

Lucifer (1dah Remix)

Jay-Z

("Lucifer, don of de morning! I'm gonna, chase you out of earth")

("Lucifer Lucifer, don of de morning")

I'm from the murder capital, where we murder for capital

("Lucifer Lucifer, don of de morning! I'm gonna, chase you out of, earth")

Kanyeeze you did it again, you a genius nigga!

("Lucifer Lucifer, don of de morning")

So you need to change your attitude

Before they asking what happened to you (Lucifer LuciferLord forgive him, he got them dark forces in him

But he also got a righteous cause for sinning

Them-a-murder me, so I gotta murder, them

First emergency, doctors performing procedures

Jesus, I ain't trying to be facetious, but

"Vengeance is mine" said the Lord

You said it better than all

Leave niggas on death's door, breathing on

Respirators for killing my best, poor haters

On permanent, hiatus as I skate

In the Maybach Benz, flier than Sanaa Lathan

Pumping "Brown Sugar" by D'Angelo

In Los Angele's, like an evangelist

I can introduce you to your maker

Bring you closer to nature

Ashes after they cremate you bastards

Hope you been reading your Psalms and chapters

Paying your tithe, being good Catholics, I'm coming("Lucifer Lucifer, don of de morning! I'm gonna, chase you out of, earth")

("Lucifer Lucifer, don of de morning")

I'm from the murder capital, where we murder for capital

("Lucifer Lucifer, don of de morning! I'm gonna, chase you out of , earth")

("Lucifer Lucifer, don of de morning")

So you niggas change your attitude

Before they asking what happened to you (Lucifer, Lucifer)Yes, this is holy war

I wet y'all all with the holy water

Spray from Heckler-Koch order

Matic auto-static, child cease to exist

Like a sabbatical, I throw couple at you, take six!

Spread love, to all of my dead thugs

I pour out a little Louis, to a head above

Yes sir, and when I perish, the meek shall inherit the earth

Till that time, it's on and popping, church
Like Don Bishop, the fifth or palm cock either
Lift up your soul or give you the holy ghost
Please I leave you in somebody's cathedral
For stunting like Evel Knievel
I let you see where that bright light lead you
The more you talk, the more you irking us
The more you goin' need memorial services
"The Black Album" second verse, is like
Devil's pie, save some dessert for us
Man, I gotta get my soul right,
I gotta get these devils out my life,
These cowards gonna make a nigga right,
They won't be happy 'til somebody die,
Oh man, I gotta get my soul right,
'Fore I'm locked up for my whole life,
Every time it seems it's alright
Somebody want they soul to rise
I chase you off of this earth
I got dreams, of holdin' a nine milla, to Bob's killer
Askin him why as my eyes fill up
These days I can't wake up with a dry pillow
Gone but not forgotten, homes I still feel you
So, curse the day that birthed the bastard
Who caused your church mass, reverts to crash
The first to blast then reverse the curse
The first to date and there you are, Bobalob
Lord forgive him, we all have sinned
But Bob's a good dude, please let him in
And if you feel in my heart that I long for revenge
Please blame it on the son of the mornin', thanks again

Songwriters

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