

2 Pac

"2Pac + Outlawz---Black Jesuz"

Visit "[2Pac + Outlawz---Black Jesuz](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[2Pac]

Searching for Black Jesus

Oh yeah, sportin jewels and shit, yaknahmean?

(Black Jesus; you can be Christian

Baptist, Jehovah Witness)

Straight tatted up, no doubt, no doubt

(Islamic, won't matter to me

I'm a thug; thugs, we praise Black Jesus, all day)

Young Kadafi in this bitch, set it off nigga..

What?

[Kadafi]

I do my shootin's on a knob, prayin to God for my
squad

Stuck in a nightmare, hopin he might care

Though times is hard, up against all odds, I play my
cards

like I'm jailin, shots hittin up my spot like midnight rains
hailin

Got me bailin to stacks more green; Gods ain't tryin to
be trapped

on no block slangin no rocks like bean pies

Brainstorm on the beginnin

Wonder how shit like the Qu'ran and the Bible was
written

What is religion?

Gods words all cursed like crack

Shai-tan's way of gettin us back

Or just another one of my Black JesuS traps

[Storm]

Who's got the heart to stand beside me?

I feel my enemies creepin up in silence

Dark prayer, scream violence - demons all around me

Can't even bend my knees just a lost cloud; Black Jesus
give me a reason to survive, in this earthly hell

Cause I swear, they tryin to break my well

I'm on the edge lookin down at this volatile pit

Will it matter if I cease to exist? Black Jesus

[2Pac]

All hail, the pressure no endeavor can fail

Some missin souls turn to hoes when exposed to jail

In times of war we need somebody raw, rally the troops
like a Saint that we can trust to help to carry us through

Black Jesus, hahahahaha

He's like a Saint that we can trust to help to carry us
through

Black Jesus

[Young Noble]

Outlawz we got our own race, culture, religion

Rebellin against the system, commence to lynchin

The President ain't even listenin to the pain of the youth

We make music for eternity, forever the truth

Political prisoner, the two choices that they givin us

Ride or die, for life they sentence us

Oh Black Jesus, please watch over my brother Shawn

Soon as the sky get bright, it's just another storm

Brothers gone, now labeled a statistic

Ain't no love for us ghetto kids, they call us nigglets

History repeats itself, nuttin new

In school I knew, e'rything I read wasn't true

Black Jesus

[2Pac]

To this click I'm dedicated, criminal orientated

An Outlaw initiated, blazed and faded

Made for terror, major league niggaz pray together

Bitches in they grave while my real niggaz play
together

We die clutchin glasses, filled with liquor bomblastic

Creamated, last wishes nigga smoke my ashes

High sigh why die wishin, hopin for possibilities

I'll mob on, why they copy me sloppily

Cops patrol projects, hatin the people livin in them

I was born an inmate, waitin to escape the prison

Went to church but don't understand it, they
underhanded

God gave me these commandments, the world is
scandalous

Blast til they holy high; baptize they evil minds

Wise, no longer blinded, watch me shine trick

Which one of y'all wanna feel the degrees?

Bitches freeze facin Black Jesus

[2Pac]

All hail, the pressure no endeavor can fail

Some missin souls turn to hoes when exposed to jail

In times of war we need somebody raw, rally the troops
like a Saint that we can trust to help to carry us through

Black Jesus

[Kastro]

Some say, some day, some how, some way, we gon'
fail

And it ain't hard to tell, we dwell in hell

Trapped, black, scarred and barred

Searching for truth, where it's hard to find God

I play the Pied Piper, and to this Thug Life, I'm a lifer

Proceed, to turn up the speed, just for stripes
My Black Jesus, walk through this valley with me
Where we, so used to hard times and casualties
Indeed, it hurt me deep to have to sleep on the streets
And haven't eaten in weeks, so save a prayer for me
And all the young thugs, raised on drugs and guns
Blazed out and numb, slaves to this slums
This ain't livin... Jesus
{*singers repeat in background 3X*}
We believed in you
Everything you do
Just wanna let you know, how we feel
Black Jesus!
Searchin for Black Jesus
It's hard, it's hard
We need help out here
So we searchins for Black Jesus
It's like a Saint, that we pray to in the ghetto, to get us
through
Somebody that understand our pain
You know maybe not too perfect, you know
Somebody that hurt like we hurt
Somebody that smoke like we smoke
Drink like we drink
That understand where we coming from
That's who we pray to

Visit [2 Pac](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.