When God Comes

Craig Mack

What da fuck's going on inside the biz
Shit ain't raw no more
Fake is how it is
I hear brothers talking 'bout shooting and killing
Then going home and chilling
Frontin' like a villain
Let me tell you something real
Is how the Mack feel,
I ain't no criminal and represent no steel
I tell you one thing though
MC's better walk slow the Mack's on the earth
to let you know
I'm on a mission from the kingdom of God
To do away with MC's dat represent nimrod
You MC's have been too bad,
So where you go now ice ya gonna wish you had
When MC's disappear it's my fault,
It's time to put all the madness to a flying halt
And radio ya need to be ashamed,
For pumping murder, murder, murder all up in
our brain
I'll tell ya now Big Poppa don't like it,
Representing truth when the Mack
starts to mike it
I hope the subject don't turn ya away
But the whole Hip-Hop generation need to pray

Chorus
Whatcha gon do when God comes
You can front now, but when God comes
You can't get straped for when God comes
'cause you won't know how to act, when God comes

Now we all established dat Mack's new king
And the king for his people has to represent the
right thing
Brothers in the ghetto stop genociding
'Cause same boat we riding, will do like the Poseidon
I watched the earth's cheese line get longer, I watch

Allegiance to Satan's army looking stronger
I watched drugs and guns take control
I even watched how the devil take the Black woman's soul
They ain't got respect no more
When your ass on the camera you ain't nothing but a whore
Ladies you need to help out your man,
Instead of frontin' at the club with a drink in your hand
The Black family is now pre-history
And we don't need psychic healing from Dionne Warwick
We all need to be down on our knees beggin' please
Lord help us shake this disease
And MC's don't take these rhymes for no joke,
Craig Mack pen is mightier than the sword
you stroke
So take heed to the words that I send,
'Cause on Judgement Day everey man must attend

Chorus

All our Black leaders are throwing on they war paint
I ain't seen a saint that might make me faint
How long can we sing that song
Knowing that the shit ya kicking brother is dead wrong
And don't figure Mack new to get started
'Cause flip out an old fat verse from get retarded
I'm talking from veteran chair prepare
MC's nightmare only there's no need to fear
Shape up ya Lord about to strike
With thunder claps that turn day into night
With something similar to Gabriel's horn
The first flag up my tribe of Judah's now been warn
Peace to Bad Boy for bring me here
People of the world presenting Mack this year
No need for fronting his time has almost came
And the last rhyme ya hear bears Craig Mack's name

Chorus

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