

Master P

"Black Jesus"

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(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 like 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 its crazy its 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 its 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

