

## Rap God Lyrics

Look, I was gonna go easy on you not to hurt your feelings

But I'm only going to get this one chance

(Six minutes, six minutes)

Something's wrong, I can feel it

(Six minutes, six minutes, Slim Shady, you're on)

Just a feeling I've got

Like something's about to happen

But I don't know what

If that means, what I think it means, we're in trouble

Big trouble. And if he is as bananas as you say

I'm not taking any chances

You are just what the doc ordered

I'm beginning to feel like a Rap God, Rap God

All my people from the front to the back nod, back nod

Now who thinks their arms are long enough to slap box, slap box?

They said I rap like a robot, so call me rap-bot

But for me to rap like a computer must be in my genes

I got a laptop in my back pocket

My pen'll go off when I half-cock it

Got a fat knot from that rap profit

Made a living and a killing off it

Ever since Bill Clinton was still in office

With Monica Lewinsky feeling on his nutsack

I'm an MC still as honest

But as rude and as indecent as all hell

Syllables, skill-a-holic (Kill 'em all with)

This flippity, dippity-hippity hip-hop

You don't really wanna get into a pissing match

With this rappity brat

Packing a MAC in the back of the Ac

Backpack rap, crap, yap-yap, yackety-yack

And at the exact same time

I attempt these lyrical acrobat stunts while I'm practicing that

I'll still be able to break a motherfuckin' table

Over the back of a couple of faggots and crack it in half

Only realized it was ironic

I was signed to Aftermath after the fact

How could I not blow? All I do is drop "F" bombs

Feel my wrath of attack

Rappers are having a rough time period

Here's a maxi pad

It's actually disastrously bad

For the wack while I'm masterfully constructing this masterpiece yeah

'Cause I'm beginning to feel like a Rap God, Rap God

All my people from the front to the back nod, back nod

Now who thinks their arms are long enough to slap box, slap box?

Let me show you maintaining this shit ain't that hard, that hard

Everybody want the key and the secret to rap

Immortality like I have got

Well, to be truthful the blueprint's

Simply rage and youthful exuberance

Everybody loves to root for a nuisance

Hit the Earth like an asteroid

Did nothing but shoot for the moon since (pew)

MCs get taken to school with this music

'Cause I use it as a vehicle to 'bust a rhyme'

Now I lead a new school full of students

Me? I'm a product of Rakim

Lakim Shabazz, 2Pac, N.W.A., Cube, hey, Doc, Ren

Yella, Eazy, thank you, they got Slim

Inspired enough to one day grow up

Blow up and be in a position

To meet Run-D.M.C. and induct them

Into the motherfuckin' Rock n'

Roll Hall of Fame even though I walk in the church

And burst in a ball of flames  
Only Hall of Fame I'll be inducted in is the alcohol of fame  
On the wall of shame

You fags think it's all a game  
'Til I walk a flock of flames  
Off a plank and  
Tell me what in the fuck are you thinking?  
Little gay-looking boy  
So gay I can barely say it with a 'straight' face, looking boy

You're witnessing a mass-occur like you're watching a church gathering take place,  
looking boy

Oy vey, that boy's gay  
That's all they say, looking boy  
You get a thumbs up, pat on the back

And a "way to go" from your label every day, looking boy  
Hey, looking boy, what d'you say, looking boy?  
I get a "hell yeah" from Dre, looking boy  
I'mma work for everything I have

Never asked nobody for shit  
Get outta my face, looking boy  
Basically boy you're never gonna be capable  
Of keeping up with the same pace, looking boy, 'cause

I'm beginning to feel like a Rap God, Rap God

All my people from the front to the back nod, back nod  
The way I'm racing around the track, call me NASCAR, NASCAR  
Dale Earnhardt of the trailer park, the White Trash God  
Kneel before General Zod this planet's Krypton, no Asgard, Asgard

So you'll be Thor and I'll be Odin  
You're rodent, I'm omnipotent  
Let off then I'm reloading  
Immediately with these bombs I'm totin'  
And I should not be woken

I'm the walking dead  
But I'm just a talking head, a zombie floating  
But I got your mom deep-throating  
I'm out my Ramen Noodle  
We have nothing in common, poodle  
I'm a Doberman, pinch yourself

In the arm and pay homage, pupil  
It's me  
My honesty's brutal  
But it's honestly futile if I don't utilize  
What I do though for good  
At least once in a while so I wanna make sure

Somewhere in this chicken scratch I scribble and doodle  
Enough rhymes to  
Maybe try to help get some people through tough times

But I gotta keep a few punchlines  
Just in case 'cause even you unsigned

Rappers are hungry looking at me like it's lunchtime  
I know there was a time where once I  
Was king of the underground  
But I still rap like I'm on my Pharoahe Monch grind  
So I crunch rhymes  
But sometimes when you combine  
Appeal with the skin color of mine

You get too big and here they come trying to  
Censor you like that one line I said  
On "I'm Back" from The Mathers LP  
One when I tried to say I'll take seven kids from Columbine  
Put 'em all in a line  
Add an AK-47, a revolver and a nine

See if I get away with it now  
That I ain't as big as I was, but I'm  
Morphin' into an immortal coming through the portal  
You're stuck in a time warp from two thousand four though  
And I don't know what the fuck that you rhyme for  
You're pointless as Rapunzel

With fucking cornrows  
You write normal? Fuck being normal  
And I just bought a new ray gun from the future

Just to come and shoot ya  
Like when Fabolous made Ray J mad  
'Cause Fab said he looked like a fag  
At Mayweather's pad singin' to a man

While he played piano  
Man, oh man, that was a 24/7 special  
On the cable channel

So Ray J went straight to the radio station the very next day  
"Hey, Fab, I'mma kill you"

Lyrics coming at you with supersonic speed, (JJ Fad)

Uh, summa lumma dooma lumma you assuming I'm a human  
What I gotta do to get it through to you? I'm superhuman  
Innovative and I'm made of rubber, so that anything you say is  
Ricocheting off of me and it'll glue to you  
I'm devastating more than ever demonstrating

How to give a motherfuckin' audience a feeling like it's levitating  
Never fading, and I know that haters are forever waiting  
For the day that they can say I fell off, they'll be celebrating  
'Cause I know the way to get 'em motivated  
I make elevating music  
You make elevator music  
"Oh, he's too mainstream."

Well, that's what they do  
When they get jealous, they confuse it

“It’s not hip-hop, it’s pop.”

‘Cause I found a hell a way to fuse it

With rock, shock rap with Doc

Throw on “Lose Yourself” and make ‘em lose it

“I don’t know how to make songs like that

I don’t know what words to use.”

Let me know when it occurs to you

While I’m ripping any one of these verses that versus you

It’s curtains, I’m inadvertently hurtin’ you

How many verses I gotta murder to

Prove that if you were half as nice

Your songs you could sacrifice virgins to

Unghh, school flunky, pill junky

But look at the accolades these skills brung me

Full of myself, but still hungry

I bully myself ‘cause I make me do what I put my mind to

When I’m a million leagues above you

Ill when I speak in tongues

But it’s still tongue-in-cheek, fuck you

I’m drunk. So, Satan, take the fucking wheel

I’m asleep in the front seat

Bumping Heavy D and the Boyz

Still “Chunky, but Funky”

But in my head there’s something



I can feel tugging and struggling  
Angels fight with devils and

Here's what they want from me  
They're asking me to eliminate some of the women hate  
But if you take into consideration the bitter hatred I had  
Then you may be a little patient and more sympathetic to the situation  
And understand the discrimination

But fuck it  
Life's handing you lemons  
Make lemonade then  
But if I can't batter the women  
How the fuck am I supposed to bake them a cake then?  
Don't mistake him for Satan

It's a fatal mistake if you think I need to be overseas  
And take a vacation to trip a broad  
And make her fall on her face and  
Don't be a retard, be a king?  
Think not  
Why be a king when you can be a God?

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