

# God In The Building

Killer Mike

It's hot like hell in the south  
It feel like we in the devil mouth in the south  
So white boys trippin' cause we iced out  
Cool as a cucumber hoppin' out  
A '73 Impala with the brains blowed out  
Let the robbers follow  
Swear to God, fuck nigga, get your brain blowed out  
Your baby momma followed or your man shot down  
I'm from Martin Luther King, respect it it's holy ground  
Who'd a thought a nigga out a shotgun house  
Would ever drive a car with a angel that bow  
I'm the shit cause I come from the bowels  
The guts of the city, ain't a nigga fuckin' with me  
Young player from the South, tell stories like Biggie  
Take the King's English, paint pictures so vivid  
That the listener will swear to God they lived it  
If that ain't God in motion, nigga tell me what is it?  
The church ladies weep when they hear ya man speak  
They say they see God in me, but I'm in the streets  
They ask me why I'm rappin', tell me I'm called to preach  
I smile, I kiss'em on they honey brown cheeks  
I tell'em God bless'em and they can serve for me  
But you can never walk on water if you still fear the sea  
If Jesus came back, Mother, where you think he'd be?  
Probably in these streets with me... Peace...

Came out the valley of the shadow of death  
Judas still got the knife in my back  
Devil's tryin' to get with G like a crab  
Haters mad cause I baptized my laugh  
Keep a Jesus piece to protect myself  
If heaven got a ghetto you can bet I'll be there  
God is with me  
God is in me  
God is in me

To get to heaven I will raise hell  
But before I be a servant in white heaven I will rule in a black hell  
See the leader jumpin' out a black SL  
On the block like 'Yes, yeah, the truth here'  
Living reckless for a necklace and big chain  
The wages of sin is death not the chain gang  
Touch my chain, I bang bang bang  
Leader of the Grind Time Rap Gang mang  
We a squadron of God's marksmen  
Greek heroes, we the new Titans  
Young Achilles, nigga, I will kill these niggas  
No homo, I just don't feel these niggas  
Laid back seeing panoramic views  
It's a angelic view, the sky so blue  
Similar to my diamonds and they hue  
I pray my success is a torment to you  
God MC boy, ex d-boy  
Only thing real in a room full of decoys  
Angel wings got a nigga flying higher  
I hope my success burn you like hellfire  
I hope seeing me whip cars dressed fresh

Torments your ass like a man possessed  
Be blessed... Amen...