

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

Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

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