

Killah Priest, Intro (The Offering)

Uhhhhh

This is it, huh? (Greetings) The Offering which you was telling about?
What are they bringing?

[Killah Priest]

Their candles are lit, they walk in burning incense sticks
Holding their camels' head low while presenting their gift (Your offering sir)
Exotic animals, perfumed oils, gold for the prince
For the King dynasties your face carved out a cliff "Well done!"
I do the honors and call you all friends
In this ceremony of peace here's the Priest Offering
Shoot outs, drugs, liquor stores, broken projects
Where niggas jet, D's predict a war, I jog up my steps
I hear "Freeze, nigga hit the floor", a yard from my rest
I drop my keys, someone click the door, I jumped in the apartment
I swear my heart left, that time I dodged death, I said "God Bless"
Salute the gamblers one shuffled up a card deck
Ran in the room, dice game going on, ice chains, folded arms
Niggas in a cipa, one dude low
Throw them bones across the floor, 'cause my thoughts of war
Is going fast, I ran in frantic, panic, damage
I paint Sanskrit across my canvas, outlandish
Watch the constellations take shape
My concious elevate like binoculars
Eye on the great space probing along the face of the deep
To below on Earth, where the cops chases the creeps and the thieves
"Priest, lead us out of hell like Moses"
Pass the snakes, all the vultures, the Greek sculptures
On the court buildings, chalk ceilings with cross revealings
The lost children, they keep oppressing us, this the Exodus
Cops arresting us, so press your luck
Peace and togetherness, forever kids
Imperative, we free our heritage flee from the devilish habitat
Black on black, crimes and crack, 9's we clap
They cuff your wrist behind your back
The ghetto's infested with drugs and police
A wino with no teeth, rose and said "Priest, go preach!"
He had flames in his eyes, told me it wasn't from wine
Opened his arms and showed me his signs, then read my mind
And said yea I look familiar, you saw me when you stared in the mirror
Drop off his dusty blanket
And what was standing there, was a king's ancient royal robes
With diamonds and rubies, God's beauty, life's truly a blessing
In my essence, Priest, I slid the lid back off my coffin
This happens often, before I started speaking, I start coughing
Then I said I'm back with another classic called The Offering
It started storming and hailing
The church started reeling, the preacher falling over the pew
Peep another view, I'm writing lyrics, while fighting spirits, they poking pitchforks
A hooker lip gloss, smears on my cheek, she threw her kiss off
While trying to stick a dagger through the Priest

[Interlude: Killah Priest]

Beyond The Offering, (I can never do that man) {This is The Offering}
See the elephants coming (Yeah) {This is The Offering} (Behold stand up) Uh

[Killah Priest]

It starts off I used to fingerpaint while in class
The teacher sorted me to see a shrink, 'cause my craft
Was sorta different from the other students for instance when I would color
I would cut my finger smear the blood to describe a slain hustler
The painted brothers was seen in my drawing then that got boring
Then I moved to pictures with glitter on glue
A book of rhymes of street niggas I knew, roasting

My brain's turning on a spit slow motion
Flames are lit within my skull there's a thousand bulbs
Rotisserie shit lyrics I can't get warm I'm too piping hot