View From Masada

Killah Priest

[killah priest]
Get it goin, yeah, yeah
Feel this shit, word is bond
Niggaz got shit on they mind
Get it out your chest
You got somethin to say?
Spill it out
It's that priest shit
I've waited for thisMonth august, year '70, endin of my mom's pregnancy
Beginnin of masada's legacy, christ blew the breath in me
To rule is my destiny, mind is my weapontry
Bless it be, priest, fly 'mitri's, dashikis
Suck from the fine titties of nefertitti, slept in teepees
Kings, pharoahs kiss the ring when they see me
Is how they greet me, take trips weekly
Dwell by the havens, fed by a raven
Ate from the beak of eagles, sat with hebrews
Broke bread with the holy people
Bit from the tree of good and evil
Ate this dry fruit whole, swallowed the seeds too
Lived in the land of the strong and feeble
Some had egos, some were peaceful
Smile when they greet you
I appear, appeared through the windows
With weirdos, saw widows who played with dildos
Nymphos, wrapped they legs around satin pillows
Silver robe, holdin the rose
Mexicanos, latin and negros
Lived the life of thug passion heros
We live in projects with ghetto belly dancers
That enchant us, when you see us bring yo camerasChorus: killah priest {2x}Yo, it's the view from masada
The saga, priest the author
The godfather, the scholar
I write drama, decomposer, best noah
They watch us, build for hours
Behold the, behold the[killah priest]
Yo, we sip wine around golden candles
Wearin mantels, tellin ghost stories
I propose a toast, as a whole splash of lightning

The sky's is stormy, then it dawned on me
It was a dope fiend and two hell scorchened shorties
That lured me, to my first orgy
Apartment 4d, met a fine harlet named audrey
She adored me, she seduced me with her beauty
Neck full of jewelry, she wore a see-through gown
With her eye she forced me to lay down
Then she asked me, was I new in town
And with a smile she said she has peace offerings
This day she paid her vow
Let us make love and afterwards we worship an owl
This war lady, when she tried to play me
Get me in the bed to spray me
Kisses of her lips taste like taffy
Plus she wore the scent of tasprey
Ask me if that attracts me
Whispers in my ear are pure blasphemy
She said I decked my bed with mur, aloes and roses, cinnamon
It's a place for gentlemen, with a youthful look I entered in
The sins of men, the devil's lust, the luck of women
With cat eyes, her man's a rabbi
Walks with a raincoat, top hat, bow tie
And walkin with a cane, puffin his pipe
Saw me through the blinds fuckin his wife
I busted her twice, grabbed me by my windpipe
Pulled out a knife, 'nough said, bloodshed at the end of the nightChorus {2x}[killah priest]
Yeah, yeah
Got to lay down the law, you know?
Masada the beloved
Killah priest, macabee worldwide
Yeah, pour the wine and raise your glass high into the sky
Yeah, like that, haha
Yeah, yeah, we just maintainin
Word, fuck all y'all fake ass other niggaz
Yeah, what?
Yeah...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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