

Rocket to Nebula

Killah Priest

Y'all climb, I'll take the shuttle up
This rocket's towards the nebula
On board with the prophets and the messengers
Withdrawn from the conscious of the regulars
I'm just an agoraphobic space cadet that hasn't had his head checked, that rides around in a space-mobile, saying "Ya haven't heard my best yet"
And until I find my place of rest, I'm an insomniac with conscious rap
It's common facts
Ask around, don't go Google who got the promise back
'cause only the streets gonna tell you the real about the psychosis of the compulsive locomotive poet
The force explosive and claustrophobic astronaut that used to rock a flat top
Star track from Tibet, Nassau Project magna-bot
Head like a gigantic radio, back more knobs than a military watch

From the martians to Earth, I was a gift, I arrived in a glass box then ran into the jungle like a Sasquatch
When it came to blackness, Africa is my mascot
But really, this album is a reflection of things we take light
How to make it right, like I hope you had a good night rest or have a safe flight
Balloons at the delivery room
Or that feeling you get when someone says I'll be there soon
In my life, you're the most important
I love you, or you're simply gorgeous
Or they just say, "Just stay" or just "Have a nice day"

So I'm off of this tin can
Companies endorse me to wear their brand
Looking through the window at the waving hands
They're from the gods and millions of fans