

Show Me A God

Tech N9ne

Ey, my momma, my momma, my momma is so tormented
She been through trauma, more drama, the dawn is gone, it's more tinted
On this side it gets out of it, how does a prophet who loved God
As his father slip and then get the bottomless side of it?
How come an angel gotta be sick in the pancreas like she an atheist?
Maybe it's the faith that is making this lady
And crazy has made me this skeptic, next threat is lupus on top of epileptic
Never rested, psychiatrist forever tested, reverend blessed it
Brethren, Heaven, Tech is beggin' for effin' X-Mas
Hopin' momma ain't left an exit
It better get better quick, how you let her get sick with bread invested?
In the church every Sunday, I've been searchin' for one way
Or another, you're gonna have to curse me or burst me with a sunray
To let me know that you're coming or en route
I'm 'bout 99, but I need 100% proof![Chorus]

Show me a God, "Ahh!"

I'm kinda feelin' that it is a facade!

Show me a God, "Ahh!"

And if it is, why ain't he doin' his job?!

Show me a God, "Ahh!"

Even if it's a thing, a man, or a broad!

Show me a God, please!

Let me know something is listening when I'm down on my knees! Where is the passion of Christ? What
happened to passin' his life

For the masses? Bad it ain't happenin' twice

Cause my mother's stacked in a lab and it's stagnant at nights

I need your help, and I'm not askin' it nice

All in life it's been paramedics

All my life comin' up all I heard "Is there a medic?"

A youngin', all I could do is stare at it

Seizure after seizure, if I was you

Wouldn't never let it be heredit-tary

If Aar' get it, I swear that it's scary

Sittin' in a insane asylum

God or God's ghost, man I aim to find 'em

To take away all of this angel's pain inside, come rain

If Momma go, how come I can't deny them?

And she only 54 in a ward, watchin' her war

And it's more blood and gore, and she tore cause people are so deceivin'

And I'm on the floor, cause with nor Lord this war absorbs more poor
Havin' all the soldiers screamin'[Chorus]Think of how all the victims of Katrina feelin'
They need a ceilin', they say that Mother Nature, she the villain
I plead a million, the bible, I read a billion, still I'm free to see the real
And my feet are grillin', cause hellish heat is buildin' up
Think my momma ain't ill enough? It's killin' us
I will erupt if they're pillin' her false, still ain't no healin' her
I been searchin' for answers, but I find nothin' but Mansa
That puts a damper on the current problem at hand, bruh
Or whatever it is, I will never forgive
Anybody who take Maudie better get her to live
She's so sick that it don't matter how much cheddar I give
To the thing or the lady, here's a letter to his
Majesty, why ain't you stoppin' these tragedies?
My mother's glad to be with you, but her life's been a raggedy one
What's gonna be done? In two thousand and twelve when hell's gonna be
When the Earth aligns with the sun?[Chorus]That's why I be lookin' for ghosts
Somethin' supernatural, only thing I know is supernatural is the rapper
Maybe if I saw something like that it'd make me change my life or somethin'
Now let's get into K.O.D

Songwriters

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