

Heavy Mental

Killah Priest

[Killah Priest]

The mind Heavy Mental Jesus Christ is Heavy Mental

Everything brings in Heavy Mental day the day you will experience
something

Heavy Mental never done Heavy Mental..

Information begins the gathering

starting the pattern and stargate towards Saturn

between the eye socket is where I will build my sky rocket

you don't need any passport all you need is a thought

suddenly the soul becomes hot as coal

the flame blows from out my brain holes like a volcano

the brain begins to process as we start the conquest

from out the physical bondage, the thought

launches, voyaging 144 billion light years through the shadows of your
imagination

now open your eyes do you see the flaming arrows aiming at pharoahs

inhibitions

as we begin-racing like a sparrow through the narrow population

seeking purification, the destination is the holy land, of Bethlehem

I eat lamb with Abraham and break bread with the son of man

so slowly, hold these hands and stretch forth from the skies like a
rubber band

as I begin to step you above the land out of the atmosphere

don't look back why, cause we're almost there

just try to prepare and adapt to the air pressure

now we searching for the mental treasure (pleasure)

beyond the measure of yards

you can't comprehend to god or to distance between stars

pick up quasars inside the radar

as we're going far past any astronaut
moving so fast in this aircraft
everything we pass get hot, from the take-off
the blast turns glass into rocks
at last my supreme task was to no longer walk on green grass
till I become a beam of gas
and travel through a extreme draft
unable, to be picked up through cable (through cable)
out of the reach of all manner of sky examiners, heaven scanners,
giant antennas, high tech space cameras
or evidence in any cemetery or obituary
not found in any library or dictionary or encyclopedia or media
I'm in star mode, with the discipline of dahmo, I broke the U.S. bar
code
now I'm on Allah's road to journey, into the realms of the cosmos
where only god knows or goesl, blow like a UFO
to give up my work clothes, only to glow with a holy robe
and explode through the mysterious black holes
deep warp the outer zone, without a phone, to the unknown
to sit on my throne alone (Heavy Mental)
I'm the pilot on galactical plain of knowledge the culture
my sculpture, lights up the ultra violet
so you could see my brain is symbolic, to a palace
therefore I keep my hair stylish, my flesh solid
my teeth polished, next stage, examin my x-ray
take notes for your essay, and let my cassette play for longer than a
decade
as we begin to blaze, through the milky ways
repenting from our filthy ways, replenish for our guilty days
the eyeballs, swell up the size of eggs, beyond dreamland
wing span, 7 feet, between the eyes is the beak

destination of the ride, is to reach is the peak, angelic landscape
takes the physical man behind the hidden gates of space
ultimate escapes as we go at a phenomenal rate
as we cruise going into magnitude
as we break up into a multitude of molecules
going through a long hollow tube with a scholars view
as, we wearing the white garment, passing sound waves
that's supersonic, passing the comets, star clusters
changing my physical structure, till my lips begin to pucker
kissing Christ at the last supper
grabbing a brass cup of wine (Heavy Mental)
I feel myself getting older, sitting on my sofa
in the position like yoga, till my mind passes over
the solar system, my wisdom nova, I am the controller
I begin to loosen up my shoulders forming each joint
into the suns 8 points, then I, begin to rise like helium
escape in the milleniumm, two thousand
meditating to the soft note of a violin
I've been on Mars, building the holy synagogue
for the royal seminars, long before they had the renaissance
there existed a hebrew lodge (Heavy Mental)
a phenomenon from out of the matrix
the world looks at me with envy and hatred
just because I appear to them half naked
rising into a spaceship
with an arm full of solid gold bracelets
a phenomenon from out of the matrix (Heavy Mental)
now the only time (Heavy Mental)
the only time you should catch.. (Heavy Mental)
only time, you could have
jet lag is if your cassette drag.. (Heavy Mental)
rock a by ? (Heavy Mental)

yo, just chill (Heavy Mental)

stop the tape (Heavy Mental)

(STOP IT!) Heavy Mental