

# 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...