

Michael Jackson

Andy Mineo

Yeah
I go by M-I-N-E-O
But it really don't matter
Bury me with no tombstone
I want you to know my Daddy
We don't seek Him, He come after
We don't reach Him, He the ladder
If you die and you don't know Him
That's a weak end like a Saturday

This one for my misfits
Ah, what I'm saying is we ain't being statistics
Naw, what I mean is the things you want me to get with
God is already ticked with
This is sin, case you missed it
She might be fine like tickets
Don't love Jesus, we can't kick it
'Cause I been there, wish I didn't
Had to delete all them digits
They say, "Jesus why you sit with, the sinners and the wicked?"
He looking for the sick because the well don't need physicians!
No we never fit in cause they look at how we livin'
it's evident that we giving every minute for the King
Even though we trip we think about our provision
and we get a couple sinners when we rest upon His name
Yeah
And this is how it all happened
Adam fell, now it's all bad, Michael Jackson.

(Born sinner, b-b-b-born sinner)
This is bad, real bad, Michael Jackson
This is bad, real bad, Michael Jackson

Was a bad boy but my name ain't Diddy though
Way I rock my beard they probably think I was from Philly though
STL my home, you peep that bird on my fitted though
Go on ahead and cut me up
I don't think they can hear me though
Bang that bass, drop that thing
Go on ahead and let it flow
Raspy voice from the South
But my name ain't Mystikal
Used to run up on them boys
They look like what that pistol for
When Mike was rocking Billie Jean
I was a Smooth Criminal
(Let's go)
I'm talking bad, Mike Jackson Thriller
I'm talking bad, jacket and zippers
You looking mad, like boy you tripping
But I'm talking past, I've been forgiven
Born sinner, the opposite of a winner
Remember when I used to eat WIC cheese for dinner
Daddy was gone, momma was gone
Had no choice, I toted chrome
Now I go and I preach the truth
Same blocks I hustled on

That's bad

(Born sinner, b-b-b-born sinner)
This is bad, real bad, Michael Jackson
This is bad, real bad, Michael Jackson

Born sinner
You know how the line goes
Sardines with the wrath of God
This is mind blown
That's a big deal
Rebel against the God, Who stretched the heavens
With His own fingers like an iPhone
Now what a relief, it should've been me
But He didn't see it the same
He took up the cross to give me His life
The Truth created a way
He could've just thrown me away
Instead He would offer His grace
Somethin' I didn't deserve
So I'm living for Him in the flesh
And to die is my gain
Let-let-let me say that, say that again
He lived, He died, He rose to give me a raise
Christ crucified, yeah it happened
Now it ain't bad, all bad, Michael Jackson

(Born sinner, b-b-b-born sinner)
This is bad, real bad, Michael Jackson
This is bad, real bad, Michael Jackson

I was headed to death at the least
Fading with every breath 'til He beheaded the beast
A victim, of my own, poison
Impersonating a throne
Persuaded two-toned hearse waitin'
An easy target for worst aiming
Fragrant for birth a walking curse verbatim
I was on that Kurt Cobain
But ain't the same this is that crowd flowa with no vain
Catch me riding in a clutch
Grim Reaper on my back
But I never been much of a deep sleeper
So excuse me for being eager to give them the truth
Instead of feedin' the streets ether

(Born sinner, b-b-b-born sinner)
This is bad, real bad, Michael Jackson
This is bad, real bad, Michael Jackson

It's your boy, Bubba Watson
Golf boys
1-1-6
Reach Records
Ex-hustler!
Michael Jackson, I'm bad!
I don't know, I forgot.