

# Everlast, God Wanna

I said God wanna fill my heart  
The devil wanna wear my skin  
Time to get the party started, everybody jump in  
(You got it)  
God wanna fill my heart  
The devil wanna wear my skin  
Time to get the party started, everybody jump in  
(You got it)

I'm gonna bounce, rock, skate, tune in, drop out, demotivate  
Renegotiate for the proper rate  
Some that push weight have to go upstate  
And fucking jail bait is statutory rape  
And don't you never get your ass caught on tape  
This ain't New York, there ain't no escape  
And Superman's just another pimp in a cape  
And even if both your eyes come up snake  
It's time to get wise, rise, and cut the cake  
Don't take much for the Earth to quake  
So watch what you clutch when you're on the take

I'm trying to tell you, God wanna fill my heart  
The devil wanna wear my skin  
Time to get the party started, everybody jump in  
(You got it)  
God wanna fill my heart  
The devil wanna wear my skin  
Time to get the party started, everybody jump in  
(You got it)

I don't know where I'm going, I hardly know where I've been  
The only thing I know for sure, the party's 'bout to begin  
(You got it)  
A thousand angels dancing, all on the head of a pin  
Some people live for righteousness, some people live for sin  
(You got it)

God wanna fill my heart  
The devil wanna wear my skin  
Time to get the party started, everybody jump in  
(You got it)  
God wanna fill my heart  
The devil wanna wear my skin  
Time to get the party started, everybody jump in  
(You got it)  
Everybody jump in, Lord, everybody jump in  
Everybody jump in, Lord, everybody jump in  
(You got it)

Yo, I'm a pimp, I'm a thief, I'm a killer, I'm a dealer  
I'm a holy man, preacher, I'm a teacher, I'm a healer  
I'm a mover, I'm a shaker, I'm a giver, I'm a taker  
I'm a longtime, bonafide, big money maker  
I'm a winner, I'm a loser, I'm a begger, I'm a chooser  
I'm a thug, I'm a boozier, I'm a chronic drug user  
I've been rapping, I've been mixing  
I'm facting and I'm fiction  
I'm a walking, talking, living, breathing contradiction  
I'm working for my God, but I'm playing with the devil  
Don't act like you can see me, 'cuz I'm on another level  
I'm a mic burner, not a Trik Turner  
I'll act like Ike Turner, then I'll treat you like Tina

God wanna fill my heart

The devil wanna wear my skin  
Time to get the party started, everybody jump in  
(You got it)  
God wanna fill my heart  
The devil wanna take my soul  
Daddy got a broken heart, the party's gotten out of control  
The party's gotten out of control, y'all, the party's gotten out of control  
The party's gotten out of control, y'all, the party's gotten out of control  
(You got it)  
(You got it)