

# It's Over

## Killah Priest

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Run for your lives, oh my God  
Yo watch it, yo what everybody runnin' for?  
This is it, run for your lives  
Motherfucker quit pushin' Oh my God, run for your lives  
Yo what's goin' on?  
It's coming, it's coming  
Why is y'all runnin'? It's over, it's coming  
Where y'all going? What y'all running for?  
It's over, it's moving closer, the sky getting lower  
Hey, yo, yo Winds turn colder, Killah Priest soldiers  
Wait for me yo, steamrollers  
Whasup motherfucker quit pushin' me up  
Right there, there, it's over, damn he's right there It's over, it's over  
Hey, yo, who the fuck is that?  
It's over, run, it's over, run  
It's over, it's over All science addicts, religious fanatics  
Curiosity seekers, Biblical preachers, historians  
Ritual believers, scholars, teachers, spiritual leaders  
High priests, generals sergeants and them rude captains Lieutenants lower your gimmicks, I'm the hip hopper  
That'll rock to fill a opera Acapella locked cellar  
Watch hell ah, freeze over take you lower break you bold  
Constrict to hit you like fingertips in your soul Put whiskey in your soda or vodka  
Chop you with a blade made of copper  
Kick your head off like a soccer, brawl  
Raw alcohol and it's over, arrest over in October Punch a hole through your solar plex and it's over  
I mark X on your chest, it's over and bury the dead  
Ain't gonna be no rest Just pretend, watch me blow like the dust in a gust of wind  
Flow with the rush when I adjust the pen take you  
Miles and miles and miles leave you at the river of the Nile  
Now deliver the vials, fat, found in the pile in the stack Books that were took, take a look, back  
As I take you further high into the sky  
Where your eyes like vision surprise then dive back

Vision buildin' the bombs, upon you peons  
 Knowledge you crazy knowledge we be goin', offNow you lost tossed in confusion, saw an illusion  
 Of the car that started cruisin'  
 Actual day mathematics were raised to his attic  
 What's the weight of a flame, state your name  
 But he was afraid of the height, glazed at the light  
 Strayed, couldn't stay for the flightRan to his book of rhymes, took up some time  
 For the brother to hook up a line  
 As if he had a fishing rod, but my mission is God  
 Science, I be dishin' out be hardDeep in his eyes, contacts, plus saw beyond that  
 Saw the brother couldn't respond back  
 Tried to rhyme after me to hold the weight  
 But the science done drive dem niggaz shoulder blades downLet's take a trip travel through the mind  
 And played a trick when he unraveled the rhyme  
 Bloodthirsty no mercy when I bomb no thinkin' emotions  
 Sick him with potions that I've developedTo make the body swell up like venom  
 Once I'm in 'em, then I skin 'em and skull 'em  
 After that I call 'em, back from the essence  
 Who the fuck want more lessons? It's overKnow what I'm sayin'? it's over  
 The dead bury the dead, it's over  
 Your career, it's over  
 All you wack MC's it's over  
 (Finish 'em up)  
 Finish 'em upThe blast, burns back into elements  
 Development of gas around the mass of the earth  
 A hundred and ninty six million  
 Now a hundred and forty thousand miles are occupiedBy people causin' housin', over this the mind was just  
 browsin'  
 Thought I was warm coats, I dispose hope  
 Of the focus and roast energy toward the enemy  
 Now in burnin' G's, chemically enforce infinityAttack, third eye, what occurred my, vocal form into a storm  
 Went blow burnin' but left him in the crowd wonderin'  
 Now you wonder on many thoughts you ponder fell asleep  
 Tryin' to seek the beyonder while I would ponder microphones  
 Recitin' poems, strikin' domes to your frightening moans, of horrorSpeakin' evil Hebrew from the Torah  
 Slammed the mic it turned to a serpent, open the curtains  
 Saw things he couldn't interpret, destroyed the earth  
 Fill it with gunpowder, came build sun power  
 Rebuild it in one hourThen revealed it through a sunflower shared the shower  
 Showin' the power of the North Messiah eyes on fire  
 Water oxygen you can't comprehend to these strange doctrines  
 Stop the winds, beyond the orbits of Dionne WarwickWith no broomsticks and magic tricks is this  
 Return of the Iron Maiden  
 Stomp your corny ass like the Raven  
 What's the matter? You frostbitten, you lost your mittens

It seem you wanted to cross to smitten  
Secret morse from the ChristiansIt's over, Killah Priest says, it's over  
Huh, it's over  
Your careers is now, finished

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