

When I'm Writing

Killah Priest

[Intro : Killah Priest]

I just zone out When I'm Writing

Yo

[Killah Priest]

The weed is lit

It's given like an Indian gift

Passed around in a cipher

'til the bitches need pullin' tighter

Put out the fire

Blow out clouds of stress

Now's the test

Who's the first to talk crazy?

You cough, maybe the weed is still in your lungs

You beat ya chest 'til that feelin' will come

You high, viewin' a cipher behind your own eyes

Sayin' stupid shit, but to others you wise

Me, on the other hand I zone

Find a little spot to myself

'til I feel I'm alone

Talk to angels with black wings, silver halos

Build with Gabriel the Messenger

I'm Hugh Hefner, with long robes

In a porn show, women with pretty toes

The dizziest ho's

Then I turn romantic, write in sanscript

I put on my vision that I see inside my pen

Black-out is When I'm Writing

[Hook x2 : Killah Priest]

When I'm Writing

Flows go through me right into my pen

When I'm Writing

It's the artist within

When I'm Writing

I'm in tune with the Solomon books

When I'm Writing

It's more than just a song and a hook

[Killah Priest]

My pen's a crayon

With coloring books, displayin' chaos

The black seyanse, with the ink pores radared

Age quasars explorin' where the mind caves are

A riches being dug from a keys graveyard

It's the inscription written on Egyptian clay jar

I write rhymes like I'm doing time

Listen, when I hit the pen I start doing the sickest

I got the flow locked behind each bar

And if I get too wild

You can throw me in the box of ya car, it's not that far

My pen's an airbrush, thrown over ya favorite sweater

My notebook's leather, I write with a feather

My pages look like a Renaissance painting

Visions of St. John's conquerin' Satan

All made from my imagination

It's Priest, Lord, the Bishop of Vikings

When I'm Writing

[Hook x2]

[Killah Priest]

The way that I write, it's like a painting
I put on aprons
And brush my ink pen across the palette
Stare at the projects
'til I see somethin', then write about it
My pad's a canvas, filled with anthems
And words from the black panthers
To crack scramblers, to crack gamblers
To gat handlers, to cats in handcuffs
Doin' life
I lock myself in a room and I write
Rhymes I could do a life-time
When everything's relaxed
And I'm in my right mind
I sit still for months like a monk
'til Buddha bless me and grant me
With the wishes that I want
I want a thesaurus with clairvoyants
I rhyme for the enjoyment, my mind voyages
Ever since the day that man evolved
Scrapin' white chalk on candy walls
From the Stone Age of neanderthals
I've been writing
[Hook x2]