Killah Priest, The Offering

[Intro: Killah Priest]
He rules in the neighborhood... he rules
Uh, try on your robe, man.. yeah it fits
It fits you too, I like this, emperor, uh
Priesthood, The Offering is now brung to them
Show us how you do this talent, what the fuck is this, man
It's like this, look

[Killah Priest]
Nonchalantly, I plant the words in the brain like ganja seeds
Horizontally, the way I write Gandhi
Beneath of palm trees, calm breeze
Like the summer in the late '40's,
Before the mob kick in the door of the Don, squeezing automatic Tommy's
A blazing glory, that's how he lays
A lamp shade, Duke Ellington played
The screen starts to fade, cut, end of story
Yo, the next one opens up, soda cups, a bottle of Grey Goose
And a room full of applejack hats cocked ace deuce,
Sam Remo lace boots tapping the floor, a lit cigar
Goons got my pops held up with gats to his jaw
He said "where is the child, said to come from the Nile
Now in the B.K.'s", he paused, as he breaks
Did a line... "Not to be sublime, but the kid is ahead of his time
He turns Kool-Aid into red wine,
Besides that he professes he should be the next king of B.K.", sniff
"Besides Kane, BIG and Jay,
GZA was underrated
But still, the 'Words from the Genius' was the best stated"
I ain't scared to say it, back in the days, we had groove
Like the Dis Masters, rest in peace Mike Ski
Part time hustler, grew to me
Divine Sounds, Disco Richie and Shelton D.
I take it back what people do for money, money, money, money...

[Chorus 2X: Hell Razah]
Pay your tides and your offerings
This goes out to my niggas in them closed coffins
O.G.'s who was coke snorting, on death row, dead men walking
And them mothers never had abortions

[Killah Priest]
I come to bring ya'll ass whippings
Rappers, dish y'all disaster, as is written, he is risen
With Mack slugs, AK shells, of mask and gloves
The May Day Hell, a basket thug
And hallow be thy tip, anoint your forehead and empty a clip
For the average I spit, and I hold my pen, like a syringe
Inject my paper, with the thoughts of a gangster
Scene 3, bullets sail through his tuxedo
He fall for dead in the corner of the cathedral
Doves flock to the ceiling chirping, the murder of a Godfather
It's just my version of Tide Turban
Rest upon the God stone,
Science studies the structures of my jaw bone,
It's similar to the great pharaohs
But I dealt with the streets and space travel
Big Priest from the ace apple

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Killah Priest]
See the Offering is... pureness... straight up hip hop
That's what I'm giving, you know?

Yo, hold up, man, yo, Priest, what happened to peace?
Oh, oh yeah... peace, peace, peace, peace, peace....
Words of the Don... Leo Angel...