

Natas

"Godlike"

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* send corrections to the typist

[Mastamind]

We be on the mic...

Whether wrong or right...

[Esham]

We like, we like, we like...

G-like, G-like, G-like...

Godlike...

That's how we be...

That's how we be...

Talk somethin...

[Esham]

The path of the wicket

Walk the bloody trail as I spit it

Once I see the enemies another murder's committed

Finger prints on the bullets and of course I'll admit it

Blood stains on my shirt, evidence that I did it

"Oh my god, he's got a gun!" 's, all they be yellin

If you tellin then you caught up in a 187

With the street sweeper I be my brother's keeper

From this day on you known as the deep sleeper

When shit gets deeper in comes the Grim Reaper

In Detroit, shit's so out cold you need your heater

Oh my God, please, make them believers

Body bullet receivers, make 'em all bleeders

Uzi magazine readers like to lock an load and

I don't give a fuck, more cannons explode

God please tell me, why so hard for the young and
black?

When money's on the stack

Crime infested pack, heroin, weed, crack

Ecstasy... do you really want that?

So roll...

Sit back, relax, inhale the anthrax

When the gods are angry, I spoke

And they still got niggas out here hangin from ropes

When the gods are angry, I spoke

See, I walks on water, forever I floats...

[(TNT)]

I'm godlike ha, don't believe? do the math
Got a gang of followers leading in through the path
Crack your dome open and rock the derby
They all ain't worthy to serve me
So G-like, bitch, check the scripture
I might have to let my disciples get ya
Love for me runs deep in the streets
We raided the rap game and never kept the peace
TNT
A nigga finna let it blow
I got several ways to let it flow
So ghetto
At the party rock the heavy metal
Nobody but a god walks every level!

[CHORUS]

Don't you wanna be like...
G-O-D...
Like me?

[Mastamind]

Mic me up, so you can hear the almighty
Born in sworn in to be G-like me
Never take this game lightly, I'm day-and-nightly
The spot rightfully mine, why even wanna fight me?
Bless the mic for me
I'm twice the G
Fuck how the end might be
I never see strike 3
Even if I gotta bang thangs to eat
This is how I'ma keep my name in the streets
Mastamind, that means I planned this
Make em all believers, via satellite to all planets
Wicket World Wide, the mode ain't no the better
Wanna be like, what? we like measure your cheddar
Big dog with the bark and the bite
Runnin suckers off scared when we spark the mic
How does NATAS come off so hard?
Uh, motherfucker, you know!
Praise your forefathers!

[CHORUS]

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