

Killah Priest

"How Many"

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[Killah Priest]

My mind designed like a Mayan pyramid
When you climb up the steps you could get where the
emerald is
I left witnesses for those who didn't believe
Show the depths of sentences, y'all forbidden to leave
Alphabets become images you listen and see
How to breath other lyricist who breathe 3-D
Trapped in each bar gets deep with the God
Like the 5 Pillars that they teach at the Mosque
Trying to define killing you seek a mirage
Terrified thriller have you reach in your heart
Priest 'fenna get dark, dark as he can get
Dark as the first nine Pharaohs who ruled Egypt
Dark as the moon casts its shadows across eclipse
Dark as the ladies with the tarots telling your secrets
Dark as the gun barrel right before you squeeze it
I enter you mind like a auditorium
Your picture was distorted but I restored your film
Now you see clearer my pen has a lens
Like I'm sitting in the theatre coming back again
Remind you of Rakim but I'm not him
Though we one and the same; the second coming of
Kane
I'm like Kool G Rap put the Uzi in rap
Or KRS-One said "It was cool to be black"
For Slick Rick pronounced that the Ruler was back
Back in the days where gold jewelry fat
Before Wu or Biggie, Nas, Jigga or Fifty
That was new yeti, they ruled the city
On the West-coast it was run by Death Row
'Pac gave Thug Life but I just hug mics
The grip of the Python, the strength of my right palm
Will crush a competitor's life-form

[Chorus: 2X]

+How Many+ emcees must I defeat?
+How Many+ rhymes must I show a technique?
+How Many+ metaphors?
+How Many+ letters in all?
+How Many+ times must I show that I am better than

y'all?

[Killah Priest]

Rhymes after rhymes, metaphors are lined
Since '84 I recall the times
Left MC's, inside of morgues and shrines
Weak technique get absorbed like wine
Then I piss 'em back under the trees and vines
This rapper, that rapper, I proved I'm better
Next month I'm 'bout battle Webster
Do you think you can handle my pressure?
The way that my thinking when I play with the ink pen
Is he old or new school? (Think, I think old school)
Nah I'm in a class by myself
Plus I drop math and I blast like a Stealth
The bars you spit I use for chin-ups
Soon as you lay 'em down I press the bench up
Then I start spinning like them nunchucks
Each paragraph is like the Pharaoh in the past
Wide as a dome piece and narrow as the path

[Chorus: 2X]

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