

# God Money War

King Los

Uhh, uhh  
You know how you always got that one homie  
That call you just to check on you  
(King what up nigga)  
Oh I guess that's me

Stuck on corners and lost in circles  
I know you trappin, just trapped in that shit that often hurts you  
Stumblin blocks, runnin blocks with odds to hurdle  
To dodge law, but God is law, awesome virtue  
Uhh, seen phenoms fade out  
Like fiends Nas laid out on his momma front  
Cause daddy never had his back  
Always talkin bout how his mama front now that's played out  
You are who you're made of, all make-up don't make out  
Bellies full of take out  
Mouths full of foul words but never put the hours in to get ours  
Hours curse us, reverse ourselves  
Cause cowards verse us but we verse ourselves  
War ain't color blind but love is  
And medicine isn't healing but a hug is  
And smiles don't last forever but forever is  
A mighty long time if you never smile, you never live

God, money, war  
If heaven free what we kill for money for  
They say when it rains it pours, but it rain on the poor  
So you ain't really rich if what's rich ain't in your core  
Real shit nigga, God, money, war  
Woke up early Sunday morn'  
Mama cooked breakfast left a message on the door  
She said put this ten in church and pray for better then before  
Oh my God

I said God, save us, money, slave us  
War, left bodies on the floor, good gracious  
I said God, save us, money, slave us  
War, left bodies on the floor, for acres

I'm feeling crazy, need a field of daisies  
If God was heartless he'd kill the atheist  
If he wanted work them I'll and pray for it  
Hurt them, pain them certain still we facin it  
Build your empires and raise your kings up  
Set the bar high and take your queens up  
Climb the mountain top and wake your dreams up  
Nigga climb the mountain top and wake your dreams up  
And we go hand to hand with rock  
They say White was in the hotel up the block jammin in the spot  
They say how the fuck did you really make it out  
Damn a nigga shocked, damn my niggas locked  
And them triggers pop every second  
And I miss my pops every second  
So I'm never second, never second guess me on the second hand  
Every second count  
Cause if I'm second than that's still a blessing  
Cause you took a second just to check me out

Could a check me out, I mean out for real  
We need family time, we got a house to build  
I mean why they tryna take the house from Bill  
Now we need a doctor and a house for real  
Dear Mr. President, if you're hesitant  
Your presence is requested in the mist of negligence  
To fix your residence  
It's a message in our restlessness  
Tryna wrestle with being the lesser of  
Whatever the lesser get  
If it's a lesson it's really stressin it's really stretchin it  
We finna burn this bitch down if you really question it  
Allow me to define the depths of something so definite  
Death ain't just a step to you motherfucker's just steppin it

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She said put this ten in church and pray that motherfucker work

We need some rest from stress  
It hurts from lessons and some extra work I'm guessing  
You gone save the world but baby get yo blessings first  
Just so happens when you rap you give God a section in yo verse  
Might sound crazy but just maybe your protection on this earth  
La-la-la-la-la  
Man we ain't never had shit or never knew magic  
Whatever people had we didn't even have half it  
I had to have passion and never had fashion  
It's hard to have class when it's half assed backwards  
Why you never slinging crack to the crack addicts  
A nigga think he rappin now he back packin  
Till he back tracking  
Then he back on the block to get knocked off that nigga back packing  
[Gun noise]