

# Sean Price "Da God"

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(feat. Sadat X, Buckshot)

[Intro: Sean P, Sadat X]

[Sean P:]

Peace God

[Sadat X:]

Peace peace peace...

[Verse 1: Sean P]

Ayyo, who the fuck beatin' the God... peepin' the God?

Groupie hoe from the show, wanna sleep with the God

Wanna late-night creep with the God

Wanna fuck all night 'til she tired, count sheep with the

God

She like: "Ruck, could you skeet in me, God?"

Hell no, hoe! You must think somethin' sweet with the

God

Don't try to get deep with the God

Don't try to conversate 'n holdin' hands down the street

with the God

She thinkin' about leavin' the God

I don't care, it's up to you to choose, bitch, even the

ug's

Even ma squad say: "She be deceivin' you, God

She's the eightieth, she ain't even believe in the Gods."

"Fatal Attraction" bitch got heat for the God

So I backsmack the left-side of the cheek on the broad

Now, I done wrote a lotta goddamn rhymes

But this time I must be outta my goddamned mind

[Hook: Buckshot]

The arm-leg-leg-arm-head Â– gone is your bread

With no church we pardon the dead

All praise to AKs 'n coffins,

When God in the spot you see the devil often

You scared? Go to church!

You scared? Get a dog, nigga, this shit hurts!

Pardon me God, get to speak to 'em

Please show 'em the light, throw the heat to 'em!

[Verse 2: Sadat X]

She say she wanna get with the God

Then get slick 'n try to slit me, Lord  
You might think that I'm hard  
Give us free like "Amistad"!  
Now, these dudes tryna beat the God  
Like I ain't live up the block with a murderer squad  
Now, these dudes is supposedly hard  
But they ran to police when I pulled the rod  
The actions of my calalry - broad  
But I have 1 jail pass - one last card  
Who in the street with the God?  
Got a hundred grands, you can eat with the God  
Yes, there ain't nuthin' sweet with the God  
Gotta come a lil better, took a P with the God  
There is a evil to God  
40 in ya face leaves your snore piece charred  
Dig out your pocket, snatch a lil award  
Give half to Price 'cause we peasant of God

[Verse 3: Sean P]

I heard y'all niggaz bad speakin' to God  
Damn! That's fucked up, it wasn't like that last week  
with the God  
Y'all niggaz wanna clap heat at the God  
I ain't singin' shit - I'ma let the gat speak for the God  
If your shit fat then get on a track with the God,  
If your shit wack you can't get on a track with the God  
Fuck I look like? Y'all batch ass niggaz is the shook type  
Missy on the chorus, the song is wack with the hook  
type  
Now, I done wrote a lotta goddamn rhymes  
But this time I must be outta ma goddamned mind  
Everybody wanna rap like the God \*pff\*  
Go outta town 'n grab the pound 'n sell crack for the  
God  
You ain't gotta do that for the God  
All you gotta do is cop the L, peep the ??? crack for the  
God (Pee!)

[Hook: Buckshot]

The arm-leg-leg-arm-head - gone is your bread  
With no church we pardon the dead  
All praise to AKs 'n coffins,  
When God in the spot you see the devil often  
You scared? Go to church!  
You scared? Get a dog, nigga, this shit hurts!  
Pardon me God, get to speak to 'em  
Please show 'em the light, throw the heat to 'em!

[Outro: scratchin']

[Sean P:] "Everybody wanna... rap with the God"

[Sadat X:] "Got... ta come a lil better, took a P with the

God"

[Sean P:] "Now, I done wrote a lotta goddamn rhymes

But this time I must be outta my goddamned mind"

[Sean P:] "The God"

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