

Enemy Public

"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

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

The rhymes that died

Beats that deceased

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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