

Killah Priest, Essential

[Killah Priest]

The night's a dark lord, well dressed, inducing our Sun
Upon the dawning of a full day he usually will come
Gallop upon his winged horse
Leaving trails of Stars across the planet, night scene of New York
comes to life with lights, pubs, clubs with thugs
Mobsters, gangsters, criminals, dealers with drugs
Loud music, crowds are moving, up and down blocks
In and out of spots, cops watch for a foul shooting
So how're we moving?
My soul scour through the clouds where the moon'll sit
Like the wise Owl searching through a gloomy mist
Six, or bring a casket down to his tomb
Another child gets pushed through the uterus
From the womb we're intuitive, eternal peace or damnation?
Depending what we do with it, a genius or a lunatic?
A general or a fugitive? It's 'Essential'

[Interlude: Killah Priest]

Word!, it's 'Essential' to be a man of your words
Take care of your seeds, to the young kids, honour your mother

[Killah Priest]

The greedy night is full of demon's smiles
And every hustler wear horns and every fiend comes from the ground
The FBI got satellite radar screening our child
Jacking off to our chaos, the Beast get aroused
There's another world with under bosses, rich not into flossing
Put hits on certain lawman, who pick or run for office
If they switch then the guns are brought in
Who parted with professional ballplayers with big endorsements
Who love to trick a hoe that sniff blowing bathroom toilets
They're alcoholics, going through mad divorces
See their wives in the papers with half their fortune
Then there's the Mob - leaving tips, a hundred bucks at the bar
Big spenders, around the dealer, shuffling cards
Evil laughter, puffing cigars, in a room full of goons
Tats cover their bullet wounds, rats are pulled from the Lagoons
Mexican mob doing shots of tequila, live niggaz
Throwing up knots in their pictures with gang signs
At the same time, if crack was a wars and you can frame nines
You would have plaques of coke scales of money stacks
But there is another party with Presidents, CIA Intelligence
The Federal Defense, Executives with the Aliens
Iraqi's and Israelians and by the time of my demise
The one who talked to Cane should rise
The second time while Abel blood rain from the skies
And who knows where my soul will fly?
I'm in the cemetery on top of a dark hillside
It's 'Essential'...

[Interlude: Killah Priest]

Everything's 'Essential', to the single black mothers
who's handling business, always about their paper and doing their numbers
It's 'Essential', nah'mean? (It's +Essential+)
To the youth out there - be a soldier
Take care of yours, keep it health; always keep a clear mind
Look at the world in front of you, you know?

[Killah Priest]

Snow fills the night air as the wind throws her thick white hair
Across her face, icicles appear, fall from space
Like tears, white frosts like flakes
I'm with my peers, remorse at the wake

So many cats I know I lost this way
Sprayed up by bullets, I'm in my woolrich we crossed them graves
My man spoke mad hoarse from pain
He said "Yo Priest, just think of what we've lost today"
The city lights are like the ice around the rich mans wrist
Where every hustler, big dreamer, praiser, grants or wish
By myself, right off the Belt 'til I hit the Van Wyk
Cruising, jigsaw my thoughts, I need a plan to exist
Should I get on like them Cuban guerrillas?
Fly to their country make a truce with their killers?
Move in a Villa, come with few of my niggaz
They come with theirs; we politic on struggle and social affairs
While toasting beers, my man had cunning ideas to get rich with mobsters
But what if it didn't prosper? Look what they did to Hoffa
My feet buried in the sands out in Nicaragua
Or on a cruise out to Venezuela
On a ship with a pool, designer clothes and expensive tailors
Sipping cappuccino favourite flavour French vanilla
Exotic foods, catching shrimp, no more minutes failure
The Offering's the movie; my other albums are just trailers
I can't hardly sit through the news, watching this fictional tune
Political view, the sky's dark as the Original Jews
Subliminal clues left in the hieroglyphs
Where the ancient empires exist
Walk inside the cliffs of Cairo, read the papyruses
On the wall feel the Gaul off Judas the Disciple's kiss
At the Last Supper nowadays is a microchip
End of skull, my survival kit is a rifle clip
This is 'Essential'...

[Outro: Killah Priest]

It's +Essential+ to lookout our family
Stay strong, yo Ebo man? I don't even know man?
This is +Essential+...
Got me zoning out right now, but look at the world
The entire art, you know what I mean? The mind, body and soul
Yo, I just wanna give a shout out
I wanna give a shout out to the whole world man
Everything's +Essential+, you know what I mean?
To the hoods and everybody, you know what I mean?
Become your own Government man, become your own
Live, you gotta live strong, you know what I mean?
It's +Essential+, food, clothe and health
All that, you know what I mean?
I wanna give a shout out to the whole Brooklyn
Gates Ave. where I'm from, you know what I mean?
Brownsville, where I'm from, you know what I mean?
For Whole Brooklyn, big up to Red Hook
Yeah, whatup Shabazz the Disciple man?
I'ma shout you out, that's my nigga right there
Word up! Yo, for everybody who helped me on the album
You know what I mean? Since you came through
Fo'real, it's no life that's +Essential+ man
Shout out everybody out there man
Live long or live strong, you know what I mean?
This goes out to DJ Huggy man
Good looking on this track right here, fo'real
Just live long (Pittsburgh; light born I see you)
(Uh, you know what I mean?, stand up man, stand up like a man)
(I'm ready, I'm ready for the war man, I'm ready, I'm ready y'all)
(Priest is ready man, aka putting in work, uh)