

## **Bride**

# **"Jesus In Me"**

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No body's getting in, nobodies getting' out  
We got a live bomb and were going to blow the house  
AK-47 thanks be to Kalashnikov  
Bang, bang bang and were going to get off  
Ghetto bird be flying heat wave to bail out  
somebody get the bank cause the berries round about  
One last blast then we'll gauge hardcore  
Everybody lights out like a Nyquil score  
We going to knuckle up cause the Jakes bring war  
Cause the wrecking crew come knock'n down the door  
Following the cloud for foo foo stuff  
It ain't no secret we be headin' for a bust  
Whose that humming upon my blindside  
better drop the sack chaser only there for the ride  
Somebody getting' killed from that sewer in her vein  
She was a thirst monster now she's gothic insane

How can I reveal Jesus livin in me?  
How can I reveal?

Can't take another dusting cause the egg is going to crack  
Devil's got dandruff got her nose to the grind  
She's in the boneyard with the dead presidents  
Somebody get a shovel and find out where she went  
If she's with the funky drummer we need an exorcist  
GTA---MPV Alpine bliss.  
She says OH Sweet Jesus don't need no Holy Oil  
Been a bumrush dreamer while taking her stroll  
Her author babysat with a B-40 lit.  
Show and prove no grease couldn't scrap a lick  
I know the the PJ's the plats and the plays  
cause I met'm in Sweden right behind the stage  
63 Impala speckled for explosion  
Dippin' to the get off house, three wheel motion  
Top Fuel buck 50 with a finger on the trigger  
Hop on the side of the free world grave diggers

How can I reveal Jesus livin in me?  
How can I reveal?

Kick Artist jump the knocker nothing but a shife

He ain't no trill he just quacking bout a knife  
junkie give me just a minute to make a long story short  
Widow makers zeroed at the basketball court  
No body had been capped no body had been killed  
And in the end there was no blood spilled  
Chillin' with the clique got the mad hops jaming  
Psychin' out the gangstas with the base line slamin  
Who is that punk with the three point shot?  
It's the reverend from the church sultan of swish and  
swat  
He had come correct he was reel to reel  
He had been redrum in his past life devil  
Now he be preachin' to get men saved  
The Word stopped the game they begin to pray  
Down on their knees at the half court line  
They accepted Jesus for they ran out of time

How can I reveal Jesus livin in me?  
How can I reveal?

Get down for me,  
He died as me

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He died as me

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