

## Killah Priest

### "Essential"

Visit "[Essential](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Killah Priest]

The night's a dark lord, well dressed, inducing our Sun  
Upon the dawning of a full day he usually will come  
Galloping upon his winged horse  
Leaving trails of Stars across the planet  
Night scene of New York comes to life with lights  
Pubs, clubs with thugs  
Mobsters, gangsters, criminals, dealers with drugs  
Loud music, crowds are moving, up and down blocks  
In and out of spots, cops watch for a foul shooting  
So how're we moving?  
My soul scour through the clouds where the moon'll sit  
Like the wise Owl searching through a gloomy mist  
Six, or bring a casket down to his tomb  
Another child gets pushed through the uterus  
From the womb we're intuitive, eternal peace or  
damnation?  
Depending what we do with it, a genius or a lunatic?  
A general or a fugitive? It's +Essential+...

Word!, it's +Essential+ to be a man of your words  
Take care of your seeds, to the young kids, honor your  
mother

[Killah Priest]

The greedy night is full of demon's smiles  
And every hustler wear horns and every fiend comes  
from the ground  
The FBI got satellite radar screening our child  
Jacking off to our chaos, the Beast get aroused  
There's another one with under bosses, rich not into  
flossing  
Put hits on certain lawman, who pick or run for office  
If they switch then the guns are brought in  
Who parted with professional ballplayers with big  
endorsements  
Who love to trick a hoe's that sniff blowing bathroom  
toilets  
They're alcoholics, go through madd divorces  
See their wives in the papers with half their fortune  
Then there's the Mob - leaving tips, a hundred bucks at

the bar  
Big spenders, around the dealer, shuffling cards  
Evil laughter, puffing cigars, in a room full of goons  
Tats cover their bullet wounds, rats are pulled from the  
Lagoons  
Mexican mob doing shots of tequila, live niggaz  
Throwing up knots in their pictures with gang signs  
At the same time, if crack was a wars and you can  
frame nines  
You would have plaques of coke scales of money  
stacks  
But there is another party with Presidents, CIA  
Intelligence  
The Federal Defense, Executives with the Aliens  
Iraqi's and Israelians, and by the time of my demise  
The one who talked to Kane should rise  
The second time while Abel blood rain from the skies  
And who knows where my soul will fly?  
I'm in the cemetery on top of a dark hillside  
It's +Essential+...

Everything's +Essential+, to the single black mothers  
who's handling business, always about their paper and  
doing their numbers  
It's +Essential+, nah'mean? (It's +Essential+)  
To the youth out there - be a soldier  
Take care of yours, keep it health; always keep a clear  
mind  
Look at the world in front of you, you know?

[Killah Priest]  
Snow fills the night air as the wind throws her thick  
white hair  
Across her face, icicles appear, fall from space  
Like tears, white frosts like flakes  
I'm with my peers, remorse at the wake  
So many cats I know I lost this way  
Sprayed up by bullets, I'm in my woolrich we crossed  
them graves  
My man spoke mad hoarse from pain  
He said "Yo Priest, just think of what we've lost today"  
The city lights are like the ice around the rich mans  
wrist  
Where every hustler, big dreamer, praiser, grants or  
wish  
By myself, right off the Belt 'til I hit the Van Wyk  
Cruising, jigsaw my thoughts, I need a plan to exist  
Should I get on like them Cuban guerrillas?  
Fly to their country make a truce with their killers?  
Move in a Villa, come with few of my niggaz  
They come with theirs; we politick on struggle and

social affairs

While toasting beers, my man had cunning ideas to get  
rich with mobsters

But what if it didn't prosper? Look what they did to  
Hoffa

My feet buried in the sands out in Nicaragua

Or on a cruise out to Venezuela

On a ship with a pool, designer clothes and expensive  
tailors

Sipping cappuccino favourite flavor French vanilla

Exotic foods, catching shrimp, no more minutes failure

The Offering's the movie; my other albums are just  
trailers

I can't hardly sit through the news, watching this  
fictional tune

Political view, the sky's dark as the Original Jews

Subliminal clues left in the hieroglyphs

Where the ancient empires exist

Walk inside the cliffs of Cairo, read the papyruses

On the wall feel the Gaul off Judas the Disciple's kiss

At the Last Supper nowadays is a microchip

End of skull, my survival kit is a rifle clip

This is +Essential+...

[Outro]

It's +Essential+ to lookout our family

Stay strong, yo Ebo man? I don't even know man?

This is +Essential+...

Got me zoning out right now, but look at the world

The entire art, you'know'what'I'mean? The mind, body  
and soul

Yo, I just wanna give a shout out

I wanna give a shout out to the whole world man

Everything's +Essential+, you'know'what'I'mean?

To the hoods and everybody, you'know'what'I'mean?

Become your own Government man, become your own

Live, you gotta live strong, you'know'what'I'mean?

It's +Essential+, food, clothe and health

All that, you'know'what'I'mean?

I wanna give a shout out to the whole Brooklyn

Gates Ave. where I'm from, you'know'what'I'mean?

Brownsville, where I'm from, you'know'what'I'mean?

For Whole Brooklyn, big up to Red Hook

Yeah, whatup Shabazz the Disciple man?

I'ma side you out, that's my nigga right there

Word up! Yo, for everybody who helped me on the  
album

You'know'what'I'mean? Since you came through

Fo'real, it's no life that's +Essential+ man

Shout out everybody out there man

Live long or live strong, you'know'what'I'mean?

This goes out to DJ Huggy man  
Good looking on this track right here, fo'real  
Just live long (Pittsburgh; light born I see you)  
(Uh, you'know'what'I'mean?, stand up man, stand up  
like a man)  
(I'm ready, I'm ready for the war man, I'm ready, I'm  
ready y'all)  
(Priest is ready man, aka putting in work, uh)

Visit [Killah Priest](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.