

Killah Priest f/ G/Ciples

"G/Ciples"

Visit "[G/Ciples](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Killah Priest] Alone in the desert, in the zone wit the chrome weapon Eyes shut, back, touchin' kiss the Stonehenge's Think of myself, yeah I'll be my own legend From the pavement till we made the throne connection Stare deep in the ozone, see the crescent Lightsabers shoot, turn the sky fluorescent Since we fell from grace we became Nephelims Now we regulate everythin' from here to a wide spectrum G/Ciples, baggy jeans but the gun's pressin' Devils let the Ds sketch 'em, all white chalk Look up see the white hawk G/Ciples driven by a light force [Rasul Allah] Behold the spiritual force endorsed from the source of the universe This the birth of the sun, Solar Biology Planet and stars form around the 19th Galaxy This the Rapture of the 24 elders 144,000 were captured within a tetrahedron Planet X 2012, the Zodiac marks the Arrivin' of the Aquarian age The next stage where the mind and soul battle between Wit this G/Ciple in a D/Ciple [Killah Priest] In a D/Ciple, enemies and rivals Bleedin' in a Y-pool, squeezin' my rifle Flee our rival, on ya knees for survival Believe or you'll die fool Niggas hate cuz when we speak We talk like we hidin' the fleet We discuss like Zion's at reach They say when you listen to Priest It feels like you sittin' in Greece Verses' calm and peace Then you hear bombs then missiles release They say his eyes was red wit wine His face's like its bred wit lion Speech like it's laid wit lead and iron Heavy, G/Ciple we triumph [Killah Priest] Kill a legion of you crabs United Snakes of America And to the Republic of all you fags An abomination of your pagan Gods Invisible & visual, injustice And all peace to all, we at war wit St. Igor's We the law writers, so your law don't apply to us God guide us, we are survivors We bring the sword to liven things up "O' Emmanuel" I got a bag full of shells Ready to shoot for justice and hand me his rail Full of his blood, you showed us ya love And for that we ready to blow slugs at The CIA, FBI, FEMA and SWAT Our nina's cocked, try to become between us, get shot We're like David & his Mighty Men Feel God when we write wit the pen Fear God when we fight to defend Men wit no name, no job, no fame, no

money, no house But somehow we own everything
Priesthood, peace-wood Bring it back the practice, no
distraction

Visit [Killah Priest f/ G/Ciples](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.