

da God (feat. Sadat X & Buckshot)

Sean Price

(feat. Sadat X, Buckshot)

[Intro: Sean P, Sadat X]

[Sean P:]Peace God

[Sadat X:]

Peace peace peace...

[Verse 1: Sean P]

Ayyo, who the fuck beatin' the God... peepin' the God?

Groupie hoe from the show, wanna sleep with the God

Wanna late-night creep with the God

Wanna fuck 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 ug's

Even ma squad say: "She be deceivin' you, God

She's the eightieth, she ain't even believe in the Gods."

"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 fucked 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'ma 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"

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.