

# 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, my, Lord, Lord  
The reasons why we here, ooh 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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