

Killah Priest

"Drama"

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[Killah Priest] The journey, peninsulas, states of a cruel emperor Pay ya tax or axes from the Knights Templar The Anglo-Saxon of rapping, for me it gets extraneous Men to trust, put ya ear to my paper while my pen discuss The silent fall of a righteous kingdom The cries of freedom The scare speech of the boy king Would the crowd receive 'em? The nervous Senator Would the people believe 'em? The government getting dressed ready to deceive 'em The lost and found Let us bury treasures in the ground Empire's sack, behead 'em with the crown The Wilson sisters all of 'em drown The picture shows the image of a man leaving the swamp Towards an old Church That said, where ghost ones haunt The kid writing his lyrics guided by spirits God like appearance in armor, so light ya ganja The persona of the music is horror When I write it's an honor, it conjures drama... It conjures drama... (echo) Drama... (echo) It's drama... (echo) I came back to where rap was first prosecuted Made merciless music More ruthless with murderers influence But with a smooth kick That in Church boy can groove with So light up the L's I build thunder in the skies over hell And the oceans for the lost souls to go in When a hot coals take over their skin The Omen's approaching One Savior, one slogan One prayer, one potion I'm in his layer, the slayer Here comes this goatman What type of life is this for a made star? My A&R wishes to see me in the graveyard The president of rap music put me in his radar Hire goons to start shooting, but I'm a quasar Priest is smarter, if we kill 'em, he'll just be a martyr My leg kneel, better take words aligning my chakras Tried to get me like Michael Jackson A disciple of rapping, lyrics spin and slide We'll walk a psycho with passion Comma, contrast, Contra, dondra Drugs, llamas, tundra, it's drama... It's drama... (echo) The Beast within eat at my skin Come out of my flesh, break thru my neck But what? The Beast has something lurking in him It searches thru his limbs, it tears thru his fur It glances at the Earth, but what lies inside of IT Is something worst It comes out of his hooves Than runs in the woods Holding his stomach cuz his lungs feel full

Than it howls like the wolves It burst open, here comes
the ShoGun I saw the piece to show men He's golden,
deep, speaks words exploding Black ho's are born,
wind-pool's form Meteor storms, Mars grows corn
Monster man throw blows than grows horns My words
are tetrahydrocannabinol Your brain's the sword, I
plant in you all Chew feel the mouth like cannon balls I
shoot at ya insanity walls All ya vanity, humanity falls
It's just some thoughts for the marijuana Just some
payback for ya comma A shell to protect ya armor I just
call it drama.... Drama... (echo) It's drama... (echo) I just
call it drama Drama... (echo) I write drama What made
'em write like this? It's drama... (echo) What made 'em
make beats like this? What makes 'em rock like this? I
hold the mic like this! What!?! It's drama... (echo) From
the 2 - 0 - 0 - 1 Priest!

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