

Untitled (feat. Scar)

Killer Mike

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, remarry it?
My sister say, it's necessary on some Cleopatra shit
My grand mama 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
Dear Lord, have mercy on the ones
That go through 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 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 Bible and a gun on me
Why? Cause I'm country bred
Actually, I'm southern, 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? Dear Lord, have mercy on the ones
That go through 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 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

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