

Nothing Like It

Killah Priest

[Killah Priest]

15 wit one in the head, could did it all
No friends were called, then I recalled
Somethin' smeared on the wall
Close relationships I hated it, we split
Dated this chick, atheist
God stained seven but he played the six
Dated CO's, left 'em wit bulge
Kept me in clothes, but said I wasn't respectable
So the sex got cold
Little did I know, I was the next to go
Drivin', starrin' up at the horizon
Flyin', windows down, blastin' the stereo sound
Pass the carnival, the Merry-Go-Round
Goin' up the mountain, to the Indian burial ground
Nothin' but glowin' eyes on the hounds
Sounds of howls, but turnin' the heads of owls
Come thru the white clouds
Look what I found? The psychic

(Hook)

There's nothing like it
There's nothing like it
One of a kind his mind
And there's nothing like it

[Killah Priest]

The last days, signs of the time
I'm on some crime, blind by the television
The hell I vision is rivers of fire
Accordin' to the scriptural writings
There's no after death for the spirit inside us
The afterlife is those chapters we write
All great place a peace, not that lake full of heat
Could you imagine listenin' to a seven headed dragon?
Grabbin', madmen chewin' their heads off
Less talk, while the communist is stabbin'
Now I think those were metaphors and the letters of Paul
Greece and Rome had Olympics, naked gymnasts
For instance, he would say it, if it related
The race is not given to the swift
But, to them that endure, put on the whole armor
We wrestle not against flesh and blood
He was watchin' the Olympic Games thru a prison wall
So the dragon heads were their empires
Led every word of God be true and every men the liar

(Hook)

[Killah Priest]

I turn listeners to my prisoners
Doin' time on my rhymes
Soon as I hit the pen they get to my channels
Stimulatin' the brain cells
Trained to use well, while writin' I ask myself
How long is the sentence?
Not until each line is finished

Usually the bars end a little past the margin
Tho the court in my thoughts
The DA is the clean page; the judge is a ink spot
Right where I think plots
Below the thinkers is the hung jury
It comes to me, truly
What makes me write this? The feelin' inside

(Hook)