

Killah Priest, Covenant

[Killah Priest]

26 million worlds that exist
27 trillion worlds that come within the words of my tongue
Also the Book of Life and Book of Death
A heart shape like the world map that beats on my chest
My eyes are planets twirlin' in my mind is gigantic
Mental aneurysm, comets, astroids invaded my system
Satellite camera vision, smart clouds hover my wisdom
You still wanna battle a God? My empower less stars
King of Cups, you can see me in the tarot of cards
So lay down your prayer rugs
Confess your sins and bow in the Mosque
It's the Dalai Lama in Armani armor
Between two towers that's lodged
Follow the Wao like the Buddhist Tao
Teach peace or transform the Priest, the ruthless Angel
So what you want huh - horns or halo?
The man wit the goat head or the law from Gabr-el
I don't need a record label
All I need is a mic and a hi-tech cable
So I can hook it up to satellites
Now y'all can see what Heaven is like
To make seven thousand trillion elements a night
Call it the greatest our day the lessons at night
Then form the Earth within that, my pen tap, my lens snaps
Then I go black, then form two more greater lights
The one rules the day for all human life

(Hook)

Make way the High Priest enters the holies of holies
The Month of Tishri, The Day of Judgement
This is my covenant

[Killah Priest]

Jesus of Nazareth, my hair grows like green asparagus
On the tallest cliff where my castle sit
I spit - atom split, your brain anatomy, the matter shift
Produce dopamines, serotonin, your endorphins click
Every cell in my bodies lit, it's like lightning bugs
When I'm writing it's like drugs
Benzocaine, light on Cain
Kills the pain when I'm writing your brain
This rhyme's steroid, take it like an asteroid
Call me Elroy, my ink pad destroyed
Let's voyage; my fist's the foundation stone for my Mayan temples
Six millennium to finish this poem, infinite rap
Last Supper see me in the back eating snacks
I slapped the Devil on a Friday
Play lotto, a string of good luck and misfortune
Lost all my bread on a Sunday, I fasted at horse run
I bet 20 on red, lost all my cash in Blackjack
Now let me back track, drunk all the whiskey by nine
And Church by 11 and flirted wit the Preacher's daughter
Got in the panties by seven, Priest the astronaut
Psychopathic plots, gats and crack
Wardrobes for my pops, and that's hip-hop and you don't stop

(Hook)

[Killah Priest]

Satan cast from Heaven, where's the mass of Nephilim's?
The Phoenix rise from the ash and caused spectrum
Walk in spacecraft call me deaf Tron
Gucci Specs on, Louis painted on my teflon

Y'all respect the Don
Decepticon will shoot lasers from an electric palms
Psychedelic, methadone, in the form of a CD-rom
The flyest street we're on, my back is as big as King Kong
Drink ginseng tea wit Buddha
While me and Muhammad (pbuh) discuss the Qur'an
My words combine wit air elements and make sputa
Rubbing my third eye when I'm pistol tapping my medulla
Eating figs wit the Rabbi's - going over the Torah
Lighting my Nora's, writing in water's
Send kosher prayers up to God
Yom Kippur - Rosh Hashanah - Catholic practice
Let the tomato's roast on the pasta
Take a communion wit the guns using
Tapping the Bible, chapter AK verse 47
The book of act, street survival
Drinking yac's in the back of revivals
Gimme back my title, number one universe disciple

(Hook)