

## U-God

### "God Is Love"

Visit "[God Is Love](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Intro: Cappadonna]

Stay ya'll, atonement, this one is for you, yessir, aiyo

[Cappadonna:]

Aiyo, I grab flows and throw 'em with a twist of the wrist  
I throw one inside your house like a Christmas gift  
I'm the reason why these MC's be changing they flow  
Cause everytime I spit mine, they can't get no dough  
Now ya'll rappers pay attention, ya'll don't know what it  
is

You just tearing the blocks down and shooting at kids  
You not a thug to me now, and yeah, I know your type  
You just wild to ya self, you not wild in the club  
You with your boys all the time, like a homo thug  
You ain't never with the honeys, you don't get no love  
You make music for these assholes that be on the block  
I make music for the world, just to bring up my stock  
Come on ya'll, ya'll don't really know what it do  
I drop jewels in your head like it's Purell shampoo  
Martin Luther King & Malcolm X, Don' and Baby U  
Spit the gospel in our rap, take brothers to church  
Ya'll taught 'em to sell crack, but we show 'em they  
worth

Wu-Tang music, this is how it suppose to sound  
Ya'll keep picking up the hood, while you putting us  
down

God is love, come on, ya'll

[Chorus: Cappadonna]

Come on, God is love, everybody say God is love  
Come on, ya'll say God is love  
God is love, love, God is love, love

[U-God:]

Gotta change my ways, my mother warned me  
Calmly'll speak, time to air my dirty laundry  
Angels that guard my body, lord, I'm sorry  
Lord, I'm sorry for the things I did  
It's strange out here, we bang out here  
Killas, drug dealers, they hang out there  
Cold stares, we don't care, we braid our hair

Lord, they hate out there, and there's jakes out where  
Got plan to escape, they fake out here  
Yea, they snakes out here, full of lies and deceit  
Yea, they take out here, son died on his feet  
Son cried in his sleep, can't forget his past  
He lost a glass ring, just to flip some cash  
He cried on the visit, his daughter kissed the glass  
I need your blessings, but I missed the mass  
I changed my ways, gotta shift the math  
I picked my path, my wrongs is right  
I used to hustle to the morning light  
Then I found out, son, that there's more to life  
They focused, indeed, my songs is tight  
And survival of the fittest, with all my might  
Got my legs and my brain, and all my sight  
No more grief, and my teeth is white  
And I never give up, and I keep the light

[Chorus x2]

[Killah Priest:]

Hurses past us, demos, cast in stained glass windows  
Pubes, pools of baptism, views of black victims  
I snooze, catch visions of a beautiful world  
No funerals, God musical, unusual pearls  
Then, after it's judgement, then after the blood rips  
Off of body and soul, we like Marcus Garvey in the  
godliest robes  
And I awake from the sound of organs  
The sound of families mourning, fallen grabbing his  
coffin  
Will he fall or carried by the Lord wings  
Absorbed in all the evil, that we do as the youth  
So we, teach 'em the truth, you, teach 'em to shoot  
Eve, ate out my fruit, then she, ate at my loot  
Now we, pitch on the stoupe, til we rich in the coupe  
Then someone snitch, you're found stiff in your boots  
You need lessons, brothers, while I predicted the booth  
Proverbs is truth, so who you listening to?

[Chorus x2]

Visit [U-God](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.