

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?

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