

# God

Esham

We wanna ride, we ride  
Wanna get high, we get high  
We wanna touch the sky  
Like angels we can fly  
We wanna piece of the pie  
Get the money before we die  
We wanna la-de-da, la-de-da

It's all about the Benjamin's, the Thomas Jefferson's  
Gettin' ya shine on in Detroit on Jefferson  
Amen to my chrome wheels and my chrome skills  
I grew up off flexin', money interceptin'  
Never steppin' without the weapon  
Disconnected with no papers, niggaz eject it  
Watch me wreck shit wit' this style I've perfected  
Carry a concealed Tech, shit for the next bitch  
On the ego-trip or some God complex it's  
The U-N-H-O-L-Y, murder lullaby  
Yellin' out die, die, die, die  
My, my, my, my  
Oh my, oh God  
Tell me why the wicked shit hits so hard  
First of all we ball like Sammy Sosa  
And keeps the toasta in case I gotta roast ya  
I'm thinkin' suicidal, so don't step close to me  
I'm from Detroit and dead's what I'm supposed to be  
Dead's what I'm supposed to be...

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I'm finna bust, so call me a Mausburg  
Fuck whatchu heard all I see is crow birds  
Flowin' 'Word After Word', droppin' shit like a turd  
Watch my energy surge, wit' the cannon, murders occurred  
I'm rollin', still holdin' my nuts, controllin' what I call  
A super-high skydive, balla freefall  
In the water wit' piranhas, suicidal Nirvana  
I hydroplane and walk on water, marijuana  
Ecstasy hexin' me, next to me, sexin' me  
Bitches on my dick so much I need a vasectomy  
Scientifically analyzed my style dissectin' me  
Situations like this make me grab the Tek and squeeze  
It's all about respectin these nuts I hold  
Or I'll watch ya body turn cold with ya soul,  
Out this atmosphere, out this hemisphere  
Out this stratosphere, out everywhere

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