

## **Kane & Abel**

# **"Black Jesus"**

Visit "[Black Jesus](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Featuring Master PSilkk the Shocker

(Master P)

Like 2Pac said only God can judge me

But I think only black Jesus can help me

Verse 1 (Kane)

Six in the morning and I see the sunrise

Wish I died in my sleep didn't want to open my eyes

To see this world so fucked up for me

And my family worked so hard but can earn a decent salary

These bills keep whooping a nigga ass

Spent my whole check trying to dress with class

I found myself having to smoke weed just to chill

Both my parents got killed and I ain't cried still

All my niggas getting shot, peoples mama's smoking rock

And who the hell can stop these fucked up cops

They like to overseaers and we like the slave bitches

Offer pussy to a nigga even though they got AIDS

You jumping in that pussy thatn you diving in the grave

White man build the prison and the niggas come through

Like the motherfuckers giving out free barbeque

Lock a nigga up for life and say fuck you

Most of ya'll ain't make it pass the 12th grade

That's why you making minimum wage or slanging rocks for chump change

Alot of people died for the right to vote

We don't use white devils taking nigga land and missuse it

On top of that I think my uncle on crack

My boy Quay Shaun took a slug in his back

>From another black now he in the coma trying to make it back

Come on come on

My old lady think she pregnant I ain't got no cash for her

She probably fucking another nigga I wouldn't put it past her

My mind got me murderous like John Doe

Bitch ass niggas trying to play me like a hoe

And now I'm rolling round sucking on a steel dick

Bout to pull the trigger end it cause I'm tired of this  
bullshit  
Know what I'm saying grown men don't cry  
But the ghetto got me weeping like a bitch I'm gone  
die on my knees

(Chorus)

Black Jesus tell me why this world so fucked up  
Allah, tell me why this world so fucked up  
Black Jesus tell me why this world so fucked up for me  
For me a nigga

Verse 2 (Abel)

They say that I was dealt some bad cards in this game  
of life

But before I take my trip I'm gone leave with them  
stripes

Sending dime bags of weed, toting nines til nose  
bleeds

My nerve so bad I had to pop one of those b's  
I had to strap my jimmy hat or catch this double mint  
disease

See the devil in a crack pipe pointing at me  
I seen a nigga shaking just lke he caught the holy ghost  
But he really scored a gram of heroin for 80 bones  
I got them stones, if you take a hit you can't resist  
Now I'm crying, I think one of my brothers on that shit  
Do you care if you live or die, really I don't know  
But if there's hell below I think we all gonna go

(Chorus)

Verse 3 (Master P)

Tell me is this heaven, is this hell  
I ain't LL, but all I hear is funeral bells  
The ghetto's trying to kill me, a born loser  
A born hustler my uncle's a drug user  
I'm from the projects or should I say the 3rd Ward  
Where fools into killing and fiends walk like androids  
Hooked up with the twins or should I say Kane & Abel  
Trying to keep some change in my pockets, some food  
on my table

Verse 4 (Silkk)

You know what P your right  
Cause Silkk was on the block like last night  
Niggaz doing anything from selling drugs  
To sell mugs smoking that glass pipe  
I'm from a messed up city where niggas don't live long  
They parents out-live they kids  
Rest in peace to my homie they like split his wig  
Now who won't walk that last mile to they death  
Imaging taking a deep (inhales) that was your last  
breath  
Just imaging your mom was prostituting your mom was  
smoking

Imagine your eyes don't close imagine your eyes don't  
open  
I be like trying to keep the world and stay TRU  
There's too much drama in my hood, gotta stay cool  
Verse 5 (Master P)  
As I lay me down to sleep  
Black Jesus if you real, take me out this ghetto g  
Cause it's crazy it's wicked  
I got niggaz on every block trying to get a meal, ticket  
They killing they murder  
Little kids in 3 inch girdles  
And life is just like Pac Man  
Niggaz gumping up niggas but who gone be the next  
man  
To lose his shoes, I mean lose his life  
Who gone think twice, dying in this ghetto life  
Cause in the White House, politicians run the country  
But where I'm from in the ghetto's it's bout drug money  
Ice cream slanging  
Niggas banging red and blue everybody's hanging  
Niggas bout it, little kids get rowdy  
But will I make it out this ghetto, I doubt it  
(Kane & Abel talking)  
I think the devil trying to get me to sell my soul  
He keep on walking with me, he keep on talking with  
me  
I think the devil's trying to get me to sell my soul  
He trying to temp me with the bitches and money  
Black Jesus black jesus if you feel me  
Than save me and my ghetto people

Visit [Kane & Abel](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.