

# Killah Priest, Melodic

[Intro: Killah Priest]

Yo, yo, what up, son? Yeah  
Get your weed and your Hemecken  
It's melodic, yo, yo, who got a stogie on them?  
Priest, I'm dropping the Killah  
Beloved, the beloved, beloved brothers come on

[Killah Priest]

When doves cry, doobie fly  
'Cooley High' school kids watching 'White Shadow'  
My favourite character was Coolidge  
Movies slides the shots in the car chase  
My favourite was Al Pacino in 'Scarface'  
Cool like De Niro in 'Casino'  
Old Mob tapes it made my heart break  
When Fredo ratted out on his brother Michael  
'Godfather II' we replayed the Don's drama in school  
Article II; my sixteens are like -  
Billion dollar budget movie scene on big screens  
Al Green is doing my themes  
From off the Greatest Hits which is my favourite disc  
Play it, it skips, the screen burns from a tiny brown hole in the center  
Both pop is the picture, I learn the handle bars on the mic  
Before I handlebars on the bike, I hold it tight  
Drug dealer's homage, empty promises and knowledge's  
Broken dreams, smoking fiends lying on the roofs  
Some are nodding with the belts tied around their arms  
Out cold, pipes still in their palm  
A household about five, the nightfall gone  
To roam the streets around Section 8  
Here's my Offering pass around collection plates

[Chorus: Killah Priest]

The dream's dream, melodic flow governed by Kings  
Wings of the Phoenix birds take up my words  
They peck 'em down to the compound  
Observe, refers as master

[Killah Priest]

Stainless glass windows of ancient black negros on my casement  
My visitors - Thug niggaz hopping out off spaceships  
Like 'Whutup Priest' we just swerved and caused your spectrum, word  
Had Armani space suits, holding two bad alien birds  
Saying 'Neek neek neek' translated means 'Where is the Earth';  
He fucked the green bitch, I took the blue one  
Up in some alien pussy, niggaz say 'That gruesome';  
Yells one of my dawgs, just came home from Mars  
He was up in his bar where this lizard bitch was stripping  
Bugging, like we acid tripping  
Addicts in my vision, the scene turns like its 'Claudine'  
James Earl Jones, hot combs over stoves  
Dutch hair grease, a rare piece of footage  
Hood clips, narrated and composed by the Priest  
Curtains closed on the streets  
'The Score' is done by the poor, but the pure niggaz

[Chorus]

[Hell Razah]

Hand writings on the project wall  
Spray painted in the modern day purest form on black uniforms  
You might need a crack-head that made it to translate it  
He could tell you who was fucking with broads and who's related  
But you gotta know the ghetto password so he could say it

In the hood we turn throwing up signs into a language  
Rather blue steel stainless, guns we gon' buy 'em  
Riots we gon' start 'em, fuck it they got problems  
Throw me some more, crush grapes in my cup  
Its envy and lust, so automatic semis we clutch  
To David Ruff, we carve knives out of elephant tusk  
Eleven of us and build about the Angels and God we trust

[Chorus]

[Outro: Killah Priest]

Yeah, (That's right) The Offering (That's how you lay it down)  
Given, Melodic (Take the fitted, cover you eyes) light the candles up  
Melodic slow you know what I mean? (Take the hood; throw it over your head)  
Let the war crawl over you head (That's right, Priest!)  
More money smoke it up, let 'me know (That's right, The Offering, uh)  
Hit another one, you know what I mean? The Offering...  
Struggling, uh, that's how we do it man, (That's right)  
We camouflage all the time nigga  
Even in our fucking tuxedo's, we stay camouflaged nigga  
La-da-di-da-da...  
Uh, yeah, we back nigga, uh, yeah  
Pass around the collection plate motherfuckers, the AK  
The End of the world, the End of the World  
This is how we live in the background