

# God Said It

King Los

Bitch niggas time is up  
Pack it up, clock ticking  
Fuck you cowards  
Never knew you  
God said I didn't  
No soul  
Vibe missing  
My job and your job different  
You get paid to kill culture  
God said it, I didn't  
You niggas disease to us  
Blood-sucking  
Mind shifting  
Hope you burn in hell, pussy  
God said it, I didn't

Ain't no song about killing white boys  
With chops in it  
Just kill a nigga, kill a mmm  
Y'all said it, I didn't  
How you throw up that gang signs  
If you ain't from that side with it  
You ain't press no enemies  
You ain't push no lines in it  
Claiming another nigga's culture  
Who got family that died in it  
Y'all the worst type of nigga  
The hood said it, I didn't

Dreaming of a million  
With a million distractions  
Pistol popping, peeling, and crashing  
Popping pills and then blacking  
Wheeling, dealing to stop the headaches  
Fuck Advil and Aspirin  
You can't feel a nigga's pain  
Just like we can't feel your passion  
From my project window  
All I see is commotion  
Do not prescribe me no Motrin  
Nigga, I need some motion  
Aye  
I ain't choose the fucking struggle  
Nigga, I arrived in it  
My environment will devour  
Your kind in five minutes

You live in a box, you're locked in it  
They give you the plot to pop  
With all these promotional dollars dropped in it  
Ya rap persona and Glocks rented  
Ya bitches, ya niggas, ya drops rented  
The charts and billboard spots rented  
Ya number ones  
And another ones and the other ones  
Contrived, isn't it

The phantom is nice, drive in it  
The pool is cool, dive in it  
Miles Davis or Clive Davis  
You talk jazz and jive with it  
Dear Mr. Black man  
Where the fuck is ya black plan?  
Thought hip-hop was black, damn  
God said it, I didn't

All I hear is ballers, pimps  
Parlor tricks  
Politics  
Disgusting broads  
Cars and bricks  
I take ya bitch  
Flaunt ya bitch  
Sponsor trips  
Man, shut the fuck up  
With that garbage shit  
Your insecurity harbored in  
All them traps you keep  
Falling in  
Ya women wouldn't love you  
Unless there's money you're offering

That masculine ass bitch only  
Softening for that car you're in  
Can't wait to hear  
What she call you when  
You're arguing  
When she targetting them facades you in  
All this shit is marketing  
Shotty sparking  
Bodies chalking  
Dead rapper inside a coffin  
Sign his ass, we got a bargain

Y'all want me to write these bars  
Inside the margin  
Incite a riot  
Decide to march in  
Record labels  
Hi, I'm awesome  
Can you market me like Marshall or  
Walmart can be like Marshall's?  
Some of us get the right aid  
And others gotta be a target

It's one manufactured script  
Spiderman vs Peter Parker  
My multiverse  
Spark the worst controversy disrespectfully  
Your majesty will tragically reverse ya shit's trajectory

You are witnessing the history of hip-hop's  
Hysterectomy  
And who the fuck cut the umbilical cord  
Because your shit just don't connect for me  
You mean to tell me if I save my people  
You won't check for me  
But if I help enslave my people, then you write a check for me

I could give a fuck about your rapping rapport

Fuck a metaphor  
You made millions off the backs of the poor  
Media propoganda tricks the masses for sure  
Let's all applaud the machines for ya massive allure  
You ain't never traded bars with a master of war  
I leave ya brains on the ceiling and ya back on the floor

I fight you all, put my back to the wall  
Laugh if I fall  
It be show and tell, nigga  
I'll go to hell with half of your skull

Dear hip-hop, you a bitch that ain't romantic at all  
Let's try this again, a real nigga is back at ya door  
Now open up, slut, what you ain't got no manners at all  
Or you ain't got no man to buy you nice panties and bras?

We moving furniture, all they did was damage ya walls  
Well, listen  
My shot is Curry  
And my handles Jamal  
My face up Melo  
And Ant-Man  
I channel them all

By the way, I'm from the trenches  
Where the animals are  
If you lying to earn ya stripes  
You get handed ya scars  
I am the best rapper that ever walked on this planet thus far  
Mike, Jermaine, Marlon, Tito, Jackie, Randy, and all  
The Lox over strings  
Like Bob Marley playing the guitar  
Nina Simone  
Lena Horne  
He in a zone  
In a league of clones  
He on his own  
Leave him alone  
His features and tones  
Is Copper red  
Saponi Blackfoot  
Known for chopping heads  
I'm Dirt Red like clay earth  
I'm Dirt Red like baby birth  
Read like a bible verse  
I'm nice like ladies first  
If we work, pay me first  
If we lay a track together  
You get a Mercedes hearse  
That black magic made me curse

I'll bear the cold on my back  
And wrap up the babies first  
Chief of the culture, nigga  
And nobody plays the turf  
I am here to bring the soul back  
That is my mission  
Machines running everything, that's why your mind's missing  
Slow the fuck down, homie  
Take your time, listen  
You niggas falling off  
God said it, I didn't

And when you make it to that crib  
With the high ceilings  
Just don't do no shit you know your  
Spirit not feeling  
They couldn't break me  
Because I'm not willing  
All the heroes lied, that's how we got villains  
That's how we got villains  
All the heroes died  
How are we not villains?