

## Big Country

### "Genesis"

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[Intro: Killah Priest]

Oh, no, hahaha... yeah  
It's Priest back at ya.  
The Genesis... genesis  
My Genesis, uh, uh, genesis  
Here it go baby... genesis..

[Chorus 2X: Killah Priest]

Back in the days, it was much like this  
Inspirations make me wanna reminisce  
It's my genesis, it's the life, it's the love  
It's my genesis, hook this mic to a plug

[Killah Priest]

Afros to box braids, locks and waves  
Fades, to flat tops, it came, the boxing game  
The bus stop, the pop locks and spades  
Knuckles, doin' the hustle, I chuckle  
That's me the young dude, playin' kung fu  
Run to the store to get more junk food  
Hero and a small Sundew, hard headed  
That's why I flunked school, back in the days  
When the Bishops and the Lords used to rumble  
That's a Brooklyn thing, the hoodlum reign  
Shots go off at block parties  
Muslims and God Bodies and big posses  
Different crews from different schools, it was school  
Grandma watchin' the news, I'm dodgin' principals  
Graffiti writers, guess who's on Riker's  
Guess who's pregnant? Guess who's the lifer  
To Laudi prom, robbin' the ciphers  
Don't mess with Sun God, he's a fighter  
It was, '80's, Michael Jackson and leather jackets  
Bicycle fashion, my last words of a king when he's  
rapping  
Swing flurries like a champ when he scrapping  
Grew up fad, notepad, that's all I had  
It's the only thing that bring me back to past

[Chorus 2X]

[Killah Priest]

It's the Priest, bless like sheeps in white sheets  
Clothes fit me like robes, right to the T  
Pearls huggin', back up, me and wifey  
It's so elegant, my words add flesh to skeletons  
Once it's heard, it covers the flesh from element  
It's the medicine, take it for the soul  
It's better than gold, Proverbs, makes your pops burst  
Starbust, above God's Earth  
And the moonlight, I move like a Greek move degrees  
at night  
I write movies that masterpiece, the cornerstones my  
poem  
I lay bricks like a mason, my words can move a nation  
Throw pens out the page, the same way you pull a pen  
out a grenade  
And watch it explode, yo, my mind explode, divine and  
glow  
Back to the days, where the rhymes was made

[Chorus 4X]

[Outro: Killah Priest]

\*singing along to the beat\*  
Yo, come on, let me hear ya'll sing it, it go  
\*singing along to the beat\*  
Heat it up, uh, Black August, take control, understand  
Words of the Proverbs, heard... yeah.. uh.  
Priesthood, where you at, boy? Yeah..  
Joe..

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