

Killah Priest & Chief Kamachi f/ DJ Rhettmatic, Planet Asia

"Illest"

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(Intro) Chief Kamachi Yo, yo, let's go Yeah, uh, yeah, uh
Killah Priest, Planet Asia Uh, Chief Kamachi, uh, yeah
[Chief Kamachi] Ask God if you think I'm committing
purgery I'm one wit the sun, all of his angels work wit
me Rap supernatural Built from a different circuitry
From Planet Asia, the answer certainly That's our twist,
mystic and the street scene Levitate thru the hood,
trying to make the mist clean Breathe! Inhale a toxic
future Before you die from cancer I bet the cops will
shoot you Niggas start revolution over 3 bags of dope
Stomach touch, starring at few bags of hope Trying to
change life thru the few tabs I wrote When the crafts
invoked, spiritual paths provoked Messiah music, all
the ghetto choirs use it Buddhist Monks, plus
Franciscan Friars choose it Thought the voice of the
youth was gone? Turn up your radio; once again the
truth is on Bloaw!!! (DJ Rhettmatic scratching) "You're
now in tuned with the illest micro" "Hold, let it go, set it
tho', sweat it" "Yeah" "So amazing, field left blazing"
"Some pick up a microphone and can't even achieve
this" "You phony rappers" "Yeah, time to go" "We
brought the place of hump/hardball" "Like that" "A
wack nigga rhyming kills a raw beat" [Killah Priest] I
throw Angels in the hells, slap the devil as well Kill
myself live on TV so my records could sell Lock my own
self up in jail, swallow the key It's obviously; my role
model is me (me) I stare at myself, I only care about
myself Love ones around me...but I wear out my health
I only spit rhymes for me to hear I believe I'm sincere
Rappers beware, only me y'all shall fear I give myself
dap, I love to hear myself rap Bars are so hot they start
to melt the track Kamachi, Planet A, the canvas is our
page My mind is a .9, the pen is a hand-grenade (DJ
Rhettmatic scratching) [Planet Asia] Mosh pitting; I ain't
the type to push Lighting the kush Buck Knife to your
face give you the NIKE swoosh Straight from the temple
Anybody front on these High Priest is looking for a
lifetime cripple Through the pipeline, I stay on the tight
grind And fight crime, recite minds I write rhymes
darker then nighttime Beat you in the head with a vine
Gold scrolls I'ma roll over and behold But was told to

the blind, we the best out And yo, check out my next
style from NASA manufacture by reptiles Dig it, I strike
with arrow, speak the language of Pharaohs Camaro
smash but rocking military apparel Son of Cheryl, from
a sperm cell outta this world As the Earth twirls I'm
building till my knowledge is thoro They ask who can
top it? The illest niggas you got three... Planet Asia,
Killah Priest, Chief Kamachi (DJ Rhettmatic scratching)

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