

Do the Damn Thing

Killah Priest

[Intro: Killah Priest]

You know this beat is crazy, right

This the beat right here, yo

They gonna love this when they hear this, g[Chorus: Killah Priest]

A lot of these rappers are indecisive

Ya'll comin' to this game, like ya'll the nicest

But, anyway, get rich, get brain

Get off the wall and do the damn thing

Get off the floor and do the damn thing

Get off the floor and do the damn thing[Killah Priest]

Silly rappers, when will you learn

You play with fire and you will get burned

'cause now, I've been low, lately, waitin' my turn

Turn off my radio 'cause I'm not concerned with ya'll

Weak rhymes, same topics

This one's for the streets, for the projects

For my g's with the weed in the apartments

For my dogs in the law hit with charges

Fuck them, 'cause I love ya'll regardless

For my chicks in the whips dancin' bra-less

Hair done, nice face, lookin' flawless

I got that thing, bust off, lead objects

Ya'll cats are lame, no threat, it's a promise

Name your favorite rapper, well, he's fake

And you fake, that's why you fuck with his tape

I'll take that thing and just bust in your face

You're not real, same flow, no style

I pop steel, lames, no know who go down

And I don't give a fuck, who run the city or not

'cause the streets is real, even Biggie got Pac

And I love those niggas, but I don't love ya'll

Bust a slug for those niggas, but bust a slug at ya'll

And I get physical, visual, very artistic

Givin' party people something, funky to listen to

Hizza, hey, my rhymes is blizza, blazed

Cross your fizza, face, down to your waist

Raps, I do this, since the music influence the truest

I shoot 'em with rhymes, execute 'em with lines

They knew since their kind is all stupid

Beats we loop it then they cue it, they foolish
And I stand to prove it this time, come on[Chorus][Hook: Killah Priest]
'cause it's new year, best to come correct
I ain't hear a style that I can't do yet
I ain't hear a rapper, that I can't move yet
Get off the wall and do the damn thing
Get on the floor and do the damn thing[Killah Priest]
I see it, then write it, believe it, I'm psychic
The nicest is here, the rest of those cats
They was last year, well do something...
I heard it, the beefs, the murders, the streets
The cursin', that's weak, do something
Different, for instance, the Priest is brief
A technique, I proves my point, with the pen and some gin
Thoughts and beats, I'm blandin' it in
My records will spin, everybody knows the kid can flow
Rip a show, or lift a soul, but this time, I gets that dough
Plus I'm not, 50, or Biggie, or Diddy
I'm Witty Unpredictable, lyrical masterful mind
Chapters of rhymes, irresistible lines, metaphors is clever than yours
Sever your jaws, I'm ready for war
Like Pac in his Makaveli era, ready for ya'll, with a glock
And rap to spread to deadly terror, I squeeze on this whole industry
Enemies please don't sit with me
I sit with these and cats with keys
Cash and V's, black fatigues, smack M.C.'s, it's over![Chorus][Hook]

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