

# Bizzy Bone, Carry My Baby

[Chorus: Bizzy Bone]

Tell 'em I'm about to come up out the show  
Carry my baby wherever my baby need to go  
As they take advantage of corridors, get away from hell  
Carry in here baby, tell me what ya need to know

[Bizzy] Yeah, yeah

[Chorus]

[Bizzy - over Chorus]

Turn that shit up, turn the vocals up, fuck 'em  
Let's get this shit started baby  
This why I like this shit, it's like this

[Bizzy Bone]

I feel 'em rushin on me, jumpin on me, don't fall baby (hey)  
I see the bitches in the military, don't call baby  
It be so hot up in the kitchen let us pray before the luncheon  
Destiny praise God, we warriors, 7 crunch ya  
Crack the devil's head (ha ha)  
Crack the devil's head; whylin out, pandemonium  
Crack the devil's head, whyle out, pandemonium  
Official rapper's suspicion, it's like I'm on the podium, podium  
Buck the money y'all, yeah  
That's the season, that's the season  
Now my season, season goes through the people with the evil  
They don't rule shit, bullshit, evil won't meet the reaper  
Latch gate keeper  
They couldn't even tie the laces on Jesus sneakers  
Warrior with a speaker  
Cause we are warriors, warriors, warriors

[Chorus]

[Bizzy Bone]

They tryin to reach ya with them old school tactics, make us strong  
But when the karma comes back in other physical forms  
Tell 'em man up, stand up, sit down, hands up  
Hit that, smoke that, dope fingers, that slug bitch  
So what if I strap with the warfare, everybody is here for the sightly change  
People in physical war, only the Lord is keepin me sane  
Above with the grain, in the go-go with the love  
With the Lord you know we got him, in the name of our lord and savior Jesus  
We never stoppin, tell 'em we never won't tumble but think what they did  
They humble about love but love is here  
we struggle up over the form for fears  
We struggle up all the sin of queer, we live outta here, open the beer  
Get to the finish the realish to get, realish to get, realish to get  
Warriors

[Chorus]

[Bizzy Bone]

By the grace of God - tell 'em about the... out the show  
Carry my baby, tell 'em I'm 'bout to come up out the show  
Carry my baby, wherever you need to go  
Carry my baby wherever my baby need to go  
So we warriors comin to spit it without no princess  
Plenty fuckin piano got your brain spittin senseless  
We represent this, throw up your trigger finger now  
And ain't no weapon formed against us, bitches love my style  
But it'd be realer if you really love me  
And I ain't never want a woman, just a woman love me  
Let me convey, baby I ain't no physical game  
In sucker love they tell they homie put the stick away, let me convey  
Warriors

[Chorus]

[Bizzy Bone]

By the grace of God, by the grace of God  
Cause we are warriors - by the grace of God  
Tell 'em I'm about to, tell 'em I'm about to

Tell 'em I'm about to, tell 'em I'm about to  
Cause we are warriors  
[Chorus]  
[Outro: Bizzy Bone]  
By the grace of God, and by the grace of God  
And by the grace of God, praise Jesus Christ  
Cause we are warriors, cause we are warriors  
Warriors, warriors, warriors, warriors  
One, in the name, of our lord and savior Jesus Christ  
In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit amen  
That shit is just rappin what you do