

Untitled

Killer Mike

You are witnessing elegance in the form of a black elephant
Smoking white rhino on terraces
Will I die slain like my king by a terrorist?
Will my woman be Coretta, take my name and cherish it?
Or will she Jackie O, drop the Kennedy, remarry it?
My sister say it's necessary on some Cleopatra shit
My grandmama said nope, never, that it's sacrilege
Tend to agree because the thought is so disparaging
The Lord give a load, you got to carry it like Mary did
That's why I'm giving honor to all these baby mommas
It takes a woman's womb to make a Christ or Dalai Lama
The world might take that child, turn that child into a monster
The Lord'll take a monster and fashion him a saint
I present you Malcolm X for those who saying that He can't
Saying that He won't, when I know He will
You usually don't know it's you until you getting killed
For real

Dear Lord, have mercy
On your once forgotten life like it's a game
We love
I won't be forced to shut up when I don't feel the same
Cause people gonna lie
Some people gonna steal
You gotta be careful not to shit where you live
Them people might try to have you killed
Lord have mercy, life is such a battlefield
For real

I ain't never gave a fuck
I never did and never will
Live my life on press appeal
Keep it true, keep it real
Better said, I keep it trill
And no matter who don't like it, homie
That's just how it is
Naked truth like the stripper that's in front of me
And I keep a blunt and a 5-11 gun on me
Why? Cause I'm country-bred
Actually, I'm south-er-ern
Something like my brethren
The legendary Andre 3K, Cee Lo, Goodie, and some other men
You should pay some homage, it's an honor this
This is not a fiction that is sold by conglomerates
This is Soul of Black Folks mixed with Donald Goines shit
Better said rob a bet, esoteric I could get
This is John Gotti painting pictures like Dali
This is Basquiat with a passion like Pac
In a body like Biggie, telling stories like Ricky
If a rapper was to spar, please tell him better kick it
You with me?

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I don't trust the church or the government
Democrat, Republican
Pope or a bishop or them other men
And I believe God has sustained you with rap
So I pick a burning bush, put it in a Swisher wrap
And they can't kill a G, I seen how I die
I'm only going once, a coward dies a thousand times

I'm a spit this ghetto gospel over all these gutter songs
I'm gone