

Killah Priest f/ 60 Second Assassin

"Profits of Man"

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[Killah Priest]

Even Kings die, thrones rust
Skeleton bones turn to dust
Memories are blown into gust
It's about how you live when you were here
How you celebrated those years
Were you a follower? Did you try elevating your peers?
Were you sincere when you gave the prophets your ears?
But soon the struggle come you disappear
Listen here were you real?
Did you show love that people could feel?
Did you have jealousy but keep it concealed?
Did you smile at your man's face?
But all awhile wanted to take your man's place
Moving around like a snake
I know you hate that term, don't call it that
Seen that lately that's why the Priest been falling back
'Cause when the Revolution start
All those cliques that fall apart will soon be the devil's mark
And none the adversary will have a heart
The letter from Priest, my freedom of speech
Y'all read 'em and weep
The demons that keep you from the path just laugh
That's my ink pads looks like Stained Glass
A collage of art, that show scenes from the Nazarene's past

[Killah Priest]

From my connections with 60 Second
The Art of War to in the city - signed to Geffen
For five-percent lessons, Israelite tribal dressing
Disciple Armageddon's, that Bible record
To Sunz of Man to damn near becoming one of the Clan
Members I remember, in Brooklyn, GZA and Masta Killa
To my last chapters with the RZA
Testimony stops, Old Dirty got knocked
Came home and signed with the ROC
Cocaine combined with rocks
Rick James style, his nicknames "Wild; Old Dirt Dog"

It hurt us all when his hearse disappeared in the fog
I stayed digital, never analog, original
Always camouflaged, turn them cameras off
Light those candles God, I'm the example
Like I'm speaking from panels y'all
The soul inside of me is fiery, society lied to me
They said "You gotta die to be free"
My diaries of anxiety frightens me
Light will squeeze through my crack buildings where
my writing be
Striking my page with hyphens and brighten my T's
To my seeds - the uncivilized time has come
Y'all better run, the time has begun

[Killah Priest]

Yo, from total strangers to best friends
To best friends to brothers
From brothers to never calling him again
Their coffins descend, one flies to a place of peace
The other Lake of Fire, devils hauling you in
As one began one ends, the Earth still spin
We're hurt, tears in our shirt, spirit must transcend
What you think sleep is for?
A deeper cause - preparing us
For the other side till the Reaper calls
Either or, we're breathing for try a reason
Arrived rich but we're leaving poor
Stand naked when you see the Lord
I stand protected when I see his war
Till I exit and I'm free to soar
I'm embraced by space, though it's cloudy around me
His light weighs from a tree till they wither the brown
leaves
Bounty's of blessings, from my heavy mind (Heavy
Mental)
To every rhyme I said, looking from Masada (View from
Masada)
From the Church of Priest, the dark August (Priesthood
+ Black August)
Till he showed you the art on his Offering (The
Offering)
Oops, I call it the gift, Behind the Stained Glass
It's a frame of my pad, I started this
Release the toxins, breathe out the oxygen
Now see how shocking you fools if you think the Saint
will lose
I say things that will make the picture and the paintings
move
Now after this ink this jewel, look!

(60 Second Assassin talking)

What profits that man?
Who would gain the whole world yet lose his soul
What profits that man?
Somebody tell me
What profits that man?
Somebody tells me
What profits that man?
Who would fear his enemy and think he didn't exist
What profits that man?
Somebody tell me
What profits that man?
Somebody tell me
Somebody tell me
If you can
What profits that man?
Who would gain the whole world but lose his soul
What profits that man?
What profits that man?
What profits that man?
The way the good and evil could never balance equal
And no man, for no man could be both good and evil
From skills that are strange to each other
And skills to one way or the other
Even into one grain that'll strip us
If you've done evil, then I guess you're missing it
It'll be the over-taker, the architecture
What I could build will kill

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