

# Ghetto Gospel

## Killer Mike

And I'm seeking on the edge of my beer holding my head  
Tryin to make this stake like a baker  
My mama said hustle and dust come with faith  
Time do the crown you'd better be prepared  
For what calms with it the killer they call conviction  
Snoring bitches just snitches often to get it quit it  
While the real set the queeze it, why the way why they live it  
And all because I say dope shit they on a mission  
Then nail my black answer the wall with a conviction  
I pray the law he hear me but really law is ya listen'n  
Praying when I'm in trouble I'm speaking in 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, Jesus, glory  
Looking at the bezzle of my brighten  
Thinking that I used to rap for enlightening  
But I got led by them God selling lies for the white man  
Now I sell pies a gospel white here  
And my tour bus is [?] the move [?]  
This must be the high we felt when the revolution failed  
And I open it and talk em on [?]  
You know the finish falls but it feels like yeah  
I may have lost my cause but not my reason to rebel  
Revolution that we [?] I'm in jail  
And the seals call me nigga either way when I'm in nail  
Just like they've being popped  
Just like they being me  
Just like they moving [?] if they see  
And ain't just not this if does doesn't [?]  
For my people and my people free forward  
The Lord never break us if we never wanna call  
Oh Lord, Jesus, glory  
Oh Lord, Jesus, glory  
Even as I'm standing here iceless, mikeless, priceless  
Women with me prettier than icest  
Don't know if she black or white chick  
But I know this pussy and excitement  
Gonna need to enditemenet

The women in the [?] cliché don't enlighten  
Other scene dark days come to many brighten  
Out the scene the day I'm dime fine  
As the fine one take the nine [?] mine  
People depth don't blind  
Fuck you with them [?] hore  
Liars of Delilah even Mary Anne looking door  
Pretty [?] she would [?] see you what they used to  
Stone cold bitch she must [?]  
Dope bad ass pussy might [?]  
Who an [?] not in love what don't get it the [?]  
She don't need a bar [?] she just need a booster  
Event he devil pop you was fucking lust  
Oh Lord, Jesus, glory  
Oh Lord, Jesus, glory

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