

Killah Priest, Movie

[Chorus and 1/2: Killah Priest w/ sample]

To the listeners, here's a movie
I write in black and white, or color
It goes deeper than Warner Bros., or Steven Spielsberg
You can feel the words, I write rhymes you can see
It's not just punch lines, it's a movie, it's a movie

[sample - during chorus: Master Fool]

For all the land there's Earth

[Killah Priest]

Inside my head, there's an auditorium, with rows of empty chairs
Right above, light bulbs fill the chandeliers
Right below, there's a balcony, that's where I would be
I look again, now there's crowded seats
And an audience surrounding me, the lights go low
And out of nowhere, my notepad glows
Then a motion screen show, my paper becomes a movie screen
Each word is a character that plays a part in the scene
You start to see pictures, but it's only for the listeners
Welcome to the theater

[Chorus]

[Killah Priest]

For the admission, all you gotta do is pay attention
My ushers guide you, to where I'll be sitting
It's the intermission, all you gotta do is listen
To get a clear vision, the way I be spitting
The story changes with the rhythms
It comes at you in 3D, it's not just a CD
It's more like DVD (to tape it), I turn radios to TV's
My pen: the projector, and I'm the director
Each line guides my recta, I turn looseleafs to whole movies
Color show is Rudy, a film written by him, rated KP
Bring your lady or your babies, sit through the album
Turn up the volume, stare at the speakers
Til suddenly your in the bleachers
Lookin' at the main features, viewing the coming attractions
Guns blastin', tons of action

[Chorus]

[Killah Priest]

I got love stories that turn gory
From Mafia hits, to politics, follow my lips
Acknowledge my flicks, once I stopped writing, the room brightens
I pick up my pen, then the movie ends
I stop the flow, then the curtains close
The audience stands and leaves the rows
At the same time, another group comes to see the show
I put down my pen, then the movie plays again
It's the vision, what I'm sayin', rewind the time in your mind
Yo, sit back, the seat reclines, you read the credits
A barrage of letters, the ink comes up in cartoons
I'm in a dark room, the words become characters
Actors, with leading roles
I talk from the bullhorn, which is the pen I hold
Capital letters become buildings filled with children
Or merry-go-rounds, lights, cameras, action, the stereo sound
My pen's a wooden puppet, and I'm the ventriliquist
I turn listeners to the vision-ists
My hands written in scripts from Gods to gangstas
To painters, to King Tut, what up?

To entertainers, it's all good, when I write
With this piece of wood, it's a movie

[Chorus]