

**Angie Martinez F/ Busta Rhymes****"Is Your God a Dog"**

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Crosstown traffic  
Black to black  
You should a seen 'er  
Long and winding road to the arena  
Crystal ball  
I prophesized  
What was on the horizon  
Forewarned yall  
Is it any wonder  
What kind of ground you goin under  
A September ender  
To march madness remember?  
You never heard a murder  
Take for example  
Unsolved mystery  
Life lost in a funk sample  
Enter the bandwagons  
Braggin hangin banners  
Clearin the way for younger MCs  
And new hammers  
What was criticized six years back  
Is now back  
With New York on the jersey front and back  
Feel like Tiger Woods  
Got madd goods  
Way up from the cheap seats  
Comin outta the hood  
Race to the black seats  
Amongst the wack seats  
Be the hardcore  
Alongside the deadbeats  
The world lookin on  
Like spectators  
At crucified gladiators  
Feels like a jungle inside  
Where fish swim birds fly  
Man got a tendency to die  
Man falls to the hands of man  
But damn if i'll ever try  
To survive at courtside  
Four tickets to fly

Rap or play ball do the game  
Or duck the drive by

Same league that defends  
Be the same ones that do us in  
Spys  
CIA - FBI  
And them suits in that  
Corporate sky  
Eye for an eye  
The target is the bad guy  
Heard the war is on  
>From the announcer  
Bound to get the crowd  
Bouncin  
Yes and it counts and  
In this corner representin the  
Best in the west  
Died from four bullets  
Two in the chest  
Worshipped on the other side  
Of TV sets  
Had madd fans  
Comin outta both sex  
Sold, multi platinum  
Eight times gold  
But died of homicide  
Twenty five years old  
Heard he died in debt too  
I ain't seen a winner yet, you?  
The confused crowd boos  
The move shit  
In that corner  
Number one in the east  
The peace cursed for life  
By the mark of the beast  
Raised by peeps rode jeeps  
Deep in Brooklyn beats  
Praised as a hero  
Who came up off the streets  
The crowd looks on  
Claimin sides they don't own  
A house built up on  
Their skulls and bones  
Knew it be a matter of time  
The play by play  
Two rappers slain  
Main  
So let us pray

Wit all the gunnin

Crowd goin crazy  
Gettin bigger  
Proud to be called a bunch  
Bitches and niggas  
The ghetto stage fulla  
Field nigga goals  
Hip hop shoot outs vs those house negros  
Five bodies got on the shot clock  
Runnin down in the count made  
The scoreboard rock  
The referees the LAPD  
The LVPD  
Said they couldn't catch  
What they couldn't see  
Question  
Was it bigger than the names  
Not only in the game  
But the game behind the game  
Down to the remaining  
Seconds of this record  
Anatomy of a murder  
Intensity of a mystery  
Dead and gone  
As the heads looked on  
Helpless  
As the atmosphere preyed on  
Investigating  
And the winner be  
Interscope/UNI Arista/BMG  
Lost in overtime  
Da tombstone trophy for people that shit  
The rhymes that died  
Beats that deceased  
Fuck best  
Rest in peace

Chorus  
Rainy days from stormy nights  
Though the stars shined  
Days were bright  
That was then this is now  
That was them this is how

Rainy days from stormy nights  
Though the stars shined  
Days were bright  
Live and die by the sword  
Come playoff time  
Is your lord a god  
Or is your god a dog?

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