

Killah Priest, Psychonistary Mystic Breath

Psychonistary Mystic Breath

[Intro: Killah Priest]

My rhymes will take the shape of the first earthquake

[Killah Priest]

Inside the black holes theres weather

It rains down streams of light anytime I fiend for the mic

So as I relax in my chair my ideas is like the eyes of the sphere

Clear, clear before the great tribulation upon all rappers is here

So I sit back in the atmosphere like cast out a spear

A lightning rod, emcees are striking from afar

Til the air swollen with powdery bones, blood and blackness

You hear crackling noise that frightens your mob

Then I tighten my job, in this no emcee shall remain left

Some should complain from the pains in the chest

Once I start the rapper's heart attack I came with death

I should threaten every emcee at my presence

The rap game will now turn into Armageddon

When the Priest brainstorm

Believe me its gonna rain strong and remain long

I laughed at it, it cause power outage in backup sewer drains

And hurricanes are spawn

And it hit like napalm once I squeeze the crayon

Floods will occur, moved pyramids will emerge

At the birth of pharaohs son the sky will rain down mud

Evil thoughts are brewing in my mind while I grab the pen and stir

Cause every mic I grab I destruct

And you dont wait for Priest to rhyme you wait for Priest to erupt

Watch me grab the mic and then it heat up

And itll melt away as soon as he touch

Its like the pen got a nuclear warhead

All I gotta do is push the button and its mass of destruction

No reconstruction or reproduction cause its one trillion degrees of heat is coming

Ill evaporate your weak production and Ill keep erupting

Priest dont rhyme he erupts

And the strained doctrine is of Rakim with Kane

If you choose any rapper both options remain

They say when he lay in his mausoleum his apostles will seek him

His name is in fossils, his armour in coliseums

His rhymes in art museums

Hes known as Apollo and is marked as a beacon

Enter, you must break through the cobweb

The old Egyptian priest just nods his head

Pointing his finger down the shadowy path

Thats the place where Priest builds his craft

Look, the canals of our brain leads down to an aisle of a king

You see the white tile/towel, theres the ring, grab it

Now you alone in a desert, theres nothing but sand dunes and stone hedges

Youre in the zone staring at old ruins of a throne beneath a moon crescent

Dont go in that direction cause somewhere up there roams a leopard

In my mind, and hes walking over broken microphones and records

Suddenly you turn around and you face a dark shepherd and youre shown a message

His bones are wretched and his torn head definite

He said he came from a sand cone

He came to bring me back home through an exit

The night turns to day and the sky becomes fluorescent

Finally you came to the place where you were destined