

Paris

"The Hustle"

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[Uncle Ruckus from Boondocks] Praise be the white God and his son, white Jesus~! I'm on a mission from God Contagious with the holy spirit of our caucasian savior Now let me share his words wit'cha "Come, child of God! Come!" [Paris] It's like the blind to the blind leading blind around Put'cha faith in a spook God, how that sound? Put'cha faith to the most and an unseen ghost That they say full of love but we come up sho't Now what I wanna know is where Jesus at when the wars rage on and the po-lice clap when the crime rate risin black on black and the water from Katrina wash away your fam It's like a, cruel joke that's played a lot On the people that rely on they faith a lot On the people that obey and respect a book that was written by man to control the flock Now tell me, how any God is just to allow such misery and pain in us to allow all the war sufferin and such And to allow the President to remain untouched [Chorus: repeat 2X] No different than the pimp game Give you somethin to believe in Give ya money to the preacher man Take me a little higher, higher, higher [Paris] Pass the plate around, put it on the buildin fund While the priest get drunk and molest ya son Such grief, no peace from the HIV Thank god that he killin off the fags and fiends But I guess the Lord works in mysterious ways That's why it's okay for them to own the slaves and civilize savages, praise his name Take land, split the family up and sell off babies What I'm sayin, it's kinda fucked up to trip that the shit you believe might not exist Somethin like a unicorn man, it's on the list with Big Foot, Mickey Mouse, Santa Claus and myths And shit some might say "they's blasphem-ous" When I question the plague in Af-ri-ca When I question the way your Jesus looks And the way it affects all the minds of us, I'm sayin [Chorus] [Paris] Now look here, it's about that time again When the corporations say spend and spend on the trees and the gifts and the travellin Kam told y'all the holidays are not ya friend And when everybody floss, you can get it at Ross And the midnight sales make 'em smile at Zales What the hell~! They'll sell y'all the whole damn earth Everything at the mall celebratin his birth From a

virgin, a perp couldn't make that up If you believe that I
got a bridge ready to dump While your broke ass givin
up the cash, fo' what? They say the faith kicks in when
the facts can not And it make me wanna holla, Benny
Hinn's the man Like Creflo Dollar, that's Big Pimp-in
Fuck rap, I could lead you from a life of sin Shit next
Sunday, we do it all again [Chorus] [Paris] Now I know
some of y'all get mad at songs So get your gay senator
to pass a law Get the free speech out the way once and
for all Tap his motherfuckin shoes in a bathroom stall
Greenbacks, no tax is the golden rule Anything they
can do to keep y'all some fools Don't mean to offend
but that's okay too Long as y'all recognize and explore
the truth Because it .. ain't no hustle like religious
hustle cause religious hustle don't stop Ain't no hustle
like religious hustle cause religious hustle don't stop
Ain't no hustle like religious hustle cause religious
hustle don't stop Ain't no hustle like religious hustle
cause religious hustle don't stop~! [Chorus] - 2X "God
bless us all" (*3X*)

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