

Killah Priest

"Rise"

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[Killah Priest] My rhyme, pen and king recognition
dominion over false kindred's The talk of women,
brought from the star system Dynamic emergence,
wordsmith within his turban Tats of the Virgin, power of
planets emerging Back from hell's furnace, born again,
torn from sin Broke the spell out of my shell, call the
hermit We're twirling books like Merlin within the
firmament The perfect balance, I hold my chalice
Accept ya challenge, I won't budge Hardwood thugs
with hammers and Timb boots and gloves Woven the
greatness, flowing with blood That's just the basics
After I spit you'll see the Matrix My heart restored with
war, my grape's the realness My wine of pillage, sip
between lines made of pillars Under his feet the word
"Killah" So print this out of ya data zone Priest returns
home, battlezone nigga! Surrounded by a sculpture of
women Antisocial when I wrote this rhythm The vultures
got in them, gave us hope at the ending Game is sour
like the Pope of a lemon My hand's a gram; I put dope
in each sentence Energize rhyme, electromagnetic,
genetics We writing esoteric, y'all could see the signs I
did what I could do, from the animal woods
environment The hood to analyze it, y'all could see the
God designing Deep minded, I stay rooted, sage music
Plus strokes of touch, your ghost hugs and shows They
love it yo; I do it for the souls, c'mon! Raps raise the
blood pressure Customize rhymes to fit ya mind size
Difference between suicide notes or love letters The
light between my eyes enterprise Rid you of mental
waste toxins in ya doctrine This oxygen is space While
ya head blows I pop ya face Take loads off ya mind
and do lunge A newer army, flood the world like
tsunamis The greatest gift, from dark towers, Excalibur
He's down, now who's the next challenger? That's when
death surrounds ya Desert Eagle peck ya by the
silencer Indirectly, diary, words are fiery Thru the eyes
of Reed Thru a tube there's I.V. creating magic In some
minutes or some seconds on the record In the
sentence my pen wand shoots stars out of measure P's
God, I rhyme, cause pressure Mind's the treasure; they
call me water-head Its Priest again y'all Walter's dead

Nah, its Walter again y'all, Priest is on his death bed
Who knows which way it goes, let's call him Priesthood
instead

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