

Pray to the east, pray to the east...

Yeah

I got my man in the studio
One of the illest MC's in the world
Rhyme Inspector Percee P
Kick some flavor for 94, baby

Pray to the east, pray to the east
Before you fuck around, nigga, pray to the east (2x)

[Percee P]

Your skills lack while I'm still strapped
With real raps, and feel that I should kill wack
Niggas that peel caps and that ill crap
Bigger threat than you with your tec when I rip the set
Niggas get smoked like a cigarette, so hit the deck
Watch ya chin, nigga, Ho-chi-min when I rock my shit
When it comes to props I get lots of it
I can get Madonna, money, your threats are minor
And bet you find your girl with a wet pijama
Drippin with my cassette behind her
Got more band trail than your hand's sellin
Fans scalin, jam railin like it's Van Halen
Skills scored high on billboards, I kill frauds
Get real applausesteal broads' hearts at will force
Hate a mark, skills lay a squad, and pray to god
Don't say a hard verse worse than a plate of lard
Percee P wanted for first degree
Murder, since you heard it first from me, you worshipped me
Fuckin threat, you heard nothin yet
No need for buckin tecs, but rappers to duck in fret or upper-jet
Mastered art, yo, when I flow something drastic starts
Speed up a bastard's heart, great like jurassic park
I cut you up like a sharp machete blade
Swear to god, only card you can pull if it's Medicaid
Done with all this gun shit, fuck who you run with, son split
The only thing you shoot is your dick, and it comes quick

[Maestro Fresh Wes]

I'm like a bat outta hell tonight, niggas compell to bite
I swell the mic when I like, fatter than cellulite
I injure ears of engineers, sendin em into cheers
Bringin my peers into tears, don't interfere
Critics know I pack a wicked blow
I put you in a clinic, so forget it like Riddick Bowe
Nigga, go to hell, I flow so well
Find another brother or mother or hoe to tell
Or a bro to jeal', how's my jam gonna sell? Very well
I send you back because you bring the wack
I'm into rap, I interact with empty tracks
Locked in, wack muthafuckas are blockin
The Top 10 while the black radio jocks spin
The calmer vibe, the modified
I like the harder side, Jeffrey Dahmer tried, but died
More words than a hour of scrabble, I got the power to battle
Skadaddle or get devoured like the Tower of Babel
Adversaries are snotty, some compare me to Gotti
I bury a body, then carry a shotie
The maestro rips the psycho shit
Brain like a microchip, and I'ma excite you with
The smoother rhythm, sendin mad crews to prison
Who choose to listen while I use my U-4 missiles
Collectin the pesos from a stage show
Gettin fellatio from a h-o (why) because I say so
My ratio expands as I wreck lands
Makin def jams like Redman and X Clan
I'ma nail the genitalia from Australia to Somalia
Cause I'm smooth, just like a sailor
I damage em all, bitches give me casual calls
I'm slammin and jammin and rammin they vaginal walls
Drums are fat over funky tracks
Like Perce every verse could make your lung collapse
I'm extra-nice, who's next to slice?
Before you step to mics, nigga, check with christ
You better

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