

# 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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