Untitled

The Edmund Fitzgerald

[Verse 1]You, you, you
You are witnessing elegance in the form of a black elephant
Smoking white rhino on terraces
Will I die slain like my king by a terrorist?
Will my woman be Coretta, take my name and cherish it?
Or will she Jackie O, drop the Kennedy, re-marry it?
My sister say it's necessary on some Cleopatra shit,
My grandmama said nope, never, that it's sacrilege.
Tend to agree because the thought is so disparaging
The Lord give a load, you got to carry it like Mary did
That's why I'm giving honor to all these baby mommas
It takes a woman's womb to make a Christ or Dalai Lama.
The world might take that child, turn that child into a monster
The Lord'll take a monster and fashion him a saint.
I present you Malcolm X for those who saying that He can't
Saying that He won't, when I know He will!
You usually don't know it's you until you getting killed
For real.
[Hook: Scar]Dear Lord, have mercy!
On your once forgotten life like it's a game, We love
I won't be forced to shut up when I don't feel the same,
Cause people gonna lie,
Some people gonna steal
You gotta be careful not to shit where you live.
Them people might try to have you killed,
Lord have mercy, life is such a battlefield,
For real.
[Verse 2: Killer Mike]I ain't never gave a fuck
I never did and never will
Live my life on press appeal
Keep it true, keep it real
Better said, I keep it trill
And no matter who don't like it, homie

That's just how it is
Naked truth like the stripper that's in front of me
And I keep a blunt and a 5-11 gun on me
Why? Cause I'm country-bred
Actually, I'm south-er-ern

Something like my brethren
The legendary Andre 3K, Cee Lo, Goodie, and some other men
You should pay some homage, it's an honor this
This is not a fiction that is sold by conglomerates
This is Soul of Black Folks mixed with Donald Goines shit
Better said, Robert Beck, esoteric I could get
This is John Gotti painting pictures like Dali
This is Basquiat with a passion like Pac
In a body like Biggie, telling stories like Ricky
If a rapper was to spar, please tell him better kick it
You with me?
[Hook]Dear Lord, have mercy!
On your once forgotten life like it's a game, We love
I won't be forced to shut up when I don't feel the same,
Cause people gonna lie,
Some people gonna steal
You gotta be careful not to shit where you live.
Them people might try to have you killed,
Lord have mercy, life is such a battlefield,
For real.
[Killer Mike]I don't trust the church or the government
Democrat, Republican
Pope or a bishop or them other men
And I believe God has sustained you with rap
So I pick a burning bush, put it in a Swisher wrap
And they can't kill a G, I seen how I die
I'm only going once, a coward dies a thousand times
And to that chariot come and take a nigga home
I'mma spit this ghetto gospel over all these gutter songs
I'm gone

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