

## Big Country

### "Royal Priesthood"

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[Killah Priest]

Ugh, Emperor's music

Ugh, ugh, ugh, Priesthood, uh huh, Royal Emperor

In my time, ya know, my time, went through a lot of things

Yo, yo, yo

I write the realest, only my true niggas will feel it  
Though I'm not with you now, let's connect in our spirit  
Cut out the lights, talk to my ghost in the dark  
Let's share our pain, my niggas bring me close to your heart

So the devil thought he broke us apart, nah, we lick through the stars

Through the ink that I write in each bar

Show the soul as we share our most inner thoughts

Cuz I heard God listened once sin is taught

Beginners walk through my hood and I show you my struggle

Then we walk through your hood and you show me your hustle

Plus those marks on your wrists, it's where the cops had cuffed you

Hard luck too? Well me too, screaming peoples

Let's make a peace truce, unify all of the gangs

No quarrels between us, you and I is the same

As we build on a higher plain,

Like pyramids too mysterious for the human mind to explain

Come on!

[Chorus x2: Killah Priest]

All praise is due to man, woman and child

To the monuments that stand at the top of the Nile

Let everything that have breath in it, give praise

To all my homies in the struggle, get paid

[Killah Priest]

When will they profit? The game is where I loose my soul

How many options did I have before I choose this roll?

Let's see, what did spark it? Fuck school and hoes  
Live in the projects, never rocked the newest clothes  
It's psychologic, somehow it seems foolish though  
From my pockets, only love for jewels and dough  
Catastrophic, the walls came closing in  
On all sides, the pressure expose the gem  
A war cry was the breath I was holding in  
A poor scribe dopest as the golden pen  
Called wise, blessed among the chosen men  
The lost tribe, my words were woven in  
Each line like words I was sewing with  
I sit divine, my palm hold the globe with a grip  
Flows I spit, shows I rip, that's showmanship  
Tell the maid from the robes I fit  
A blackness covered the moon from a lunar eclipse  
A passage leads to a tomb beneath the sands of Egypt  
Candles are lit, and the keys to the pianos are hit  
There's the phantom, the mummy stands at the cliff  
Aztec Indians studying my sanscript  
Puffing peace pipes, Priest gets deep when he writes  
Bars are mystic, written like Horror-glyphics  
I made it hard for critics to follow my lyrics  
Come on!

Chorus x2

[Outro: Killah Priest]

Uh huh, Feel it, where's the troubles at?  
Royal priesthood, Emperor's music  
Anybody try to break us up, man, they get the curse of  
King Tut  
Proverbs forever, ugh, yeah, uh huh, yeah, uh huh  
Maccabees, Sunz of Man, yeah the whole thing yeah

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