

Artful Dodgers

"Pillars of Ivory"

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[Intro: Jackpot]

Artfull Dodgers...

[Jackpot]

All you crumbs on the table, get wiped off to the floor
I pull like spouts, you more like drouts, can't flow with
the hardcore

Killah Priest, he dug the masses, to execute and
damage

Artfull Dodge, then amp, then rush when you advance
Chemicals mixtures, livin' out pictures
From the ceiling to the structure

Punchin' peeps that play the role, they remind me of
the others

I don't like the way you look, that's a lyric in my book
Shake your women off my hook, take them off to break
these crooks

You overlooked the fact, I finished first, prepare to
start the battle

Jackpot take out literally, cuz eventually I travel

All fans, I'll ask 'em, high or low, I explode

Decode your home promote, taking over your whole
show

Engrave the center stage, with my presence, trap the
crescent

Over charge, you better haul, that talk is small

Catch a grip, when my hit drops it

Don't step to this, spot get clinch these

Hip hop estatic

[Chorus: Killah Priest sample from "4th Chamber"]

I judge wisely, as if nothing ever surprise me

Loungin', between two pillars of ivory, ivory, ivory

Scream the name out, Killah Priest

[Killah Priest]

Is a phantom, the fifth grandson of Manson

Tramplin', over bodies like I'm Samson

I'm the ghost, of what Jeffrey Dahmer wrote

I'm like a messenger, sent to cut your throat, like fuck
it, yo

Then head back to the hut and smoke
I'm the man that society graph, my left hand's plastic
Designed by Russian blacksmith, captured by a police
dragnet
Usin' military graphics
I'm a magnet, my left retina, is like a TV set
I see static, this is madness
My project housings, is like the lost tabernacle
Walkthrough, phantoms grab you, then jackals attack
you
Drag you by the Devil's curtains, filled with serpents
And brain surgeons, dark alleyways and niggas is
drinkin' and cursin'
Death angels are lurkin', where the lucifer meets you in
person
Where evil is searchin' for fresh shows, throw your in
hell's threshold
You know the dress code, P.L.O., it's Priest, nigga, what

[Chorus]

[B. Gozza]

My battle title untouched, like monterelic dust
Your so much on my dick, I crack your jaw with a pelvic
thrust
Artfull's hard to follow like a parked car
Pierce skin, muscle and bone, to leave your heart
scared
Strictly we remove your teeth, with precision like a
dentist
You can't see me, like a prisoner of life sentence
You say you hate your life, to me that thought's
ridiculous
I help you escape, like Al Capone's syphilis
Heard your best effort, shit kid, I ain't buyin it
You couldn't pay me to listen, if I was your psychiatrist
Admire this technique, directly injecting
I find your mental weak, you're correctly selecting
We silence M.C.'s like turntablism
I can't feel your style, like my sense of touch was
missing
Blessed by Priest, so you cats can base me
Takin' over the world, and then we renovate

[Chorus]

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