

Shabazz The Disciple, Conscious Of Sin (Dropse

(Intro: Killah Priest)

This be the sinz of man. The sinz of men and women.
The tree of life. The tree of good and evil.

(Shabazz The Disciple)

My mind sometimes be haunted by my memories
Visions in my head have shown me digging up my enemies
I hate to go to sleep because of the dread that's in my head
At times I find myself running from shadows of the dead
They're trying to pull me under and bury me alive
I wake up thinking it's over and thinking I've survived
They've pulled me back to sleep and separated my soul
from my body and put my bloody flesh in a hole
Ah, shit gets worse, now the curse caves my faith in
I rose from beneath the surface of Earth as Satan
Inflicting people with war, drugs, diseases
Jumped up, fell back to sleep, ressurected, ah Jesus
Healing the same mother fuckers I've just inflicted
Spreading righteousness through word of god, my mind is twisted
A holy war in the mental, I'm sort of brain dead
Spirits have got me under pressure and they're fucking up my head

(Killah Priest)

As I die slowly, I could feel my soul leave
My heart pumps part to my lungs, so I could breathe
I take my last breath, I gasp cuz I'm ?peth?
I felt the needle which held the ?neeval?
>From another dimension, they had me flinching, with no attention
Was paid by nurses, what's worse is
I felt the stiches as the door locks
Retreated for witches and warlocks
and devils and demons, with shovels they was scheming
I woke up when I was taken up by this dream and
Then I was brough to the courts of another world
Damn, my beloved Sheryl, couldn't put shit and uncover the pearls
Instead of a jewel, I've discovered a germ
That burned and turned my sperm into worms
Ah, filthy-ass maggots, with matches
Oh, my God, I was thanking God it was the savage
Yeah, that day I saw Nat Turner
and I saw Christ, he was stalking around with a black burner

(Shabazz The Disciple)

Another time my mind dwelled on the spell
I heard cries from the dead souls burning in hell
Visions of their flesh drowning in the flood
While under hallucinations, I've seen heads soaked in blood
I snapped back to reality and dashed for my bible
Opened it up in hurried confusion, reaching for survival
But all of a sudden, I'm overpowered by that curse
The songs that I've read have made my visions worse
Seen a therapist, told him spirits tried to bury me
Spilt what's on my mind, When I was done, he needed therapy
He recommended a baptism, a sacrifice
My soul rose to heaven, but was cast back down by Christ
In forms of thunder, rain and heavy winds
Not even the blood of Christ could cleanse the sins of men

(Killah Priest)

Huh, yeah, huh, oh

That was a state of confusion that we lived in
I converted to over a thousand religions
A permanent member to 6 million churches

I'm still trying to repent from these curses
Me and the Holy Wizard, we went and slept in the graveyard
Remember that? We stayed up all night and played cards
Now, I sit in the pit of cobras
I'm writing rhymes in the stance of yoga
Oh, my God, I played drums with the bones of Mohammed
In three years, I grew a beard and roamed with a garment
Yeah, what was that you said is evil?
Ha ha ha ha, yeah, I was thinking the same thing
Yeah, my choice is bleeding and he's stinking