

# Is Your God A Dog

## Public Enemy

Crosstown traffic black to black you shoulda seen her  
Long and winding road to the arena  
Crystal ball I prophesized what was on the horizon  
And forewarned y'all is it any wonder  
What kind of ground you goin' under?  
A September ender to March madness, remember? You never heard a murder take it for example  
Unsolved mystery life lost in a funk sample  
Enter the bandwagons braggin' hangin' banners  
Clearin' the way for younger MCs and new Hammers  
What was criticized six years back is now back  
With New York on the Jersey Front and back  
Feel like Tiger Woods got mad goods Way up from the cheap seats comin' outta the hood  
Race to the black seats amongst the wack seats  
Be the hardcore alongside the deadbeats  
The world lookin' on like spectators at crucified gladiators  
And playing hate like alligators  
Feels like a jungle inside where fish swim and birds fly  
Man got a tendency to die, man falls to the hands of man  
But damn if I'll ever try to survive at courtside  
Four tickets to fly rap or play ball do the game  
Or duck the drive by Idols in the sky, look at how they die  
Right before your eyes, realise  
Is your Lord a God ?  
Or is your God a dog?  
Idols in the sky, look at how they die  
Right before your eyes, realise  
Is your Lord a God ?  
Or is your God a dog? Same league that defends be the same ones that do us in  
Spys, C.I.A , F.B.I and them suites up in that corporate sky  
Eye for an eye the target is the bad guy  
Heard the war is on from the announcin'  
Bound to get the crowd bouncin'  
Yes and it counts and in this corner representin' the  
Best in the west, died from four bullets two in the chest Worshipped on the other side off TV sets  
Had mad fans comin' outta both sex  
Sold, multi platinum eight times gold  
But died of homicide twenty five years old  
Heard he died in debt too I ain't seen a winner yet, you?  
The confused crowd booed the whole crew In that corner number one in the east

The peace cursed for life by the mark of the beast  
Raised by peeps rode jeeps deep in Brooklyn beats  
Praised as a hero who came up off the streets  
The crowd looks on claimin' sides they don't own  
A house built up on their skulls and them bones  
Knew it be a matter of time the play by play  
Two main rappers slain so let us pray Idols in the sky, look at how they die  
Right before your eyes, realise  
Is your Lord a God ?  
Or is your God a dog?  
Idols in the sky, look at how they die  
Right before your eyes, realise  
Is your Lord a God ?  
Or is your God a dog? With all the gunnin' crowd goin' crazy  
Gettin' bigger proud to be called a bunch of bitches and niggas  
The ghetto, stage fulla field nigga goals  
Hip hop shootouts verses those house negros  
Five bodies got on the shot clock runnin' down in the count  
Made the scoreboard rock the referees the L.A.P.D  
The L.V.P.D said they couldn't catch what they could not see Question, was it bigger than the names?  
Not only in the game?  
But the game behind the game  
Down to the remaining seconds of this record  
Anatomy of a murder, intensity of a mystery  
Dead and gone as the heads looked on helpless  
As the atmosphere was preyed on investigating  
And the winners be Interscope, UNI , Arista, BMG  
Lost in overtime the tombstone trophies for the people that cried  
And the rhymes that died, the beats that deceased  
May the best rest in peace Idols in the sky, look at how they die  
Right before your eyes, realise  
Is your Lord a God ?  
Or is your God a dog?  
Idols in the sky, look at how they die  
Right before your eyes, realise  
Is your Lord a God ?  
Or is your God a dog?

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>