

Stereophonics

"God"

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(Chorus)

We wanna ride, we ride
Wanna get high, we get high
We wanna touch the sky
Like angels we can fly
We wanna piece of the pie
Get the money before we die
We wanna la-de-da, la-de-da

[Esham]

It's all about the Benjamin's, the Thomas Jefferson's
Gettin' ya shine on in Detroit on Jefferson
Amen to my chrome wheels and my chrome skills
I grew up off flexin', money interceptin'
Never steppin' without the weapon
Disconnected with no papers, niggaz eject it
Watch me wreck shit wit' this style I've perfected
Carry a concealed Tech, shit for the next bitch
On the ego-trip or some God complex it's
The U-N-H-O-L-Y, murder lullaby
Yellin' out die, die, die, die
My, my, my, my
Oh my, oh God
Tell me why the wicked shit hits so hard
First of all we ball like Sammy Sosa
And keeps the toasta in case I gotta roast ya
I'm thinkin' suicidal, so don't step close to me
I'm from Detroit and dead's what I'm supposed to be
Dead's what I'm supposed to be...

(Chorus)

I'm finna bust, so call me a Mausburg
Fuck whatchu heard all I see is crow birds
Flowin' 'Word After Word', droppin' shit like a turd
Watch my energy surge, wit' the cannon, murders
occured
I'm rollin', still holdin' my nuts, controllin' what I call
A super-high skydive, balla freefall
In the water wit' piranhas, suicidal Nirvana
I hydroplane and walk on water, marijuana

Ecstasy hexin' me, next to me, sexin' me
Bitches on my dick so much I need a vasectomy
Scientifically analyzed my style dissectin' me
Situations like this make me grab the Tek and squeeze
It's all about respectin these nuts I hold
Or I'll watch ya body turn cold with ya soul,
Out this atmosphere, out this hemisphere
Out this stratosphere, out everywhere

(Chorus)

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