

War with God

Ludacris

"The time has come for bad things to end
The time has come for life to begin
The time has come for the war of the Gods"

It's that time
I'ma take the subtle approach first
Cuz I'm just gettin' started
Let's go, look

I'm the best and there's nothin' that you can do about it
Never needed a publicity stunt, let's tell the truth about it
Even in the core of the streets you can't sway the youth about it
But keep runnin' yo mouth, and I swear I'ma knock a tooth up out it
I never claimed to be nothin' but who the fuck I am
Never sold cocaine in my life, but I'm still the fuckin' man
Understand, nothin' you did makes you better nigga
You claim the streets but the streets respect that cheddar nigga
Luda got twice as much, your life you can charge it to him
I fit four of your houses inside my daughter's room
And still have room for young Karma to play
Givin' back to the children of tomorrow for good karma today
So you can say what you wanna say and you can talk that talk
But real niggas ain't doin' no talkin' cuz we walk that walk
Album for album you can see I got a multi-million plan
So call yourself whatever you want except the multi-million man
Nigga!

"Lucifer, oh lucifer"
(Whatever you want except the multi-million man)
"God of evil, you're the god of pain"
(Call yourself whatever you want except the multi-million man)
"Lucifer, oh lucifer"
(Call yourself whatever you want except the multi-million man)
"The Darkness is where you find your light"

How many times is you gon' rap about bustin' your gun
How many times is you gon' trap without bustin' your gun
Only shots you ever took was subliminal to the general
Disrespectin' those doin' real time with real criminals
And I ain't never did a day in my life
But it should be illegal to walk a day in my life, I paid the price
And the cost to be the boss, so you could rest your mouth
I'm universal, Luda never limits hisself to the south
I give a damn about your hootin' and hollerin', it ain't botherin' me
I hear you talkin', but you ain't made it to three
You know where I live but you ain't made it to me, you ain't made nigga!
I'm havin' a house party 'kid', come get 'played' nigga
You got played, my record label never jerked me
So shoot me, stab me, but words will never hurt me
I feed of ya energy, my power's with God
So it's even better is you make ya diss record real hard

"Lucifer, oh lucifer"
(Make the record real hard)
"God of evil, you're the god of pain"
(Make the record real hard)
"Lucifer, oh lucifer"

(Make ya diss record real hard)
"The Darkness is where you find your light"