

# Osirus Eyes

Killah Priest

[Hook:]

What y'all niggas want? Go get your set

Make y'all pussies run, Load up my Tek

Attack like lions, Go straight at the neck

Hyena niggas down, My paws on they chest

Show you canines before we tear in your flesh

Breathing down your face son, I can taste your death

I know you're scared now, nigga, I see the sweat

Razor sharp teeth, come close like Gillette

I return like the Prodigal Son, Y'all can rest

The arguing's done, rappers scared

They marveled I've come

Problem One; I can see why I'm startling some

Because I come in peace but my apostles have guns

Son of Man, in his glory with revolvers to lungs

Now stand still witness the god while I rob you for funds

I must say, Priest spits with a remarkable tongue

Now let's us see what deep flows the Masada has brung

Right before I get in my zone, I sit in my throne

Then I lounge, one foot pivot while I'm spitting my poems

My poetry so vivid it was written in stone

They say Priest is some sort of mystic

He speaks wisdom unknown

I'm the poet blindfolded my queen's palms cover my ears

So when I wrote this intuition was there

My brain's a replica of Mecca

My mind holds the secrets to Egypt

But however I stay on some street shit

I write the scrolls on a hundred skulls  
My cunning flow is stunning  
It's like you're blunted, has you under control  
Mumbling to yourself while I'm confronting your soul  
Priest, the deity meant to crumble the globe  
Behold a flow out of this world  
Throwing dollars at girls sliding on poles  
To diamonds and pearls  
Aligning of the stars Priest be Osiris rhyming  
My eyelids marked around with black chalk  
Like Nas on his album cover I Am...  
Like Malcolm my brothers, let's take a stand

Teachers, teacher and the angel came forth holding the scroll  
Given the offering tell us more he said

I write street archives with deep dark eyes  
My meek heart cries  
When I see the murders beneath god's skies  
I record and lose the disk but we keep hard drives  
Ask Dreddy after the flow  
Show you where bodies are buried  
Worries cover the face of Reverend Jesse  
Just hold steady  
I'm 'bout to drop something old but heavy, ready?  
Before this rap all I knew was wrapping up grams  
Only tracks I knew was on the arms of Sam  
Nigga arm was like a pin cushion  
Y'all just starting but I been Brooklyn  
Central Booking '91 in the pen with hoodlums  
I sit still like I'm Teddy Pendergrass

Which pen should I grab?

My rhymes is like it's portal

I can see in the past

Some say I'm immortal dark skin with a staff

[Hook]