

# Breathe

Killah Priest

[Intro: Killah Priest]

Yeah, breathe in, Priesthood

Let's do it...

[Killah Priest]

Slug out, never that, young dude, clever cat

Eat shit, smoke spliffs, get high, reminisce

Innocence, bulletproof, any one, pullin' through

Junior High, do it fly, fuck in grade Summer school

Comin' through, get me drunk, blunted too, every month

Hundred shoes, every son, wanted jewels, never front

Got older, hunger grew, watched most the younger fools

Squat out from the guns they usin', not close to the most of them

Quarter rolls, microphones, one, two, revolution

Sons due, evolution, in a rhyme, ghetto music

In the mind, 'cause I'm movin, in time, intertwine

Lines all out of ideas, thoughts expose the road

Painted pictures, mask very clear, like a spear

Fallin' from the atmos, my raps soaked in the pages

Kids I play with, different flavors, instant paper

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

[Chorus 2X: Killah Priest]

I just breathe, the breathe of life in the mics

Feel my notepads with sites, now, guide you like God did to Israelites

I just breathe, the breathe'll in whole tap

Into my cassettes, fate awakin' you, holdin' in like herb in your chest

[Killah Priest]

I'd rather spit it to it right, then a dome

Like a jewel in a throne, microphone, recite a poem

Hypotone, mellow out the ghetto route, track thugs meadow out

Crack blood devil house, gat slugs, here's your addict

Pushers of conceited habits, took us, look and seen me mad it

Cash laws, blast hog, gas talk in the hood

Black boars, burnin' wood, crack walls turnin' good

Nickel bags, crystal mag, blackout, semi' four

Black watch, ready for war, sasquatch, fantastic four

Blood, strength, through the Clan, wear the colors of our black

Love our mothers, love our dads, sister drug out on that glass

You ain't mad when they ain't sell refer, jump out the window, chasin' Jesus

Hunt me in the garbage, told me, he's a prophet

Used to recite scriptures, and dust, now our skin poppin'

Gems drop in '88, baby cake, first born

I'm crazy late, words long, worst one was '91

[Chorus 2X]

[Killah Priest]

Second son, I'm stressin' young, blesses come, record deal

Kept it real, tess my skills, '96, my third born

Word born, vicious like he held him tight, and mellow hobby

I'm the father and the author, change my name to Masada

First rhyme, search mine, first crime, I stole a ring

Sold it, soak in dreams, felt guilty but the feelin' passed

Learned to put, all my feelings in my past

Kids that had a thinking, took my books and bring

Gave you read, all these laws

Blow coasts, smoke spliff, old flicks, focused

Flip cake, chicks scrape, that's me, thick braids

Swift blade, in the pockets, sick days in the projects

Slick way, I'm the stocking cap, I just got in rap

Family, photo albums, gun, drugs, know the outcome  
Book, sweater, picture very, wedding flicks, obituaries  
Lyrics that be military, haunt you like a cemetery  
Hahahah... breathe in  
[Chorus 2X]