

ICIBILLET

## Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

# Jesus Arms (feat. Busta Rhymes)

Par Benny The Butcher & 38 Spesh

*Album : STABBED & SHOT 2*

Bitch, we back to bang 'em

With heat 'til somebody start to partially bleed

They blood'll rain on the hoard, watch all the rest will take heed

Always come to offer the cure with the best of the mead

Purer than the holy water that be blessin' your seed

Higher than a hiker that's climbin' a mountain of weed

Blessed like it's God in the flesh, you're not in my league

When I come to give 'em the food, watch how the people'll feed

Niggas say I'm the nicest, everybody agrees

Back to the partying please, I got some articles, read

Them dudes unstoppable, they do impossible deeds

Periodically, we whippin' the foreignest Vs

With a trunk full of money, drop the top and them breeze

You need to acknowledge the wisdom while I'm droppin' degrees

'Fore I paint a horrible flick once my monsters are squeezed

Don't cross the line in the sand, I do suggest that you freeze

While a minister sheds a tear, all he can beg you is

"Please repent" (Repent, repent, repent)

Ayy, a lot of you niggas better start rethinkin' your top-five

Know what I'm sayin'?

Fuck out of here (Huh)

Hahaha (Ayo)

Now who the fuck said they want it with Trust?

You niggas died June and July, they summers was rough

Thank God my numbers is up

Snitches came outside from puttin' real guys under the bus, huh

You heard that? That mean I shot somethin'

I know you niggas hate when y'all ain't got nothin'

I know you boys wish I hit the stop button

But your energy ain't strong enough to stop nothin'

I came up from carryin' weight

And bought a crib upstate by Darien Lake

Rumors that my future scary and great

Want a hundred mill' in twenty-dollar bills with Harriet face

Y'all boys is barely awake

I told the kids, "Stay away from Darien State"

Papi said, "Don't come 'round the area late"

Now the Rodriguez I meet with is the secretary of state

Huh, we all gotta eat

Nigga, I was just inside the streets with a lot of beef

I count money inside my sleep

I close my eyes and start countin' like hide-and-seek (Yo, uh)

Comin' from a nigga who seen it all

I went from cleanin' stalls to puttin' D on broads like Tina Charles

I'm somebody y'all need to read up on (Read up on me)

I caught packs in the kitchen, hands outstretched like Jesus' arms

I sold crack but now I act in movies (I'm an actor now)

They see my face on the screen

They relapse and go right back to usin'

Ain't no eatin' unless we back to movement (Yeah)

Act like King, still stomp niggas flat like screens on Mac computers

I'm a boxer, a steady jab'll do it (A jab)

I'm a monster, I'll probably walk up to your coffin and ash into it

I'm a mobster, it's Black Soprano unit (Black Soprano)

New opps, old pound, still shoot straight but the handle ruined

Uh, foreign drip and more to follow (More to follow)

Bet nobody get away 'cause we war with shit with four-inch hollows

I'm on trips out pourin' bottles (Out the bottle)

I'm on shit, swipe my card, shoppin' like the Louis store McDonald's

I spent the half before I saw a dollar (I did)

On staff but as times got bad, it became more a problem (It got real)

I'm back triple, mama's boy a grinder (Grinder)

So fuck I look like talkin' cash with a nigga

Who can't afford my barber?

Ah