

# 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)