

Killah Priest, Ghetto Jezuz

[Intro: Killah Priest]

Uh-uh-eh-uh-eh

+Ghetto Jezus+ +Ghetto Jezus+

[Killah Priest]

My dearly beloved brothers, ye who cook coke and crack
Chop it, sell it to fiends to make a profit back
Dealers, Gamblers and Hustlers, Pimps, Ballers, and Players
Thugs, Thieves and Killers, let us bow in prayer
Our father who are in jail, I shall be thy gangsta
Thy Kingdom of guns and thy will swing a razor
On the street corners, as it is in prison
Give us gats this day and spray our daily lead
Who testify against us, we pray they soon be dead
For thine is thy Kingpin, power and the glory
Forever more "amen", now pour out some forty
For shorty 6 feet under
Hustlers and number runners
Surround our Ghetto Christ -- At The Last Supper
Tables of yayo, Cathedrals or kilos
Gansta Bibles and desert eagles
Apostle with their liquor bottles, bullets with tips that's hallow
Silencers that fit the nozzle, banana clip that follow
A gun officiano, the last A-Pistol's novels

[Interlude: Killah Priest]

+Ghetto Jezus+, let us all pray

+Ghetto Jezus+, let us all pray our father

You know when we're in the streets

+Ghetto Jezus+

[Killah Priest]

First there's Pistol Paul, then there's John the Ratchet
Right across the hall, two cats he sold us crack with
Along with gangsta James, the other killer Andrew
One like the Son of Man we stood in the seven candles
Which was the number one spot, raided by a hundred cops
But +Ghetto Jezus+ stood there 'til a gun was shot
And then there murder Mark along with Tom and Phillip
They hung in the park talking about stacking mills up
Along with money Luke him and Peter black
The wild one of the 'lil crew never scared to squeeze his gat
And there's the Nazarite shaking three pairs of dice
Kissed 'em said "The Anti-Christ that's the crack pipes"
He blew on 'em, rolled them on the corner
All his disciples got warrants, crack-head that's the torment
Hell foul up the Horsemen, jails crowded with law men

[Outro: Killah Priest]

+Ghetto Jezus+, let us all pray

+Ghetto Jezus+

You know how it go man this is the criminals' Bible
To the ghetto Jezus we need one, you know what I mean?
Praise the Lord whoever hit the number, +Ghetto Jezus+
Redeem ya baptized with bullets
Malt liquor we sip it up all day that's the holy water
In the hood, you know what I mean?
Pray we get out of jail early
I pray for all criminals drop their nails, try to get their money
+Ghetto Jezus+, +Ghetto Jezus+