

20 Karat Jesus

Freddie Gibbs

Yeah, kane
Yeah
Yeah, yeah

My ambitions as a rider, nigga
Survival off that powder, nigga
Currently smoking that kill in the hills
Where you can't find a nigga
Crack cocaine, microwave
Dealer was on that type of nigga
No sleep, bags under my eyes is designer, nigga
Blinded and misguided, nigga
Heavenly father take the wheel
I'm on the interstate with some Guerrillas
With shit can get me like 200 years
Thug in the pen, I need forgiveness
I'm living like a every decision a sin
I know my niggas don't want me to win
Jealousy, chopping off all of my friends

I ride with that white-white
Just like Fight Night we be weighin' in
P.D is my pieces, 20 karats, Jesus say amen
Tricked off on my new bitch, she was half black and Malaysian
Spent my last 200 thou' on a bird and a Mercedes Benz
My dog used to pull up in a '99 GS300
Fresh up on the highway with the higher power, how you want it?
First these hoes ain't want it, now they only here to Michael Jones it
Mama said you live next door to death if you live in the moment

I-I-I be kickin' shit like Solange in the elevator
The goal when you try to kick that dope
Stuck on the respirator
Got symptoms of withdrawal from the fall when I used to ball
I show you how in one summer one nigga could lose it all
Like why we gotta feel this pain in our friends and family though
My cellie like to walk around in his sleep I rather stay woke
I must evoke, these are the results of the realest shit that I wrote
These hoes get in the wind, burn that ass quick like Galaxy Notes

That's why I ride with that white-white
Just like Fight Night we be weighin' in
P.D is my pieces, 20 karats, Jesus say amen
Tricked off on my new bitch, she was half black and Malaysian
Split my last two hundred thou' on a bird and Mercedes Benz
My dog used to pull up in a '99 GS-300
Fresh up off the highway with the higher power, how you want it?
First these hoes ain't want it now they only here to Michael Jones it
Mama said you live next door to death if you live in the moment

I-I-I be kickin shit just like Rodman did the camera man
I peel 100 dope like the poppy seed in Afghanistan
I been to drop by nuts but these cabbage hands do damage nigga
Rips from the clip leave you stiff, mannequin challenge nigga
Me and my chips with dip boy ain't no play play 'bout that Frito-Lay
Tried to give me ten I beat the case so it's gon' be okay
Fresh up on the highway with the higher power, how you want it?

Mama say I live next door to the death 'cause I live in the moment

Don't live in the moment
Don't live in the moment
I'll be there in the morning
Nigga I'm living in the moment
I'll be there in the morning
I'll be there in the morning
I'll be there in the morning

Yah
Kane baby
I drank holy water

Quarter brick, half a brick, holy shit, whole shit
Scar across my face, strap on my shoulder on some Tony shit
Taught myself the streets, you know my pop ain't never taught me shit
'Cept "Fuck a friend you gon' be solo in your coffin bitch"
Walkin' home from work my.44 pulled up what I'm walking with
Old folks out the church say "He need Jesus that boy off a bit"
Preacher's daughter said "I'll let you fuck it just might cost a bit"
Type a shit a nigga been through make you dog a bitch
Lost a bitch a bitch, married these streets, she prenupe you can't divorce he
r
Lying from my cell electrical tape on my tape recorder, sucker shit
Don't blow your money, young nigga pay your lawyer
Niggas is wrapped in electrical tape
They walking tape recorders, yeah

Yeah, bitch your first motherfucking mixtape was a snitch tape
You ain't think I knew that shit though I know though

Quarter brick, half a brick, holy shit, whole shit
Drove on 65, brought 65 I sold the whole shit
Popo searched my cutlass on the road I got my own shit
Boy you know the rules they pick you up don't call my phone bitch
Boy you know the rules that shit don't jump unless you sold it down
S.W.A.T Team break, they cut the water off, can't flush the toilet down
454 my motor down
Got green, got dough, got yola now
They playin' they suffer exposure now
This rapper shit just for the posers now
The losers now, all these bitch niggas got videos up with their toolies out
Everybody flashing real money, niggas card credit, getting visa money
I don't knock it I just do the dope and blow it
I gotta get it so I gotta see the money
Y'all remember peacing out 28th to get the blunt liquor and a piece of money
young nigga

Young Nigga
Stay smooth, stay solid nigga
These niggas put your name on anything but a prayer
Amen
Glory be to God, what's happening pimps?
It is I, the alpha and omega, the original righteous player
You know what I'm talking about?
It's your boy Jesus man
Yes my nigga Jesus is your homeboy
Say it again so I can uh reiterate it man
Your minds not ready and your heart's not open
You know what I'm saying?
That's what's wrong with you man
You doing all that coveting

You trying to, you wan't what other niggas got
You not even just paying attention to your gift nigga
God gave you a gift nigga
Pay attention to what he got for you
You, other niggas over here
Yah he could sell dope real good, that's not your lane my nigga
God gave you hands, you a chef my nigga
Chef up that boysenberry crème brûlée man