

Killah Priest, Revisited

[Intro: Killah Priest]

Yeah... yeah, Priesthood
Uh, Get Large Productions
Revisited, son, yo, self destruction
It go

[Chorus 2X: Killah Priest]

Look at my life, Brooklyn's my wife
Close that it's tight, in the bullpens I write, so/yo

[Killah Priest]

They say Heavy Mental is a classic
My pen'll draw graphic, backwards, thinking
Drinkin', the ink pen rap kid
Clap ya'll rappers to the point of extinction
Relax and listen, the flow is like hydro
And hell is slow, puffin' out your nose
Creatin' fogs of old school flicks, I do this for kids
My music, my gift, broken ghettos and harsh reality
Made me thorough, my art gallery, nine uncles
I flunked school, robbin', rope chains, the street have no name
Fiends that preach the dope game
Deep like the blood of my nephew, soaked in the streets
I heard it scream through the concrete, rest in peace
This last release, the flesh that eat, want me
The pen comes to me, I open my books, like scrolls of Moses
I look, I see skulls and ghosts
I shook, the Bible, I wrote it with hooks, come on

[Chorus 2X]

[Killah Priest]

The pen, the pad, the friends I had
To the live it ends in vag', it's like grin to a laugh
To wild outrageous, and then I'm mad
To a face that show expression, depression, begin to look sad
The tears come out, it's weird, I dumb out, pretend to be glad
Cigarette on my lips, I don't even smoke
I leave that to Kruger, I gotta stay afloat
Watch the way we maneuver
Peace to Tutta, held me down in Cali
I see the future, flee from troopers
Revolutionary blood, sweat and tears, obsessin' with fears
Paranoia, got me needing more lawyers
Got me reachin' for guns, see I'm comin' for ya
Hold up, I stargaze, into God's face
Embrace Allah's grace, sun and moon, star gates
Space, is my place of birth, made my way into the Earth
Came to the lunars of kings, held coins with wings, come on

[Chorus 2X]

[Killah Priest]

I gave ya'll, all of my Views of Masada, the drama
Here's the clue, Proverbs, Priesthood, dons like Clint Eastwood
Black August, join the shortage
A rap athormesis, but that got restarted
So I Revisit ya'll, with more of the God, that roar in they heart
Yo, Priest, you still hustle, Priest, you still struggle
Priest, you still bubble, them streets is still trouble
Them thieves will cuff you, lock you up in pens with men
That couple, friends will cut you
Poor education, the ghetto is hell
Heaven is Park Ave., the system is jail, religion wears a dark mask

Worn by faces, wind up in newspapers
A true gangsta, til the wheels fall off and the gats is on E
Two gats is on me
I kick open the door, take the whole pieces of war
Like Larry Davis, fuck this world, I break out ya'll cages

[Chorus 4X]