

# God MC

Papoose

Unbelievable  
Uh huh (Uh huh)  
Do it!  
Unbelievable  
And I  
Yeah (Yeah)  
Let the drums knock  
Unbelievable  
Statik, what up?  
Come on (Come on)  
Papoose (Unbelievable), Papoose

I launch a larger missile, that's how I resolve a issue  
You start so much shit, you should carry a starter pistol  
Let's see how good that does you when Nola revolvers hit you  
You [?], you such a target, it's hard to miss you  
At your funeral nobody in your squad'll miss you  
They'll be no cryin', no sense in buyin' up all the tissue  
When they walk up to your casket not even your moms'll kiss you  
You always been a bastard, I don't think your father miss you  
I gotta eat your food 'cause I'm starvin', you on the menu  
Your manager's retarded regardless for marketing you  
I always been the smartest, a artist, my art official  
His job is just the hardest, his artist is artificial  
Mobbin', we gon' continue to rob you for your residuals  
This be our little secret, this robbery is confidential  
Go buy a typewriter, ink pen, some more utensils  
To write a rhyme about me you gon' need a longer pencil

Don't let me tell you where I'm from  
Brook-Nam, we can't stop here  
It ain't-it ain't a facade, it's God in the MC  
I'm the god, I spit the sun, moon, and the stars  
Say what you want  
Don't-don't-don't let me tell you where I'm from  
Brook-Nam, we can't stop here  
It ain't-it ain't a facade, it's God in the MC  
I'm the god, I spit the sun, moon, and the stars

I immediately structure the plan and strike strategically  
Before I make a move, I carefully scope the scenery  
Avoidin' contact with the ignorant is the key to me  
But recently I have been engagin' more frequently  
I'm tryna keep positive thoughts and think peacefully  
But the snakes gotta just cross and keep deceivin' me  
All the trick knowledge they taught is just beatin' me  
Eatin' me alive inside brings out the beast in me  
Contemplatin' ways to capture the win easily  
Had to make sure the battlefield was split evenly  
They be stealin' my ideas, what's all the thievery?  
They lack dignity, I swear, no decency  
Sendin' threats, you think I care? You not a G to me  
The streets in me wanna just grab and stab 'em repeatedly  
Glock eighteen with the drum, you can compete with me  
Krush Groove stay with the drum just like Sheila E

Don't let me tell you where I'm from

Brook-Nam, we can't stop here  
It ain't-it ain't a facade, it's God in the MC  
I'm the god, I spit the sun, moon, and the stars  
Say what you want  
Don't-don't-don't let me tell you where I'm from  
Brook-Nam, we can't stop here  
It ain't-it ain't a facade, it's God in the MC  
I'm the god, I spit the sun, moon, and the stars

Unbelievable  
Unbelievable