

# Ghostface Killah "Black Jesus"

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**(feat. Raekwon and U-God)**

*[Raekwon:]*

Hit me, hit me, hit me, hit me  
I don't wanna here nuttin'  
Word Up, got to pay  
Yeah, Its like that right  
Blow his Back out, make his shoes work

Aye Yo, this shit be off the knock it rock  
whatever cock block it  
Cat get blown, who own this  
street corner,  
foreigner hesitate to rock a Hummer  
Navy Seal top runner, rhyme this summer  
For real, marinatin' nigga's skatin'  
debatin' waitin' style flowinly relatin'  
Fine line switch it on ya like venetian blinds  
the mission is mine, fabulous king I devine  
Titanium Hydro collado, Yo dunn dunn polly dis  
conjunction  
Son what, slang doctor, Medicaid the kids pay it  
say if these niggas in affect dunn, stay rap related  
Cassette rhymer, 5-G co-signer, line for liner  
Poet designer, sharp like liners  
Mic of the year award, fly gear award  
them niggas over there be analyzing for one sword  
Get bent, pay the rent, plus still we invent  
nuff shit to get your whole team  
crazily sent  
Now all I need is a half gallon of weed  
Proceed, to bust as Mike Ditka made three seeds  
then Max out like two Ack's inside the parking lot  
son Bark a lot and get seen hit in that dark a lot  
what now blow, clickin' like a calico  
gold maxmillion, one love keep it real yo

*[Ghostface Killah:]*

Yo, hit me for these Tommy Hill, Ice rockin niggas  
Peace, the summers mine, I blow the biggest  
Back up off me, while I grab my dick and hold the Heini  
Park the Blue 600, Wally kings is right behind me

Tackle clubs, never rock Lugz, I'm way above  
This mic is like golden gloves verses spark plug  
Its like the pennant, Seminars the Play-off

Start the J off like Cochran got OJ off  
The Specialist who eyeballed the mistress necklace  
Perpetuous, this curly head kid's treturous  
Leggo the Eggo, so we can dip dip dive the gleego  
Throwin' can-can, eat that plus this instrumental  
Awww Shit say Stark-aligist, Starks-aligist  
Fried fish halibut  
pull out the bull horn  
and celebrate like Kunta was born  
we elbowed our way inside loud and got on  
I played the building, burn a branch and get filled in  
Like Pilgrims G-in' Pepridge farms from out a million  
who wanna rhyme? who wanna challenge the  
swordsman?  
that rock that fisherman hat like Gorden's

*[U-God:]*

I hose down the place  
No shots to the face  
Elite Special force no religion style faith  
The meltin' pot boil gun shot drama soil  
Gamble when I scramble handle hot pots of oil  
Man handle brain killin' erect my hidden  
Streets may be potent put your 9-6 bid in  
Vampire Curse disperse on each verse  
Swim in black water, act slaughter through my earth  
You're hit by my element Great Wall of China  
Mountain Peak hold the globe like vagina  
Measure on my mic stand, molecule and strand  
Finger rollin' rhythm ride the horse one hand  
Golden Eye, Spy vs. Spy, guilty of suspicion  
Chess boxer, mic in dead body position  
40 oz. Ciga-art, three verse invented  
divine universal black man representin'  
Similar the pure, rhyme blowin out the pore  
Battery in the back, keep it charged for the raw  
I'm bred type thorough, pistol lyro gun hero  
renaissance rebel shadow boxin your barrel  
Fully woven Beethoven, hit you on a humble  
hard enough to hurt you, chastise my rap styles  
Lock down, for this curfew

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