

Killah Priest, Numbers

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The Tetragrammaton squeeze come beneath camera lens
Ease some, police come, place cameras on men
Deceased ones lay stiff - posin' on cement roses
On their lids cold winds blow over the ditch
Where the laser pray of that snitch
Hollow tips go in clips, four in the whip
Peep around the block, thieves around the lots
Fiends around the spot, Ds around the clock
Midnight comes - here comes the shots
Eardrums are shot, the beer from a bum drops
Here come the track meat
Dude's runnin' like athletes
Chased by a black jeep, through the zigzag streets
The night looks like a million demon mass
A young girl tries screamin' from her plastic bags
Takes her last gasp, psycho killer fucks her in the ass
Body parts left by the trash
Psycho-evaluation, alley's and train stations
Lurkin' perverts with small hustlers who heard dirt
Let the herb search, a pimp mistreatment
Made his bird chirp, the police chrome heat blow your dome piece
Cars wit the phone seat, the tales from the lone Priest

[Killah Priest]

God bonds the prince of the heathens
While I rinse from demons, holy water glory aura
Around my crown of horror
You down today or you down tomorrow
I'm dreamin' fallin' asleep in Church tryna stay awake
Preacher keep readin' the same verse
The offer trays pass by
With more cash then I have on my thigh
The Pastor ducks somebody did a drive-by
Was it for me? The sky looks stormy
Or am I high? Leavin' the Church in the rain
An old lady came said she was sent to warn me
You're runnin' like Jonah
Just then my cell phone buzzed
I went to pick it up
She said: "Try to stay sober"
Always alone and watch the cobras
I see somethin' on the 30th day of October
Then she came closer
I reach for my Bible like the gun on my holster
Thugs bargain wit God when they doin' life behind bars
Or in the yard full of scars
Why do women light two candles on the Sabbath?
The Law of Commandments
Born amongst the wage slander and a bandit
In the famine, shots ring
Witness ran, the faces vanish
Somethin' Satanic on another planet, it's all damaged

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The soul of converts change their religions
In the streets wit dirty converse, dickies saggin'
The trick of the system - the dragon
The beast wit the seven heads, ten arms
The great whore of Babylon, psychobenzaprine
Ultram, Methadone, Desert Storm, but weapons drawn
The Good Shepherd wand
The sheep that the wolf will creep in wool sheets

Woool beats knock, MPC's Priest rock
MVP - Most Vivid Poet, the last scripture's open
I'm spittin' omens, 6-6-6 St. Lutheran
Angel of Light, chief musician
Or tombstone tables I write
Apocalypse raps and the art department facts
And the science that could lift crafts
Ya'll ain't hear shit like this in awhile
Original style, lyrically wild
Aphyllous, I kill devilish wit the metal shit
God's gun tells Satan it's a stick-up
Drop the pitchfork, take the horns off
This bitch's soft, gimme back the souls
And all the freedom you stole
Take back all the slum evil you sold
Read 'em in scowls, these are the scrolls
Now let 'em be told