

# Gods

Tech N9ne

God Status... Musical... Omnipotent  
It's time to go brothers, 11 years and we finally here  
Beyond the stars, the trinity  
Gods status lets go!

Who do you believe in? Is it he, is it me? W-E- them G-O-D's  
(Do you believe, believe, believe)  
Do you believe? Do you believe?  
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Who do you believe in?  
Gods!

Me and Tech an them started on a quest for M-O-N-E-  
Y, we touch'in so many, why? Cause we spiritual  
Feel'n every syllable we spit out  
We angels, that's the way we tell'n demons to get out, so bled out  
Baddest nigga represent'n the Midow  
Feel'n like the world cannot live wit'out, Ta-dow!  
Now we immortal! Someone open up the portal!  
Rap is ever lethal when me and Nina was caught on!  
We God status, got through a task at us  
Told us he make us angels but our missions to kill the baddest  
So we gotta blast the bastards with our rap and apparatus's  
Never let off the ravage on 'em like rabbits on radishes  
Who like the Grateful Dead, our fans are the new dead heads  
We keep'n every word we say'n like it's a pledge  
And when you hear them gods and love how it sounded  
When ya see the king kneel to the ground, make a fist and pound it

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I told you I'm forever didn't I?  
Highly exalted then christen (your souls) those grounded I inspire to lift  
'Em up, the holy ghost and the frequency of your audio speakers  
There set on all that can reach us, by now were adios  
Witness the blessin's beliefs and hopefulness I bestow 'em upon a fan or  
Foe  
Man or those oppose'n the Chanet growth  
I plant it so everyone on the planet can evoke the entity sent to be this  
Music industries manifold  
I manifested this bitch, suggested that I rose up from under the sheets of  
God's baby cradle sent down to pose a threat to messanic rappers protest  
Agonist moral lackage, invested in this infested depiction of worldwide  
Gibberish  
Sss soft no more here it is, a little experiment with Jesus blood and water  
When the spirit mix, drink it, it's so refresh'n just like the air of my  
Message, The breeze carries and once you inhale it then I will ask you

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Exalted... Bosses, get off his office with crosses, that's what he fought  
With in darkness's losses, no caustic losses cause the brains embossed with  
The word auspiciousness, Feed my fam flows fluidly, they would never leave  
My land no truancy, cause I am the reason they stand for unity,  
Unlike me with whackness you give yo fans no immunity,  
I am the air they share, I am the heir to the throne where no compare in my  
Own zone this lair is home grown, it's rare but it's on strong,  
Beware, long gone if you dare got the wrong tone,  
Now, we are beyond those who got fame, gave my heart and many souls were  
Obtained, so my lane will definitely not change cause G.O.D.S. means the  
Great Omnipotent Doc Strange

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