Carry My Baby

Bizzy Bone

[Chorus: Bizzy Bone]Tell 'em I'm about to come up out the show
Carry my baby wherever my baby need to go
As they take advantage of corridors, get away from hell
Carry in here baby, tell me what ya need to know
[Bizzy] Yeah, yeah
[Chorus][Bizzy - over Chorus]Turn that shit up, turn the vocals up, fuck 'em
Let's get this shit started baby
This why I like this shit, it's like this
[Bizzy Bone]I feel 'em rushin on me, jumpin on me, don't fall baby (hey)
I see the bitches in the military, don't call baby
It be so hot up in the kitchen let us pray before the luncheon
Destiny praise God, we warriors, 7 crunch ya
Crack the devil's head (ha ha)
Crack the devil's head; whylin out, pandemonium
Crack the devil's head, whyle out, pandemonium
Official rapper's suspicion, it's like I'm on the podium, podium
Buck the money y'all, yeah
That's the season, that's the season
Now my season, season goes through the people with the evil
They don't rule shit, bullshit, evil won't meet the reaper
Latch gate keeper
They couldn't even tie the laces on Jesus sneakers
Warrior with a speaker
Cause we are warriors, warriors, warriors
[Chorus][Bizzy Bone]They tryin to reach ya with them old school tactics, make us strong
But when the karma comes back in other physical forms
Tell 'em man up, stand up, sit down, hands up
Hit that, smoke that, dope fingers, that slug bitch
So what if I strap with the warfare, everybody is here for the sightly change
People in physical war, only the Lord is keepin me sane
Above with the grain, in the go-go with the love
With the Lord you know we got him, in the name of our lord and savior Jesus

We never stoppin, tell 'em we never won't tumble but think what they did
They humble about love but love is here
we struggle up over the form for fears
We struggle up all the sin of queer, we live outta here, open the beer
Get to the finish the realish to get, realish to get, realish to get
Warriors

[Chorus][Bizzy Bone]By the grace of God - tell 'em about the... out the show
Carry my baby, tell 'em I'm 'bout to come up out the show
Carry my baby, wherever you need to go
Carry my baby wherever my baby need to go
So we warriors comin to spit it without no princess
Plenty fuckin piano got your brain spittin senseless
We represent this, throw up your trigger finger now
And ain't no weapon formed against us, bitches love my style
But it'd be realer if you really love me
And I ain't never want a woman, just a woman love me
Let me convey, baby I ain't no physical game
In sucker love they tell they homie put the stick away, let me convey
Warriors
[Chorus][Bizzy Bone]By the grace of God, by the grace of God
Cause we are warriors - by the grace of God
Tell 'em I'm about to, tell 'em I'm about to
Tell 'em I'm about to, tell 'em I'm about to
Cause we are warriors
[Chorus][Outro: Bizzy Bone]By the grace of God, and by the grace of God
And by the grace of God, praise Jesus Christ
Cause we are warriors, cause we are warriors
Warriors, warriors, warriors, warriors
One, in the name, of our lord and savior Jesus Christ
In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit amen
That shit is just rappin what you do

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