

# Killer Mike, Ghetto Gospel

And I'm sitting 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 feds  
Time do the crime you better had 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 there  
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 done seen 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