Heaven

Fiction Factory

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

Lyrics provided by <u>https://damnlyrics.com/</u>