

Serve Justice

Snowgoons

Lost Children of Babylon
Snowgoons
(You'll burn if we shoot ya)
Sunz of Man, the Killah Priest
Maccabeez, Wu-Tang

I was consumed by the eternal flames of the sacred fire
Out of war with Mazda, within the temples of Sebastiyeh
Where I met four Samaritan Priests
The Killah Priest from the Middle East
That deciphered Cuneiform from the walls of Chaldea
And was given forty keys of the Annunaki to unlock the seal of Solomon
Left stranded in the desert with my cheddar dick
Where soon pyramids form in the form of sandstorm
The God was born
In the volcano surrounded by brimstone
Conceived through a sea of lava
And when he spoke words of wisdom;
He spit magma that could extinguish the sun
I recite a pack of ultra-violet radiation into the ancient hills of Ethiopia
And receive the Ark of the Covenant
The holy Shaman that speaks words of the holy Prophet
Muhammad (pbuh)
Rasul Allah nigga

Straight up we serve justice
So if you can't be trusted
May you return with a death wish

["Comics, slums, Saddam, Hussein"]
["Faces of the public scream for justice"]

Straight up Snowgoons serve justice
So if you can't be trusted
May you return with a death wish

My sword will decapitate your head before it falls off
Kick your chest back and snatch you by your hair
Like a phat money stack, then I slam it to the canvas
Watch your blood splatter over the canvas
Priest does damage, I push your soul through the planet
Murder verses run rampant
The devil's fingerprints upon my manuscript
The death of evangelist, once the black candle's are lit
I sit in your living room with my hand on the fifth
I'm said to be like 'Jack the Ripper' but only sicker
This rap killer just off remove your body members
I stretch you way outta normal figure
Then I cut you open, have your organs for dinner
You'll be more than injured when you enter into a battle
I come correct

"Slacking on your back cause raw's what you lack
You wanna react? Bring it on back..."

That means beware, I'm prepared for slaughter
Or the respirator, be breathing for ya, straight torture

Killah Priest the killing machine and I'm the author
Priest with German Luger, be the shooters
So turn to us the future niggas

I slit your throat with a butcher knife
Then I puncture your chest with a rusty spike
I pierce your neck with a javelin
Then watch you start babbling
That's the pints of blood start traveling
I sleep in a skin-covered casket
The African spear throw, oh yes I drink acid
I kidnap Catholics and I wrap 'em in plastic
Then I piss on you all to you bastards
I was born in a black straightjacket
The Priest's hand I'm holding the black ratchet
On the Black Sabbath with black rabbits following
Skin omen, behold the Ghetto Solomon
Hear the voices from the graves keep hollering
I'm Neolithic but my brain is much modern
Yelling "Origami" I dress you up like a Jew
Then send you to a Palestinian army