

Bible on the Dash

Gunplay

Put my phone on silent...
I gotta hear this, uh
Check it out

Slanging girly in the morning early, got to catch the rush
M.O.B. and that's a must, C.O.D. I got no trust
And I be B.M.F.'n, a million won't last a month
All I need is one, P.N.C. and that's enough
And I ain't even crank up yet, but bet I'm gassing up
When my Prada press that pedal bitch you better fasten up
I exhale and ash the blunt, inhale a hundred times
Not even one hundred-one couldn't bring back how it was
When a brick was seventeen and you ain't have to rob your plug
When rapping was an art, now this shit a juug
Bet you couple dollars, few jewels, and some pussy
I'm getting a little too power drunk, now I'm on that bullshit

I got a problem and a plan, revolver in my hand
Trying to keep it cold, but y'all won't understand
That's why I roll, that's why I roll with the Bible on the dash
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Cutting corners on Coronas, trying to buck up on a bonus
Out here on my lonely, last stogie but I'm focused
Now I know, friends parallel to foe
And all that good pussy leave you parallel to broke
I asked the pastor, what's the fastest way to heaven for a bast
ard
With a tarnished past, give me your honest answer
With all this Hannah Montana, without the Arm and Hammer
Am I going to get the slammer or the casket
Trying to keep a level head, rolling on this rocky road
This a full time gig, trying to keep this Glock cold
I got the work, water in the pot, need a hot stove
And a down ass bitch, and a squad down to roll

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