

# Musifixtion

## Killah Priest

[Intro: Killah Priest]

{ \*dogs barking\* }

Priesthood

It's time to ride on y'all

A cat named Priest, yo[Killah Priest]

They say it comes like a thief in the night

Some say you see fire when he breathes on the mic

The legend has it, his neck and his back is tattered

On his arms are scriptures of psalms

Just picture a Don with vultures on his shoulder

A pearl gun in his holster under the seat

One on the chauffer, twisted cobras in front of his ride

Gun to his side, blunted eyes

Lookin' up at thunderous skys

The wonders arrive, statues change position

Stone eyes open up, pupils follow me inside

This is the time, the twisted mind of Priest

White wolves leap out the woods

Bite at the hoves of all the horses

Return like Christ in the hood

And the month now is Black August, c'mon[Chorus: Killah Priest]

Pay or deny me, stood right beside me

Try to divide me, while all y'all musify me

Pay or deny me, stood right beside me

Try to divide me, while all y'all musify me[Killah Priest]

Picture me on a black cross

Black crows near both arms

Blood drippin' from both palms

And I'm squirmin' 'cause the sore of my wounds are burnin'

Tossed from the wombs of virgins

I seen it all, medical room of surgeons

Read it all and the capy version

I look down, people spittin' and cursin'

Everybody quiet listin' to the sermon

Record Exec's dress like Romans

Pierce in my side, I'm goin through convulsions

Starin' straight to a jet black ocean

Three times I heard the rooster crow

Cats I used to know denied me but now use my flow

Used to feel my taste, my eyes searched the crowd for a familiar face  
All bein' persecuted for purchasing the music  
I'm like the works of a Judas  
Or does it when I hurt my movement  
While crooked lawyers gamble at the foot of my cross  
My spirit leaves to the hoods of New York  
I see streaks of lightning, angels with white wings  
Above me flapping across the skys  
They thought I died until one of them heard my cries[Chorus][Killah Priest]  
Now I'm back with blood on my hands, blood on my wings  
Clutchin' two sub-machines, duckin' and screams  
Two fully loaded magazines with M-16's  
Clappin' in the crowd, I empty out and reload  
I squeeze low, with one knee to the flo'  
I'ma get all you bastards  
Loadin' up bullets the size of carrots  
The kind the CIA find on the Arabs  
When I'm through y'all won't need any caskets  
I'ma leave y'all for the birds and the maggots  
Then I'ma strike the matches  
Burn up ya corpses, it's like I'm possessed by forces  
Priest the sorceress, then the clouds gather  
Then the foul scatter, in the air I can taste the warfare  
Y'all didn't think I'll be back for vengeance  
Well y'all wrong, nowl suffer the consequences  
And I came with armed defences  
Highly trained to break your fences inChorus[Outro: Killah Priest]  
Yeah they wanna musify me man  
Just like they crucified Christ  
But this is music, they musified me  
But just like him, if I die  
I rise in three days  
Believe me don't search at the grave  
I'll be in the PJ's hahahaha  
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