

Gods

Tech N9ne

God Status... Musical... Omnipotent
It's time to go brothers, 11 years and we finally here
Beyond the stars, the trinity
Gods status lets go!

Who do you believe in? Is it he, is it me? W-E- them G-O-D's
(Do you believe, believe, believe)
Do you believe? Do you believe?
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Do you believe? Do you believe?
Who do you believe in?
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Me and Tech an them started on a quest for M-O-N-E-
Y, we touch'in so many, why? Cause we spiritual
Feel'n every syllable we spit out
We angels, that's the way we tell'n demons to get out, so bled out
Baddest nigga represent'n the Midow
Feel'n like the world cannot live wit'out, Ta-dow!
Now we immortal! Someone open up the portal!
Rap is ever lethal when me and Nina was caught on!
We God status, got through a task at us
Told us he make us angels but our missions to kill the baddest
So we gotta blast the bastards with our rap and apparatus's
Never let off the ravage on 'em like rabbits on radishes
Who like the Grateful Dead, our fans are the new dead heads
We keep'n every word we say'n like it's a pledge
And when you hear them gods and love how it sounded
When ya see the king kneel to the ground, make a fist and pound it

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I told you I'm forever didn't I?
Highly exalted then christen (your souls) those grounded I inspire to lift
'Em up, the holy ghost and the frequency of your audio speakers
There set on all that can reach us, by now were adios
Witness the blessin's beliefs and hopefulness I bestow 'em upon a fan or
Foe
Man or those oppose'n the Chanet growth
I plant it so everyone on the planet can evoke the entity sent to be this
Music industries manifold
I manifested this bitch, suggested that I rose up from under the sheets of
God's baby cradle sent down to pose a threat to messanic rappers protest
Agonist moral lackage, invested in this infested depiction of worldwide
Gibberish
Sss soft no more here it is, a little experiment with Jesus blood and water
When the spirit mix, drink it, it's so refresh'n just like the air of my
Message, The breeze carries and once you inhale it then I will ask you

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Exalted... Bosses, get off his office with crosses, that's what he fought
With in darkness's losses, no caustic losses cause the brains embossed with
The word auspiciousness, Feed my fam flows fluidly, they would never leave
My land no truancy, cause I am the reason they stand for unity,
Unlike me with whackness you give yo fans no immunity,
I am the air they share, I am the heir to the throne where no compare in my
Own zone this lair is home grown, it's rare but it's on strong,
Beware, long gone if you dare got the wrong tone,
Now, we are beyond those who got fame, gave my heart and many souls were
Obtained, so my lane will definitely not change cause G.O.D.S. means the
Great Omnipotent Doc Strange

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