

Yeah, I built with Alexander the Great
He told the Persians they should stay gone
Then he told me about the Oracle of Ammon
He gave me no clue, where it is
Men feared time, yet time feared the pyramids
He gave me more jewels, he told me that
Amenhotep was immortal, I can't overstand hieroglyph
So I called Killah Priest, and he taught me how to follow it
I walked through the Valley of the Kings
With a white robe, white rose and what I will brings
And your whole team Judas, my road thin, gold skin like Juicis
I speak the dialog of the dead, I practiced the same war tactics
In King Arthur's head, so let the swordsmen kill the beast
It's a Legacy of Blood, with Vinnie Paz and Killah Priest

"The Sun Won't Come Out, unless the crowd start this
Cause if it was my choice, you all dance in darkness" - CL Smooth "Sun Won't
Come Out"

"And on this burst, you'll gave work to the worst
Get the pen from the nurse, and hold the mic up first"
"The rhymes, the rhymes, rhymes on the alter
Burn him as a sacrifice"

I paint flows with the feathers from the wings of angels
Red ink from saint blood, nigga, you ain't thug
Stare into the face of a king's mug
Crush grape, feel the wine jug, ill thoughts
Build from the mind of rhyme, rose, off the tongue like fine rugs
Let me walk you through this, for the clueless
I'm Shakespeare'ing, with grey earrings
Speak like Tiburians, write novels
Spit it like Aristotle, face half Pharaoh
And half owl, I took the path of Cairo
Came back with the Dead Sea Gospel
Now known as the Dead Street Apostle
We shoot 'em feds, use them hollows
Bullets spread, til they meet Diablo
Stars in enlightenment, Priest meet with Jedi Mind Tricks
Reach them climates, where you can't breath
Stay high off that dead weed, in the mind is where I plant seeds
To grow fruit, of king's so brute, of army troops
Mighty men in celestial suits
You need healing, my mic give you incredible boost
Where I use satellite vision, stare at my alphabetical soup
Plus I use the Big Dipper to take, more than one scoop, it's Priesthood

"Straight up, we serve justice
So if they can't be trusted, may you return where the dust is" -
Smif-N-Wessun

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[Vinnie Paz]

I studied element 1-15, with the Eloheim

Saw the Canaanites, Sumerians, and the Philistines
This is street gospel, if you don't believe
In life at Mars, that mean the beast got you
You don't wanna see me and Killah Priest hostile
You don't wanna see, desert eag' heat pop you
This is Mothman Prophecy, walk back
To the sand of Iraq, and let the prophet breath
Returned all our water in the toxic seas
And walk in the wall with armour that I copped in the greece
Then I shoot the thieves, with a long arrow
Studied Imhotep, to be a strong Pharaoh
It's a war when the God's spit
It's Allah, when I split the ice bergs, in the arctic
I don't care what the cause is
And I'mma ride for my fam, no matter what the cost is

Yeah, Vinnie Paz, Killah Priest, yea
Priesthood, Maccabees, yeah, Army of Pharaoh
Aight? Yeah