

# Black Jesuz

Outlawz

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 Kaddafi in this bi\*\*h, set it off ni\*\*a..

What?

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

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

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

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

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\*sas, 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

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

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

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