

# My God

Pusha T

I can't be bothered with paying homage to forefathers  
See the future like the car show floor models  
Both feet in the snow so that my core follows  
We don't mourn for the dead, nigga, we pour bottles  
Drown sorrows, ocean blue Murcielagos  
Started with similac powder in a baby bottle  
The formula is warning ya  
Crack kills offerings to the coroner  
Kill my eldest brother? nigga, I'll be damned  
Gator at my momma's house, welcome to zombie land  
A hustler's paradise, a lucky pair of dice  
Down 40 but a streak will have you square by night  
Didn't bat an eye I at it, kept the poker face  
Cause the batter I add had the coca base  
When you get to heaven's door they won't hold a space  
If you numb like the flesh on a smoker's face  
There's no feeling like your bitch chin chilling right  
You in Italian leather and you four wheeling right  
You know you're up when you count a quarter million right  
And if you down you can slang it like a pillow fight  
I'm a wizard at it, nigga, here's the magic  
Make a small town feel like I throw a blizzard at it  
Get the green from the scale like a lizard had it  
Bare with me as I unveil this instant classic

Yes! My God! My God! My God!  
Yes! My God! My God! My God!  
Yes!

The Second Coming is in the second verse  
The first coming still here, so I'll need a hearse  
I got a voodoo doll every time I pen a verse  
Not only do they say the feel it but say it hurts  
No pain, no gain, nigga  
They say I'm heating up - welcome to the flame, nigga  
No matter the success, still the same nigga  
I only change when the new body came, nigga  
Aerodynamic, roof panoramic  
My credit score let the dealer take full advantage  
Paid over sticker price, cash under handed  
The 012 a year early, I'm a time bandit  
Got a time manage when you heaving snow  
Able to drop it all at 30 and be free to go  
Only deal with divas on a need to know  
And what you need to know is when you need to go  
They'll be no waiting, I have no patience  
This is the end for all my unrecognized greatness  
I'm here now, nigga, pardon my lateness  
You can hear in every bar and every cadence  
It's the new god flow, ain't it  
The last supper for you niggas now repainted  
Take position on the chess board and rearrange it  
Face to face with the truth, get reacquainted

Yes! My God! My God! My God!  
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Yes!

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