

Call Upon Your Gods

Dark Lotus

[Violent J:]I think it's funny how...the toughest criminals and thugs and whatever...

when they're on their death bed...

you know like the day before they fry in the electric chair...

all of a sudden they want to get religious.

I heard that 9 out of 10 inmates on death row are all ultra religious.

That's because they know they're about to die.

That they are about the meet whatever's after death.

It's funny...nobody wants to turn to god till it's too late.

Till it's time for you to fuckin' die

[Violent J:]Baggin me

Pain

Suffering

Bang Bang

Chains

Devices

Torture things

Is this hell?

Might as well be

It's what's next and shit

I live life filthy

We sexed every bitch in the gutter

Then we rob or mudda

Find a shutta

And shoot fo or fo each otha

I blame it all on the people around me

It's because of them god never found me

Right?? (wrong)

[Blaze Ya Dead Homie:]Before I hit the ground

When I got three in the chest

I should've guessed my time was over

Should've worn the fucking vest

But I wasn't thinking straight

Caught up in the thug life

Was the king on the streets

Now I'm asking god to take my life

To the pearly gates

So I can rest peacefully

But he wasn't helping me

Why has he forsaken me?

To eternity in hell
Left to rot in the grave
And if it wasn't for the Lotus
I'd still be there today
[Chorus:] Call upon your gods
Beg for them to help you
Call upon your gods
Religion has left you
Got a final hour
Cross the final line
Life will end
But there is no end to time
Call upon your gods
Beg for them to help you
Call upon your gods
Religion has left you
Got a final hour
Cross the final line
Life will end
But there is no end to time
[Shaggy 2 Dope:] Skin separates from bone

Separates from bone
One hot flash of metal
Now you're on this earth alone
Laying face down in your own blood
With nowhere to turn
Everything from your finger tips to toes burn
Heat sets skin deep
Open up your eyes
The cold clutch of death's hand
He could care less about your life
As Hell's Chariots come to carry you away
You finally realize
It's too late to pray
[Monoxide Child:] Help me out
I can't understand the way you think
Or what you're talking about
I see you sitting
Perfect circles
With disciples of Satan
I got my shotgun cocked
Newspapers and revelations
Every bullet is a story
They keep it glorified

The media's the target
And now they gots to die
Son of Sam
Sam of son
Buck you with my shotgun
Wicked work will be done
Fuck it catch a hot one
[Chorus][Jamie Madrox:]There ain't no end in time
You hear me hethan bitch boy?
Bite your devil tongue
Before I stab you with this pitch fork
All that shit you talk about
"My God is ashamed"
Crying in pain
Calling his name
Your such a hypocrite
Low down inconsiderate
Piece of shit
And you ain't worth an ounce of spit
Blasphemous
Dissing my lord
And clocked out
Where's the tough guy
That told my God to go and fuck himself?
[Anybody Killa:]I called apon my god
He told me which path to take
I just hope it's not another mistake
Confused by the things that I'm feeling
Guns that I carry, hoes that I'm drilling
Tell me is this just another fucked situation
Calling on my God cause he's the cause of all creation
Never was told things would be like this
Always visioned that my life would be filled with happiness
What
[Chorus][J Speaks in background]

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