

# When God Comes

Craig Mack

What da fuck's going on inside the biz  
Shit ain't raw no more  
Fake is how it is  
I hear brothers talking 'bout shooting and killing  
Then going home and chilling  
Frontin' like a villain  
Let me tell you something real  
Is how the Mack feel,  
I ain't no criminal and represent no steel  
I tell you one thing though  
MC's better walk slow the Mack's on the earth  
to let you know  
I'm on a mission from the kingdom of God  
To do away with MC's dat represent nimrod  
You MC's have been too bad,  
So where you go now ice ya gonna wish you had  
When MC's disappear it's my fault,  
It's time to put all the madness to a flying halt  
And radio ya need to be ashamed,  
For pumping murder, murder, murder all up in  
our brain  
I'll tell ya now Big Poppa don't like it,  
Representing truth when the Mack  
starts to mike it  
I hope the subject don't turn ya away  
But the whole Hip-Hop generation need to pray

Whatcha gon do when God comes  
You can front now, but when God comes  
You can't get strapped for when God comes  
Cuz you won't know how to act, when God comes

Now we all established dat Mack's new king  
And the king for his people has to represent the  
right thing  
Brothers in the ghetto stop genociding  
'Cause same boat we riding, will do like the Poseidon  
I watched the earth's cheese line get longer, I watch  
Allegiance to Satan's army looking stronger  
I watched drugs and guns take control  
I even watched how the devil take the Black woman's soul  
They ain't got respect no more  
When your ass on the camera you ain't nothing but a whore  
Ladies you need to help out your man,  
Instead of frontin' at the club with a drink in your hand  
The Black family is now pre-history  
And we don't need psychic healing from Dionne Warwick  
We all need to be down on our knees beggin' please  
Lord help us shake this disease  
And MC's don't take these rhymes for no joke,  
Craig Mack pen is mightier than the sword  
you stroke  
So take heed to the words that I send,  
'Cause on Judgement Day everey man must attend

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All our Black leaders are throwing on they war paint  
I ain't seen a saint that might make me faint  
How long can we sing that song  
Knowing that the shit ya kicking brother is dead wrong  
And don't figure Mack new to get started  
'Cause flip out an old fat verse from get retarded  
I'm talking from veteran chair prepare  
MC's nightmare only there's no need to fear  
Shape up ya Lord about to strike  
With thunder claps that turn day into night  
With something similar to Gabriel's horn  
The first flag up my tribe of Judah's now been warn  
Peace to Bad Boy for bring me here  
People of the world presenting Mack this year  
No need for fronting his time has almost came  
And the last rhyme ya hear bears Craig Mack's name

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