

Luv Allah

Northstar

F/ Beretta 9

"Luv Allah, come let me take you with me" (3x)

Come along, yeah, yeah
Luv Allah, yeah, Luv Allah
Uh uh, yeah, yeah, yeah
Let me take you, yeah, yeah, wit me
Yeah, yeah

Special request in the encore stress
With the bravo, bravo, Christ is so novel
The most eerie Timothy Leary with no theory
This, is so so serious (for real)
My angle of attack is to wrangle wit a rap
Y'all niggaz come in vain all off the bat
And once you hear my sound you's arrested
Christ is so majestic, refined and laboratory tested
RZA looped the beat up and just told me to come wit it
So I did and I did it and I did it and I did it {oh
shit
I knew it was great, and I was glad I had done it
Smokin' Dutchies on the 17th doin' 'bout a hundred
To the birth place, Long Beach, of the April 28th torch
But before we get divorced let me take you to the
courts
Yeah.

("Luv Allah, come let me take you with me")
This is so so serious

We get free from the bullshit
People try to put people in pulpits
I stretch out and pull quick
Releasin' all the anger from the back of the brain
And then attack the game in a different mind frame
We all human beings, control the demons
Ya body be breathin', or stay blind dreamin'
Ya listenin' to some king man with king plans
To fertilize the land is the first demand
That's why I work the land with a force of energy
Knockin' down barriers that they had marked for
centuries
Northstar create history
Doin' things the way they supposed to be
So let me take you wit me

I wrecked this for the chance without opponents
The best by far, better if you thrown it
For everyday that I am blessed you could bet I own it
Regardless of a mic, money, fame or jewelry
The truth of me is who I be, Born, here's what you see
Hear, taste, smell, or receive through e-mail, read
The truth that I present to you, even if I must bleed
Bandage rap, hail I'm back, you see the scar tattoo
adapt

These wooden bars is in the state and I can clearly map
No Love Without the Hate, hate me, I'm hatin' back
And if you are for love, brother you got that back
Though push has come to shove, throw on the gloves,
attack
And even though it hurts, though we must pass 'em back
Back to The Grain, the dirt, clean up or act in fact
Know we can make this work, I manifest on tracks
And all praises due, I'm sayin' out of peace
Shout out to Northstar too, and all of those deceased