

Digital Ghost

Killah Priest

All scriptures are given by the inspiration of god and profitable for doctrine for reproof or corrections for instructions and righteousness that the man of god may be perfect
Duly furnished unto all good works
One, two, one, two, I had to put that first
Now this verse will run the devil out the church and chase the reaper back to his hearse
Here, lock the doors while going reverse
The [?] will go up, tail inverse
Then drop back down then close a gape hole in the earth
Demons will shovel themselves back into the dirt beneath the watchtower where the owls perch
When I write rhymes, it's usually nighttime off into May
When my words connect, I'll make Horus confess and chase him back to his nest and crack each one of his eggs
Or better yet I'll put a collar around anubis neck
Pull out a frisbee, play catch
Throw a planet, go fetch
Now bring it back, that's a good boy
This what happens when y'all make me upset
Just pay respect, I'll waive the debt
Y'all laid to rest
I did this alone, there's no bone to bone or flesh of my flesh
I get in my zone, the way I write is holy
It's sacred and quiet as the night
All the Mayans shave their heads and call each other homies
Or the night the Buddha discovered kung fu and did a move
Just made the leaves fall from trees into bamboo
Then call it tea then place it in big hot water pots so it can brew

Travel to the Yunnan mountains to go to school
Then went to the Shaolin mountains and taught the Wu
Born invincible, studied the seven principles
Every time my pencil move, my two eyes develop glaucoma
But my third eye is the kundalini cobra
So I can see the needy through corona
The flow is creamy like aioli over linguini with some okra
I'm alone in the mirror
Out of body I see Selassie alone making homemade [?]
Next I see Malcolm X in the morning with pancakes pouring syrup
Clarence X books in Europe, being read at cafes, quoted during plays
Regarded as a poet in his days and a god of his age

Uh, the birds chirping, uh, uh

You even zipline or cliff dive
I make the prophets start a mosh pit
When I spit rhymes, they get high
Get in a rocket, the black starship arrived in the nick of time
The game was getting out of pocket
Priest, it's time for you to drop it
Deliver the mind of the conscious
And I'm better than ever
And it keeps happening like Clark Kent walking through a metal detector
Y'all check my phone, I gotta go, my Rocket's to Nebula
They say, "walk through again," they check my bags, I'm coming out of my sweater

Reoccurring over and over, we can do this forever
It's always gonna be
It's just in me as infinity
It's just being Priest