

# Wwjd

## Joyner Lucas

[Verse 1: Joyner Lucas]

I've never been a gang banger with street killas  
If I protect myself, I'll be favoring all these niggas and  
I bought my first gun from my homie who tried to sell it  
A 9 with a couple bullets, just eyes when I'm out here looking  
Trying to find a job to survive so I stop tossing  
Hop inside the whip and then drive cause I walk often  
Stressing like a bitch, cause I'm tired of my Mom's apartment  
I'm Satan in God's office that's.. (alright hold up.)

Shovels to my gravestone, kicking dirt on my coffin  
Broke bitches with their hand out, cause they heard I was balling  
Fuck me so good, went to sleep, woke in the morning  
Six niggas in my face, Guns drawn with no warning  
Pistol whip, stomped me and left me like I was dead  
I had murder on my conscience, I was plotting on revenge  
Circling the block like I know what I need to do  
Before I cock the fucking hammer I said what would Jesus do...

[Interlude]

Because Christ is not only leader  
He was teacher  
But not just leader and teacher  
He was Christ the redeemer  
Christ the restorer  
Christ the deliverer

[Verse 2: Joyner Lucas]

Hate's the only motivation, that's how real we made it  
Guilty by association, you affiliated  
Smoking Newports while I'm riding the Willie Mays  
Watch you niggas turn bitch, there's nothing more humiliating  
I wonder what my life be like, if I ain't had no hobby  
Probably dancing with the Devil, moving like a Jabbawockeez  
I just want change, wonder how much that'll cost me  
I don't think I have a heartbeat I'm just.. (alright fuck it)

Tempest keep raging my mind, don't ever sleep  
See my cousin in the cold, gave him a ride up the street  
Blue flashing lights, pulled behind me it's the police

So my cousin reached in his jeans, threw the burner under my seat  
They pulled us out the car, got charged with a loaded 9  
Cause he told the boys it was mine, I was facing a 5-9  
My Mama sold the car, bailed out in a week or two  
Before I caught that nigga slipping, I said what would Jesus do...

[Interlude 2]

Not that Jesus is God  
Because Jesus never told you to worship Him  
He told you to follow Him  
And you see, Pastor, when we praise Jesus  
He's worthy to be praised, we feel good don't we  
But not enough, follow Him

[Verse 3: Joyner Lucas]

Rappers on TV with jewels, we idolize them  
Picturing myself on the news and paparazzi  
Bunch of grimy thoughts, niggas never had no conscience  
I've been looking for a jux, being broke is not an option  
I've never been violent, I'm shaking just being honest  
Especially when my girl ain't working and we was starving  
Argue every minute, fighting in a small apartment  
She tripping just non-stop and I'm like.. (shh bitch I got to go)

Looking for some pussy to fuck just for one night  
Get some anger out my chest and bust until I'm right  
Met this shorty at the bar, she was working for some tips  
Took me back to her crib and I was nervous as a bitch  
Her husband came home and he was lurking in the crib  
While I was jerking in his bitch, he grabbed the burner out the 6  
Bursting in the room, cocked it back, from me to you wait  
Before you pull that trigger think of what would Jesus...

(Gun shots and screams)

You're going to feel, the presence, of God  
(Gun shots and screams)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>