often I fell at the doorstep coughin'  
I heard the pipe organ  
(Cough)  
Saw some men of a white origin  
I saw Bill Clinton, Ronald Reagan, and George Bush  
Barefoot, sucking from the titties of a wolf  
Upon the brazen altar, six men  
Offer they only daughter splashin' holy water  
I ran for the, camcorders, now I'm plagued with curses  
I roam the Earth's surface, snatchin' purses  
Allergic to catholic churches, what's the purpose  
Religious worship, is worthless  
I visit ancient sanctuaries, where the saints were married  
But now they buried 'cause of Satan's fury, I faced the jury  
Held in court, like Christ nailed to a cross  
Confront my knowledge, like Christ in front of Pontius Pilate  
Days of violent, standing in a haunted palace  
The government wants my wallet  
I'm complete analyzer of your entire eye  
Debut not told to crawl, so walk on by  
I'm the insect in your pie, the hair to your lie  
Do good to you mind, your question to your why?  
The wing to your fly, bone to your high  
The Dirt Dog, I be the God, the tear to your cry  
I drop in it, cleanse the Earth's  
My place to birth strong, gave me the eye  
I'm complete analyzer of your entire eye  
Debut not told to crawl, so walk on by  
I'm the insect in your pie, the hair to your lie  
Do good to you mind, your question to your why?  
The wing to your fly, bone to your high  
The Dirt Dog, I be the God, the tear to your cry  
I drop in it, cleanse the Earth's  
My place to birth strong, gave me the eye  
If you don't know, now you know  
Killah Priest, now you know  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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