

60 Triangles

Killah Priest

I'm a cluster B personality through the galaxy
Luckily, reality is enough to see mentality

I'm the anointed avoided
Twelve pointed
Black face look boyish
Outer space, you're on my voyage
No trace of my origin
No race, no dates, no bosses
No place of employment
His case of appointment was around late August
Disappeared and fed the deers in a lake full of koi fish
Now all we hear is white noises
And I'm prepared to write all this
From day to night 'til I'm exhausted
I'm paranormal clairvoyance
Time travel portals I toy with
Rhymes channel immortals for enjoyment
The soulful antisocial Goku
And I'm old school
So cool I can fly my vocals to Pro Tools
I just simplify, there's no rules
I just improvise how G.O.A.T.s do
My body of work is double jointed, bending all of the rules
Stretching the limits of science
Pulling all of the stops
My schedule's flexible with [?], I guess I'm fit to be on top
My legs triangled in a box
My Star of David's stellated
It carbonated then shape shift
Each point elongated weightless

From the [?] of sub Metu Neter
The edges extended to an icosahedron
Meditate eyes closed, I'm dreaming
Final shape dodecahedron
Time and place old mega regions
Back to Haitis, I chase the demons
Shovel for the devil, hope I see him
I seasoned the phoenix
Opened up God's stove
Throw him in with a bunch of garlic cloves
Diabolic flows, demonic [?], psychotic [?]
Pick out the skull, cross bones, tombstones
I'm a god, my piss is the color of the sun, my eyes are moon tone
An empath with the pen and pad
My paragraph of the master class
I write like I deal with the arts and the magic craft
Acid tabs
It's nothing left in my aftermath
Black mask, body bags, morphine, quarantine
They lift the illuminati flag
Narcissistic children and party dads
Mothers with attitudes, that's cluster b
Complex PTSD
Poet in post control
Lack of empathy, no sympathy for the century 'bout to explode

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