

Killah Priest

"Numbers"

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[Killah Priest] The Tetragrammaton squeeze come beneath camera lens Ease some, police come, place cameras on men Deceased ones lay stiff - posin' on cement roses On their lids cold winds blow over the ditch Where the laser pray of that snitch Hollow tips go in clips, four in the whip Peep around the block, thieves around the lots Fiends around the spot, Ds around the clock Midnight comes - here comes the shots Eardrums are shot, the beer from a bum drops Here come the track meat Dude's runnin' like athletes Chased by a black jeep, through the zigzag streets The night looks like a million demon mass A young girl tries screamin' from her plastic bags Takes her last gasp, psycho killer fucks her in the ass Body parts left by the trash Psycho-evaluation, alley's and train stations Lurkin' perverts with small hustlers who heard dirt Let the herb search, a pimp mistreatment Made his bird chirp, the police chrome heat blow your dome piece Cars wit the phone seat, the tales from the lone Priest [Killah Priest] God bonds the prince of the heathens While I rinse from demons, holy water glory aura Around my crown of horror You down today or you down tomorrow I'm dreamin' fallin' asleep in Church tryna stay awake Preacher keep readin' the same verse The offer trays pass by With more cash then I have on my thigh The Pastor ducks somebody did a drive-by Was it for me? The sky looks stormy Or am I high? Leavin' the Church in the rain An old lady came said she was sent to warn me You're runnin' like Jonah Just then my cell phone buzzed I went to pick it up She said: "Try to stay sober" Always alone and watch the cobras I see somethin' on the 30th day of October Then she came closer I reach for my Bible like the gun on my holster Thugs bargain wit God when they doin' life behind bars Or in the yard full of scars Why do women light two candles on the Sabbath? The Law of Commandments Born amongst the wage slander and a bandit In the famine, shots ring Witness ran, the faces vanish Somethin' Satanic on another planet, it's all damaged [Killah Priest] The soul of converts change their religions In the streets wit dirty converse, dickies saggin' The trick of the system -

the dragon The beast wit the seven heads, ten arms
The great whore of Babylon, psychobenzaprine Ultram,
Methadone, Desert Storm, but weapons drawn The
Good Shepherd wand The sheep that the wolf will
creep in wool sheets Wool beats knock, MPC's, Priest
rock MVP - Most Vivid Poet, the last scripture's open I'm
spittin' omens, 6-6-6 St. Lutheran Angel of Light, chief
musician Or tombstone tables I write Apocalypse raps
and the art department facts And the science that
could lift crafts Ya'll ain't hear shit like this in awhile
Original style, lyrically wild Aphyllous, I kill devilish wit
the metal shit God's gun tells Satan it's a stick-up Drop
the pitchfork, take the horns off This bitch's soft,
gimme back the souls And all the freedom you stole
Take back all the slum evil you sold Read 'em in scowls,
these are the scrolls Now let 'em be told

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