

King Judah

Shyne

They say that I'm euphemism for a new religion
I'm praying that my comrades all gonna get up out of Clinton
I'm in prison with a system and I'm thinking that I didn't
Deserve to be born in the first place cause of my pigment Dark than the Caucasoid complexion kind of different
On a Harley David is King David sayin' my tehillin'
Pistol in my waste and I'm wrapped in my tefillin'
On a camel like an Arab because Ishmael is my siblin'I'm on my own thing, yes Moses
I don't part the sea I fly the jet across the ocean
Yeah, God's the one that wrote this
I'm just an instrument so make sure that you listen in I'm from the block where there ain't no scholarships
Forced to do things that if she knew would make my momma sick
Larry Hoover was my tutor
Now I made tshuva from the king crown of Judah Now I'm running through the trees, I got you all screaming
please
I slay wicked with my tongue I fire missiles when I breathe
I'll give you all one reason to leave me be, before I bring you to your knees
With great catastrophes, I cast off shackles as I bleed Some room I need to breathe and blast off as I please
With verses of praise that I slay when I sing
And a double edge sword that swings low by my knees
No need to gas a blow I stay low and then I feed But when the time comes to go, I'm like Rambo
I got my cross bow, the cross winds blow
I'm so, radio, this wave activation
It got me living in slow mo
But now I'm ready to blow It's getting hot, I'm heat seeking, fire breathing
Believing scriptures that I'm reading while you're wailing at the wall
I stand tall, and battle y'all
While them Kingdoms fall

Songwriters

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