

2Pac

"2Pac + Outlawz---Black Jesuz"

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[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

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