

Killah Priest

"Crop Circles"

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[Killah Priest] The Democrats never came to my lab or visit my schools Not cool, I showed up with street dudes to funerals Can't name a politician I ever took a flick with Just reminiscing skeptics leave it or accept it Just listen; president never checked my report card Television screen keep flashing the sports car At 16 the rappers on my wall inspired me to floss hard The newspaper blowing in the wind over the courtyard Just one more day written on the face of that cross guard Lil shorties give each other dap The same time drug dealers reaching for their gat The same time the fiend head steam up his crack The same time the lil girl leans on her back It's just a vine virtues thru the crime hurdles Sacred topic when I drop it, this is Crop Circles I use to look at magazines and rap teams, they had millions Thoughts came to me by the zillions What if I had that cash? I probably built a spacecraft made of gold and windows with stained glass Or recover Christ bones, turn my hood into Rome Parades every other day, I turn my bed into a throne But this what happened, a few cats while I was rapping Knew I had the law of attraction, towards broads I was a magnet They were frauds, plus I had my own fashion I was flashing, fellas got jealous Instead of them seeing my record in plastic They rather see me wrecked in a casket Told me if I got rich that would be it I redesigned the hieroglyph, tried to outlaw the microchip Try to buy a mothership, loving it I bring Michael Jackson back But this time with the diamond in his lap Getting tattoos, cursing in his interviews Blowing purple, just don't stop The wisdom I drop just call the Crop Circles Peanut butter and jelly, because knuckles and scully Blame the president, we thought ephedrine was healthy Jehovah Witness youth at the door Reagan never cared; he only scared us with nuke and the war A congresses are convicts, what y'all screwing us for? I was loose with the jaw; assistance prepared a noose for the poor Oprah Winfrey never gave us a call She gives houses away to her audience What if I'm out in the hall? Old black man join lodges, young man wear camouflages Attention to their

sergeants, and my sentence is where God is Essential
in my essence, they call 'em the Prophet But y'all call
'em the artist Just some virtue, subway train, the
Broadway & Myrtle Look at the seeds grow up into Crop
Circles

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