

Killah Priest

"I"

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[Killah Priest] My crown of glory, you rappers y'all bore me
Seven billion stories, angels kneel before me I build it for majority, seniority, I photography
Prophecy, my bread conceal maturity The one man that's more than everyone, minority I stare in the mirror and see infinity
Deep entities, galaxies and planets A king leading infantry, I see immortals Majestic, since boar head - the Caesar
The afros, the cornrows I'm blessed with more flows Just accept it, no homo The holder of the rainbow and the volcano
Flows both fierce and precious My garment alike, these are bar mitts I write Like the Bar Mitzvah of Christ
Hare Krishna when I'm holding mics Behold when I spit a sight Israelite, I could spit death and hell
Dead body's skeletons inside a cold cells Or the ringer of Church bells The breaker of spells, the healer
Hopes life is well, the Killah My raps come out of a shell The pen hits, my mind click Tongue led off hot nails
Crucifix, Judas' pix, you wanted to flow The lifestyle, what if I had doe? Y'all wanted the gold and all the ice
now I write down, what if I was rich? None of y'all wouldn't exist I'm convinced my son is a prince Under my skin
is wonder of men Kingship, wings sprout pass the genes Cover my clips; I'm strapped with mac-10's That murder
y'all demons The suffering poet, the ladder to Imhotep From the grave of Joseph, the journey like Moses
The mercy of Jehovah, thou requirements From my higher intelligence, from my wars in heaven The Lord is my
Shepherd, born again Draw my weapon, days of longing Strong within, over grave that's storming I descend and sit
in my throne Out of hells catacomb, the ladder of stones The castle, I prepare my rhythm and poems Take off these
chains, Priest speaks 700 names No one is the same, until redemption My rhyme concealment to the time of revealing
Intertwine, smell the hemp scent Smoke the weed that's growing in my thoughts I stand next to the Pale Horse
The captive emcee, the sleeping prophet Rappers forcing the end, calling on the comet Rhymes are atomic from out
of God's department Topic, my head is the cave of four winds The plague, I draw with the pen Armaged' I saw
with my lens I stand in front of

you all Divided by a Red Sea walls Look ahead I see
shores Walter Reed, peace, I endure There, where
there's no vacant place or an empty place Gases avoid,
I started with the one thought asteroid Eye lids open
up, solar flux, burdens uncoiled In this formless mind,
the asteroids erupt The small rocks blew up into dust I
said to my son, my son said to me That we gather my
beam, behold I am the three The trinity, the words said
to myself, let us form a rhyme My spirit moved across
my mind We debated for days with wordplays And the
word became flesh when I entered the text Enter my
page thru no sex The rap conception, immaculate My
rap's to die for, the lost lessons Crucified the rhyme, to
rise in three minutes A new sentence was invented My
rap's adventure is endless My poetry is strong, my art's
pure But my heart and my rap is relentless Not to get
religious but these rhymes are pictures Vivid as Black
August or historical scriptures For listeners and
visionists From the carving of the rhymes talk Awakens
an ancient force Imprisoned in my poem's source
Zone, no limit in the realms of thought Unborns must
die Loosen up the saddle of the ghost horse galloping
in the sky Divinity track lucky seven, infinity's back God
codes been broke, now the memory's zapped

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