

Exorcist

Killah Priest

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Each flavor jolly ranchers
Eight astronauts in space
Analysts suffer from brain cancer
Now they speak backwards
The Earth awaits the center of mass as they arrive
Only to thrive off a human flesh
Santa clause wife breaks her neck
And beaten to death, the Jesus theory was just a hoax
The devil catches The Holy Ghost
From a psalm that the Archangel had wrote
Hitler jerks off on the top of Jezebel's head
Give the children stone instead of bread
Chop off his head, split his body down the middle
I'm like a three year old and your bones are skittles
Riddle, diddle, little, sickle, pistol
Piddle, paddle, rattle, tattle, taboo
The bottle of Vicodin or Oxycodone
Now I see Martians, wavin' "Hello"
Their arms are long, their teeth are yellow
Pop another gram so I can see the Son of Man
I look up, oh yeah, the Son of Man
Now you see, now you don't
The trick is makin' them believe but they won't
Who killed 2Pac and ODB? Somebody's watchin' me
Paranoid drinkin' Coca-cola
The coffee cup spills over, I grab soda-after-soda
A drive-by shootin' at a weddin', so upsettin'
White gown, rice rose petals, blood spreadin'
f*ckin' then killin', killin' then f*ckin'
My brain's empty, my heart feels nothin'

My left side is numbin'
I ask myself, lemme ask you somethin'
Tryna catch my breath while I'm tryna write somethin' so fresh

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80 grams of Dilaudid, dopa- troponin
Hydromorphone, my eye's low, I morph into a King
Holdin' idols of the mammoth, gaff mist of stream
A psychedelic, angelic, relic
Used to bind Leviathan's wings
A night perish, his wife's precious
Holdin' his head, slide off his helmet
Lizard face, she drops 'em
Looks around the reptilian race wit long part tongue
My pupils dilate, my brain goes cuckoo
I must annihilate, I leap yoo-hoo
I feel great, a basket full of snakes
Upon the tablets, a long beard, a stone I still scrape
A poem of madness, I shot the devil on Easter eve
Behind hell's walls, you can still hear his wife grieve
She wore white on his funeral
All dead animals came back to life, it was beautiful
Lookin' unusual, a long trench-coat, lookin' grim
Ground hems spend smoke, slightly build posture
It's Priest the Mobster

A sick smile, holdin' his next vic', a small child
Could it be the next Savior?
Look for more millennium flows
Futuristic poems in my comic book of reality
Called the stargazer papers