

R.A.P. Music

Killer Mike

I've never really had a religious experience, in a religious place. Closest I've ever come to seeing or feeling God is listening to rap music. Rap music is my religion. Amen

What I say might save a life, what I speak might save the street

I ain't got no instruments, but I got my hands and feet
Hands gone clap and feet gone tap, El-P beats to make that snap
And I ride them with my raps, and they all tight as my naps
And my naps is all I got, and this beautiful ebony skin
And the music in my heart, and the words put in the wind
And the words put in the wind, coming back like a boomerang
When I take this microphone, point it at the crowd, they start to sing

This is jazz, this is funk, this is soul, this is gospel
This is sanctified sex, this is player pentecostal
This is church; front, pew, amen, pulpit
What my people need and the opposite of bullshit

It's that Robert Johnson, that Muddy Waters, that James Brown,
Augusta, GA
That Ray Charles, that Stevie Wonder, that Mayfield, that Superfly
That Willie Hutch and that Mack, it's that blues man, that soul man
That OutKast, that Southernplayalisticadillac
It's that Jimi Hendrix, that George Clinton, I feel it in my bones
Aretha Franklin, that Shirley Caesar, that Miss Nina Simone
That Sade, that Love is King, that Coltrane, that Love Supreme
That Miles Davis, that Bitches Brew, that "beeeyatch" said by Playboy Too

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I got things to do, before I meet that glory in the sky
And my baby girl b-day be six months away, she gonna be five
So I pray to the lord he spare me, and I make it by and by
And I help souls stay out of Hell with what I testify
And maybe when I grab the microphone and never lie
That'll merit that he spare me, I won't have to feel that fire
So Killa Kill gonna spit that real on each and every song
And each and every poem, until the good lord call me home, gone!

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