

Big Country

"Black August"

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[Intro: Killah Priest]

Wassup, whats the deal?

Feel so good tonight, heh heh

Yo, this is the album right here, yeah

Killah priest, I'm back

I'm feeling good too

Yeah, yeah

Up in the house (yeah, waddup brooklyn)

Right about now (waddup new york)

Yo man (waddup cali)

Yo (waddup midwest)

I'm just ready to get into this

Yeah (count em all down)

So intimate

I just cant believe I'm seein it with my own eyes on
paper

[Killah Priest]

Yo, yo, yo

Welcome to Black August

This is the portrait of a poor kid

That came to fortune

Back before when

I had nothin

Just a pad busting dope rhymes like coke lines

I carefully laid them out, then seperate them

Then I would lace one

It made my face numb

Struck from a bass drum

Then I would pass the pad like glass to my man

And he would take some

He used to shake from

Overdosin, we both endulgin

Eyes were bulgin, remaining focused

But the brain was frozen

It's the same as smokin

We would just stand, just stare

Film would appear, and tapes would start rollin

It took us way back like a-tracks, it's so amazing

My man used to say that, this ain't rap

'Priest, your lyrics, are too vivid'

'They more like pictures, you can feel it'
'Yo, you gifted', it flows like liquid, mystic
I never witnessed such things as beautiful
As unusual, like a musical

[Chorus: Killah Priest]

So say 'Black August', and that's the chorus
It's so gorgeous, it's so beautiful, unusual
And 'member y'all this is no rap
These are moments captured on a kodak
So hold that

So say 'Black August', and that's the chorus
It's that gorgeous, it's so beautiful, unusual
And 'member y'all this is no rap
These are moments captured on a kodak
So hold that
(So hold that, so hold that, don't hold back)

[Killah Priest]

Yeah, yo, yo
Music fallin
Like leaves in autumn
I hope you caught one
Please hold it close to you
It's for the pupils, of the new school
It's chicken noodles
It's vitamins, rice and beans
A nice cusine, you like it steamed
Or broiled?
Grab it like soil
This mic is royal
My pens a needle, my arms a notepad
My thoughts a dope bag, my rooms a coke lab
I cooked up tunes
My homie smoked tash, and used to throw cash
Out of born fishes, they want the raw lyrics
Shoot or sniff it, you call it
Alcoholics listen
Smiling, while noddin off, mumblin
'This kid has talent'
Then pass out, while spillin they quarts
Then open up another gallon
I smoke from a chalice, who wanna challenge?
I spoke inbalanced
Priest the magic man
Presto, there goes your ghetto
Colored, increase your level
You gotta love it baby

[Chorus]

[Killah Priest]

Yeah, uh huh, yeah
I get em with the rhythm
Twist em, spittin like exorcism
A poets wisdom, give em vision, dialect
Just listen, to productions
Let it flush your system keep discussions
To a minimum, watch me I'm winnin em
Those imprisoned from the bling-bling
Locked up like sing, sing
Until I ginseng root
Right into it like a fruit again
Sight to the blind, speech to the mute, yeah

[Talking: Killah Priest]

It's all day man
I can't believe what I'm hearin
You know what I'm sayin?
What I'm seein, it's beautiful
I could go all day long, it's the life
Yo, I could just keep going (Priest)
Yeah, check it out, yo (Killah Priest, baby)

[Killah Priest]

My heart is jaded, star gazin, R rated
Nickel-plated, manipulated
It gets better when it ages
So amazing, I say 'Amen'
So majestic, emotions like a slow record
It's like a epic, or a shiny necklace
Catch me at the guestlist
At Black August, check my performance
I'm brainstormin, rain pourin, no need for umbrellas
I'm tryna tell ya, best seller
Thoughts angelic, soft like velvet
Take off my helmet, the warriors home
Like Centurions in Rome
You know what I mean? I just zone
I could go all day with this
Just gimme- where the hook at?

[Chorus]

[Fade out]

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