

Black Moses (feat. Priscilla Renea)

Meek Mill & Pusha T

I been workin' all day, hmmm 'til the sun go down
Back hurt, feet hurt, but I still got to work
Who gonna save me? Hmmm, break every chain, hmmm
Take me away from this place and leave me away
Runnin' like I know they comin' for me
I'm 'bout to spill enough blood to fill the red sea
Fear no evil, 'bout to set my people all free
If they crucify me, that's just what it's gon' be
Black Moses, Moses, woah now
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Kill 'em all, that's the minimal, only way to fend 'em off
Leave 'em sittin' at death's door, proper way to send 'em off
They'll just beat me 'til the sin is off or my skin is off
Some tried to run, they got tracked down, now our limit's off
I'm just tryna find the North, let the stars design the course
Hope the mud can hide my scent, pray the night can slow they horse
Got me shackled up in chains, even made me change my name
But they couldn't trap my mind, this cry for freedom ain't in vain
See they taught us half the story, didn't know we came from glory
Years ago we was kings before the boats came and lured me
Woo, gotta keep runnin', gotta keep runnin'
Yah, cause they keep gunnin', and they keep comin'
Runnin' like I know they comin' for me
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Slaves, on the North side of Philly
Where they tell their mamas
And go spend that money they made on designer
We shoot at our brothers but run from the coppas
In front of Your Honor, beggin' for freedom
If freedom got free in it, why it ain't free then?
We go get a lawyer, a liar, that's descent
To meet with the District Attorney agreement
Like "take it or leave it, leave it or take it"
If we finna take it, I'm finna go straight for the win
(Winnin', winnin', winnin')
We started as slaves, we came up from nothin'

If I could live twice, I would do it again
Again and again, 'gain and again, huh
Who gon' love your momma on them drugs
Little babies that was never loved
So they run into the corner store
Quarter water only time they get a hug
Get some coca, only time they get some work
Say that it be poppin' on the first
He was poppin' when he had the money
'Til they popped him, now he ridin' in a hearse
This is real shit, nigga, not a verse
People really, really outta work
Kids starving somethin gotta work
Preacher even trappin' out the church
Put them shackles on my arm and leg
All them days made my body hurt
Locked my brothers all up in the cage
So we turn to prayer, hoping God will work
Runnin' like I know they comin' for me
I'm 'bout to spill enough blood to fill the red sea
Fear no evil, 'bout to set my people all free
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