

# Christ Conscious

## Joey Bada\$\$

Mother, mothersucker, yeah, microphone checker, yo

Uh, motherfucking microphone checker  
Keep that grip tight, like my Smith & Wesson  
Ike with the mic, which nigga tryna turn up?  
Hit you with the hurtful fuckin' truth like Sojourner  
Mothafuckin' microphone eater  
Spittin' hot shit, hit your dome with the heater  
Wouldn't want to be ya, this lyrical fajitas  
Got dragon balls like my name was Vegeta  
Mothafuckin' super duper swanking  
Niggas still hating, pigs want him for the bacon  
Take 'em to the slaughterhouse, say we 'bout to order out  
Tell 'em we the badass motherfuckers that they heard about  
Yes, I guess the word is out, we coming for the top dollar  
Top rottweiler, since I popped my collar  
Niggas say they hit us, they ain't ever shot nada  
Me? I'd rather not snitch up on my own problems  
Cause I'm a microphone killer  
Especially when my head is gone off the liquor  
Specially educated, heavily medicated  
Give me that beat and I'll put you next to Dilla, my nigga  
Flow sweeter than vanilla  
Tell these haters beat it, can't Jackson thriller  
I'm the nigga that you see when you're in the mirror  
Say my name five times, this what I deliver

This a mothafuckin' nuke that I'm droppin'  
The world in my pocket, kick you out your continent  
Always drop hot shit, Toroidal Flow be constant  
And I won't stop 'til I reach Christ Conscious, nigga

Which one of y'all niggas really want it with me?  
None of y'all niggas, fuck outta here  
Beast coast, nigga, Pro Era in your area

This a mothafuckin' nuke that I'm droppin'  
The world in my pocket, kick you out your continent  
Always drop hot shit, Toroidal Flow be constant

And I won't stop 'til I reach Christ Conscious, nigga

Niggas know, niggas, niggas, niggas know

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Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

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