

## Killah Priest

### "Nothing Like It"

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[Killah Priest] 15 wit one in the head, could did it all No friends were called, then I recalled Somethin' smeared on the wall Close relationships I hated it, we split Dated this chick, atheist God stained seven but he played the six Dated CO's, left 'em wit bulge Kept me in clothes, but said I wasn't respectable So the sex got cold Little did I know, I was the next to go Drivin', starrin' up at the horizon Flyin', windows down, blastin' the stereo sound Pass the carnival, the Merry-Go-Round Goin' up the mountain, to the Indian burial ground Nothin' but glowin' eyes on the hounds Sounds of howls, but turnin' the heads of owls Come thru the white clouds Look what I found? The psychic (Hook) There's nothing like it There's nothing like it One of a kind his mind And there's nothing like it [Killah Priest] The last days, signs of the time I'm on some crime, blind by the television The hell I vision is rivers of fire Accordin' to the scriptural writings There's no after death for the spirit inside us The afterlife is those chapters we write All great place a peace, not that lake full of heat Could you imagine listenin' to a seven headed dragon? Grabbin', madmen chewin' their heads off Less talk, while the communist is stabbin' Now I think those were metaphors and the letters of Paul Greece and Rome had Olympics, naked gymnasts For instance, he would say it, if it related The race is not given to the swift But, to them that endure, put on the whole armor We wrestle not against flesh and blood He was watchin' the Olympic Games thru a prison wall So the dragon heads were their empires Led every word of God be true and every men the liar (Hook) [Killah Priest] I turn listeners to my prisoners Doin' time on my rhymes Soon as I hit the pen they get to my channels Stimulatin' the brain cells Trained to use well, while writin' I ask myself How long is the sentence? Not until each line is finished Usually the bars end a little past the margin Tho the court in my thoughts The DA is the clean page; the judge is a ink spot Right where I think plots Below the thinkers is the hung jury It comes to me, truly What makes me write this? The feelin' inside (Hook)

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