

# 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]