

# Lord Above (feat. Eminem & Mary J. Blige)

## Fat Joe & Dre

Yeah We cop new timepieces when these fools deny Jesus  
Hate is a sin dog, be real  
I got my hand on the pump  
You on Twitter in your feels  
Throwin' subs, arguin' with chicks I pray for these niggas, same hands that I hustle with  
Passin' the offering plates, I'm the preacher in foreign whips  
Sermons and politics, miracles come with each and every flip  
That dinero from zero, so heaven-sent  
Immaculate, blessings from Mary, I reminisce  
On days we was broke, all we had was some common sense  
Last night, I had a nightmare, I was at the stove  
I woke up in Paris, cookin' up for Hov  
That's why I thank the Lord for givin' me this life  
And even when I'm gone, the music keepin' us alive  
Yeah, it's called forever-ever  
Ever-ever, ever-ever, family ties Oh-oh  
Yeah, yeah, oh  
(I thank you Lord)  
I'm so grateful, all I need is love, ooh  
To the Lord above G6 globals, who'da thunk it, from the projects  
Eight balls, some poppy, went and dunked it in the Pyrex  
Mischievous thoughts 'fore seein' the sauce  
Told Montana in the G, chicky poo in the Porsche  
The Frank Sinatra of the Spanish mobsters  
We the Jimmy's Cafe, ain't no need for operas  
Had the fiends scream, "Hallelujah," fuck the prosecutor  
Gave my nigga fifty years, and he was not the shooter  
When they see us I'll have ticked refinement  
Dig deep in your mind, no pressure, no diamonds  
So we live a life, drop a hundred at the ferry, yeah  
My chick's from San Fran, but stay out my bae area  
Oh, I'm too highfy for you niggas  
I get my snipeys with the 9 piece just to wipe you niggas  
Death knockin' at your door got you squeezin' handle  
And you ain't seen God 'til you starin down a barrel And I've been good, oh  
(Lord, I thank you)  
(I thank you Lord)  
All I need is love  
To the Lord above I'm sittin' here, reminiscin', think I just got a lightbulb  
Somethin' I'd like to mention, this is just on a side note  
Word to the Terror Squad, Joe, this is all puns aside though  
I know me and Mariah didn't end on a high note  
But that other dude's whipped, that pussy got him neutered

Tried to tell him this chick's a nut job  
 Before he got his jewels clipped  
 Almost got my caboose kicked, fool, quit, you not gon' do shit  
 I let her chop my balls off, too 'fore I lost to you, NickI should quit watchin' news clips, yeah  
 My balls are too big, I should be talkin' pool  
 'Cause I got scratches on my pocket, fall when I'm takin' shots at you  
 Fuck it, lemme chalk the cue stick  
 I'm over the top, like pool, whip  
 And I promise you the day I fall off or lose it  
 I will stop and cut off the music  
 Opportunist, wanna kill shit every chance that I got to do thisStackin' my guap, savage, I'm not  
 To fool with, like a handgun  
 You could say I'm like a Gat when it's cocked  
 I keep it a (Buck, buck), your ass'll get shot  
 If rap was an actual Glock  
 You'd act like you strapped when you're not  
 Only cap that you pop is the top on the can of your pop  
 You the man 'til I pop your top  
 You ain't Jack in a BoxAnd I ain't talkin' a hamburger spot  
 Cracker with the barrel, armed to the teeth, Anderson .Paak (Yeah)  
 Rest in peace to Afeni and her son Pac  
 You sent me that plaque with his rhyme sheet, I haven't forgot (Nah)  
 Blow 30 million in a month, call it Brewster's Millions  
 Just hope I don't lose the feelin', from soldier to civilian  
 Got everything I need but I don't even  
 See myself in the future chillin'  
 Only thing I don't have in the booth's a ceiling  
 Just call me the roofless villainThey tellin' me sky's the limit  
 So I got my head in the clouds  
 Unicorn in human form, saw a gift horse  
 Looked him dead in the mouth (And Lord)  
 And Lord, good lookin' out, for sendin' me Edna and Charles  
 Whenever mom kicked me out of the house  
 They were the bomb, then you sent me L-LAll the times that I hated myself, since eleven or  
 twelve  
 Only way that I knew how to better myself  
 Is when I'm bet against by everyone else  
 So Joe hit the head on the nail  
 You ain't seen God 'til you starin' down a barrel  
 I was gun shy, but now like a snail  
 The slug's comin' out of its shellOh, there's no hate in this world  
 That can make me give up  
 That can keep me stuck  
 Lord, I thank you (Lord, I thank you)  
 I thank you, I'm so grateful, so thankful, so thankful (So thankful)  
 Oh, oh, oh, oh, mmhI thank the Lord above  
 Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
 Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, woo

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