William Cooper f/ Killah Priest
"Cocaine Israelites"

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Cocaine Israelites!

[Killah Priest]
Yo I spit like Alex Jones on my pile of poems
Palace's shown, let knowledge be known
Seven crowns under my cap, Assyrian max
Clapping at the transplant city with surgical gats
Foreign objects, the Gods be swerving thru comets
Sumerian garments, when I show up at the conference
But the thugs get mad when I speak like...
Disciples that seek Christ
It's the way of a Buddhist in street life
Let's get deep like Rabbi Bevins, L. Liezert
Keep snakes from the inner city around in my radar
Niggas waiting on my instructions for destructions
But I keep 'em in God discussions about stars in
clusters
They be tripping when they see the mobster
Talk about hieroglyphs and the line of chakras
They lift their piffs, smoke like a Rasta
Hit the strip like in five cars
Priest God dimension, alien flow in my crown bars

[William Cooper]
This goes out to all my wolves doing bids
Illuminated pyramids, the Pharaoh of the bricks
The dope-fiends fix that crack pipes
The devil's kiss, Black Market hieroglyphs
Engraved in the four-fifth, was crucified to the cross
Now I got holes in my wrist
P.O. examine my piss and yeah I still blow piff
I follow Christ footsteps wit a loaded gun on my hip
William Cooper number one on the FEDS list
It's a blessing I still exist, uninfected by the microchip
Digital terrorist study Saddam's blueprints
My face carved in the sphinx _____ and holy ink
Pour out liquor before I drink
The end game is just a blink
Wash blood off in the sink
No I ain't gon' to the cling
It's like arm robbery, the way they rewrite history

Spit in the face of poverty, ain't nuttin changed
Barack lied to me, the CFO diary
Smash murder and piracy, it's time to wake up the
zombies
With the visions of Gandhi

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