

Big Country

"Rap Legend"

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[Killah Priest]

I spit venom, from the gauge
Hey, lift the bad ears, taste the hell flames
From the luger, sharpshooters marked Lucifer
Packed twin share of bones bones, rock Hair-rab bone
Voice like baritone, misty skies
King and his queen on his throne
Cleanin stones, clean jew-els
Sent by Gabriel from the neck of Emman-u-el
White pearls, that's it, in the oyster shell
Voice excels, Judas upheld
Take videos of my queens pretty toes
Gold slippers, no clothes, my wife's my stripper
You go sister, teeth on my zipper
After we make love, we read scriptures
Then we look at our child's pictures
Priest the livin saga, Masada the beloved

[Chorus x2: Killah Priest]

I'm certified rap legend
You gotta love it, Beast the way I hug it
Streets the way I thug it
New shit, Priest exclusive
Y'all niggas is slaves to my music
Y'all must be buggin

[Killah Priest]

Told y'all I was back, yo check this out

I'm like twisted metal with a twisted flow
Twisted mental, twisted heylows
Chase the pace O, check my stage show
Played pool with the nine planets
Rack 'em in a Bermuda triangle
The archangels, God singles
Stroked the hark, first one on Noah's Arc
Stayed close to Jehovah's heart
Kicked Street Parables, played the flute
Raised a cobra from the barrel, comb my afro
Souls from Cairo, a slash between the Genius and a
man goin psycho

The right flow, make the night glow
Hype show, tread water, mics are baptized
And if they die, I resurrect from one-two checks
Stage your sets, blow attack, who's next?
Check it out

In fact, check it out motherfuckers

[Chorus x4 and various talk]

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