

The Eucharist

Billy Woods

My mother used to say
A bad penny finds its own way to hell
They lovingly fashion they own crosses
Beg me to drive the nails
Followed the devil to the high place, the pinnacle
The wilderness vibrate, do-gooders miserable
The pilate silent, but that's a signal too
The Pyrex violent, the group home living proof
Like dying and coming back black as a dead tooth
Roman lions, Blue Angels through the retractable roof
Aloof Posdnuos, I used to be embarrassed of
Brothers reduced to that "do you like rap?" hustle
Back before your man let the mack off on forty-deuce
Negros say, "let's stick together" then make funny moves
Black is beautiful, brother, but it ain't super glue
Guffaw what's left of the truth under his cuticles, duke
You be dead in a cubicle 'fore you recoup
Christianity is cultural appropriation, papists
Free masons, Mason Betha came out the church like Satan
Burst out that house of worship, that thing flamin', no amen
Shoot the gift 'til it smell like metal shavings
Shoot the shit 'til I'm certain they're idiots, then relax
Brazen, facts, the next nice neighborhood I move to
You lot get first crack, the dark skin Van Peebles
Made the rounds with the Watermelon Man sequel
Did Jay actually listen to D'Evils?
Or did he just skim through it?
I took the Shyne to 'em and turned Jewish
In the prophecy...