

Excalibur (Radio Version)

Killah Priest

[Killah Priest]

That's it, it's war

Priesthood, Priest

(Mother Earth was pregnant from third thing

Your in lock with it, I have tasted

the maggots of the man, I was no up in this

But I knew I had to rise above it all

Or drown in all shit)Priest, Proverbs, hahaha

Y'all cats think I was just gonna come off, and I don't get none

Thought y'all wasn't hear from me again, right?

That's right baby, Killah Priest, Priesthood, Priest StoneKnow what I mean? Priesthood, yeah, uh

Yeah, yeah, this is Priest, yo, Killah Priest, Priest Stone, Priesthood

Back for good, know what I mean? Thought y'all wasn't gonna hear from me again

Now I gotta scream on everybody (family) everybody battlin'

Battlin' in the street, whatever, check this out, yo[Killah Priest]

It's Priest standin' in his greatness, God's favorite

I rock the Star like King David, my Queens bath it

I walk past, they start wavin'

Each arm, a thousand bracelets, face it, I'm the greatestMade women drunk from the royal fragrance

I rock the latest in fashion, my jewelry flashin'

In other countries, they can hear my magnums

When they blastin', I heard they sound like thunder clappin'Hit you in your stomach, watch you start gaggin'

Who gives a fuck if you're platinum?

If you're lyin' in a wooden casket

For good, now that's Hood...[Chorus]

Yo, every knee shall bow, every tongue shall confess

Enemies lie down while I'm clutchin' my tech

It's on, the Priest, the Prophet, the King, the God

The sun, you see him quickly when I'm poppin' my gun

It's on...[Killah Priest]

Thou shall fear me, only as thou'se been guilty

Feel me, sincerely yours, Priest, now industry tried to kill me

Before sat at tables, like the Savior at The Last Supper

Amongst nine rap lovers, three crack hustlers, with gats coveredPeep my last words, in the Proverbs, observe me

If you're worthy, I 'member your ass show

When y'all was wet and cold, I cover y'all with robes

Gave y'all flows, when y'all give y'all soulI gave y'all flesh, covered y'all bones

Breathed in you, sat y'all in thrones

Now y'all betrayed me, I raised thee from babies

To y'all were grown men
For your birthday, I gave y'all your own pen
To write with, beware of vipers, and snakes and biters
I taught y'all about the depths of words and dark sentences
Now y'all don't remember shit, but try to mimic it
When I see my crown, just give me it, it's mine
Seek your own rhyme, it's on, seek your own rhymes, come on!
[Chorus][Killah Priest]
I lay rappers down, with the mac or the pound
Pop 'em, stretch 'em out with they backs to the ground
Leave 'em lost in the woods, gotta find them with hounds
My four five'll turn a nigga from fatigues to bow-ties, no lie
Put a nigga close by, the Most High
Or he's a Dream Catcher, the Indian myth, pick one
Semi or fifth, your shell get hit, ladies spell my shit
A-D-D, I-see-T, I-V-E, lick your lips, come try me
Contestants, hook 'em up to I.V.
In hospital, I pop pistols, fellas get ya hit like Hot Nikkels
Killah Priest, the Priest Stone, or High Priest, I pop three
Leave rappers in memory, the winner be me
Priesthood, A.K.A. Body, yo
[Chorus: x2]

Songwriters

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