

M**"GOD Pt III Remix"**

Visit "[GOD Pt III Remix](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah yeah G.O.D.

[Havoc]

Lime Bacardi(no doubt) heavenly bent peep my mission
have the chicks trippin the Eddie Bauer Expedition
Uptown hit the pet shop
hit the tele crown plaza proceed to wreck shop
had the shorties starvin Gotti finessed the dutchie
unraveled the leaf heave the gut like a phillie
now we politician layin G while they listenin
its a Mobb thang aint no time for intermission son
Im thru wit mines play my part where I fit
schemes of gettin rich never eat where I shit
whats the drilly really, wanna be thugs constantly kill
me
never had my PHD, Im just being me
speakin in general, where beef I gotta settle now
you know the klik, never had to switch files
bent off the St.Ides chase you down wit Cristals
count this muddy collect loot from Loud
then I bow, forever in this the war crowd
bless all my sons that hold me down
keep it real wit me I keep it real wit you
keep it in the Fam, and got our eyes on you

Chorus

Its the G.O.D. father Part 3,
Q-B-C sip lime Bacardi
heavy on the wrist cube link my ice ring
drama we bring yo thats a small thing

[Prodigy]

Infamous entaprisez, surprise kid
get up on that ass like a virus
live in the flesh its the freshest flyest connaivenest
violatin niggas you dont wanna fuck wit
Im stuck wit my peoples and they stuck wit me
anybody in my crew would get bucked for me
and I damned sure will take a slug for thee
we rep the Q-B-C fromn the N-Y-C
let me show you how this rap shit is supposed to be

most of yall rhyme niggas just disgust me
nigga P thugly eruptly fuck thee, comin wit nuff G
you and SP fuck that regulate my way thru black
move the crowd even like this or even wit that
I kick thug raps, for my niggas in pants
rocked the same gear for years guzzilin beers
yo son, I hear alot a niggas call theyself infamous
lets sit back and take a look at this, respect this
we be the most infamous livin reckless
we'll undress kids , come on pop the necklace
to go against my Mobb would be senseless
you must gotta deathwish
you simp kid you really in this my nigga face bent
but still carrying gats goin for his
what the deal....you know the drill

Chorus/Outro(Singing)

Visit [M](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.