Black Jesus

BjÃ¸rn Berge

Hit me, hit me, hit me, hit me
I don't wanna here nuttin'
Word up, got to pay
Yeah, it's like that right
Blow his back out, make his shoes work
Aye yo, this shit be off the knock it rock
Whatever cock block it, cat get blown, who own this street corner
Foreigner hesitate to rock a hummer
Navy seal top runner, rhyme this summer
For real, marinatin' nigga's skatin'
Debatin' waitin' style flowingly relatin'
Fine line switch it on ya like Venetian blinds
The mission is mine, fabulous King I devine
Titanium hydro collado
Yo dunn dunn Polly dis conjunction
Son what, slang doctor, Medicaid the kids pay it
Say if these niggas in affect dunn, stay rap related
Cassette rhymer, 5-G co-signer, line for liner
Poet designer, sharp like liners
Mic of the year award, fly gear award
Them niggas over there be analyzin' for one sword
Get bent, pay the rent, plus still we invent
Nuff shit to get your whole team, crazily sent
Now all I need is a half gallon of weed
Proceed, to bust as Mike Ditka made three seeds
Then Max out like two ack's inside the parkin' lot
Son bark a lot and get seen hit in that dark a lot
What now blow, clickin' like a Calico
Gold Max million, one love keep it real yo
Yo, hit me for these Tommy Hill, ice rockin' niggas
Peace, the summer's mine, I blow the biggest
Back up off me, while I grab my dick and hold the heini
Park the blue 600, Wally Kings is right behind me
Tackle clubs, never rock lugz, I'm way above
This mic is like golden gloves verses spark plug
It's like the pennant, seminars the play-off
Start the J off like Cochran got O.J. off
The specialist who eyeballed the mistress necklace
Perpetuous, this curly head kid's treturous

Leggo the eggo, so we can dip dip dive the gleego
Throwin' can-can, eat that plus this instrumental
Auh shit say, "Stark-aligist, starks-aligist
Fried fish halibut"
Pull out the bull horn and celebrate like Kunta was born
We elbowed our way inside loud and got on
I played the buildin', burn a branch and get filled in
Like pilgrims G-in' pep ridge farms from out a million
Who wanna rhyme, who wanna challenge the swordsman?
That rock that fisherman hat like Gorden's
I hose down the place, no shots to the face
Elite special force no religion style faith
The meltin' pot boil gun shot drama soil
Gamble when I scramble handle hot pots of oil
Man handle brain killin' erect my hidden
Streets may be potent put your 9-6 bid in
Vampire curse disperse on each verse
Swim in black water, act slaughter through my earth
You're hit by my element great wall of China
Mountain peak hold the globe like vagina
Measure on my mic stand, molecule and strand
Finger rollin' rhythm ride the horse one hand
Golden eye, spy vs. spy, guilty of suspicion
Chess boxer, mic in dead body position
40 O.Z. ciga-art, three verse invented
Divine universal black man representin'
Similar the pure, rhyme blowin' out the pore
Battery in the back, keep it charged for the raw
I'm bred type thorough, pistol lyro gun hero
Renaissance rebel shadow boxin' your barrel
Fully woven Beethoven, hit you on a humble
Hard enough to hurt you, chastise my rap styles
Lock down, for this curfew

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