

## 2Pac & Outlawz "Black Jesuz"

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[2Pac]

Searching for Black Jesus  
Oh yeah, sportin jewels and s\*\*t, yaknahmean?  
(Black Jesus; you can be Christian  
Baptist, Jehovah Witness)  
Straight tatted up, no doubt, no doubt  
(Islamic, won't matter to me  
I'm a thug; thugs, we praise Black Jesus, all day)  
Young Kadafi in this bi\*\*h, set it off ni\*\*a..  
What?

[Kadafi]

I do my shootin's on a knob, prayin to God for my  
squad  
Stuck in a nightmare, hopin he might care  
Though times is hard, up against all odds, I play my  
cards  
like I'm jailin, shots hittin up my spot like midnight rains  
hailin  
Got me bailin to stacks more green; Gods ain't tryin to  
be trapped  
on no block slangin no rocks like bean pies  
Brainstorm on the beginnin  
Wonder how s\*\*t like the Qu'ran and the Bible was  
written  
What is religion?  
Gods words all cursed like crack  
Shai-tan's way of gettin us back  
Or just another one of my Black JesuS traps

[Storm]

Who's got the heart to stand beside me?  
I feel my enemies creepin up in silence  
Dark prayer, scream violence - demons all around me  
Can't even bend my knees just a lost cloud; Black Jesus  
give me a reason to survive, in this earthly hell  
Cause I swear, they tryin to break my well  
I'm on the edge lookin down at this volatile pit  
Will it matter if I cease to exist? Black Jesus

[2Pac]

All hail, the pressure no endeavor can fail

Some missin souls turn to hoes when exposed to jail  
In times of war we need somebody raw, rally the troops  
like a Saint that we can trust to help to carry us through  
Black Jesus, hahahahaha  
He's like a Saint that we can trust to help to carry us  
through  
Black Jesus

[Young Noble]

Outlawz we got our own race, culture, religion  
Rebellin against the system, commence to lynchin  
The President ain't even listenin to the pain of the youth  
We make music for eternity, forever the truth  
Political prisoner, the two choices that they givin us  
Ride or die, for life they sentence us  
Oh Black Jesus, please watch over my brother Shawn  
Soon as the sky get bright, it's just another storm  
Brothers gone, now labeled a statistic  
Ain't no love for us ghetto kids, they call us nigglets  
History repeats itself, nuttin new  
In school I knew, e'rything I read wasn't true  
Black Jesus

[2Pac]

To this click I'm dedicated, criminal orientated  
An Outlaw initiated, blazed and faded  
Made for terror, major league ni\*\*az pray together  
bi\*\*hes in they grave while my real ni\*\*az play  
together  
We die clutchin gla\*s'es, filled with liquor bomblastic  
Creamated, last wishes ni\*\*a smoke my ashes  
High sigh why die wishin, hopin for possibilities  
I'll mob on, why they copy me sloppily  
Cops patrol projects, hatin the people livin in them  
I was born an inmate, waitin to escape the prison  
Went to church but don't understand it, they  
underhanded  
God gave me these commandments, the world is  
scandalous  
Blast til they holy high; baptize they evil minds  
Wise, no longer blinded, watch me shine trick  
Which one of y'all wanna feel the degrees?  
bi\*\*hes freeze facin Black Jesus

[2Pac]

All hail, the pressure no endeavor can fail  
Some missin souls turn to hoes when exposed to jail  
In times of war we need somebody raw, rally the troops  
like a Saint that we can trust to help to carry us through  
Black Jesus

[Kastro]

Some say, some day, some how, some way, we gon'  
fail

And it ain't hard to tell, we dwell in hell  
Trapped, black, scarred and barred  
Searching for truth, where it's hard to find God  
I play the Pied Piper, and to this Thug Life, I'm a lifer  
Proceed, to turn up the speed, just for stripes  
My Black Jesus, walk through this valley with me  
Where we, so used to hard times and casualties  
Indeed, it hurt me deep to have to sleep on the streets  
And haven't eaten in weeks, so save a prayer for me  
And all the young thugs, raised on drugs and guns  
Blazed out and numb, slaves to this slums  
This ain't livin... Jesus

[singers repeat in background 3X]

We believed in you  
Everything you do  
Just wanna let you know, how we feel  
Black Jesus!

Searchin for Black Jesus  
It's hard, it's hard  
We need help out here  
So we searchins for Black Jesus  
It's like a Saint, that we pray to in the ghetto, to get us  
through  
Somebody that understand our pain  
You know maybe not too perfect, you know  
Somebody that hurt like we hurt  
Somebody that smoke like we smoke  
Drink like we drink  
That understand where we coming from  
That's who we pray to  
We need help y'all  
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