

Ricardo Arjona**"Blazin Mic's"**

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[T-Bone]

I'm sweet like cinnamon when I'm spittin this lyrical
venum
Givin the rappers the blues like denim
When I'm killin em, fillin 'em wit these syllable
Synonyms of adrenaline spillin off my spiritual tongue
Then numbin 'em like penicillin
Plus I'm tryin to reach the lost like Gilligan God willin
The spiritual healin will stop the drug dealin and killin
Because I'm feelin like I'm ready to lose my mind
So many bullets be flyin and rydas be dyin
Gotta make a difference for instance
The inmates in prison make a bad decisions for lack of
wisdom
So I cut them open and make incisions, fill 'em wit
spititualism
Tell 'em bout the one that's arisen
How they can be free in they spirit and have thier sins
forgiven
By the one who died apou the cross
Cuz even when they were into all thier drinkin and
smokin
He loved them even when they were lost
So please listen to me and stop dissin a G
Cuz I got they remedy on how ya'll can be free

[Chorus]

Blazin... Microphones
Bringin nothin but that, Heat... From the West Coast
Chase beats, Bone lyrics like Vito..... Corleone
We be runnin things so act like you.... All know
Boneyard can't be stop now

[T-Bone]

I'm not a Jehovah's witness
But I witness, for Jehovah
Back in the day, the first to slang cane, and bakin soda
But nowadays I like preachin the Word
Like a drug dealer slangin Holy rock on the curb
Contact smoke gotcha trippin of my rims, crush eyes
and my rope

Plus I'm gifted wit flows and wrist is frozen
I thought you all knew dawg, I'm God's chosen
Highly favored, standin wit the elite that stands apart
dawg
Anoited, bring the Word to the streets
Aint entertainin the fame or the set you claimin
The game of namin, unless the name I'm namin
Is Jesus on the throne and reinin, paintin a picture for
G's bangin
On how the Lord can save em, train 'em like a
Baltimore Raven
Engravin the name of Jesus across their heart, cuz it's
breakin
Plus Satan is waitin, anticipatin and hatin but ones we
got em
There ain't no escapin

[Chorus]

[T-Bone]

I been doin this for 12 years, it ain't easy ya'll
To make hit records that are off the heazy ya'll
Especially when them bustas sippin on the haterade
Talkin behind your back and tryin to stop ya on day to
day
I dont make music for them playa hatas any way
This is for killers and thugs that's sippin on the Alize
Run aways and Ese's locked down in prison, why em
The one's ineed of a physcian and I know the perfect
Doctor
Ya'll that can heal you when you answer to the altar call
He can fill all the emptiness and void in your heart
That's why I rhyme out of need and not love for the art
So listen, my only mission is soul fishin
So when the rapture happens
Faces will be on the back of milk cartons missin

[Chorus]

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