

Beamer, Benz, Or Bently

Bizzle

Look

They call me Bizzle, I can spit it with the best of them
I'm a rider for the Father and his S-O-N
Did it for the love of God, no check, no ends
Still blessed, no diamonds on my neck, no gems
Let a hater be a hater, I labor for the Maker
And it ain't about the paper, gotta cater like a waiter
I'm giving Him my best, straight Anita Baker
'Cause they ain't eat but they ain't tryna say they need a Savior
Finna get it popping, gotta let the hood know
They bigger than the block is and quitting's not an option
They throwing you a curve ball, pitching you the nonsense
Like college is for idiots and prison's where it's popping
Game is throwed off, it's no longer artistic
It's bar-for-bar wicked if you're hocking all lyrics
Learned to profit off of down-talking all women
Placing all that's opposite of God's laws in all children
Tell the truth, dog, you don't hate me 'cause I'm lying
You hate it just 'cause you ain't wanna change it and I'm trying
Saying it will endanger the paper that you eyeing
Good, 'cause paper ain't the aim of my assignment
God over money, my new way of living
A state of mind that would'a kept plenty outta prison
It's hope for the young if the grown-ups'd grow up
And be the role models rappers should'a been for us
Bizzle

Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah (Yeah)
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah
Straight up, man
(Hog Mob) Let's go

Game recognize game, I been OG
I'm a specimen, embedded in the M-O-B
Very aware of the inheritance that's meant fo' me (Uh-huh)
He went to the low key to pay my intro fee (The cross)
So free am I, rolling like a Semi (Ah)
Plus the flow is colder than the snow be out in NY
To silence us, it's gonna take some violence and a miracle (Uh-huh)
Our sight is that of Silas, it excites us something terrible (Woo)
We're wearing the apparel that you say is so unbearable (Ah)
We Jericho or Pharaoh, don't get buried in the parables
Boy, it's survival of the fittest (Boy, hahahaha)
And I'm moving with tribe that was described within Leviticus
I'm living this with no love for the opposition (Nah)
You'll know my position soon as you pop the disc in (You will, uh-huh)
Listen, I'm bringing sight into your God-less vision (What?)
So hopefully you'll be discipled before you're locked in prison (Wow)
New breed of Christian, set free, not conditioned (Nah)
All we need is God's permission, obedient flock addition (Right)
Off-top submission, go hard, pop ignition (Ah)
I'd rather have the Father's riches than a pot to piss in (Woo)
For your information, my soul has been appraised, and
It's got a sign on it saying "No solicitation" (Nah, not for sale, man)
Rap is just a vice for me, I could do what you do
But you're doo-doo, I'm likened to a viking or a Zulu (Sevin)

Since I put God over bread
I'll have as much money as there is sky overhead
See, that paycheck-to-paycheck survival is dead
Sow good, reap better, that's my motto instead
Mind-state Kingdom, flow otherworldly
These pigpen rappers can't go where my pearls be
Lames, should give 'em all swirlies
Swear they rough and tough, really, softer than my girl's feet
No callous, spread love, no malice
Except towards the Prince of the Air, no palace
His kingdom's like a three-legged chair, no balance
'Bout to fall down the hole of the hair, no Alice
Life's in 3D, I don't need the glasses
How to be an MC, I'ma teach the classes
Airways are filthy, so I'ma bleach the masses
And y'all can have that fast life, I'ma be molasses
Slow steady, flow heavy and it's sweet too
I be spittin' bars just to satisfy my sweet tooth
Feedin' 'em in God's house, catch me in the streets too
Where they feast on fear, don't come out here 'cause they may eat you
Ha, I'm made for this, Bible plagiarist
You monkey rappers, you could never be as ape as this
Inherit abundance, nah, there's no escaping it
Money always finds me, never catch me chasing it