

Jonathan Emile "Life Of God"

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(Verse 1)

The most talented mother fu**er without a record deal
Achilles heel
With the black soul
And This music black gold taken to whole different
level
I never settled for pushing the heavy metal or peddling
Keep is conscious until I'm a skeleton
I could care less about your rhymes dog your soul is
gelatin
And I spit knowledge like fire right through the
receivers
I'm speaking equally to atheists and to believers
The only rap mother fu**er to have beef with Adidas
My crew is sleeping on me like the second coming of
Jesus
And I'm grinding like a whore or a fiend is
Cause I'm horribly fiendish
And don't want desire son I need this
Is four hundred years of revolution that are waiting to
be seen
High class low lives white collar collared green
Now a days this is where we place our faith against
these odds...The
Life of god.

(Verse 2)

Chemo had my skin black as a panther
Arm up blast back like a panther
I spoke to my my grandmother
And she told me faith was the answer
So Jesus I walk with the swagger of a carpenter
It's my lord mindpeacelove and mic chord
I never asked but I'll bask in the glory
Cause this is not boasting
This is my story
This is real
It's Jonathan Emile MTL
Chasing heaven
Been through hell
And I ain't going back
So as long as I rap

I'm a do the opposite of erasing just
Right... Write Right. All right.
Fight all day make love all night
Life's too short I bring church to your iPod
Life of God.

(Verse 3)

A Man is his actions, but that's really its only a fraction
Your limited by your image
But what else could we judge you by
Burgers and fries corporate lies
I live by my word, I'll die by my word
I'll rock with my flock and then I'll die by my herd
Its a curse this rap sh*t
The end is always tragic
Played out or fade out
shot out of existence
Persistence is a quality
Talent is a tool
I use it for change and not in vain fools
I could care less if you think I'm the illest
I know what my skill is
I know I'm the realest
I could give a fu**k if you feel this
Got a dream to fulfill it
Get it hot like a skillet
What is it the mindpeacelove
Push comes to shove whack brothers back
Spit facts like maniacs under oppression
A testament a lesson
And this is purposeful progression
Life of God. God.

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