

Online Jesus

Alex Cameron

So, I went on a date with this guy last night and he walked in—no joke—like he was God or something
I know... like who does he think he is?

Online Jesus
This shit's easy to me
Hot like Venus
I'm a shooting star just praying I'll get seen

I talk like a stunna
Yeah. You know that I'm the best
I'm out here in the manger and I'm puffing up my chest
I'm burning all the bush and I never even flex
What's next?
It's rumpumpumpumping on your

I love it she reads it, the game I spit online
My selfie, my bio, I'm always looking fine
I'll take you for some lunch, turn some water into wine
Just look into my eyes

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And I'm high, when I'm shining on your screen
Call me "Jesus"
Online Jesus
Yeah. That's me

It's like "Who—the hell—do you think you are?"

Yeah. Look

A Lamborghini lover
Under covers
I'm the best
A Valentino prophet in that abercrombie vest
A Rollie on my wrist
Crucifix on the neck
What's next?
It's rumpumpumpumping on your

The Raya Messiah
The game I spit on-line
I'm shirtless on a yacht from Mykonos out to Dubai
A table at the club. Part the seas, skip the lines
Just look into my eyes

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