

Believers

Billy Woods

Let's wake 'em up now. Who's sleeping to rise?
Widen them eyes and realize the deal: starving individuals killed
But what's real? Maybe the truth outside the system
Envisioned inside the word of the only one true and living: Christ
We're given life with instructions on how to use it. I improve it
By renewing my mind and put it to music. Abuse it?
Never say never. Even the clever have fallen
One nation under God, indivisible is the calling
In God we trust, bust as justice went to emergency currently
The trust went from God to the currency
Heard of me? Doesn't matter. Heard of Him becomes the issue
Your props don't mean a thing 'cause you can't take it with you
Missed you at the reunion. You in trouble when he's coming
Like a thief in the night. Peep the nation that be bubbling
Wondering about the outcome. I doubt some will make it through
Every day is the last day for some-today, it may be you
I wanna die in the arms of God-that's why we get high
Hold my mother's hand all the way to the sky
No alibis and lies. No goodbyes, and why?
I'd rather live, but I wanna die in the arms of God
Peace

Label me
Official, nasty, yes. The ass you kiss
May it be the last you diss, you passive biss. I'll blast
My piss, a plastic bitch through drasticness
Everyday struggle activist who mastered this
Form of flow with drug connects, thugs that
Bugging, bro, with TECs to spread three 'gets on shorties'
Necks. My lead injects fate and infects
The doves that vex me, especially disre-
-spect me. You best be blowing your own horn
Like Gillespie. Wanting to test me is suicidal
Homicidal, I'll hold a title in rivalry battling
Overshattering, assault and battering, leaving you scattered and
Multiple veterans are flatter than white lime
You write rhymes? Well, good then. Go write lines
If you bite lines, you'll bite mine so I can get paid
Broke, little nigga living in shade on Sundays
No fun days. Where I'm from, stick 'em in runways
Here I come. Look at the gun blaze. Realize, son
Who let his tongue run loosie? Like Newports
And wet coochie [?]

Yo, let's drift in New York, and ain't a damn thing change
Everybody's on the grind, searching for loose change
And the blame to the game, the same corruption
Same politics, but the man's got a new name:
Doomsberg. A billionaire queer has spoke
Sticking dick to ass. The mass are without hope
Praying that we choke from dope and genocide
Where crooked cops abuse laws just to hide
The drugs locks people away for petty crime
So men gotta do what they do to survive (Nigga)

God is dead. Lift your wine. Eyes on
The prize so long, we blind. True believers

Got it in their veins. Babylon use their brain
Reign like Taliban crush idols, throw off
The Bible on the A-Train, bubble letters
Candy-cane bloody scepters. Pawns get jumped
Like checkers-king 'em. Ragnarok to Caesar
Catching visions. Bring 'em to Galilee
Speaking tongues to my people in prison, I'm out here
But what man is truly free?
Allah gave him the tip, Jesus flipped
D.T.'s found Judas in the whip, one bullet out his clip
Whitey's on the moon, and niggas is still
Cleaning grip. Paradise lost the Buddha
Paul thinking John is the shooter, blowing the building
Coming for first-born children, splash blood
On the door. What do you believe, niggas?