

# Night Hawk

Killah Priest

[Killah Priest]

Emcees will have nightmares about the God right here  
Flights of stairs runnin' recurrin', he's comin'  
Concussions, concumptions, combustions  
Your head bussin', lead clutchin'  
You're dead f\*cka, I got the bread to cover  
I'll have an emcee morgue  
Step inside the fog  
Many died tryna understand my dialogue  
Side parks, write a blog  
I'll be oblige to applaude wit the machine gun for fun  
Priest the Alfred Hitchcock of Hip-Hop  
Since BIG-Pac, I'm the big shot  
Stamina for Pamela or Kid Rock  
Empty clips out on ya plot  
Lift the Glock, rob you and yours for your wrist watch  
Peoples rock Eight-off jackets  
Sawed-off ratchets, haul y'all in caskets  
Shout out to Adolf the assassin  
You maggots, rock wit a Messiah faction  
Holy of Holies is up next  
Rim on deck, my pen put y'all to death  
But this will be more spiritual then somethin' lyrical

(Hook) 2x

Niggas talk and run their mouth till the Hawk come out  
Let me show you what New York's about  
Let me show you what Brooklyn's about  
Let me show you why this hook's in ya mouth  
Keep f\*ckin', I'ma do somethin'

[Killah Priest]

Killers in the street, dealers in their beef  
Niggas squeeze triggers  
'Fore heat makin' brief niggas could eat quicker  
Ambulance truck pull up, niggas try and glance  
"Damn, what the f\*ck, who got bucked?"  
Spend a dollar on the dutch, lit one up

While the goons post on the roof sittin' in the cut  
Ridiculous, chick is cluck for the roosters  
Ruthless shooters, use to die on corners  
Or shootin' hoop cuz...  
There ain't no leaders so there ain't no future  
Plus all of his school teachers called him a loser  
Apple Bottoms, Red Monkey  
Tap the bottles, spend money on the Timberland boots  
At the dice game, the middle-men scoop all of the loot  
Gimme a cause to shoot, bitches wit fat onions  
Thick lips, lemme hold somethin'  
Cats wit no doe frontin'  
Niggas 18 or 36, life is a dirty bitch wit crab  
She picked out of her ass and threw it in the bucket  
f\*ck it

(Hook) 2x

[Killah Priest]  
I spaz out wit the Mac out  
Get back out then I blackout till it's black out  
Then I pass out  
f\*ckin' rappers, y'all assed out  
Lyrically Walter Reed is the best  
Fought emcees like they chess  
The fourth will squeeze on ya necks  
Ultimately to your coffin bleedin' till your death  
Paramedics kept, here's the record -  
You tryna lead my people in your step?  
Nah son, leave those niggas alone  
Priest got us sewn, he in the zone  
It's hard to hear y'all from his throne  
King of BK, ee-zay, best of Ra  
From outta Bed-Stuy into Best Buy  
How many emcees must I defeat?  
I let the lead fly, but not the lead that come from a bullet  
But the lead that I write in my footage, feel me?

(Hook) 2x