

# Stigmata

Ab-Soul

Righteous man  
Walk with me  
Bear the burden

Yo, yo, yo, no, no  
Don't do you dare, cast one stone in air  
I'm cracking stone with bare hands, you're a mere man  
I know my stoners here, all my visionaries  
Shades in the night, that's a scary sight  
I'm never in the dark though, my squad the brightest circle  
Watch with the internet alone I enlighten the whole globe  
That's iTunes from a nigga with astigmatism  
I got it from my moms, thank you Steve Jobs  
You took my grandpa job and you gave me a job  
Not just a physical but digital way of displaying my rhymes  
And making these kind people pay a fine  
I've been through a lot, I deserve a lot, this work's fine

I carry the cross, if Virgin Mary had an abortion  
I'd still be carried in the chariot by stampeding horses  
I'm more than a man, I've been died and rose again  
Left these holes in my hands, so you know who I am  
Stigmata, stigmata, stigmata  
Yawk-Yawk-Yawk-Yawk  
Stigamata, stigmata, stigmata

From the fiery pits, on some Dead Poet's Society shit  
Here to bring you a variety mix  
Grab my dick, violently spit  
Cause I don't give a fuck about the type of shit  
Batty boys are on, get your vaginas wet  
And you shaking in your ballet shoes  
At the restaurant we valet twos, bad news  
Half moons on ten goons, uh  
On the four wheeler shredding up the sand dunes  
There's something wrong and that's quite clear  
I smell deception in the night's air  
That shit is sweeter than a ripe pear  
For your love, I cut my right ear

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Oh no, no, no they didn't  
Cause these ain't bars, these prisons  
Walk with me, every step I take in these Visvims  
Real rare breed, cut from the cloth like  
A phoenix feather when I write, molotov, yikes!  
You seen them flowers bloom, know that they grew in despair  
A blessing in disguise, nobody knew it was there  
My crown has been made, I just had to put it on  
Now I spread my wings and let the bird of dawning sing its song

And when my grandpa died I broke down and cried  
But still I am more than a man, I am a God  
Sweetest is pain amongst all of the thriller things  
I been through enough and so I need all of the iller things

One of these days some simple soul will pick up the Book of God  
Read it, and will believe it  
Then the rest of us will be embarrassed