

## **Allen Iverson f/ Harlem World, Mysonne**

### **"Christcyde"**

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[Chorus]

This is how we ride, comin straight live  
On the Christcyde  
This is how you roll, gotta lay low  
From the po-po

[Big Unc]

Mission Impossible as I step to this microphone  
I'm makin sure that this mic is on  
So I can spit it God's words to you  
Serve a few, cause that's what Big Unc got the nerve to  
do  
In the name of Jesus, my Lord  
Let his spirit transform the mic cord  
Into a lyrical life line, spiritual pipe line  
To get this people back into their right mind  
Cause half of all straight lost a screw  
My God is true, now tell me what I gotta do  
To keep my cool before I have to sweep a fool  
And weep for you because you couldnt keep it ture  
You need to do, exactly what he speak to you  
He seekin you, but you just keep sleepin dude  
I'm peepin you, when we be creepin through  
We teachin youth but there aint no reachin fools

[Chorus]

[2x]

[Big Unc]

I spit lyrical loogies when I boogie  
And a question on all of your minds  
Is how could He, do what He do  
And straight keep it real  
And represent Jesus Christ to the mass apeal  
And chill in the hood wit my dawgs  
On the corner six bones Cadaliac sittin phat on  
daytonyas  
I warned ya, crack when you come to California  
Wit that word aint you heard that these Devil's run up  
on ya  
Hata's playas they all the same

A fork tongue in they mouths, tellin lies for fame  
The game gotta twisted to the point I wanna holla  
Got Christian MC's on tv straight poppin collars  
While the people on the streets can't afford to eat  
You up in church dont even work wit gators on your feet  
That's weak and I dont care if I step on your pride  
I just call it how I see it, reportin live from this  
Christcyde

[Chorus]

[Big Unc]

I said hold up wait a minute  
Let me see my real riders Christ walk wit it  
And put it down to the ground for real  
And show the whole world how we truely feel  
I said hold up wait a minute  
Let me see my real riders Christ walk wit it  
And hit em up and put your hands to the sky  
And represent Jesus Christ to the day that we die  
I've been sent by his majesty, to blast at theses  
Emphadeles speakin this blasphemy  
A tragedy, if you askin me  
I told the truth about you fools and now you made a me  
Now actually, I'm glad you smashed on me  
Aint got to feel bad about the catastrophe  
That has to be, when I take this mastapeice  
And have all of yall soundin like Master P  
Infact it be, the way a real rider rides  
Not an eye for an eye but it's ride or die  
So flyin high, when you be ridin by  
And let the whole globe know the Lord's alive  
You wonder why, We all go and run and hide  
Gotta hold of the truth to expose the lie  
He chose to die, then he straight rose to life  
To show us why, we gotta put it down for this  
Christcyde

[Chorus]

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