

God In The Building

Killer Mike

It's hot like hell in the south
It feel like we in the devil mouth in the south
So white boys trippin' cause we iced out
Cool as a cucumber hoppin' out
A '73 Impala with the brains blowed out
Let the robbers follow
Swear to God, fuck nigga, get your brain blowed out
Your baby momma followed or your man shot down
I'm from Martin Luther King, respect it it's holy ground
Who'd a thought a nigga out a shotgun house
Would ever drive a car with a angel that bow
I'm the shit cause I come from the bowels
The guts of the city, ain't a nigga fuckin' with me
Young player from the South, tell stories like Biggie
Take the King's English, paint pictures so vivid
That the listener will swear to God they lived it
If that ain't God in motion, nigga tell me what is it?
The church ladies weep when they hear ya man speak
They say they see God in me, but I'm in the streets
They ask me why I'm rappin', tell me I'm called to preach
I smile, I kiss'em on they honey brown cheeks
I tell'em God bless'em and they can serve for me
But you can never walk on water if you still fear the sea
If Jesus came back, Mother, where you think he'd be?
Probably in these streets with me... Peace...

Came out the valley of the shadow of death
Judas still got the knife in my back
Devil's tryin' to get with G like a crab
Haters mad cause I baptized my laugh
Keep a Jesus piece to protect myself
If heaven got a ghetto you can bet I'll be there
God is with me
God is in me
God is in me

To get to heaven I will raise hell
But before I be a servant in white heaven I will rule in a black hell
See the leader jumpin' out a black SL
On the block like 'Yes, yeah, the truth here'
Living reckless for a necklace and big chain
The wages of sin is death not the chain gang
Touch my chain, I bang bang bang
Leader of the Grind Time Rap Gang mang
We a squadron of God's marksmen
Greek heroes, we the new Titans
Young Achilles, nigga, I will kill these niggas
No homo, I just don't feel these niggas
Laid back seeing panoramic views
It's a angelic view, the sky so blue
Similar to my diamonds and they hue
I pray my success is a torment to you
God MC boy, ex d-boy
Only thing real in a room full of decoys
Angel wings got a nigga flying higher
I hope my success burn you like hellfire
I hope seeing me whip cars dressed fresh

Torments your ass like a man possessed
Be blessed... Amen...