

# Killah Priest, Maccabean Revolt

[Daddy Rose]

Hasmonian Dynasty, Maccabean Revolt  
Come down on you, Masada arose the beloved  
Daddy Rose, Prodigal Sunn, Masada the eagle scholar  
Back to P stone nation, Red Dawn to the death, nigga

Violins play, Rose petals fly in the wind  
Mans bargaining with fallen angels but he dies in his sin  
The world is in chaos, many try to pretend  
I stop smoking weed now I get high off my pen  
Grandma alcoholic she might die off the gin  
Devil smirks I grab a gun and blow off his grin  
I spend my days inhaling in the sun rays  
Thirsty youth in my hood just escape the gun blaze  
No more church on Sundays, just wake on Mondays  
He didn't value his life now six feet my son lay  
I study chi-kung cultivate my energy and become  
the cosmic light of the slums  
I heal the mind reveal how many slugs in your nine  
Dark clouds cover my soul, but my thuggin divine  
Black love, white glove black doves  
Egyptian Queens fine wine and back rubs  
Black thugs

[Chorus x1.5: Killah Priest]

Black P stone, Maccabean Revolt  
Sunz of the Rose, to this world folds, guns will blow

[Killah Priest]

Project hallways full of broke niggaz  
Broken bottles of malt liquor, and coke sniffs  
ERS, dope dealers and drug users with crack lighters  
We thought we made it, but somewhere shit backfired  
&quot;Ds&quot; pointing GATs at tires, read the history on the black Messiah  
Judges burning niggaz and scorching their souls  
When I walk I come across the fork in the road  
Next to the black hawk on the pole  
Hear the voice of the crow, when the wind blows  
it gives me goose bumps and makes me tremble  
Project temples with shattered windows  
Street renaissance, thugs released on prison bonds  
Become icons in gold chains and tote iron  
Heart of the lion, hear the harps of Zion  
Honey lips to sour words from bitter tongues  
We live in slums, niggaz pull the triggers on their guns  
&gt;From day to night, the grave sight  
Where snakes appear shed fake tears  
Ghetto, seeds born with gray hair  
Trying to escape from here it might take years  
Priest modern day Shakespeare

[Chorus x2]

[Sauldin]

I cut the world off from within the pain in my pen  
Got me written scribe did my feather in blood  
Niggaz fuckin up so I remain cold inside  
&gt;From the pain but I still strive  
&gt;From my brothers slain in the street  
Ordain in the ghetto and hang  
Bang with the finest, steppin out of caskets  
or line us up kill for the kindness  
The dimmest broads turn states evidence on small times  
I use smoke L like chimineys, search for the remedy

Till my pain friendly fire let the devil in me  
Every minute feels like infinity  
Time I trapped in it like enemy fire in the city  
of hope surrounded by dead energy, fallen Elohim who beam rocks  
to bitches who sip Henney on the rocks  
Who would kill me for pennies  
That why wherever my gun points black crows follow my hollow point  
Thee unconscious acts of the soul  
Harness trapped in my conscious no parole  
No control over the soul  
Inward fight to fight for control of my soul

[Chorus x4]