

## Contact High

Killah Priest

Killah Priest, Rocket To Nebula  
Killah Priest, Rocket To Nebula  
Rocket To Nebula  
Rocket To Nebula

First rapper to tape his verse on a computer

Although the voices are different, it's still controlled, controlled, controlled by the user

(I am the greatest)  
(I am the greatest)  
(of all ages)

(I'd rather be smoking weed)  
(I'd rather be smoking weed)

Multidimensional  
The beast is like an interlude  
When I write, it's like an interview  
Nights within my living room  
Right outside my swimming pool  
The lights is metaphysical  
It's bright, I said it lyrical  
Alchemy  
Pages like a palette  
My pen has made my palate the brush  
In front of an island of trees  
s in touch  
I'm in touch with the galaxy  
I'm well awake  
You can tell my growth from a telescope  
I'm what provoke  
The spells I wrote could be encased in a carbonite jar that's tight behind a velvet rope  
The bars I write is for modern life in god's delight  
Israelites, mystic types  
And given wisdom is visions of Allah tonight  
My right hand coming for the skeleton's throat  
The element ghost  
Can you break down my intelligent quotes?  
Then make revolt?  
Paradigm shift  
Travel time switch  
Planning mind trips  
Planet alignment  
Parallel lines twist to a helix vortex of spirits  
More less lyrics  
Alkaline mirrors the purest  
The realest  
When I was young, I wanted to give Cinderella my genitalia  
  
Interstellar ancestor fortune teller since the Walkman era  
Space police codename Gordon Lester  
Important letter from the war on terror  
My force is better  
The source forever

You can't absorb the pressure  
You can't recall the never  
It's raw together, astounding  
We the only two here and I still got you surrounded  
Confounded by my announcement  
I go to war while I'm still lounging  
I can take off but I'm still grounded  
A lot of weight loss but I'm still balanced  
The sacred native said while he was painted red, "he's the only train that c  
an make the clouds withhold rain"  
As he threw magic dust on the open flame, while reciting the holy name, he s  
ang and danced all night in the forest 'til the coyotes came  
And all the smoke and the quotes couldn't hold him tame  
As they showed their fangs, one got bold, went low and the others did the sa  
me  
Slow as they ganged, he dropped to his knees and felt the scorpion sting  
As he holds his knee, he cried out to the coyotes  
But it was so much blood that their coats were stained  
And where the sacred native stood, there were no remains  
That was close  
Baby, roll up the window  
Blow your smoke  
So we get high  
You're not alone, I brought a blunt to roll  
I get a contact high every time I touch you  
  
Baby, roll up the window  
That was close