

Like Jesus

Z-Ro

If I could be like Jesus, I wouldn't curse so much
And I would love life, not trying to leave this earth so much
If I could be like Jesus, I'd have a reason to live
The way I dodge bullets, it's like it ain't the season to live
If I could be like the Lord, then my problems wouldn't matter
No mo' head busting my guns, they brains wouldn't splatter
When they run up on me, cause I be turning the other cheek
But I be thinking like a devil, and packing my heat
If I could be like Jesus, I wouldn't running from death
Taking precaution with a vest, fuck getting one in my chest
If I could be like Jesus, I wouldn't hate my foes
Since I'm not a 3-49, plus eight my foes
If I could be like Jesus, I wouldn't cry so hard
I can't seem to please anybody, yet I try so hard
If I could be like Jesus, then I would teach, they tell me
That I'm learning to be like him, cause they can feel him when I speak

Sometimes I dream (sometimes I dream)
That he is me (he is me)
Like Jesus, if I could be like Jesus
(I wanna be, I wanna be like Jesus) yeeah

If I could avoid the sleepless nights, and be like Christ
I'd write the book what Mike is like, the wrong and the right
The day and the night, the weak that are dying the strong that fight
The difference in the black and the white, the crack and the pipe
The fiends on the block, that dream of the rock
And it ain't seeming to stop, because the beaming is hot
And it's not what I expected, the glock keeps me protected
The best, cause the bullets be hot when they injected
I can't avoid satan hardest, it seems I try
I can't sleep it hurts, even in my dreams I cry
It gets deep, when you hearing your name spoken in vein
Press ships get torn apart, the windows broken is pain
I know it's a shame, the way I'm steady smoking this Jane
It's getting hard for me to focus my brain, hoping it change
I'm going deranged, something's always trying to deceive us
And if I could change, I would wanna be like Jesus

If I could be like Jesus, then I'd stay off of the drugs
But I be tripping on how my body, bounce off of the slugs
Forgive me for my sins, cause I'm just trying to stay alive
Can't trust nobody but weed smoke, my only friend is a dime
If I could be like the savior, then I would save something
Blast something up, in somebody something who made something
G-O-D, that's God Over Disrespecting
And God Over the Devil, from all that holy chin checking
I'm trying to be down with you, I hope you can feel me
I don't love head busting, but niggaz be trying to kill me
And I don't wanna die, that's why I try to stay strapped
Cause ain't no telling where I'm going, if I get put on my back
If I could be like anybody, it's you my Lord
Cause in any situation, you know what to do my Lord
My attitude is rude, but I ain't meaning no harm

Just trying to keep murderers off me, when they come get you they swarm