

# Find God

Method Man

Uh yeah

Let me light this up so I can see what I'm thinking about (Yeah, right, I'm in, I'm here)

Uh (You either grind hard or find God)

They say grind hard or find God)

Wu Tang, Meth Lab 3

(Grind hard or find God, ha!

I did both, let's go)

Yo. I need a minute let me move suh

Love Wu Tang but my favourite member, U-God

That double u squad just as jazzy as Utah

Move em out no U-Haul middle finger to you all (rah)

My vocal pitch right switch came up a screw ball

Curve you with the change up like, I never knew y'all

Racking up, chalk up the stakes then tap your cue ball

One shot peel in your ROOF, sound like a cute dog

Step sure, dog collar where your neck go

Cret flow I flip a dollar with no net though

Explode, I hit the target where the X go

My ex though, left at the exit with no XO (uh)

Take all the credit I'm a klepto-

Maniac, just trying to take it back I'm (retro)

Your head bobbin 'cause your neck know

Now keep it moving on your left Mr Meth (yo)

Back again Smith, with the avatars time to bend this

Beat, like I'm filling in the seat, at the dentist

Defeat, will reinforce heat from apprentice

Now Donald gotta duck 'cause these quackers want attention

Not to mention if you bitter just fall back from me

Run up in your state cap just all casually

You don't want to go to war I'm raw actually

Spitting since thirteen think the lord passed my genes

Superhuman intelligence upper echelon veterans

The squad will stampede when he seen us riding elephants

Hard to get a ticket Ms Perez David Letterman

Leave her with a cleaver and I'm coming for my measurements

Rock star came from getting shot man I've got four

Pop stars, wanting me to lick 'em like a pop tart

Rock hard when I rock the beat flip your cop car

Popped y'all smoking on the finest and it's not yours

Kick your lower back oh my goodness that's a lumbar

Set your arm on fire when you realise that's a gun bar

Hip-hop offence, mask on yelling, "En garde!"

So let's not pretend, that I'm not here to win

Yo, you either grind hard or find God I did both (let's go)

I ain't talking about a pack when I ask who wants smoke (uh uh)

Careful what comes out of your mouth you might choke (that's right)

Make sure you prepare when you come across the both of us

Ay yo where the fuck are you going Iron Mic get the fuck back here and finish this

Yo

When I walk through the hood I part the sea like Noah

Bow down bitches, move cause y'all know us (let's go)  
I'm the lieutenant these niggas is my soldiers (I am)  
Your bitch licking dick in the back of the Rover (OK)  
You know Iron Mic be hitting like Balboa (that's right)  
My niggas got heat I'm spitting the flame thrower (woo)  
My bars be real like son from Cypress Hill  
Hit em with the kufi on and called it a righteous kill (OK OK)  
You set the trap but me I trap for real  
Only fuck bitches whose pussy smell like a daffodil (yeah)  
You ride in a hired you cry and defy  
I'm the absolute truth, you niggas is all lying (let's go)  
More fire you niggas got Alzheimer's (that's right)  
You fucking with the greats these apes are all giants (all of 'em)  
I'm so New York the flow the talk  
The golden child with the knife in the chosen boy

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