Heaven

Trust (Pop)

Listen to the preacher man
But are you talkin' to me
I can't hear you with a mouth full of pig's feet
If I should need the swine flesh
Your body is a mess but you're blessed
With a father, son, spirit and the holy ghost
But my whole neighborhood is comatose
Lookin' for survival
The devil made you a slave and he gave you a bible
400 years gettin' our ass kicked
By so-called Christians and Catholics
But I watch 'em burn in a fire
See I'm a G, that's why I ain't in your choir
'Cause I see, 'cause I know
The church ain't nothin' but a fashion show
Get the devil to a 187
And they won't call me a nigga when I get to heaven
You're waitin' for the devil to come from the ground
Clown, take a look around
Just look at the cross that the priest is holdin'
A beast in sheep's clothing
But I'm rollin' with that knowledge of self
'Cause heaven ain't just wealth
So mister preacher, if I couldn't pay my tithe
Do I have to wait outside?
White man, please take another look
'Cause we couldn't be readin' out of the same book
'Cause you'se a crook and I'm a brother
King James had sex with his mother
Is that your edition? Is that your religion?
Black man, you gotta make a desicion
'Cause God is comin' on day number seven
And he won't call me a nigga when I get to heaven
The same white man that threw me in the slammer
He bombed the church in Alabama
So if I cock the hammer, God won't mind
If I have to kill the human swine
'Cause God is a killer from the start
Why you think Noah had to build his ark

And God is a man from his feet to his hair
That's why you say 'Amen' after each and every prayer
I just stare at the church man
Spendin' more money on the church band
But Elijah's got a plan
Got the white man screamin' "Damn that Farrakhan"
'Cause one day these babies are uprise
Much more than bowties and bean pies
Kickin' knowledge at 7-11
And they won't call me a nigga when I get to heaven

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