

Amen

André Rieu

I just wanna thank God
For all the pretty women he let into my life
All the Benjamins he let me count
Wealth and health, for my family
And lettin' me BALL on these niggas

Now it's a lot of bad bitches in the building (Ooh, Amen)
A couple real niggas in the building (Amen)
I'm finna kill niggas in the building (Amen)
I tell the waiter fifty bottles and she tell me say when
And I say church (Preach)
We make it light up like a church (Preach)
She wanna fuck and I say church (Preach)
Do Liv on Sunday like a church (Ahh, Preach)

Bottle after bottle, drink until I overdose
Pull up in the Phantom watch them bitches catch the holy ghost
Everytime I step up in the dealer I be goin' broke
Shorty wanna fuck me I say get on top and rollercoast
And I lay back, she go cray
Fuck me good, but she no stay
Murder on that pussy let her boyfriend get that DOA
Get it? And all I get is Frito Lay
Plus I'm on probation, when they test me I just pee Rozay
Cause last night, I went hard, Peach Ciroc, Patron and all
Thirty racks on Magnum bottles, I think I was born to ball
Lookin' like a million plus, fresh I'm out that corner store
Hater I be doin' me, you guys should be doin' y'all
I'm stackin' money to the ceiling
All this ice that's in my Rollie I be chillin'
And I just made a couple million
So I could take care of them children

Just bought my niggas some cane, so much it came with a plane
Bought my niggas some dope, so much it came with a boat
I just bought me a crib so big it came with a moat
For niggas jumpin' the fence I hope you niggas can float
And I just hope that I'm forgiven for carin' 'bout how they livin'
And loanin' a little money and keepin' 'em out of prison
I ain't lyin' in my verses I'm just telling you the basics
Of growin' up with your friends and becoming the one that made it, Yes lord!
All gold, man I got these bitches soul
Talkin' bout these other rappers getting old is even getting old
Worry 'bout your followers, you need to get your dollars up
Me and Meek, young niggas poppin' like our collars up
And good ain't good enough, and your hood ain't hood enough
Spend my whole life putting on, you spend your whole life putting up
Ain't no telling when I go, so there ain't shit that I'mma wait for
I'm the type to say a prayer, then go get what I just prayed for
Nigga, church

Lord forgive me for my sins, I'm just tryna win
And she a devil in that dress but if she knock I let her in
And if she knock I let her in
I had her up by 12 o'clock, then 3 o'clock she wet again
I'm screamin' "Oh Lord"
That pussy good, that pussy good

I'm tryin to hold on
I wish I could, you think I should?
She got that million dollar body
Shawty my Bugatti
And she said she got a man
we keep it secret illuminati
(Got Patron On deck)
And Ciroc all in my bottle
(Push it all on here)
She was on that Repressitol
(She take it all off)
And I take her off
And this bitch spinnin' like I hit the lotto