

City of Gods

Namito

Don't let it ride out
That's what the world been missing right here
Best kept secret
We all evolve from the city of gods
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Stuffin' odd just gimme the nod
Get doe, get low, live life
Get nice, rock ice, buy cars, buy bikes
Take trips, live rich, eat good, get dips
Stay hood, stack chips, that's sick
Sex, car, clothes, money and murda some souljahs to serva
Hood hoppin' hopin' to murdas of Rakim
My own pops got me open on burnas no watchin'
Had a heart problem coping with murda that doctrines
No cocaine witnesses niggas whose whaptin'
Way when Rakim was knockin'
Streets was what it was when thugs was thugsing
Gun wars galore going slug for sluggin'
Jews, drugs and all niggas love is love
With the crew wall to wall I'll be bugged to bust
So beef war it's way to deep to sleep
Niggas keep up 'coz certified killers creep
Stole his lady, I drove him crazy
You ask me why? 'Coz tha man tried to play me
So be low quickly and you betta hit me
While I'm letting this pretty chick get with me
Steppin' with 007 betta make it snapping
No time to do your hair baby, bruvras are busting at me
Blunts and bottles pass but non on target
They want their god hit, but watch how log it
Low as Saddam an his pawn so unharmed
I'm unarmed no I'm calm I can yawn sing a song
I'm tha don king of dons king kong can bring it on
Word is bomb
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A course to kid that cut dope an never got nauseous
Cook coke on the comeback and never took losses
The one rap got rich of lifes of this carves
That jigga shit now sick sitting with moses
Dead presidency represents we are all is one
The call has come to god, streets disciple
Discreet but the beast is like
You never off beats stay in heats of the rifle sniffle
No religion, no faceless with small incisions
No cases pending though I got dawgs in prisons
Reckless living though restless like the mets in the extra innings
Hope niggas respect my dealings
If not hope not in her catch no feelings
When you start here with niggas left stressed in billings
Cold killings, old rillings now surf your scene
And now your vicinity is in tha mean circulating sin
Praiser unfold and untold like de la
No souls on strof on summer so stayed high
We conuseur then rocked the sign of dijoirs
So minor my persona was born
No flaws this federal fuckers this cell is tapped
No calls from the double doob in the hell and back
So know y'all 'coz I can never just sell you raps
This is my life laid on wax
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