

# 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