

Killah Priest, Melodic

[Intro: Killah Priest]

Yo, yo, what up, son? Yeah
Get your weed and your Hemeken
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