

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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