

Big Country

"Musifixion"

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[Intro: Killah Priest]

{*dogs barking*}

Priesthood

It's time to ride on y'all

A cat named Priest, yo

[Killah Priest]

They say it comes like a thief in the night

Some say you see fire when he breathes on the mic

The legend has it, his neck and his back is tattered

On his arms are scriptures of psalms

Just picture a Don with vultures on his shoulder

A pearl gun in his holster under the seat

One on the chauffer, twisted cobras in front of his ride

Gun to his side, blunted eyes

Lookin' up at thunderous skys

The wonders arrive, statues change position

Stone eyes open up, pupils follow me inside

This is the time, the twisted mind of Priest

White wolves leap out the woods

Bite at the hoves of all the horses

Return like Christ in the hood

And the month now is Black August, c'mon

[Chorus: Killah Priest]

Pay or deny me, stood right beside me

Try to divide me, while all y'all musify me

Pay or deny me, stood right beside me

Try to divide me, while all y'all musify me

[Killah Priest]

Picture me on a black cross

Black crows near both arms

Blood drippin' from both palms

And I'm squirmin' cuz the sore of my wounds are
burnin'

Tossed from the wombs of virgins

I seen it all, medical room of surgeons

Read it all and the copy version

I look down, people spittin' and cursin'

Everybody quiet listin' to the sermon

Record Exec's dress like Romans
Pierce in my side, I'm goin through convulsions
Starin' straight to a jet black ocean
Three times I heard the rooster crow
Cats I used to know denied me but now use my flow
Used to feel my taste, my eyes searched the crowd for
a familiar face
All bein' persecuted for purchasing the music
I'm like the works of a Judas
Or does it when I hurt my movement
While crooked lawyers gamble at the foot of my cross
My spirit leaves to the hoods of New York
I see streaks of lightning, angels with white wings
Above me flapping across the skys
They thought I died until one of them heard my cries

[Chorus]

[Killah Priest]

Now I'm back with blood on my hands, blood on my
wings
Clutchin' two sub-machines, duckin' and screams
Two fully loaded magazines with M-16's
Clappin' in the crowd, I empty out and reload
I squeeze low, with one knee to the flo'
I'ma get all you bastards
Loadin' up bullets the size of carrots
The kind the CIA find on the Arabs
When I'm through y'all won't need any caskets
I'ma leave y'all for the birds and the maggots
Then I'ma strike the matches
Burn up ya corpses, it's like I'm possessed by forces
Priest the sorceress, then the clouds gather
Then the foul scatter, in the air I can taste the warfare
Y'all didn't think I'll be back for vengeance
Well y'all wrong, nowl suffer the consequences
And I came with armed defences
Highly trained to break your fences in

Chorus

[Outro: Killah Priest]

Yeah they wanna musify me man
Just like they crucified Christ
But this is music, they musified me
But just like him, if I die
I rise in three days
Believe me don't search at the grave
I'll be in the PJ's hahahaha
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