

## **T-Bone**

### **"Blazin' Mic's"**

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I'm sweet like cinnamon when I'm spittin' this lyrical  
venum  
Giving rappers the blues like denim, when I'm killin' em  
Fillin' em with these syllable, synonyms of adrenaline  
spillin' off my spiritual tongue  
Then numbing 'em like penicillin, plus I'm trying to  
reach the lost like Gilligan  
God willin' the spiritual healin', will stop the drug  
dealing, and killing  
Because I'm feeling like I'm ready to lose my mind, so  
many bullets be flying  
And rydas be dying, gotta make a difference, for  
instance  
The inmates in prisons make bad decisions, for lack of  
wisdom  
So I cut them open, and make incisions, fill 'em with  
spiritualism  
Tell 'em about the one that's arisen, how they can be  
free in they spirit  
And have they sins forgiven, by the one who died on  
the cross  
Cuz even when they were into all their drinking and  
smoking  
He loved them even while 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

I'm not a Jehovah witness, but I witness for Jehovah  
Back in the day, the 1st to slang cane and the baking  
soda, but nowadays  
I like preachin' the word, like a drug dealers, slangin'  
holy rock on the curb  
Eyes blurred off the holy ghost, contact smoke, gotcha  
trippin' off my rims  
Crush eyes and my rope, plus I'm gifted with flows and  
wrist is frozen  
I thought you all knew dawg, what, I'm God's chosen  
Highly favored, standing with the elite, that's stand  
apart dawg

Anointed, bring the word to the streets, aint into

entertainin' the fame or set you claimin'  
Tha game of namin', unless the name I'm naming' is  
Jesus on the throne and reigning  
Painting a picture for G's bangin', oh how the Lord can  
save 'em  
Train 'em like a Baltimore Raven, engraving, the name  
of Jesus across they heart  
Cuz its breakin', plus Satan is waitin', anticipatin', and  
hatin'  
But ones we got 'em, there ain't no escaping

I been doing this for 12 years, it aint easy ya'll, to make  
hit records that are off the heezy ya'll  
Epecially when them bustas sippin' on that haterade  
Talkin' behind your back and trying to stop you on a  
day to day  
I don't make music for 'em playa hatas anyway, this is  
for killers and thugs  
That's sippin' on the Alize, run a ways and essays  
locked down in prison  
Why them, they the ones in need of a physician  
And I know the perfect doctor ya'll that can heal you  
when you answer to the alter call  
He can, fill all the emptiness and void in your heart  
That's why I rhyme out of a need and not love of the  
art, so listen  
My only mission is soul fishing, so when the rapture  
happens  
Faces will be on the back of milk cartons missing

Chorus

Blazing microphones, bringing nothing but that heat  
from the west coast  
Chase beats, Bone lyrics like Vito Corleone, we be  
running things so act like you all know  
Boneyard cant be stopped now

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