

God's Schedule

Comethazine

Me tryna keep up with all my hoes gettin' stressful
Stuck up in the hood, still pussy, I left ya
Never gave a fuck, fuck a nigga, God bless ya
Send him to the lord, add that boy to God's schedule

I just fucked your ho, got some face in my bathrobe
No Flex Zone, I don't brag so why they mad for?
So high off that Ganja, got a nigga feelin' astral
He say he want smoke, boy, be careful what you ask for
Grab my M14 and rip that nigga a new asshole
Way before the virus, I would pop out with my mask on
Feel like Soulja Boy, hop out the bed and turn my swag on
I don't got no waves, but got a Gucci du-rag on
Momma had seven kids, but I'm the one she brag on
Never bought my bitch a purse, but got a Birkin Bag on
G-Stars hold my XD, so you know my pants gon' sag on
The next nigga to test me, get a big black plastic bag on

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