

# Goodbye

Killah Priest

feat. SoulStice  
[Intro: Killah Priest]  
Uh.. Black August  
Good Morning America  
It's Killah Priest back at ya  
I'm feelin' good tonight, uh-huh  
Priesthood, Big you in the house, SoulStice  
We gon' do this, stay focused  
Yeah, I feel it, uh-huh  
Yeah.. yeah, yo, yo

[Killah Priest]  
The mouth and tongue of Malcolm  
Tellin' my publicist, fuck this government  
Go 'head and make my album, this is the judgment  
Vacate the island, billions will start wildin'  
The feelin' of violence will have trillions in silence  
Or watchin' the news, Arabs against Jews  
They bombin' the schools, political fools  
Liberal move, is all confused, gun users  
Instead of peace talk, fuck this world  
I ride for Z. York, pass the heat off  
I blast at Farahkhan to overthrow Babylon  
Fuck this world, that's why we carry on  
By the Email Fidel, tell him meet me on the D.L.  
No longer a free world, think of shank or Verra'  
This be the days of terror.. SoulStice

[SoulStice]  
Oh shit, amazin' grace, how sweet the sound  
Savin' slaves, another body found  
Bound to the streets where we drown if we sleep  
We make heat instead of peace  
Struggle to heat, and breathe  
On Shiek metal swords before we eat  
To teach, shake my head in disbelief  
41 shots, a young brotha deceased  
Gunned down by police, is there no justice, no peace?  
So fuck the police, listen, I walk with P.  
Ignorance leakes like back streets of sickness  
Or disease, and our weakness, we bleed  
Deceive to believe in this modern Eden, we thief  
Conceive through this belly, we beasts  
Ninety thieves stalk woods for Priest  
Leave out this laws of Camenites  
We strive to rise like height  
But through hate we over-weigh our fate  
And fall like meteorite, to spread the self-sacrifice  
Instill like these parasites, in drug bites  
Prescribe a mind of 360 degree fahrenheit  
In the dark like midnight, these words I recite  
I once was blind but now I..

[Killah Priest]  
See the light..  
Freedom fights in prison, sprung from religion  
Taught by elders, the system failed us, no one to help us

Priest is, withstanding Priestess, but stand on thrones judgin' Egypt  
Peep the eclipse, the shadows cover the moon  
The Devils govern the fools, they stubborn as Jews  
Pearls before swine, I quiz them, they need more time  
Seek the wisdom, free your mind  
From the cobras, it's Priest and SoulStice  
We came to teach the culture  
We can stand the heat like vultures  
Open ya wings, the soul of a King  
Song of a Queen, dawned with the wings  
Bow and kiss 'em, if he's a fraud than strip 'I'm  
From all this badness, greet him with daggers  
We more than rappers, we the masters

[SoulStice]

Even after.. World War 3, the war of intelligence  
The court, self-defence is common sense  
Third corridors and drug stores  
Immensely spokes and leave scars of no evidence  
Dense minds outlined in chalk, the refined walk  
Can rise again like cocks, a resurrection at box  
Religious, intervenous, take my name in vain  
Clinically insane, hold secrets  
Mentally slain for their repentance by the government  
Hold the third commandment, who's the man sent?  
Modern Lazurus, hands wake the nation

[Killah Priest]

It's revelations, I'm takin' medication, my head is achin'  
I've been by a weapon since the 11th  
Stars and stripes vs. a star and crescent  
God's blessin', be a soldier, I gotta speak out on Oprah  
I'm Under Siege, I grab my gun and fatigues  
Plead my woman and seeds, hundreds shall bleed  
I speak blunted from weed  
Do why'all really want peace or why'all want to see war?  
Crates of candles on crates of C4  
Why they rich and why we poor?  
If he Jacob do that make him Esaw?  
Is Colin Powell really Bush as Igor?  
Why did terrorist attack the entire Eastern seaboard?  
Who taught the men to kill theyselves?  
They're received Allah's rewards, we need to read more  
Priest, I rap with razor blades on the side of each jaw  
In the millennium, war against Palestinians  
A century is done, plenty of guns  
Plenty of bombs, many shall come  
And my name, a homeless man ridin' a train  
Day and night, leavin' my head with migraines  
It's the atomic age, we either smokin' chronic or sage  
The blood of Jesus, Decepti-concept  
Martin Luther King had a dream  
Gun shots create a smokescreen  
We throw on concrete, I wear a bandana like the Panthers  
Back to court with my handgun

[Chorus x2: Both]

It's real as the masonic seal on a dollar bill  
Conspiracy theories that got Kennedy killed  
Or the secret governments, Blood and Crip  
Worldwide, look at the future through your third eye

GoodBye..