

# Excalibur

## 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 Stone Know 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 greatest Made 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 covered Peep 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 soul I 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]

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