

Notorious B.I.G. F/ Puff Daddy, Too \$hort "Call Upon Your God's"

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(J talking)

"I think it's funny how, the toughest criminals and thugs
and whatever, when they on their deathbed, you know
like the day before
they fry in the electric chair all a sudden they wanna
get religious,
I heard like 9 out of 10 inmates on deathrow are
all...ultra religious,
that's because they know they're about to die and meet
what's ever after death,
it's funny, nobody want's to turn to God until it's too
late,
until it's time for you to fuckin' die."

(Violent J)

Agony, pain, suffering, pain pain
Pain, pain, chains, devices and torture thangs
Is this hell, well, might as well be
It's what's next to that shit, I live life filthy
Sexed every bitch in the gutter, then we rob her
mudda'
Find the shudda', then shoot bowa' for each other
I paint it all on the people around me
It's because of them God never found me right?

(Blaze)

Before I hit the ground when I caught 3 in the chest
I should'a guessed my time was over, should'a worn a
fuckin' vest
But I wasn't thinkin' straight, caught up in the thug life
Once the king on the streets, now i'm askin' God to take
my life
To the pearly gates so I can rest peacefully
But he wasn't helpin' me, why is he foresakin' me?
To eternity of hell after rottin' away
And if it wasn't for the Lotus, i'd still be there today

Call upon your God's, Pray for them to help you
Call upon your God's, religion has left you
Now the final hour, cross the final line
Life will end, but there is no end to time

Call upon your God's, Nice of them to help you
Call upon your God's, religion has left you
Now the final hour, cross the final line
Life will end, but there is no end to time

(Shaggy and Marz)

Skin separates from bone, seperate from bone
One hot flash of metal, now your on this earth alone
Layin' face down in your own blood with nowhere to
turn
Everything, from your fingertips to toes burn
He set's sin deep, open up your eye's
The cold clutch of death's hand, could care less about
your lies
Hell's chariot comes to carry you away
You finally realized, it's to late to pray!

(Monoxide)

Help Me Out!!

I can't understand the way you think or what your talkin'
about
I see you sittin' perfect circles, wit' deciples of Satan
I got my shotgun cocked, news papers and revilations
Every bullet is a story, they keep it glorified
The media's been talkin', and now they got's to die
Son a Sam, Sam a Son, walkin' wit' my shotgun
Wicked work will be done, fuck it catch a hot one

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(Jamie Madrox)

There aint no end in time, you hear me heathen, bitch
boy?
Bite your devil tongue before I stab you with this
pitchfork
All that shit you talk about, my God is a shame
Cryin' in pain, callin' his name
Your such a hypocrit, a low-down, inconsiderate
Piece of shit, and you aint worth an ounce a spit
Blasphemous dissin' my Lord, the Concrow
Where's the tough guy, that told my Lord to go and
fuck himself bitch?

(Marz)

All of my life, and times, all of my crimes
It got me lookin' for the sign that God's alive
Cuz' there's got to be, more to this life than knives
And cold lines, the violent crimes
I've realized, that they lied, cuz' God's alive, he's
inside of me
There aint gone' be no afterlife where their judgin' me
I aint scared of death, I aint scared of life
When I die, i'm gone' smile, bring it on, it's a good
thing to die
Chorus

(Monoxide)

"Help me out, I can't understand the way you think or
what your talkin' about" x4

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