

Killah Priest

"Maccabean Revolt"

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[Daddy Rose]

Hasmonian Dynasty, Maccabean Revolt
Come down on you, Masada arose the beloved
Daddy Rose, Prodigal Sunn, Masada the eagle scholar
Back to P stone nation, Red Dawn to the death, nigga

Violins play, Rose petals fly in the wind
Mans bargaining with fallen angels but he dies in his
sin
The world is in chaos, many try to pretend
I stop smoking weed now I get high off my pen
Grandma's alcoholic she might die off the gin
Devil smirks I grab a gun and blow off his grin
I spend my days inhaling in the sun rays
Thirsty youth in my hood just escape the gun blaze
No more church on Sundays, just wake on Mondays
He didn't value his life now six feet my son lay
I study chi-kung cultivate my energy and become
The cosmic light of the slums
I heal the mind reveal how many slugs in your nine
Dark clouds cover my soul, but my thuggin' divine
Black love, white glove black doves
Egyptian Queens fine wine and back rubs
Black thugs

[Chorus x1.5: Killah Priest]

Black P stone, Maccabean Revolt
Sunn of the Rose, to this world folds, guns will blow

[Killah Priest]

Project hallways fulfilled with broke niggaz
Broken bottles of malt liquor, and coke sniffs
ERS, dope dealers and drug users with crack lighters
We thought we made it, but somewhere shit backfired
"Ds" pointing GATs at tires, read the history on the
black Messiah
Judges burning niggaz and scorching their souls
When I walk I come across the fork in the road
Next to the black hawk on the pole
Hear the voice of the crow, when the wind blows
It gives me goose bumps and makes me tremble
Project temples with shattered windows

Street renaissance, thugs released on prison bonds
Become icons in gold chains and tote iron
Heart of the lion, hear the harps of Zion
Honey lips to sour words from bitter tongues
We live in slums, niggaz pull the triggers on their guns
>From day to night, the grave sight
Where snakes appear she'd fake tears
Ghetto, seeds born with gray hair
Trying to escape from here it might take years
Priest modern day Shakespeare

[Chorus x2]

[Sauldin]

I cut the world off from within the pain in my pen
Got me written scribe did my feather in blood
Niggaz fuckin up so I remain cold inside
>From the pain but I still strive
>From my brothers slain in the street
Ordain in the ghetto and hang
Bang with the finest, steppin out of caskets
Or line us up kill for the kindness
The dimmest broads turn states evidence on small
times
I use smoke Læš like chimineys, search for the
remedy
Till my pain friendly fire let the devil in me
Every minute feels like infiniti
Time I trapped in it like enemy fire in the city
Of hope surrounded by dead energy, fallen Elohim who
beam rocks
To bitches who sip Henney on the rocks
Who would kill me for pennies
Thatæš why wherever my gun points black crows
follow my hollow point
Thee unconscious acts of the soul
Harness trapped in my conscious no parole
No control over the soul
Inward fight to fight for control of my soul

[Chorus x4]

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