

# Untitled (feat. Scar)

## Killer Mike

You are witnessing elegance in the form of a black elephant  
Smoking white rhino on terraces  
Will I die slain like my king by a terrorist?  
Will my woman be Coretta, take my name and cherish it? Or will she Jackie O, drop the  
Kennedy, remarry it?  
My sister say, it's necessary on some Cleopatra shit  
My grand mama said, nope, never, that it's sacrilege  
Tend to agree because the thought is so disparaging The Lord give a load, you got to carry it  
like Mary did  
That's why I'm giving honor to all these baby mommas  
It takes a woman's womb to make a Christ or Dalai Lama  
The world might take that child, turn that child into a monster The Lord'll take a monster and  
fashion him a saint  
I present you Malcolm X for those who saying that He can't  
Saying that He won't, when I know He will  
You usually don't know it's you until you getting killed for real  
Dear Lord, have mercy on the ones  
That go through life like it's a game we love  
I won't be forced to shut up when I don't feel the same  
'Cause people gonna lie, some people gonna steal You gotta be careful not to shit where you live  
Them people might try to have you killed  
Lord have mercy, life is such a battlefield for real I ain't never gave a fuck, I never did and never  
will  
Live my life on press appeal, keep it true, keep it real  
Better said, I keep it trill and no matter  
Who don't like it, homie, that's just how it is Naked truth like the stripper that's in front of me  
And I keep a blunt and a Bible and a gun on me  
Why? Cause I'm country bred  
Actually, I'm southern, something like my brethren  
The legendary Andre 3K, Cee Lo, Goodie, and some other men  
You should pay some homage, it's an honor this  
This is not a fiction that is sold by conglomerates  
This is soul of black folks mixed with Donald Goines shit Better said, Robert Beck, esoteric I  
could get  
This is John Gotti painting pictures like Dali  
This is Basquiat with a passion like Pac  
In a body like Biggie, telling stories like Ricky  
If a rapper was to spar, please tell him better kick it  
You with me? Dear Lord, have mercy on the ones  
That go through life like it's a game we love  
I won't be forced to shut up when I don't feel the same  
'Cause people gonna lie, some people gonna steal You gotta be careful not to shit where you live

Them people might try to have you killed  
Lord have mercy, life is such a battlefield for real I don't trust the church or the government  
Democrat, Republican, Pope or a bishop or them other men  
And I believe God has sustained you with rap  
So I pick a burning bush, put it in a Swisher wrap And they can't kill a G, I seen how I die  
I'm only going once, a coward dies a thousand times  
And to that chariot come and take a nigga home  
I'mma spit this ghetto gospel over all these gutter songs  
I'm gone

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>