

Killah Priest, Turn Around

[Intro: Killah Priest]

Yeah, uh-huh, back again
The Priesthood, yeah, brought it
We up in here now, it's time to eat
Gotta look at myself, want ya'll to turn around
Watch this, yo

[Chorus 4X: sample]

Turn around, every now and then
I get a little bit lonely
You're never coming back..

[Killah Priest]

Alone and thinkin', zonin'
Then I pick up my ink pen and hold it
Like the bullet that went in, they blinkin', I'm frozen
Stuck between time, the pass and the present
From early adolescence, to fiends that's crashin' and beggin'
A pad is my blessin' with it, I'm addin' my lessons, so vivid
Through life, things I've done wrong, and do right
I had a few nights, of comin' in drunk, fightin' with punks
At club, writin' to front, stomp it with gloves
Cats pumpin' they drugs on Ave., I jumped in the cab
Head to the lab, grab my pen and my pad, feel the wind draft
Dump the insence ash inside the hour glass
Watchin' it slowly slippin' as I drift in the past
Watchin' the secret sands, remind me the extinction of man
If we don't unite, I'll think of plans
The king is a hand, the handwriting's on the wall of the project halls
In graffiti, written like swahili
All harmonic, Priest is like a god when he speaks
Plants his feet on the ground, wore the crown
All of ya'll turn around, baby

[Chorus 4X w/ ad-libs]

[Killah Priest]

My verse runs deep like smack through a veteran's vein
See cats on the train beggin' for change
Need medicine for they pain, I'm in heavy rain
Sweat testin' my aim, carve in my bullets with the president's name
Destined to reign, feel guns bust while cats discuss
About the gats they bust, and loyalty among employees
The more weed, the more they mind's stay freed
The more the nines get squeezed, the more the crime leads
The more they blind me, push that light far behind me
I seeked ashanti's and monks in the hills, I dwelled months for real
No deal, but still hold the steel
Sometimes I spaz out, pull my pad out
Then my pad sprouts to a crackhouse, filled with drug dealers
Some thugs, some killers, my pen's a paintbrush
Colorin' the old school cats with gangstas
For every word that I print on paper
Is like a proverb from a prince in Asia

[Chorus to fade w/ ad-libs]