

# Oh My God

## Sticky Fingaz

C'mon man, oh, my fucking god man

Oh shit, what the fuck did I do?

It's all, it's all my fucking fault man, it's all my fucking fault

Fuck man, fuck am I doing man, why man?

Why God, why did you have to take her? FuckWhy? Why? Why God why?

Everything I love always seems to die

Answer me, speak to me, I don't hear you

Answer me, motherfucker I ain't scared of youIs there even a God? Do you even exist?

What I gotta do to speak to you, slit my wrists?

I'm talking to a God that I can't see

Can you see me? Can you see me?Are you confused my son, and scared?

Let me make things more clear, so you're more aware

Fuck, who was that? All this shit is freaking me

It is I God, did you not say you wanted to speak with me?Bullshit I am talking to myself, I'm going insane

You are talking to yourself, we are one and the same

It can't be, it must be the drugs, I'm high

And if You are then why are we born if we live to die?Is there life after death? What were we before birth?

Why is this whole earth plagued and cursed?

Is killing a sin, is there life in other planets?

Is adultery wrong, did you write the ten commandments?Excuse me my son, one question at a time

We were never born, and we will never die

In the essence, there's no such thing as death

How could I write commandments and not have them kept?The soul is eternal you just change form

Then you come back with a new face on

You can not limit love unless you lack understanding

To answer you, yes, there is life in other planetsThe future's a mystery the past is history

Today is a gift, that's why it is called the present

Life is so simple unless you make it confusing

The wise will understand this and the clever will use itWait God, there is so much I want to ask you  
God, God, where are you? God I need to talk to youIf you could talk to God, exactly what, what would you say?

If you could talk to God, exactly what, what would you say?

If you could talk to GodTell me, are there psychics that can speak telepathically?

Yes, but if you use more than one tenth of the minds capacity

I can't think, I feel life going down the drain

In the streets, everywhere I am surround in painDon't think, your thoughts are just that thoughts

Your feelings will really erase what you been taught

Feelings are the language of the soul, the soul is truth

I speak through you to aware the youthBut why let the suffering go on why not just stop it?

In order for anything to exist, so much is opposite

How can there be left if there was never right?  
How can something know death if it never knew life? How can you lose, if nobody won?  
How can it be dark if there was never a sun?  
That which is not grandeur, the soil still blessed  
Form must exist for part of them self to manifest But I never asked to be born, I hate my life  
And if you are God, dammit then show me the light  
And tell me, what's the meaning of life?  
The process of all life is an ongoing Never-ending process of recreation of self  
Is God a He or She is there one true religion?  
I'm the Alpha, the Omega, the Beginning and Ending  
We are all one and everything is living If you could talk to God, exactly what, what would you say?  
If you could talk to God, exactly what, what would you say?

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