

How Many

Killah Priest

My mind is designed like a Mayan pyramid
When you climb up the steps
You can get where the emerald is
I left witnesses for those who didn't believe
Show the depths of sentences, y'all forbidden to leave
Alphabets become images, you listen to see
How the breath of the lyricist can breathe 3-D
Trapped in each bar, it gets deep with the God
Like the five pillars that they teach at the Mosque
Try to defy Killah and you seek a mirage
Terrifying thriller, have you reaching your heart
Priest fitting to get dark, dark and it can get
Dark as the first nine Pharaohs that ruled Egypt
Dark as the moon cast the shadows that 'cause eclipse
Dark as the ladies with the tarots telling you secrets
Dark as the gun barrel right before you squeeze it
I enter your mind like an auditorium
Your picture was distorted but I restored your film
Now you see clearer, my pen has a lens
Like I'm sitting in a theater
Come back again
Remind you of Rakim, but I'm not him
Though we one and the same, the second coming of Kane
I'm like Kool G Rap, put the Uzi in rap
Or KRS One said it was cool to be black
For Slick Rick announced that the Ruler was back
Back in the days when gold jewelry was fat
Before Wu or Biggie, Nas, Jigga or 50
That was New Yiddy, they ruled the city

On the West Coast, it was run by Death Row
Pac gave 'em Thug Life, but I just hug mics
The grip of the python, the strength in my right palm
Will crush a competitor's life form

[Hook: x2]

How many MC's must I defeat?
How many rhymes must I show 'em technique?
How many metaphors?
How many letters in all
How many times must I show you I'm better than y'all?

Rhymes after rhymes, metaphors and lines
Since eighty four I recall the time
Left MC's inside of morgues and shrines
Weak technique get absorbed like wine
Then I piss 'em back under the trees and vines
This rapper that rapper I proved I'm better
Next one, I'm about to battle Webster
Do you think you can handle my pressure?
The weight of my thinking when I play with the ink pen
Is he old or new school?
Nah - I'm in a class by myself
Plus I drop math then I blast like a stealth
The bars you spit I use for chin ups
Soon as you lay 'em down, I press the bench up
Then I start spinning like them windchucks
Each paragraphs is like a Pharaoh in the past
Wide is the dome piece, and narrow is the path

[Hook x2]