

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 fallOffence, see the coffin
Often I fell at the doorstop coughin'
I heard the pipe organ
(Cough)

Saw some men of a white originI 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 waterI 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 worthlessI 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 walletI'm complete analyzer of your entire eye
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My place to birth strong, gave me the eyeIf 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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