

The God

Jae Millz

Established in New York City
Girl you know where I met with

I'm up early in the morning
I got to get it,
'Cause I got to get it
Yeah, I got to get it.

Oh, I'm up early in the morning all these niggas sleeping
Laid out, they're tired, they partied all weekend
All my niggas hungry and all these niggas eating,
So now I'm taking shit, fuck feeling we're competing, what up?
Are you swagged out, watch when is Karl Bay
Leave a real fowl stain on the bowl Maints,
Niggas it's presence balled down no arms huggin
Approach me as the God which your palm's touching
Niggas say I changed I say motherfuck em
You call me a home record I say she never loved them
A good blunt, good salad, thousand dollars in above it,
Some bake city then give me a beat that I could fuck em,
And then is really dinner time, nigga
So it ain't just to make Forbes I'm on my genuine
Nigga watch me doing Karl Louis to the finish line nigga,
Stone wash product I'm a vintage line nigga,
And I don't need no hook for the shit,
But if I did put a hook on the shit
And then probably go.

Bow down no arms hugging,
Approach me with the God which your palm's touching.

Nowadays I get highs I wanna raise sleep hell slow
I get flies I wanna I'm a uptown nigga till I die so when I
I'm just cope something new to rejoy every summer,
Hold up is father millzie church nigga, all prayers is due
Our birth niggas
A lot of niggas some of the hottest niggas,
Most loved and hated for my style you must got it nigga
One man but I'm too raw
Push up on your bitch like my living room floor
My little slime out here chief keefin with this boys
And he'll let that hammer fly, eat your ass like dough
I wanted control of the town so I kill the flocks
My crew is not fucking around and I sing the chorus
But I just wanna say

Bow down no arms hugging,
Approach me with the God which your palm's touching.

Rest in peace star real niggas
You're riding to the N grip you ill nigga
European luggage form my travels
Hall through your hood like scavage
Hall through your hood like compressed plints and capsules
I'm like graffiti in bathrooms with bad fumes
Scully with the link bars, corner store shit
I'm on that Wu Tang and you want me, '94 shit

Yea, shout out to my wash tights niggas
Yea papi still got it, that's for life nigga
Solid gold under the ice, nigga
In front of the pizza shop, eatin a slice nigga
You could get a autograph or your jaw smashed
I drag you all over the road like a tour staff
I'm on that vintage Versace, Chanelle shit
I do my job and I do it well bitch
Fuck Evil Knievil, I can lay a verse and post a tweet
while I'm getting head and that's why the L lit
Heavy whip flow, I make the scale flip
My lines need to be on some pile shit

When Millz speak the world darkens
And fly shit I rock it like hard it

Lil nigga bow down, no arms huggin
Approach me with the God which your palm's touching.

Amen.
Father Millzie
All praises due
Established in New York Cuty
Please, approach me with the God which your palm's touching.