

Most High

Killah Priest

('Troy' movie dialogue)

Achilles: At night I see their faces. All the men I've killed
They're standing there on the far bank of the river Styx
They're waiting for me. They say, 'Welcome, brother'
Achilles: We men are wretched things
Achilles: I told you how to fight but I never told you why to fight
Patroclus: I fight for you
Achilles: Yes, but who will you fight for when I'm gone?
Soldiers they fight for kings they've never even met
They do what they're told, they die when they're told to die
Patroclus: Soldiers obey
Achilles: Don't waste your life following some fool's orders

(Hook)

Who is the one - Jah
What is his name - God
Who is his son - Ra
What is his aba - Yah
Where is his - Amis-tad
Somewhere they're - Amen-Ra
Allahu - Akbar
Cut, cut, from the deep in the Congo's
Worshippin' - Durga
Cut, what is his abayah
Yah-hu - Yah-hu - Yah-hu

[Killah Priest]

Who so loveth the destruction love of knowledge
For he that hated reproof this brewage
Clueless, foolish, stupid, the truest
Wit two fists, five loaves of bread
Take the Priest and his robe
Then pass the rest of the dread
Now that the supreme flesh has been spread
And the elect has been fed
I unveil in the flesh Melchezedek
Throw rose pedals in front of his steps
Gold medals upon his chest
That old devil is a mess
Vex in his Lex
A man should be satisfied wit good by the food of his mouth
In a time of drought, his roots should still sprout
What the owl sees at night

So he should seed the speed of the field mouse
Priest the old tree wit broke leaves
Restored, pure, got up off of that cross
Brushed his bloody towels off
Took a shower, washed off the saw
Cover up the holes wit tats
He's back, no remorse, Five Mics in the Source
Five lights in his thought
Shines bright for the loss
The wisdom of the prudence is to understand his way
But to follow ya fool is deceit
And discrete and deceased

(Hook)

[Killah Priest]

I inherit genetics, esoteric from a ghetto's perspective
Poetic rebel, objective, on many levels, selective
Constitutional laws, pharmaceutical is yours
Bad fools create mad moves
The beef you eat turn us into a brute beast
Your intestines are infested wit germs
The terms - the garbage they injected
Make it hard to digest it
The pork on your fork create a corpse
The chicken they bring from the kitchen
Prepared by Satan's henchmen
George Washington chopped down a cherry tree
But that cherry tree was a Cherokee
Corrupt Government, Mobsters bury G's
These Black leaders hate me like they Pharisees
Everything I do the Pharaoh sees
The Mayan calendar checker, for updates on America
The letters redeemed, fully beamed, face gleam
Like Moses from the burnin' bush
I turned and look at my homies while they was burnin' kush
They all had this concernin' look
I spoke and said "Return the books"
Open and read my eternal hooks
See my writin', it's frightenin' as my journal shook

(Hook)