On your backbone, I'ma rub you Only comin' home just to fuck you I go to church just to pay my tithes

I know they watch 'cause they bite my style

(Tahj Money) Church on Sunday (Let's do it), 'bout my money (Do it, yeah) Trap on Monday (Let's do it), traphouse jumpin' (Let's do it) I ain't runnin' (Let's do it), I might gun 'em Shipment comin' (Let's do it), better not fumble Church on Sunday (Let's do it), 'bout my money (Do it, yeah) Trap on Monday (Let's do it), traphouse jumpin' (Let's do it) I ain't runnin' (Let's do it), I might gun 'em Shipment comin' (Let's do it), better not fumble (King) Tryna find a church I believe in Worth wakin' up on the weekend How the preacher teachin' us and he sin? Told God I don't do middlemen (Nah) Your bitch easy like Sunday (Uh) Bitch always pullin' up some place (Ooh) Come right up out that Givenchy (Sheesh) Then haul ass in that Hyundai (Skrrt) Turn your loss into a lesson, don't regret your mistake Build your character and that's gon' take you places money can't Just stay solid in this bitch, show no emotion, poker face What's understood don't need to be explained, them niggas know the play Remember all I wanted was a beeper and an open face I started trappin', still totin' pistols with an open case Started rappin', learned bad habits really hard to break Let my kid down, the only thing that make my heart break Do it big, large estate Pull up in an iron rod gate Lookin' for the smart play Never work a hard day If there's a deal to be done, I'ma do it, run my bag up What God got for me, my blessing, it do not come from no pastor, nah Church on Sunday (Let's do it), 'bout my money (Do it, yeah) Trap on Monday (Let's do it), traphouse jumpin' (Let's do it) I ain't runnin' (Let's do it), I might gun 'em Shipment comin' (Let's do it), better not fumble Church on Sunday (Let's do it), 'bout my money (Do it, yeah) Trap on Monday (Let's do it), traphouse jumpin' (Let's do it) I ain't runnin' (Let's do it), I might gun 'em Shipment comin' (Let's do it), better not fumble (Yeah) Killin' shit, I was forced to Go against me, I'll torch you Ambulance, they'll rush you 12 came through and bust you I was like hell, he ain't go to jail How the fuck can I trust you? Wait, I'm a superstar 'Fore you walk up on me, my security gotta touch you You'll be dead and gone, they love you Only found bones when they dug you

I let real niggas in my house
I make fuck niggas stand outside
I don't regret shit
I'm a street nigga, I don't take shit
Get on the beat and I bless shit
When you on your feet, that's the best shit
Real rap, Funkmaster Flex shit
And I'm strapped, ridin' with the TEC shit
Still got my feet on they neck shit
They can't rest shit, yeah

Church on Sunday (Let's do it), 'bout my money (Do it, yeah)
Trap on Monday (Let's do it), traphouse jumpin' (Let's do it)
I ain't runnin' (Let's do it), I might gun 'em
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Shipment comin' (Let's do it), better not fumble (Yeah)