

Killah Priest

"Real Rap Shit"

Visit ["Real Rap Shit"](#) on MotoLyrics.com

[Killah Priest] The Priest writes like Shakespeare on
dope tryptamine Acid tablets, unfocus when I wrote this
sixteen The savage graphics, display his madness
Heads full of stars and planets Eyes and mouths shoot
lasers and beams upon the canvas Rappers beware,
the Mantinian Customize rhyme in his hardrive Above
the dark skies, open up his archives His bars provide, I
hang words up in ya dome My chair becomes a throne I
snatch ya body out of ya bones Body of God, so big I
can't fit in a Mosque I can't fit in a Synagogue My head
is the galaxy, my center is Mars My pen's the Milton
Bradley, fun pool For thugs and goons to play in Happy
12-gauge and mac-10's, telescopes With the
photography film I spit that artistry flam Rap gats snap
shots A biblical rose and prophecy lens (Hook) This that
real shit That real shit Shalom ock I spit that real shit
This that real shit That real rap, that real shit [Killah
Priest] It's like Demerol, write rhymes my skin will crawl
Light's dim, sweat roll from my chin will fall A sweat
pool of jewels Work the pencil like a tool Black faces,
white cloth Brothers from the Synagogue Pause, Jesus
on Ecstasy pills A hydro-prophecy electro endorphins
released thrills Spill cringe up his grill Spread love or
shed blood Lead buss, red flood Twelve thousand
characters in my mind barium My mental have flesh
Words are the swords from the stone poem A T-Rex
caliber, Doctor Mindbender My nurse squirts the
syringes as she entered The surgeon emerging, latex
glove When do I begin? Rhymes elevate the child world
Curious kid, mind of Priest Mysterious rhymes increase
Pyramids designed in the East Lines get deep, ever
learning playhouse with the gauge out Stars implode
and explode Take ya hoody off ya forehead with
doubts (Hook) [Killah Priest] Ya style is machine
washed and dried Extra cycles for you wack writing
dudes Fabric softer and dyed Cut off his thigh, hang
'em outside All y'all niggas is wack now No
cheerleading in the background Backhand smack you
clowns Who wanna get down? See I'm King like the
Emperor of Beijing Who put his words up in the solar-
screen I'm what the lion told his cub those were dreams

Orion rhyming Osiris papyrus Pilot brush soon as the
King eyes shut The volcano Priest erupts Wool hook up
the beat Now I'm making some more, after hip-hop
death The resurrection, the future blows out his breath
I spit, split morgues into two Skeleton rapping in
veteran's jacket With medals and badges Bad
medicine, reaction, the pills don't work From the hills I
lurk From the fields they search Life after life, feel
these verse (Hook) [Killah Priest] Man, fuck y'all, Sir
Lancelot plots is flop I'm Arthurian with glocks, my bars
are barium The Barbarian, move, watch this smooth
alien in clots Shock you swim in aquarium with shark
Watch the thick glass, bitch ass! Reach for the mic and
get ya wrist slashed Psychic doctrine, spit with Solomon
oxygen Purple seasoned with olive skin The virtual of
Jesus is what I follows in Stand like Giza, invade like
Ottomans Aura from the Torah Horror from Walter
make me the Killah Priest with ya head to offer Light
the Menorahs, sprinkle the waters SÃ©ance from the
graveyard The grey shark crayons, clay chalk Days are
dark, write a flow that'll enlighten the globe It's raining;
you seem to hate fire bowls And one flaming soul, it's
Priest The mystique of a Beast with the mic when he
writes He's the light; he can burn any emcee you know
(Hook) (Outro) Man, can't deal with the God,
u'no'I'mean? Line for line, yeah, it's that real shit Yeah,
it's what y'all wanna see right? You wanna just see me
spaz out on the mic Uh, yeah, it's time to get 'em, let's
go!

Visit [Killah Priest](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.