

Killah Priest

"Ghetto Jezus"

Visit "[Ghetto Jezus](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro]

Uh-uh-eh-uh-eh

+Ghetto Jezus+ +Ghetto Jezus+

[Killah Priest]

My dearly beloved brothers, ye who cook coke and crack

Chop it, sell it to fiends to make a profit back

Dealers, Gamblers and Hustlers, Pimps, Ballers, and Players

Thugs, Thieves and Killers, let us bow in prayer

Our father who are in jail, I shall be thy gangsta

Thy Kingdom of guns and thy will swing a razor

On the street corners, as it is in prison

Give us gats this day and spray our daily lead

Who testify against us, we pray they soon be dead

For thine is thy Kingpin, power and the glory

Forever more "amen", now pour out some forty

For shorty 6 feet under, hustlers and number runners

Surround our Ghetto Christ, at The Last Supper

Tables of yayo, Cathedrals or kilos

Gansta Bibles and desert eagles

Apostle with their liquor bottles, bullets with tips that's hallow

Silencers that fit the nozzle, banana clip that follow

A gun officiano, the last A-Pistol's novels

+Ghetto Jezus+, let us all pray

+Ghetto Jezus+, let us all pray our father

You know when we're in the streets

+Ghetto Jezus+, His disciple's

[Killah Priest]

First there's Pistol Paul, then there's John the Ratchet

Right across the hall, two cats he sold us crack with

Along with gangsta James, the other killer Andrew

One like the Son of Man we stood in the seven candles

Which was the number one spot, raided by a hundred cops

But +Ghetto Jezus+ stood there 'til a gun was shot

And then there murder Mark along with Tom and Phillip

They hung in the park talking about stacking mills up
Along with money Luke him and Peter black
The wild one of the 'lil crew never scared to squeeze
his gat
And there's the Nazarite shaking three pairs of dice
Kissed 'em said "The Ani-Christ that's the crack pipes"
He blew on 'em, rolled them on the corner
All his disciples got warrants, crack-head that's the
torment
Hell foul up the Horsemen, jails crowded with law men

+Ghetto Jezus+, let us all pray
+Ghetto Jezus+

[Outro]

You know how it go man this is the criminals' Bible
To the ghetto Jezus we need one, you know what I
mean?
Praise the Lord whoever hit the number, +Ghetto
Jezus+
Redeem ya baptized with bullets
Malt liquor we sip it up all day that's the holy water
In the hood, you know what I mean?
Pray we get out of jail early
I pray for all criminals drop their nails, try to get their
money
+Ghetto Jezus+, +Ghetto Jezus+

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