

Killah Priest, Royal Priesthood

[Killah Priest]

Ugh, Emperor's music

Ugh, ugh, ugh, Priesthood, uh huh, Royal Emperor

In my time, ya know, my time, went through a lot of things

Yo, yo, yo

I write the realest, only my true niggas will feel it
Though I'm not with you now, let's connect in our spirit
Cut out the lights, talk to my ghost in the dark
Let's share our pain, my niggas bring me close to your heart
So the devil thought he broke us apart, nah, we lick through the stars
Through the ink that I write in each bar
Show the soul as we share our most inner thoughts
Cuz I heard God listened once sin is taught
Beginners walk through my hood and I show you my struggle
Then we walk through your hood and you show me your hustle
Plus those marks on your wrists, it's where the cops had cuffed you
Hard luck too? Well me too, screaming peoples
Let's make a peace truce, unify all of the gangs
No quarrels between us, you and I is the same
As we build on a higher plain,
Like pyramids too mysterious for the human mind to explain
Come on!

[Chorus x2: Killah Priest]

All praise is due to man, woman and child

To the monuments that stand at the top of the Nile

Let everything that have breath in it, give praise

To all my homies in the struggle, get paid

[Killah Priest]

When will they profit? The game is where I loose my soul

How many options did I have before I choose this roll?

Let's see, what did spark it? Fuck school and hoes

Live in the projects, never rocked the newest clothes

It's psychologic, somehow it seems foolish though

From my pockets, only love for jewels and dough

Catastrophic, the walls came closing in

On all sides, the pressure expose the gem

A war cry was the breath I was holding in

A poor scribe dopest as the golden pen

Called wise, blessed among the chosen men

The lost tribe, my words were woven in

Each line like words I was sewing with

I sit divine, my palm hold the globe with a grip

Flows I spit, shows I rip, that's showmanship

Tell the maid from the robes I fit

A blackness covered the moon from a lunar eclipse

A passage leads to a tomb beneath the sands of Egypt

Candles are lit, and the keys to the pianos are hit

There's the phantom, the mummy stands at the cliff

Aztec Indians studying my sanscript

Puffing peace pipes, Priest gets deep when he writes

Bars are mystic, written like Horror-glyphics

I made it hard for critics to follow my lyrics

Come on!

Chorus x2

[Outro: Killah Priest]

Uh huh, Feel it, where's the troubles at?

Royal priesthood, Emperor's music

Anybody try to break us up, man, they get the curse of King Tut

Proverbs forever, ugh, yeah, uh huh, yeah, uh huh

Maccabees, Sunz of Man, yeah the whole thing yeah