

# Wik Da God

Wiki

Wik Da God, you feel me?  
Wik Da God, you dig?  
Uh, uh

Hit 'em with the scripture  
Riddle it to 'em simple so they get the picture  
Still a little abstract, I think it's a river  
I think I can see the water, see the ripples  
Uh, see the stream of consciousness that come within you  
Based on your consequences  
They base your competence on how you live and what you into  
I intend to defend you  
Need to be a pillar  
Of society, nah, I need to keep it realer  
Leave everything on the beat that they deemed an issue  
They don't know what you been through  
Now its teeming, pouring out my pencil  
You don't see it yet, eventually it'll hit you  
I hardly see it myself, but I drew it, it came out my mental  
Drew when I blew the whistle, let it off  
But never draw when I do it, I'm the victor like its Vaughn  
Not Vincent  
Non-committed  
So they don't pass Pat the ball when they pick up they dribble  
Say I'm a sinner  
Still a neighborhood figure  
A fixture in my neighborhood 'til I'm grey and bitter  
Stay in the neighborhood  
Been around the world, around the way, remained a city slicker  
Just changed clothes  
But shit ain't change, I'm the same soul  
Tryna figure out my aim, what I came for  
Wik Da God  
Uh  
Here  
Let me put you on

Bless 'em with flames  
Dip 'em in ice water, bred 'em with pain  
Wik Da God, the sun won't set on his reign  
Can't just give 'em a nice talking  
Might start barking  
Maybe little thunder, lightning storm, wet 'em with rain  
If you gon' start getting light on my offerings  
Feel like you giving too much neck, start neglecting my praise  
Send a display  
Wik Da God, end of the day  
Address me by my name if you wanna get you some game

Showed a lot of y'all what you know today though  
And y'all still looking at me sideways, yo  
You ain't know?  
You's the one made sure I prayed for  
It's usually how my day goes  
A regular, ain't no telling when and why I show face for  
Still with no schedule, my own boss, not Fredo  
Just some days, had to lay low

Others, had to go more out control  
Blow yayo, blow pesos  
Turned amateurs to professionals  
I'm not saying I'm the reason, I just made pros  
Uh, that I said aloud  
I let it out  
The colosseum, José Canseco  
When you caught him cheesing, you could tell he caught a fade though  
From the days of playing Play-Doh 'til it's fatal  
I stop breathing if you're capable and able  
I'm seeing to it that you got a seat at my table  
But it all depends upon roll of the dice, spin of the dreidel  
How's it all up to luck when things are so seemingly stable?  
I think I finally seem to see a way though  
Wik Da God  
Uh  
I arrived drunken  
Sobered up, tired of it  
Was I just bugging? Was I? Nah, I wasn't  
I was just adjusting  
Took a while, but all of a sudden  
Now I'm dumping  
Everything I compiled from it  
I swear I'm cold enough to survive the summit  
Hotter than the summer, talking fire in the fucking oven  
I finally done it  
Done nothing, never done with it, I fucking love it  
Wik Da God, boiled down to what he did  
Made him who he is  
To his loyal subjects, call 'em his kids  
Don't know if you know my mans  
But what my hand pick turn to divine plan  
God damn, I'm him, you on my program  
I'm just flipping channels, what you want crime, romance?  
Whatever's in my mind at that time on in ten  
Wik a God, not an alien, not Clark Kent  
Could pick him apart, compare him to what y'all thought's best  
Talking to life and death in the flesh in the same breath  
Wik Da God, he bodied every bar, so the bar's the bread  
The wine's the lines that I said  
I'm the guy on the cross on your neck  
Wik Da God  
Uh, yeah  
Ayy, word

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