

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 seynance, 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]

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