

## View From Masada

Killah Priest

[killah priest]  
Get it goin, yeah, yeah  
Feel this shit, word is bond  
Niggaz got shit on they mind  
Get it out your chest  
You got somethin to say?  
Spill it out  
It's that priest shit  
I've waited for this

Month august, year '70, endin of my mom's pregnancy  
Beginnin of masada's legacy, christ blew the breath in me  
To rule is my destiny, mind is my weaponry  
Bless it be, priest, fly 'mitri's, dashikis  
Suck from the fine titties of nefertitti, slept in teepees  
Kings, pharoahs kiss the ring when they see me  
Is how they greet me, take trips weekly  
Dwell by the havens, fed by a raven  
Ate from the beak of eagles, sat with hebrews  
Broke bread with the holy people  
Bit from the tree of good and evil  
Ate this dry fruit whole, swallowed the seeds too  
Lived in the land of the strong and feeble  
Some had egos, some were peaceful  
Smile when they greet you  
I appear, appeared through the windows  
With weirdos, saw widows who played with dildos  
Nymphos, wrapped they legs around satin pillows  
Silver robe, holdin the rose  
Mexicanos, latin and negros  
Lived the life of thug passion heros  
We live in projects with ghetto belly dancers  
That enchant us, when you see us bring yo cameras

Chorus: killah priest {2x}

Yo, it's the view from masada  
The saga, priest the author  
The godfather, the scholar  
I write drama, decomposer, best noah  
They watch us, build for hours  
Behold the, behold the

[killah priest]  
Yo, we sip wine around golden candles  
Wearin mantels, tellin ghost stories  
I propose a toast, as a whole splash of lightning  
The sky's is stormy, then it dawned on me  
It was a dope fiend and two hell scorched shorties  
That lured me, to my first orgy  
Apartment 4d, met a fine harlet named audrey  
She adored me, she seduced me with her beauty  
Neck full of jewelry, she wore a see-through gown  
With her eye she forced me to lay down  
Then she asked me, was I new in town  
And with a smile she said she has peace offerings  
This day she paid her vow

Let us make love and afterwards we worship an owl  
This war lady, when she tried to play me  
Get me in the bed to spray me  
Kisses of her lips taste like taffy  
Plus she wore the scent of tasprey  
Ask me if that attracts me  
Whispers in my ear are pure blasphemy  
She said I decked my bed with mur, aloes and roses, cinnamon  
It's a place for gentlemen, with a youthful look I entered in  
The sins of men, the devil's lust, the luck of women  
With cat eyes, her man's a rabbi  
Walks with a raincoat, top hat, bow tie  
And walkin with a cane, puffin his pipe  
Saw me through the blinds fuckin his wife  
I busted her twice, grabbed me by my windpipe  
Pulled out a knife, 'nough said, bloodshed at the end of the night

Chorus {2x}

[killah priest]  
Yeah, yeah  
Got to lay down the law, you know?  
Masada the beloved  
Killah priest, macabee worldwide  
Yeah, pour the wine and raise your glass high into the sky  
Yeah, like that, haha  
Yeah, yeah, we just maintainin  
Word, fuck all y'all fake ass other niggaz  
Yeah, what?  
Yeah...