

Ghetto Gospel

Killer Mike

And I'm seeking on the edge of my bed holding my head
Trying to make this cake like a baker
And get some bread
My mama said hustlin' does come with fed
Time do the crime you better be prepared
For what comes with it the killing the court
convictions
Snorting, bitches, the snitches often they get
acquitted
While the real sent to prison, to rot away while they
living
And all because I say dope shit they on a mission
To nail my black ass to the wall with a conviction
I pray the Lawd hear me but really Lawd is ya listen'n
Praying when I'm in trouble I'm speaking with forked
tongue
I say I'm out the game but I'm flinching like George
Jung
I must be in the clutches of Satan it's all warm
My mama took you to the "root lady" to read my palm
She puts beads on my neck saying they protecting me
from harm
But fuck this old witch, I went and got a gun

Oh Lord, Jesus, glory
Oh Lord
Oh Lord, Jesus, glory
Oh Lord

Looking at the bezel of my Breitling
Thinking that I used to sell raps for enlightenment
But I got lapped by them guys selling lies for the
white man
Now I sell pies for the white man
And my tour bus is a moving indictment
This must be how Huey felt when the revolution failed
And in Oakland nigga turned him on to a sack of yayo
You know this feeling false but it feels like yeah
I may have lost my cause but not a reason to rebel
Revolutionary or drug dealer I'm in jail
And the C.O.'s call me nigga either way when I'm near
Just like they did Pac
Just like they do Mumia
Just like they doing to Mutulu or Assata if they see
her
And ain't no justice if it's just us in court
For my folk and my people free Hoover free fort
The Lord never break us if we all on one accord
You know it

Oh Lord, Jesus, glory
Oh Lord
Oh Lord, Jesus, glory
Oh Lord

Even as I'm standing here iceless mike is priceless
Women with me prettier than Isis

Don't know if she black or a white chick
But I know this pussy and excitement
Gonna lead to indictments
The women and the fame put shade on enlightenment
I don't see dark days come to many bright men
I don't see a damn dime fine
As a fine wine take an Einstein mind
Leave 'em deaf dumb blind
Fuckin with them jezebel whores
Liars of Delilah even marrying a Pandora
Pretty parasite she will use ya, this ain't what you
used to
Stone cold bitch she Medusa
Dope ass pussy might make you an abuser
You an addict not in love, boy
Don't get it confused, bruh
She don't need a boyfriend she just need a booster
She the devil's pie guy
You was fucking Lucifer

Oh Lord, Jesus, glory
Oh Lord
Oh Lord, Jesus, glory
Oh Lord