

U-God f/ Cappadonna, Killah Priest "God Is Love"

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[Intro: Cappadonna] Stay ya'll, atonement, this one is for you, yessir, aiyo [Cappadonna] Aiyo, I grab flows and throw 'em wit a twist of the wrist I throw one inside your house like a Christmas gift I'm the reason why these MC's be changing they flow Cuz everytime I spit mine, they can't get no dough Now ya'll rappers pay attention, ya'll don't know what it is You just tearing the blocks down and shooting at kids You not a thug to me now, and yeah, I know your type You just wild to ya self, you not wild in the club You wit your boys all the time, like a homo thug You ain't never wit the honeys, you don't get no love You make music for these assholes that be on the block I make music for the world, just to bring up my stock Come on ya'll, ya'll don't really know what it do I drop jewels in your head like it's Purell shampoo Martin Luther King & Malcolm X, Don' and Baby U Spit the gospel in our rap, take brothers to church Ya'll taught 'em to sell crack, but we show 'em they worth Wu-Tang music, this is how it suppose to sound Ya'll keep picking up the hood, while you putting us down God is is love, come on, ya'll [Chorus: Cappadonna] Come on, God is love, everybody say God is love Come on, ya'll say God is love God is love, love, God is love, love [U-God] Gotta change my ways, my mother warned me Calmly'll speak, time to air my dirty laundry Angels that guard my body, lord, I'm sorry Lord, I'm sorry for the things I did It's strange out here, we bang out here Killas, drug dealers, they hang out there Cold stares, we don't care, we braid our hair Lord, they hate out there, and there's jakes out where Got plan to escape, they fake out here Yea, they snakes out here, full of lies and deceit Yea, they take out here, son died on his feet Son cried in his sleep, can't forget his past He lost a glass ring, just to flip some cash He cried on the visit, his daughter kissed the glass I need your blessings, but I missed the mass I changed my ways, gotta shift the math I picked my path, my wrongs is right I used to hustle to the morning light Then I found out, son, that there's more to life They focused, indeed, my songs is tight And survival of the fittest, with all my might Got my legs and my

brain, and all my sight No more grief, and my teeth is
white And I never give up, and I keep the light [Chorus
2X] [Killah Priest] Hurses past us, demos, cast in
stained glass windows Pubes, pools of baptism, views
of black victims I snooze, catch visions of a beautiful
world No funerals, God musical, unusual pearls Then,
after it's judgement, then after the blood rips Off of
body and soul, we like Marcus Garvey in the godliest
robes And I awake from the sound of organs The
sound of families mourning, fallen grabbing his coffin
Will he fall or carried by the Lord wings Absorbed in all
the evil, that we do as the youth So we, teach 'em the
truth, you, teach 'em to shoot Eve, ate out my fruit,
then she, ate at my loot Now we, pitch on the stoupe, til
we rich in the coupe Then someone snitch, you're
found stiff in your boots You need lessons, brothers,
while I predicted the booth Proverbs is truth, so who
you listening to? [Chorus 2X]

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