

# God Over Money Cypher 2.0

**Bizzle**

Bizzle, Bumps, Selah, Sevin, Datin

Boi -Datin on the beat and you already know what it is, it's GOD over Money  
let's go!

They know

GOD over Money

Welcome to mi casa partner, lemme walk ya into the kitchen this sauce is proper like mwah!

Every chef on this roster serves authentic pasta, while these imposters give you a bowl of superstition

It's GOD over Money honey, the New Edition

I make my peace by bathing beneath the crucifixion

While they Judas kissing, I'm trying to grow like a chi - chia pet so I'm be eating my flesh into submission

They want a coupe description, I hit the Philistine strip in a guillotine whip, the roof is missing

We surpassing every facet of what you envision

So ain't no fasting just passing in my true religion

So I make a student listen

HIS word penetrates deep then generate heat like nuclear fission

I aim straight for the lost, how can a shooter miss 'em?

Put a cap on the cross call me the super Christian

Even if your booth was explode-proof, and you had the bomb squad with you or you wore the whole suit, it still would be no use

Cause on them pro-

tools I'm known to react like Goku in dropping vocals, (Yes!)

GOM is the go-to for the whole TRUTH

A gang of bold dudes on the frontline and we won't move

You would think Bizzle cut the locks, chains and bolts loose throughout the whole zoo and freed the apes and formed this whole crew (Yeah!)

It's like you rappers stranded on the planet, of the apes

And you looking like bananas in pajamas

See when the crew vomits it's Jumanji

Cause animals will jump out the game and flood your street like a tsunami

Stampeding like when the elephants rush, a small opponent first it's gored then it's propelled from it's tusk

Then it's stomped until it's cerebellum swells and it busts

So tell satan him and all his devils in hell will get crushed

Fix your gaze on the LORD above

And sure enough your eyes reveal the

GOD of righteousness with a light so bright it kills ya

Death to the flesh but still alive like Mike in thriller

But HE can free up a trapped soul like Bryson Tiller

Find a scripture, I am for realer, my mind is 'iller

Than a Riker's island asylum filled with violent killers

Peep the irony I used to hit the trees and now I abide in the VINE like I'm trying to climb and go find gorillas

Man no monkeying around

Like when Steve Harvey gave Ms. Columbia the crown, (Psych!)

Same thing that any self-proclaimed king

Kick that Liu Kang, flu game sicker than Gangrene

Look the GREAT KING so you know we got to spit fire

Cause my GOD's outstanding like a hitch-hiker

Uh, Can't brag on HIM enough, ask me  
The flow nasty like Flint water in cups, easy

It's Grand Skeena, GOD'S 9 Millimeter  
LIVING WATER by the river come and get a liter  
And everybody talking about they living fast  
But to GOD you're peon  
I measure y'all in Kilometres  
I see they bluff, they saying nothing like they dead in mind, war and walk w  
hatever Is-real like Palestine  
But I ain't tripping to be honest homey half the time  
I'm just trying to keep Bumps calm like Calamine  
They don't wanna know about JEHOVA's graces  
Everybody got that works or that hammer go berserk in the building and they  
seen something coming  
Steady leaving with they keys like Taraji up in Smoking Aces  
And we ain't ever sitting out, lifestyle over rap cause we live it out  
And from the start I've been paying from the heart  
Crazy how HE art like the word heart written out

I keep a big mac for you small fries  
And I mob with a pair of pumps for you tall guys  
Off in the coffin, you gone for the long ride  
Talking will get you tossed off and then hog-tied  
See the minute I spit what the killers spit  
The first thing you think is hypocrite  
But when he pop niggas nine songs straight  
And start spittin like me on the tenth you be feeling it  
I say I'm a Christian you stop listening  
Like why he always gotta bring his religion in  
But every rapper you know mentions GOD  
So it's kinda odd you knocking the ones living it  
They say you too vocal on tracks Biz  
So they try to keep me under wraps like the ad-libs  
And cats been sleeping on the flow  
But this hot sixteen will put them back on they mattress  
By faith I shine with no Diddy  
I don't move Yayo for the Buck I'm no Fifty  
I don't need henchmen for the LORD  
I'm no Jimmy, and I signed up Ready To Die it's no Biggie  
Yes I rep YESHUA, the CHRIST best not test unless that pen shoot when it wri  
te (Blaow!)

You in a fight, you finna lose in a fight, break all rules and apply to rap  
like you, you finna die

Mr. Hashtag rapper, Mike Brown, Trayvon  
Only time you promote peace is when they die  
It lasts about a week then it's back to the straps  
'Cause your contract came with a stack and some KY  
Poisonous raps like crack in a pot  
Major labels like "here serve that to your block"  
So I don't wanna hear how you let techs squeeze  
Let them cut a check and you be in a dress next week  
Bizzle