

Vixen

"Lucifer"

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{"Lucifer, don of de morning! I'm gonna, chase you
out of - earth"}

{"Lucifer Lucifer, don of de morning.."}}

[Jigga] I'm from the murder capital, where we murder
for capital

{"Lucifer Lucifer, don of de morning! I'm gonna, chase
you out of - earth"}

[Jigga] Kanyeze you did it again, you a genius nigga!

{"Lucifer Lucifer, don of de morning.."}}

[Jigga] So you need to change your attitude
[Jigga] 'fore they askin what happened to you

[Verse One]

Lord forgive him, he got them dark forces in him
But he also got a righteous cause for sinnin
Them-a-murder me, so I gotta murder-dem
First emergency, doctors performin procedures
Jesus, I ain't tryin to be facetious, but
"Vengeance is mine" said the Lord
You said it better than all
Leave niggaz on death's door, breathin on
res-por-rators for killin my best, poor haters
On permanent, hi-atus as I skate
in the Maybach Benz, flyer than Sanaa Lathan
Pumpin "Brown Sugar" by D'Angelo
In Los Angeles, like an evangelist
I can introduce you to your maker
Bring you closer to nature
Ashes after they cremate you bastards
Hope you been readin your Psalms and chapters
Payin your tithe, bein good Catholics, I'm comin

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[Jigga] So you niggaz change your attitude

[Jigga] 'fore they askin what happened to you

[Verse Two]

Yes, this is holy war

I wet y'all all with the holy water

Spray from Heckler-Koch auto-
matic all the static, shall cease to exist

like a sabbatical, I throw couple at you, take six!

Spread love, to all of my dead thugs

I pour out a little Louis, to a head above

Yessir, and when I perish, the meek shall inherit the
earth

'Til that time, it's on and poppin, CHURCH

Like Don Bishop, the fifth or palm cock either

Lift up your soul or give you the holy ghost

Please I leave you in somebody's cathedral

for stuntin like Evel Knievel

I let you see where that bright light lead you

The more you talk, the more you irkin us

The more you gon' need memorial services

"The Black Album" second verse, is like

Devil's pie, save some dessert for us

[Interlude]

Man, I gotta get my soul right, uhh

I gotta get these devils out my life, uhh

These cowards gonna make a nigga right, uhh

They won't be happy 'til somebody die, uhh

Oh man, I gotta get my soul right, uhh

'Fore I'm locked up for my whole life, uhh

Every time it seems it's alright

Somebody want they soul to rise

I chase you off of this earth

[Verse Three]

Let me get serious for y'all, one second

I got dreams, of holdin a nine milla, to Bob's killer

Askin him why as my eyes fill up

These days I can't wake up with a dry pillow

Gone but not forgotten, homes I still feel you

So, curse the day that birthed the bastard

who caused your church mass, reverts to crash

The first to blast then reverse the curse

The first to date and there you are, Bobalob
Lord forgive him, we all have sinned
But Bob's a good dude, please let him in
And if you feel in my heart that I long for revenge
Please blame it on the son of the mornin', thanks again

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