

Killah Priest

"The 7 Crowns of God"

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[Killah Priest] Escorted to my torment, my pen opened up the coffin It's horrid, is quiet awkward, let's walk with Walter Forward, see me trying on God's ornaments The hoody King gleam like porcelain Y'all seen the portrait in portions It immolates greatness like 'The Offering' Prince of the Presence - The Legend To befriend, to calling 'em bredrins But that's dead win You fill his ears with poisons What's this origin? You suppose to enjoy friends But instead you try to exploit them Now you trying to avoid them Shape-shift your weed branches with fire Blow out the negative gases, I rap with passion Not for fashion, to provoke reaction Your chances are Slim for being Shady I'll have all of Em(inem) 'Relapsen', I spit classics Open ya mind and ya mouth is where I fit the magic Open the canvas of your thoughts is where I spit the graphics (Hook) 2x A-alikes is like mind A-alikes is like mind Day & night I write rhymes Day & night I write rhymes [Killah Priest] I'm chasing destiny, past my future It's therapy, telepathy Look at my face, see a ruler One day riding my scooter The wheels came off became horses The seat became a chariot My yard into a fortress I'm sitting off a cliff The sky open, begin talking Telling me my fortunes Saying I should be hit with stones They should break my bones Leave me on the ground and die all alone Bud out ya bones, I will stack it like LEGOS The dirt I will stretch it out like Play-Doh And form a body, than breathe the breath of life You will be resurrected with mics Than form a hex with light There will be no copies, you are mine (Hook) 2x [Killah Priest] Now hold on let me explain, God captured Greatness Shaped into a form of a brain, I was born to be a King 'The Offering' it was drawn in a frame But this time adore me with rings Not gold rings but rings around Saturn Check the pattern, off rhymes I wrote And that I mastered in Okay he mix Greatness with immortality And added God morality A throne spoke the name of Priest From a palace on the mountain right off the sea It said the 'Psychic World of Walter Reed' I perform lyrical sorcery God's tailors made my regalia Lightning from my fringes And thunder for embroidery My hand that

candles offers two CDs The secret private life of plants
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ants The spiritual and telekinetic mind of children All
rolled up in rhymes that are chilling Black Lost Tribes of
Israel Official with bars of truth Chopped up in crystal,
no fishscales Baking powder of Satan power, devoured
Pots of boiling water of Torah Though the dragon with
his legion of demons screaming In my coke kettles of
slaughter Place a capsule of your rap dudes to take
back to school This is something to Relapse to (Hook)
2x

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