

# Jesus Piece

## SE7EN

Tell 'em pray for me  
It was God that brought Dre to me  
Even brought the nigga Kanye for me  
Bless but them niggas shot Big  
Made a nigga feel ashamed of the the city where he live  
Make a nigga hate the logo on the Dodger cap  
Thinking back to that beamer, wish my nigga Pac was strapped  
But I'm dreaming Las Vegas Boulevard, Afeni's son's bullet scars  
Everybody king of Diamonds until the feds pull they cards  
Not the deck though  
Hip Hop was better off when it was just Dre, Scarface, and Esco  
Memoirs of the gold chain  
It's a cold game nigga, Johnny Coltrane  
Black Versaces with the gold frame  
Nigga said he sold 'caine that's a bold claim  
14 had a brain that could throw flames  
So strange, have to blow they mind, Cobain

Mama forgive me 'cause I'm tryna make a living, hah  
Them niggas hatin' 'cause that Royce Phantom killing, hah  
Niggas shining like they hanging from the ceiling, hah  
Me and 'Ye killing (Something like my Jesus piece, hah)  
Lord willin', I see a billion  
'Til then, I let my nuts hang (Something like my Jesus piece)  
Throw them suicide doors up  
And let that Holy Ghost swang (Something like my Jesus piece)

That's the crack music, nigga  
Never spit a verse 'cause I was making trap music, nigga  
I'm not an army, I'm a movement  
The flow is water, Andre tried to Ice Cube him  
Ice Cubin', roof translucent  
Chick on my side tryna get my Trues loose  
When I'm talkin' 'bout God, she 'posed to bow her head  
Now she all on the blog, steady postin' 'bout her head  
Got me thinking like a father, is the world safe?  
Got me clinging to my daughter like shark fins in water  
Rocks in my ears something Titanic  
This is my life and it's exactly how I planned it, damn it

God says everything happens for a reason  
I seen four seasons at The Four Seasons  
Take that chinchilla off, poor kids is freezing  
Cookin' up in the same pot they ain't got to pee in

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Pieces on gold leashes  
Cruisers, around greases make them cohesive  
I'm the sun shining with God features  
Draw closer to a true blood bleeder, soul of a southern preacher  
Went from dinner with bottom feeders to world leaders  
We throw the peace up, knowing the world need us  
Eagerness to live life and see the bright lights  
To sacrifices we made it's sorta Christ-like  
At the after party thinking what the afterlife's like  
He paid for my sins, is it really priced right?  
Fuck it, I see the light, raw Stacy delight  
Can't deny my Jesus piece that's so Peter-like  
Chicks crow for dough, get low for mo'  
A combo she end up at the condo  
Another Jane Doe or a golden angel  
Pendant on an angle, watch the chain glow

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