

Big Country

" Excalibur"

Visit "[Excalibur](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Killah Priest (sample)]

That's it, it's war

Priesthood, Priest

(Mother Earth was pregnant from third thing

Your in lock with it, I have tasted

the maggots of the man, I was no up in this

But I knew I had to rise above it all

Or drown in all shit)

Priest, Proverbs, hahaha

Ya'll cats think I was just gonna come off, and I don't
get none

Thought ya'll wasn't hear from me again, right?

That's right baby, Killah Priest, Priesthood, Priest Stone

Knowwhatimean? Priesthood, yeah, uh

Yeah, yeah, this is Priest, yo, Killah Priest, Priest Stone,
Priesthood

Back for good, knowwhatimean? Thought ya'll wasn't
gonna hear from me again

Now I gotta scream on everybody (family) everybody
battlin'

Battlin' in the street, whatever, check this out, yo

[Killah Priest]

It's Priest standin' in his greatness, God's favorite

I rock the Star like King David, my Queens bath it

I walk past, they start wavin'

Each arm, a thousand bracelets, face it, I'm the
greatest

Made women drunk from the royal fragrance

I rock the latest in fashion, my jewelry flashin'

In other countries, they can hear my magnums

When they blastin', I heard they sound like thunder
clappin'

Hit you in your stomach, watch you start gaggin'

Who gives a fuck if you're platinum?

If you're lyin' in a wooden casket

For good, now that's Hood...

[Chorus: Killah Priest]

Yo, every knee shall bow, every tongue shall confess

Enemies lie down while I'm clutchin' my tech

It's on, the Priest, the Prophet, the King, the God
The sun, you see him quickly when I'm poppin' my gun
It's on...

[Killah Priest]

Thou shall fear me, only as thou'se been guilty
Feel me, sincerely yours, Priest, now industry tried to
kill me
Before sat at tables, like the Savior at The Last Supper
Amongst nine rap lovers, three crack hustlers, with
gats covered
Peep my last words, in the Proverbs, observe me
If you're worthy, I 'member your ass show
When ya'll was wet and cold, I cover ya'll with robes
Gave ya'll flows, when ya'll give ya'll soul
I gave ya'll flesh, covered ya'll bones
Breathed in you, sat ya'll in thrones
Now ya'll betrayed me, I raised thee from babies
To ya'll were grown men
For your birthday, I gave ya'll your own pen
To write with, beware of vipers, and snakes and biters
I taught ya'll about the depths of words and dark
sentences
Now ya'll don't remember shit, but try to mimic it
When I see my crown, just give me it, it's mine
Seek your own rhyme, it's on, seek your own rhymes,
come on!

[Chorus]

[Killah Priest]

I lay rappers down, with the mac or the pound
Pop 'em, stretch 'em out with they backs to the ground
Leave 'em lost in the woods, gotta find them with
hounds
My four five'll turn a nigga from fatigues to bow-ties,
no lie
Put a nigga close by, the Most High
Or he's a Dream Catcher, the Indian myth, pick one
Semi or fifth, your shell get hit, ladies spell my shit
A-D-D, I-C-T, I-V-E, lick your lips, come try me
Contestants, hook 'em up to I.V.
In hospital, I pop pistols, fellas get ya hit like Hot
Nikkels
Killah Priest, the Priest Stone, or High Priest, I pop three
Leave rappers in memory, the winner be me
Priesthood, A.K.A. Body, yo

[Chorus 2X]

