

## Killah Priest

### "To Be King"

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[Killah Priest] Alien abduction, crack pipe seduction His weed lip proceed to see shit for telling what's coming Malachi York talk, see Pale horses running Gray clouds gather over slave, child, and master Dickies cap turn to a crown, royal pen fell Laid down this chapters Red carpet hurling from God hands Out of heaven's projects, 900 worlds before me It's no objects, (nope) My six inner eyes foresee so cosmic My heart beats outside of my chest To be king these fools, to be lied on my death God energy hides in my breath I spit, see divinity colliding with flesh I speak jewels after diamonds are pressed Inside my skulls are all the bodies of Orion compressed Now come bless (Hook) 2x To be king - the child, his death, his glory To be king - the word of mouth, the texts, the story [Killah Priest] My bars artery bleeds photography See the artistry in galleries of galaxies and odyssey Unroll the scrolls of dark prophecies On top of black gothic pew Reporting crimes that shift the globe Priest, the fallen rise, his Book of Job They said toxins finally took his toll But look behold I take you on a Brooklyn stroll A street kid to a king in robe Since a shorty throwing dreams I hold I'm having strange diagnoses when I'm writing hopeless I focus, rhymes are drug, potion potent I fill my blood with a dosage I see cop cars clapping at convicts, in hot pursuits Niggas shooting burners and hiring prostitute High heels, dark corners, Timb boots Dealer with lots of loot Demon in amour suits Houses, barnyards fill with militia groups I also see a thousand palaces in the sky My third-eye unchain a phoenix bird, fly I see hundred of prophets in my conscious Reaching for my palm thru a fence Than read the psalm, you a prince (Hook) 2x [Killah Priest] My rap's a bad poof for baptizing gangstas as old school Niggas and killas, rocking gold jewels Visual pro-tools, tryptamine, sixteen Xanax, hands a sketch, orbit trip Hieroglyphs across ya eye lids screens Livest kings, rise of the machine The Manatee, gold body Volts run thru us, Pope's Godly His heart beats like God walk thru the streets The three Killah P trilogy Stoneheart of Mozart, flow's dark Blows wizardry, gold frames Flow on the stained glasses,

break it into fragments On this canvas from the carving  
of the dragon Blasting the futuristic model magnum  
The hollow's atom, the Red Sea under red sky The  
Blood King, Young Jedi The fire and the blood rise  
Shoot outs his eyes and his mouth Devour all, power  
fall from the outer laws of the universe I shoot a verse,  
bring down his walls Spread the flower for his morgue

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