Killah Priest, Black August (Daylight)

[Intro: Killah Priest]
Wassup, whats the deal?
Feel so good tonight, heh heh
Yo, this is the album right here, yeah
Killah priest, I'm back
I'm feeling good too
Yeah, yeah
Up in the house (yeah, waddup brooklyn)
Right about now (waddup new york)
Yo man (waddup cali)
Yo (waddup midwest)
I'm just ready to get into this
Yeah (count em all down)
So intimate
I just cant believe I'm seein it with my own eyes on paper

[Killah Priest]
Yo, yo, yo
Welcome to Black August
This is the portrait of a poor kid
That came to fortune
Back before when
I had nothin
Just a pad busting dope rhymes like coke lines
I carefully laid them out, then seperate them
Then I would lace one
It made my face numb
Struck from a bass drum
Then I would pass the pad like glass to my man
And he would take some
He used to shake from
Overdosin, we both endulgin
Eyes were bulgin, remaining focused
But the brain was frozen
It's the same as smokin
We would just stand, just stare
Film would appear, and tapes would start rollin
It took us way back like a-tracks, it's so amazing
My man used to say that, this ain't rap
'Priest, your lyrics, are too vivid'
'They more like pictures, you can feel it'
'Yo, you gifted', it flows like liquid, mystic
I never witnessed such things as beautiful
As unusual, like a musical

[Chorus: Killah Priest]

So say 'Black August', and that's the chorus
It's so gorgeous, it's so beautiful, unusual
And 'member y'all this is no rap
These are moments captured on a kodak
So hold that

So say 'Black August', and that's the chorus
It's that gorgeous, it's so beautiful, unusual
And 'member y'all this is no rap
These are moments captured on a kodak
So hold that
(So hold that, so hold that, don't hold back)

[Killah Priest]
Yeah, yo, yo
Music fallin
Like leaves in autumn

I hope you caught one
Please hold it close to you
It's for the pupils, of the new school
It's chicken noodles
It's vitamins, rice and beans
A nice cusine, you like it steamed
Or broiled?
Grab it like soil
This mic is royal
My pens a needle, my arms a notepad
My thoughts a dope bag, my rooms a coke lab
I cooked up tunes
My homie smoked tash, and used to throw cash
Out of born fishes, they want the raw lyrics
Shoot or sniff it, you call it
Alcoholics listen
Smiling, while nodding off, mumblin
'This kid has talent'
Then pass out, while spillin they quarts
Then open up another gallon
I smoke from a chalice, who wanna challenge?
I spoke inbalanced
Priest the magic man
Presto, there goes your ghetto
Colored, increase your level
You gotta love it baby

[Chorus]

[Killah Priest]
Yeah, uh huh, yeah
I get em with the rhythm
Twist em, spittin like exorcism
A poets wisdom, give em vision, dialect
Just listen, to productions
Let it flush your system keep discussions
To a minimum, watch me I'm winnin em
Those imprisoned from the bling-bling
Locked up like sing, sing
Until I ginseng root
Right into it like a fruit again
Sight to the blind, speech to the mute, yeah

[Talking: Killah Priest]
It's all day man
I can't believe what I'm hearin
You know what I'm sayin?
What I'm seein, it's beautiful
I could go all day long, it's the life
Yo, I could just keep going (Priest)
Yeah, check it out, yo (Killah Priest, baby)

[Killah Priest]
My heart is jaded, star gazin, R rated
Nickel-plated, manipulated
It gets better when it ages
So amazing, I say 'Amen'
So majestic, emotions like a slow record
It's like a epic, or a shiny necklace
Catch me at the guestlist
At Black August, check my performance
I'm brainstormin, rain pourin, no need for umbrellas
I'm tryna tell ya, best seller
Thoughts angelic, soft like velvet
Take off my helmet, the warriors home

Like Centurions in Rome
You know what I mean? I just zone
I could go all day with this
Just gimmie- where the hook at?

[Chorus]

[Fade out]