

## Killah Priest

### "The Book"

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[Killah Priest] From black planets I fell from space Thru a neon cloud, to touched down created a Nephilim race Chased my bad spirits, six wizards captured me Hid me in the village Durin' the earlier periods where I crafted my lyrics Assassins will hear it, paid by the Popes of the Vatican Lightning flash, it was grim They wanna put daggers in my skin Soon as I grab the pen What would I reveal that they're scared of? I guarded it like bear cubs In this war, it's all fair and love Their Cardinals were arguin' in front of the dragon statue made of marble They wanted the novel of the Street Apostle The thief gospel, what was in the book that had 'em all nervous? What was the purpose? They gon' on a serious of murders Grey smoke raise outta the bullet holes thru the Stained Glass Held by six ceremonial dressed Presidents, Rabbi's and Arabs (Hook) 2x Our Father, who art in Heaven I will be thy Name, thy kingdom come I must bring out guns in the name of thy son And the Holy Spirit make my enemies feel it [Killah Priest] Raised around killers in lobbies wit sick smiles Wit nines in their belts that'll shift crowds Weed smoke turn to thick clouds Shorties do the weather report OG's sip Crown, in this grave is where the rhymes are made Crimes engraved, in the brains of the adolescence Adults pressin' charges Regardless if they wasn't raised by their fathers Deadbeat daddies, in the street wearin' khakis Hangin' off their asses, 40's in their hands Shorty is gon' be a man, you in ya 40's, no money in ya pants Is this what they're really afraid off, or all of the above? An Intelligent Thug, gun to the president's mug Take it in blood, niggas hatin' on the love Back shootin', crabs in the barrel I stir the soup till it's brewin' Pour the whole barrel in, this is when the battle'll end Passion of my pen, craftsman wit the lens Or is it the injustice of our Government? Spit 48 bars of coverage, Ark of the Covenant This art has my blood in it (Hook) 2x [Killah Priest] Flames of brim pebbles, stream of fire I drain the tires screechin' off next to a corpse in the streets of New York The dead corpse get up and talk Warnin' me off the brothers in my own fort Suddenly my bedroom

turns into a court The corpse turns into a judge The  
judge stares across at a jury that found me guilty A  
misjudge of character; I was embarrassed of my action  
Cuz... I thought I was supposed to be friends, count my  
blessings The Counsel in question, mount of  
confessions At the time of the arrestin', they said I was  
finished My time is past, but wit my bare hands I  
grabbed onto the grass Pullin' myself, now all I needed  
was Brooklyn's help Begin kickin' paragraphs that the  
hoodlums had felt They begin openin' the Bibles that  
they took from the shelf Pray for them, that they  
despitefully use you I stepped back, start examinin'  
who's who? They said I had a head full of loose screws  
Priest! I kick the flows that'll scrape the new school  
Blood in my vein, its runnin' true blue How did I know?  
They make it known in my dream It could be somebody  
in your own team That wanna pull the throne from  
underneath I slid, under my sheets, still asleep  
Everything I was shown was deep (Hook) 2x

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