Bob Ross

Killah Priest

My life is a transition Something wonderful is unfolding within my writtens Inside my space book, the Jesus, jedi, the unknown, god's chromosome Beautiful color tone cover my bones The sky color of red dye Beneath the ascension solar system From supernovas, I unrolled into this existence Unfolded, vibrated out of light But icy shadows gave me my pigment My flesh is tinted, opium scented No religion, I wrote the sentence I'm true and living The summer ghost and the yellow coat I watch the sky crack like an egg The clouds spread out like the whites, the sun was the yolk Liquid sunshine, wishful dreams Mystic pastime, I fed the fish in the stream That's where I met her, Metu Neter, Neter Metu Before the ancestors came to get her From a pillar of smoke, she spoke My humble posture stood by the willow oak She said, "Killah, you woke, stay woke" We spoke all night 'til day broke It's like I spoke to Gabriel or hundreds of angels Standing at the top of the trail was a gray horned owl Storm clouds, then calmed down It's late afternoon in the woods where there's bears and wolves It's rare but oh yeah, without a care, I'm good The freelancer in the flatlands I need answers, don't tap dance More enhanced black man In the daylight [?], we never seen the meadows and the marshlands Ta-da, I make my art stand with a harp in hand Imagination parades with a marching band All started from rapping at park jams It's funny, sometimes I think it's all part of a plan The ghetto never seen the evergreen Long fields of rain over prairies Open country, floating fairies Fine dandelions to sleep in, emotions are heavy Right here is where you vision a patch of berries These are Bob Ross thoughts, but my paint brush is how I came up It was gang stuff, stick ups, cocaine rush Hop in the trains and the bus Hold up, let me explain, I never thought King Tut was the same as us

Never slang much but the football game was tough Mister Rogers' Neighborhood was in the midst of robbers on Gates and Hood's Deep thoughts, unknown source

Never puffed dust, maybe once