

Big Country

"Breathe"

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[Intro: Killah Priest]

Yeah, breathe in, Priesthood
Let's do it...

[Killah Priest]

Slug out, never that, young dude, clever cat
Eat shit, smoke spliffs, get high, reminisce
Innocence, bulletproof, any one, pullin' through
Junior High, do it fly, fuck in grade Summer school
Comin' through, get me drunk, blunted too, every
month
Hundred shoes, every son, wanted jewels, never front
Got older, hunger grew, watched most the younger
fools
Squat out from the guns they usin', not close to the
most of them
Quarter rolls, microphones, one, two, revolution
Sons due, evolution, in a rhyme, ghetto music
In the mind, cuz I'm movin, in time, intertwine
Lines all out of ideas, thoughts expose the road
Painted pictures, mask very clear, like a spear
Fallin' from the atmos, my raps soaked in the pages
Kids I play with, different flavors, instant paper
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

[Chorus 2X: Killah Priest]

I just breathe, the breathe of life in the mics
Feel my notepads with sites, now, guide you like God
did to Israelites
I just breathe, the breathe'll in whole tap
Into my cassettes, fate awakin' you, holdin' in like herb
in your chest

[Killah Priest]

I'd rather spit it to it right, then a dome
Like a jewel in a throne, microphone, recite a poem
Hypotone, mellow out the ghetto route, track thugs
meadow out
Crack blood devil house, gat slugs, here's your addict
Pushers of conceited habits, took us, look and seen me
mad it

Cash laws, blast hog, gas talk in the hood
Black boars, burnin' wood, crack walls turnin' good
Nickel bags, crystal mag, blackout, semi' four
Black watch, ready for war, sasquatch, fantastic four
Blood, strength, through the Clan, wear the colors of
our black
Love our mothers, love our dads, sister drug out on
that glass
You ain't mad when they ain't sell refer, jump out the
window, chasin' Jesus
Hunt me in the garbage, told me, he's a prophet
Used to recite scriptures, and dust, now our skin
poppin'
Gems drop in '88, baby cake, first born
I'm crazy late, words long, worst one was '91

[Chorus 2X]

[Killah Priest]

Second son, I'm stressin' young, blesses come, record
deal
Kept it real, tess my skills, '96, my third born
Word born, vicious like he held him tight, and mellow
hobby
I'm the father and the author, change my name to
Masada
First rhyme, search mine, first crime, I stole a ring
Sold it, soak in dreams, felt guilty but the feelin'
passed
Learned to put, all my feelings in my past
Kids that had a thinking, took my books and bring
Gave you read, all these laws
Blow coasts, smoke spliff, old flicks, focused
Flip cake, chicks scrape, that's me, thick braids
Swift blade, in the pockets, sick days in the projects
Slick way, I'm the stocking cap, I just got in rap
Family, photo albums, gun, drugs, know the outcome
Book, sweater, picture very, wedding flicks, obituararies
Lyrics that be military, haunt you like a cemetary
Hahahah... breathe in

[Chorus 2X]

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