Da God

Sean Price

[Intro: Sean P, Sadat X]
[Sean P:]
Peace God
[Sadat X:]
Peace peace peace...

[Verse 1: Sean P] Ayyo, who the f**k beatin' the God... peepin' the God? Groupie hoe from the show, wanna sleep with the God Wanna late-night creep with the God Wanna f**k all night 'til she tired, count sheep with the God She like: "Ruck, could you skeet in me, God? Hell no, hoe! You must think somethin' sweet with the God Don't try to get deep with the God Don't try to conversate 'n holdin' hands down the street with the God She thinkin' about leavin' the God I don't care, it's up to you to choose, bitch, even the odd's Even ma squad say: "She be deceivin' you, God She's a atheist, she don't even believe you, God." "Fatal Attraction" bitch got heat for the God So I backsmack the left-side of the cheek on the broad Now, I done wrote a lotta goddamn rhymes But this time I must be outta my goddamned mind

[Hook: Buckshot] The arm-leg-leg-arm-head - gone is your bread With no church we pardon the dead All praise to AKs 'n coffins, When God in the spot you see the devil often You scared? Go to church! You scared? Get a dog, nigga, this shit hurts! Pardon me God, get to speak to 'em Please show 'em the light, throw the heat to 'em!

[Verse 2: Sadat X] She say she wanna get with the God Then get slick 'n try to slit me, Lord You might think that I'm hard Give us free like "Amistad"! Now, these dudes tryna beat the God Like I ain't live up the block with a murderer squad Now, these dudes is supposedly hard But they ran to police when I pulled the rod The actions of my calalry - broad But I have 1 jail pass - one last card Who in the street with the God? Got a hundred grands, you can eat with the God Yes, there ain't nuthin' sweet with the God Gotta come a lil better, took a P with the God There is a evil to God 40 in ya face leaves your snore piece charred Dig out your pocket, snatch a lil award Give half to Price 'cause we peasant of God

[Verse 3: Sean P]
I heard y'all niggaz bad speakin' to God
Damn! That's f**ked up, it wasn't like that last week with the God

Y'all niggaz wanna clap heat at the God I ain't singin' shit - I'm a let the gat speak for the God If your shit fat then get on a track with the God, If your shit wack you can't get on a track with the God Fuck I look like? Y'all batch ass niggaz is the shook type Missy on the chorus, the song is wack with the hook type Now, I done wrote a lotta goddamn rhymes But this time I must be outta ma goddamned mind Everybody wanna rap like the God *pff* Go outta town 'n grab the pound 'n sell crack for the God You ain't gotta do that for the God All you gotta do is cop the L, peep the? crack for the God (Pee!)

[Hook: Buckshot] The arm-leg-leg-arm-head - gone is your bread With no church we pardon the dead All praise to AKs 'n coffins, When God in the spot you see the devil often You scared? Go to church! You scared? Get a dog, nigga, this shit hurts! Pardon me God, get to speak to 'em Please show 'em the light, throw the heat to 'em!

[Outro: scratchin']
[Sean P:] "Everybody wanna... rap with the God"
[Sadat X:] "Got... ta come a lil better, took a P with the God"
[Sean P:] "Now, I done wrote a lotta goddamn rhymes
But this time I must be outta my goddamned mind"
[Sean P:] "The God"