

# Killah Priest, Osirus Eyes

[Intro: Killah Priest]

Yeah, speak now son, Priesthood Records  
Yeah, uh, yeah, it's bout it, yeah, that's how we do

[Chorus: Killah Priest]

What ya niggaz want? Go get your sets  
Make ya pussies want load up my tec  
Attacks like Lions, go straight at the neck  
Hyena niggaz down, my paws on their chest  
Show you canines before we tear in your flesh  
Breathing down your face son I can taste your death  
I know you're scared now nigga I see the sweat  
Razor-sharp teeth come close like Gillette

[Killah Priest]

I Return like the Prodigal Sunn  
Ya could rest our argue is done  
Rappers scared they're marveled I've come  
Problem one; I could see why I'm startling some  
Because I come in peace while my apostles have guns  
(“Son of man is his glory with revolvers to lungs”)  
Now stand still, witness the god while I rob you for funds  
I must say - (“Priest spits with a remarkable tongue”)  
Now let us see with deep flows the Masada has brung  
Right before I get in my zone, I sit in my throne  
Then I lounge, one foot pivot, while I'm spitting my poem  
My poetry so vivid it was written in stones  
They say “Priest some sort of mystique; he speaks wisdom of unknown”  
I'm the poet blindfolded, my queen's palms cover my ears  
So when I wrote this intuition was there  
My brain's a replica of Mecca  
My mind holds the secrets to Egypt  
But however, I stay on some street shit  
I write the scrolls on a hundred skulls  
My cunning flow's stunning  
Is like you're blunt, it has you under control  
Mumbling, to yourself while I'm confronting your soul  
Priest the deity, meant to crumble the globe  
Behold a flow out of this world, throwing dollars at girls  
Sliding on poles, to diamonds and pearls  
Aligning of the Stars, Priest be Osirus rhyming  
My eyelids marked around with black chalk  
Like Nas on his album cover I Am...  
Like Malcolm my brothers, let's take a stand

[Interlude: Killah Priest]

(Teacher, teacher), The Angel came forth  
(Teacher, teacher), holding the scroll giving The Offering  
(Tell us more), Said “Say this to the people”;

[Killah Priest]

I write street archives with deep dark eyes  
My meek hard cries, when I see the murders beneath God's skies  
I recorded lose the disc but we keep hard drives  
Ask Dreddy, after the flow; show you where bodies are buried  
Worries cover the face of Reverend Jesse  
Just hold steady, 'bout to drop something old but heavy  
Ready, before this rap all I knew was wrapping the grams  
Only tracks unknown were the tracks in the arms of Sam  
Nigga arm was like a pin cushion  
Y'all just starting but I've been Brooklyn  
Central booking in '91, in the pens with hoodlums  
I sit still like I'm Teddy Pendergrass  
What picture should I grab?

My rhymes is like his portal I can see in the past  
Some say I'm immortal, dark skinned with the staff  
Feel me? you'know'what'I'mean?

[Chorus]

[Outro: Killah Priest]

Its real Hip-Hop let me explain something to y'all  
This is real Hip-Hop man, y'all been raised off of that bullshit  
That Offering, that giving, you'know'what'I'mean?  
Here y'all could have it, it's for you, uh