

Blood gurglin' at the back of his throat
The smell of gunpowder suffocates his nose
Echoes of screams clingin' to life
But he will never leave
Came back like it's prophecy
Roberto Cavalli drenched in Burberry trenches
Immaculate in Prada boots
Tom Ford florals, double breasted suits
Send a message to him, through his beloved auntie
Left blood on her lace doilies
It'll be weeks before they find her body
And I'm lookin' like the goddess of beauty
Gettin' fed white grapes by a shorty named Ruby
I'm fingerin' her pussy as he kisses her on the neck
She is our bird's nest, I ask for her by request
The night gets wet
Spontaneous shootouts
Niggas bring out the heat in the chilly Buffalo streets
Lying bodies all over the concrete
This is what happens when Keisha Plum meets the Machine
Smokin' weed by the pound, the devil's playground
Burnt mahogany, truffle oils, Persian caviar
The bullets left artwork in his skin
Beautiful scars

God
God Don't Make Mistakes
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Uh, zipper on stomach, that's mad stitches
Young mother's crack addictions
Young nigga's father never present, Dad was missin'
Young kings pack the jail, pack the prison, come home, go back to prison
Bad decisions, bad position, judges over-sentence, that's the system crack the system
Dirty cops police stations, old cases, probation
Parole boards with dirty lawyers, uh, yeah
Public schools under paid teachers, missin' education
Race discrimination, fuck a job application
Trap house, twelve twelve, bags, plates & razors
Not Jesus Christ, .45 is my savior
Bells Palsy, bullet scars, foreign cars
Celestial beings align with the stars, aw
Look what I became
I went from king to a God