

Angie Martinez F/ Busta Rhymes**"Godd Complexx"**

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Are you ready?
Uptown, on the corner, uptown
Uptown on the corner, uptown
I turn around and hear the sound of voices talkin bout
who's
goin to die next
Cause the white man's got a God complex
Tellin niggas screamin for help (help me, help me, help
me, help
me)
Nigga go make your own help
Shit you need it
I turn around and hear the sound of jukeboxes playin in
bars
Pimps parked outside in big pretty Flavor Flav cars
Cleaner than a broke dick dog
Sittin in a big fine frog
Dressed very fine and fly in their Calvin Kani
No matter how you flex
Yo Jim
They'll die next
Cause the white man's got a God complex
Uptown on the corner, uptown (X 4)
Hey brother what you sport my man
I got just the thing for you
Only cause you're 10 and 2
What ya gonna do baby
I got black ones
Brown ones
Red ones
Yellow ones
I even got a white one
If you want to buy some
Yeah
That's right
2 5 8 play it straight
Got it all worked out
I know what I'm talkin bout
Yo I been readin my dream books
So I ain't no way the kid is gonna get took
Nigga what you mean

I didn't hit
Nigga
You full of shit
Nigga
Lick the ice (uh)
Now 7
Come on be nice and hit 11
Well what do you know
It's lil Joe
Ey my man
Got twenty dollars eh lil Joe don't blow
Ah baby needs a new pair of shoes
Ah pappas got the funky blues
Ah mamma plays the crosswords in the news
Sorry nigga you lose
The line forms to the rear lady muther fuck your
welfare check
Cause the white man's got a God complex
Uptown on the corner (X 4)
Mr. Stein elevating a friend
But is proud to be mine
But you just want to cheat me cause I ain't your kind
Damn
I'm so poor
I don't know what the hell I'ma do anymore
Not from this day to the next
Cause the white man's got a God complex
(vamp out)

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