

# Religion

BbyMutha

I'm a goddess  
I don't play fair  
Give me all your loving  
Get me high  
Just gotta say where  
Fingers in your hair  
I hear your voice  
My favorite nightmare  
Scrolling thru your pictures  
Gotta see you  
Gotta sit up in your lap  
And watch you roll  
Like why you gotta add tobacco?  
Why you gotta be so fucking perfect  
Where your flaws go?  
Hate I gotta leave  
I take a piece of you to keep  
Cause you the only one I need  
I'm tweaking life is but a dream  
Cause where you come from?  
You make me feel so easy  
Not like sleazy, you respect me  
Talkin easy like relax me  
You don't judge me you don't tax me  
You just keep me close and happy  
Keep it classy you protect me  
Show me off, you don't reject me  
Platonic but its deeper  
Its iconic, you a keeper  
No more runnin from the reaper  
Cause of you I'll live forever  
No more dancing with the devil  
No more rules so no more rebel  
Elevated bitch its levels  
We lifted, stairway to heaven, bitch

Fuck with me I fuck with you  
Come for me I come for you  
Love me bitch I love you too  
Shoot for me, I buss for you  
Fuck me, then its fuck you then we right back cool  
Pull up then I pull off  
I'm gettin right back to it  
I'm out my mind behind my bitch  
I'll shoot some shit  
Look  
Out my mind behind my bitch  
Bruh don't die behind my bitch  
I'm out my mind behind my bitch  
I'm so for real  
Out my mind gon blow for this  
Pull up wipe your nose for this

You a God, you don't play fair  
I'm that bitch, you that nigga  
I'm the bullet, you the trigger  
Got em shakin in they sneakers

When we pop out  
Pressed and in distress  
We look like royalty  
Never question your loyalty  
Other niggas exploited me  
They in the grave  
I'm on the center stage  
Spotlight all on me  
He bought me bigger shades  
Graduated to a bigger wage  
Now we don't never sleep  
Rollin in these luxury fabrics  
Our shit ain't never cheap  
Ain't no way around it  
This our destiny  
What I see in you  
Really be bringing out the best in me  
Ride out with no roof  
His bitch the truth and she ain't scared to shoot  
Solid, bank deposits  
We ain't movin less the money do  
Hoe we universal, no rehearsal  
Bitch this really us  
You can not get in  
You got opinions  
We don't give a fuck  
Yea  
No more rules, so no more rebel  
No more dancing with the devil  
Elevated bitch it's levels  
Stairway to heaven, bitch