

Godlike

Natas

[Mastamind]

We be on the mic...
Whether wrong or right...

[Esham]

We like, we like, we like...
G-like, G-like, G-like...
Godlike...
That's how we be...
That's how we be...
Talk somethin...

[Esham]

The path of the wicket
Walk the bloody trail as I spit it
Once I see the enemies another murder's committed
Finger prints on the bullets and of course I'll admit it
Blood stains on my shirt, evidence that I did it
"Oh my god, he's got a gun!" 's, all they be yellin
If you tellin then you caught up in a 187
With the street sweeper I be my brother's keeper
From this day on you known as the deep sleeper
When shit gets deeper in comes the Grim Reaper
In Detroit, shit's so out cold you need your heater
Oh my God, please, make them believers
Body bullet receivers, make 'em all bleeders
Uzi magazine readers like to lock an load and
I don't give a fuck, more cannons explode
God please tell me, why so hard for the young and black?
When money's on the stack
Crime infested pack, heroin, weed, crack
Ecstasy... do you really want that?
So roll...
Sit back, relax, inhale the anthrax
When the gods are angry, I spoke
And they still got niggas out here hangin from ropes
When the gods are angry, I spoke
See, I walks on water, forever I floats...

[(TNT)]

I'm godlike ha, don't believe? do the math
Got a gang of followers leading in through the path
Crack your dome open and rock the derby
They all ain't worthy to serve me
So G-like, bitch, check the scripture
I might have to let my disciples get ya
Love for me runs deep in the streets
We raided the rap game and never kept the peace
TNT

A nigga finna let it blow
I got several ways to let it flow
So ghetto
At the party rock the heavy metal
Nobody but a god walks every level!

[CHORUS]

Don't you want to be like...

G-O-D...

Like me?

[Mastamind]

Mic me up, so you can hear the almighty

Born in sworn in to be G-like me
Never take this game lightly, I'm day-and-nightly
The spot rightfully mine, why even want to fight me?
Bless the mic for me
I'm twice the G
Fuck how the end might be
I never see strike 3
Even if I gotta bang thangs to eat
This is how I'ma keep my name in the streets
Mastamind, that means I planned this
Make em all believers, via satellite to all planets
Wicket World Wide, the mode ain't no the better
want to be like, what? we like measure your cheddar
Big dog with the bark and the bite
Runnin suckers off scared when we spark the mic
How does NATAS come off so hard?
Uh, motherfucker, you know!
Praise your forefathers!
[CHORUS]