

Killah Priest, Atoms To Adam

"You are the Prodigal Son, you are the Iron Sheik
You are the people of our homes that are speaking and..."

[Shanghai the Messenger]

Ooh ma, ma, ma, my Lord, Lord
I see chariots in the sky (skies)
Men and Earth look surprised
As they flow across the sky
And I see the light deep into the night
Up there on Mars among the stars in that distant land
Swift as light, we took our flight, the chosen people
Ooh ma, ma, ma, ma, my, Lord, Lord
The reasons why we here, ooh ma, ma, ma, ma, my
Lord, Lord, the reasons why we here

[Killah Priest]

Before being born without physical form
Avoiding the vast, my space voyage begin between the asteroid
Before I landed upon the planet
It looked abandoned, lost and stranded
I became a force that demanded light laws took flight
One course of the night, search for any source of life
Light was, the 'Know the Ledge' coming from the edge of the Universe
Then passed the Moon to the Earth, then from the womb to nurse
With a slight remembrance how I came from a distance
To an instinct existence with five senses
The quest from man repentance
While others cried, I exercise my third eye by hearing a lullaby
Then I magnify inside, became intelligent and wise
Transformed from the celestial
Shot through a sexual, terrestrial testicles vessel
Small as a decimal where I nestle
Nine months later, special delivery, the Killah P-R-I-E-S-T
From the foetus to the cleavage, from 'Atoms to Adams'
From 'Atoms to Adams', from 'Atoms to Adams'

[Shanghai the Messenger]

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[Killah Priest]

So I began between the meteorite, now I walk like Christ
Except I'm not sacrificed, but a righteous parasite
Searching for Paradise, which is birthright
Of a celestial Nazarite with appetites to bite from the Tree of Life
Then smite Edomites, Sodomites, Moorites in the land of Canaanites
Following six flaming lights, burning over one million degrees Fahrenheit
Bright as neon, beyond the satellites
Flight takes me over cattle stocks, blocks of ice
I begin to flock, flock, flock, flocked across Mecca
With a vivid projector, seeking my sceptre, looking at Rebecca
Two sons bopping through Jerusalem like a hoodlum
Ahhh, principalities enables me to see the other galaxies
Releasing all calories, backed eight author, writers and eulogies
I'm the author and the writer of a biography with God prophecies
And challenged Egyptology philosophies and Greek mythologies
Going through the glossaries of Socrates with Pharisees and Sadducees
Going through genealogy with degrees, I contact the Hasmonean dynasty
Approximately 168 B.C.
Transform from the Wu Killa Bee into the families of the Maccabeez
I can see every species in 3D and hear them clear as CDs

During my pilgrimage I walked through the wilderness
I had the privilege the see the pyramids
Which gave me the will to live
To roam through the villages and heal the kids
Walk across a bridge strong as Farrakhan
As a voice echo like Saravan across the great Amazon
Stretching out my hand like Yon 'til it reach Babylon
Behold the psychic phenomenon, quiet storm
I wander out on the horizon from the top of holy Mount Zion
Holding a staff then turned into a python, Killah Priest the living icon
Sitting in the form of a pentagon in the centre of the octagon
Walking from Tyre to Sidon, to Lebanon, to the walls of Hong Kong
Reciting the 23rd Psalm, long gone before the crack of dawn
Dodging and weaving through the Garden of Eden
Without even speeding, bobbing, lobbing, revolving all regions

[Shanghai the Messenger]
As they flow across the sky

[Killah Priest]
Those that were uncivilized was chastised while the civilized were baptized
Twelve Tribes begin to rise like bees from the hive
Causing seeds with their wives
Starting apartheid, the scribes carry the archive
Follow the star guide as we glide through the windows of the far side
Across the dark sky, then over the ocean tide
The Unidentified Flying Object hovers the project's scenery
Gothic sky can pass with darkness
As the thugs transform into prophets, the body becomes cosmic
As the floor becomes carpet, they rise from out the toxic
And the wasteland and the garbage
Where faces are various shades of chocolate
Dropping in narcotics and the pork sausage
No longer Hell's hostage

[Outro: (Killah Priest) Shanghai the Messenger]
(From 'Atoms to Adams')
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