

## **Eightball F/ E-40, Rappin 4-Tay, Spice-1**

### **"Pillars of Ivory"**

Visit "[Pillars of Ivory](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[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]

Visit [Eightball F/ E-40, Rappin 4-Tay, Spice-1](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.