Thank God

Krizz Kaliko

Before I get started, I couple things that I'm addressin I'd like to thank you for my blessings, some name stars, quaze hearts Niggas say I'm like Elroy Jetson Getting paper's good and make them good If I got to raise em in the same neighborhood Where the killers and they babies still, I ain't prejudice But thank God I ain't gotta live in Connecticut A fool Give me some kids on the earth But if I'm a be away from em they gon be away from me I gotta get up and to work And I gotta pick the bill so the strapping gotta work for me But she was in my corner That's my girl, that's my mama I got to learn about this music from ya Sex, pain, Life, rain Love, hate, Tears, here Sex, pain, Life, rain Love, hate, Tears, you Thank God for you I ain't taking it back Thank God for the snake in the back And I'm statin the facts, save me from breaking my back Or robbing a safe full of stacks Seem like we saving the rap from the paper planes in the back When the paper stays in the sack Your hear what they play on airway Strangers say that it's whack so we save up for mac There's gotta be a God somewhere, it's the one who cares I stay on bended knee and hope the Father answers prayers But still some still don't believe You see it's God you see me Thank God for... Sex, pain, Life, rain Love, hate, Tears, here Sex, pain, Life, rain Love, hate, Tears, you Thank God for you And I thank God for this woman of mine 'Cus she be loving a nigga and taking care of me and mine And she think that she fine You getting lucky if you finally get me loving every kind He set to told me Infest a leaf, instead I love this movie And I love how she love to do me

She never gave me trouble with the way I doubled it and give it to me Okay, had to wait on my soul mate Never in her face with colgate And if it's all the same I love having a ball and chain If I'm locked they'll need no paroling baby Mama, in a way you never drama-free But I'm a be connected to you at the hip Plus I be on, I got way too much lift Somebody gotta pay these bills Somebody gotta cook these meals Somebody gotta tell these women they celebrity niggas and they supposed to f eel I know I do the fool more than I used to but shit we going though it cool If I had it to do again It would truly end with me choosing you Sex, pain, Life, rain Love, hate, Tears, here Sex, pain, Life, rain Love, hate, Tears, you Thank God for you