

Killah Priest, The Virgin Pt.2

[Killah Priest]

Underworld Governments, rich rules, dark wizard brew
They lick blood from her wrist
Witch weddings, secret sermons
Goat beheading, the oath before the brederens
Private sessions, smoke assend to heaven
These mens are Nephilims, Hilary or Hitlery
Obama or Obamination, the mystery of iniquities
Conscious serpents of Satan faces the Queen of England
Queen Mary stand before the King's buried
They all are kindreds
Great Britian, across the face written
I had a vision I was cosmically swimming
Not trying to go under but gravity kept grabbing me
Head first down the cavity
I heard the gnashing of teeth
I heard a dragon breathe
I'm moving at a slow travelling speed
Just a small speck of dust
I'm worm sliding thru the Nebulous
Just my luck, that's all our verse flush
I'm spiraling downward, I woke up 6 in the morn'
Benny Hinn was on speaking about the Beast wit ten horns
Iraq and Lebanon, I turn the seven psalms
From a lake a head respond; its war
Priest I'm steady wit the sword, I'm ready Lord

(Chorus) Priest 2x

Hail Mary full of grace
Help me lead my enemies toward their graves
If they follow - sleepy hollow
They walk the path creepy & shallow
Death is certain once they meet 'The Virgin'

[Killah Priest]

Blood in the eyes of a painting, Jesus - Satan
Idol worshipping Pagans, crucifixion
Whose true religion, Islamic - Jewish tradition
God talked to Adam, Lucifer listens
That's the perfect Judas intentions
Mariology, scholars read bones
Anthropologies, fossils in seas - Theologians
Thrones Greek and Romans - Theia chosen
Anglican Church, rebellion of the Turks
Ottoman, follow him, keys of Solomon
Masonic, demonic, catch me leaning up in the project
Head wrapped wit a towel like a Pharaoh
Kool G apparel, Jewish castle, who wanna battle?
Enter the curtains of 'The Virgin'
Amongst the merchants attack you like the King of the Persians
Witness the sermon, weed burning
D's lurking the streets of the urban, circling serpents
Where a red devil sit on the roof throwing lightning down like Zeus
Gimme a mic booth and outta both of my eyes light will shoot
The unorthodox report from the blocks
From who called the cops to who saw the drop
From who snorting rocks, who caught the plot
My lineage is from God image, we wear turbans
But now meet me in person; I tatted 'The Virgin'