

Gods Don't Chill

Murphy Lee

Noow just to prove I aint different from you
Derrty I aint nuttin' to do
I just wanna take a break
No stress
No play
I just wanna lay and
Chill at the crib all day..
Naw naw naw naw
It's time to get that ass off of the couch
Get up!
It's Friday night you gotta get the fuck out
Get the fuck out!
Okay, I got nuttin' to say
Cuz we been chillin' at the crib all day

We chiefin' laid back, loungin' like 3 pimps in the shade
Me, Murph we take a pair we at it again
Well ok, you should have nuttin' to say
We guarantee it gon be another hit man, ok?
For your reference, I been inside the house since 6
Bakin' up bars of rap, chiefin' & munchin' on chips
Now should I go dip? debate what style and color to get
We go out, we don't go out, this strickly parkin' lot pimpin'
That there sounds like a nice game plan
Nice thangs wit thick frames, no need to think twice man
Pick up some bud, pick up my boys, wipe off my dubs
Hittin' on chickens and buckets, so what they rollin' on hubs
I'm honkin' my horn like a animal straight from the barn
So what if they foreign? Prince don't discriminate not 1
(Outrageously, my baby mama pagin' me
I been at the crib all day so it's crazy see)

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Now, usually I get my way
Hit my hay, yeah sip my drank
Call up a chick to come strip if I say
Let the phong just ring while I pick my place
Smashin' in John Madden whuppin' errybody ass
And it's a fact, Green Bay sendin' em Packin'
Man it's goin' on a three day thrashin'
Fuck this for real y'all, I need some action
Aw man, Murph don't wanna drive the Benz
But he's too busy tryin' to dodge his friends

I just wanna go back outside again
Get high again, sippin' Heineken's
Grab my 22 inch wired rims
Hit the street, got bitches pilin' in
Wait 'til this nigga get through ironin'
Jacob up, fuck this game I'm retirin'

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St. Louis
(Murphy Lee, what size drawers ya need?)
A 36-38 cause 40 be too big
And hurry up so I can get out the crib
(Babysit!)
I love my nieces and nephews but I aint got no kids!
And shiit, hurry up before the bank close
(Boy you aint goin' to no bank, you prolly gonna see sum hoes)
Ahhh, I guess my sista know a brotha
I'm a nasty muthasucka cuz I'm poppin' wit cornbread and butta
Cua there aint nuttin' like booty in the daytime
Look at it wiggle, sunshinin' on the waistline
And matter fact fuck the whole nine
The whole time I'm thinkin' bout this party goin' downtown
I had to get my ass outta the bed (ah get up!)
Aint nuttin' like a lil' last minute head (ah you right)
Plus I see this girl like twice a week
And my granny made macaroni-n-cheese
So I'm out..

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