

Sell Me Yo Soul

Esham

Sell me yo soul(11x)
I was born a slave, and I'm still a slave,
Just because I misbehaved.
And you mutha fuckas still tryin' to calm me down,
When the priest stole your money and he skipped town.
When you went to church, you said your soul was sold,
In God we trust, you gave the priest your bank roll.
You sold your soul to a man talkin' about God,
Give him money so he can pay his rent, and that's odd.
But he don't stay in the ghetto, but yet you do,
So are you fuckin' him, or is he fuckin' you?
Give me your money says the man in the white collar,
Praise the lord, as he hollas takin' all the dollas.
This ain't blasphemy or sacri-religion,
It's just a brotha tellin' you how it is,
And I'ma tell this priest, rippin' off my people as the story is told,
Sell me yo' soul
This ain't Hellen Keller so how can you hear me,
I once saw a priest make a blind woman see.
Or was it that the woman was never blind, and he was lyin',
I'm here to tell ya that the priest was out his mind.
He made a lady get out her wheel chair and walk,
He'll say abra cabdabra and the mute man will talk.
Then he'll pass the plate while your mind is in a mental state,
Changin' up the words in the Bible so you'll think it's great.
Little do you know the Father's robbin' you blind,
'cause he know you don't know, God is the state of lien'.
Your praisin' the priest instead of praisin' the Lord,
And Sunday is pay day for him, 'cause that's what he's there for.
Give me your money, quarters and dimes and pennies,
Whatever you got, he'll take it, 'cause he'll take anything.
And you wonder why he drive a Cadillac in gold,
'cause you're selling your soul.
The priest is just jackin' so how can you bust him?
He don't pay taxes, so how can you trust him?
Look at Tammy and Jimmy Baker,
The mother fucker was a fuckin' liar, a fuckin' faker.
Takin' your money and stone cold bankin',
Dead bodies stacked up, and stankin'.

Just a fucked up way to be,
All you mutha fuckas out here poisonin' soceity.
And you say, thou shall not steal,
When you fuckin' go get a new Cadillac Seville.
And when you take off that black dress,
You got a brand new silk suit, cleaned and pressed.
I rest my case, 'cause a preacher can't tell me shit, he don't see race.
And I'ma say this shit coast to coast,
You's a goddamn liar if you say you caught the Holy Ghost.
Some have as the story is told,
But if you have, then sell me yo soul.

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