

## Killah Priest

### "Exorcist"

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[Killah Priest] Each flavor jolly ranchers Eight  
astronauts in space Analysts suffer from brain cancer  
Now they speak backwards The Earth awaits the center  
of mass as they arrive Only to thrive off a human flesh  
Santa clause wife breaks her neck And beaten to  
death, the Jesus theory was just a hoax The devil  
catches The Holy Ghost From a psalm that the  
Archangel had wrote Hitler jerks off on the top of  
Jezebel's head Give the children stone instead of bread  
Chop off his head, split his body down the middle I'm  
like a three year old and your bones are skittles Riddle,  
diddle, little, sickle, pistol Piddle, paddle, rattle, tattle,  
taboo The bottle of Vicodin or Oxycodone Now I see  
Martians, wavin' "Hello" Their arms are long, their teeth  
are yellow Pop another gram so I can see the Son of  
Man I look up, oh yeah, the Son of Man Now you see,  
now you don't The trick is makin' them believe but they  
won't Who killed Tupac and ODB? Somebody's watchin'  
me Paranoid drinkin' Coca-cola The coffee cup spills  
over, I grab soda-after-soda A drive-by shootin' at a  
weddin', so upsettin' White gown, rice rose petals,  
blood spreadin' Fuckin' then killin', killin' then fuckin'  
My brain's empty, my heart feels nothin' My left side is  
numbin' I ask myself, lemme ask you somethin' Tryna  
catch my breath while I'm tryna write somethin' so  
fresh [Killah Priest] 80 grams of Dilaudid, dopa-  
troponin Hydromorphone, my eye's low, I morph into a  
King Holdin' idols of the mammoth, gaff mist of stream  
A psychedelic, angelic, relic Used to bind Leviathan's  
wings A night perish, his wife's precious Holdin' his  
head, slide off his helmet Lizard face, she drops 'em  
Looks around the reptilian race wit long part tongue My  
pupils dilate, my brain goes cuckoo I must annihilate, I  
leap yoo-hoo I feel great, a basket full of snakes Upon  
the tablets, a long beard, a stone I still scrape A poem  
of madness, I shot the devil on Easter eve Behind hell's  
walls, you can still hear his wife grieve She wore white  
on his funeral All dead animals came back to life, it  
was beautiful Lookin' unusual, a long trench-coat,  
lookin' grim Ground hems spend smoke, slightly build  
posture It's Priest the Mobster A sick smile, holdin' his

next vic', a small child Could it be the next Savior? Look  
for more millennium flows Futuristic poems in my  
comic book of reality Called the stargazer papers

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