

Tec in the Church

Jarren Benton

Hopsin put me on in this bitch, I wish you the best fam
I was thinking 'bout murking the whole staff of Def Jam
Niggas sleeping on me like a muthafucking craftmatic
Counted me out, guess these faggots bad at they mathematics
Cursing God like "why the fuck You take my brother?"
Prescription pills to coke, guess I love the feel of these uppers
Arguing niggas cause Pac wasn't in my top five
You don't fuck with me hoe, you die from carbon monoxide
Fuck the small talk, my blood pressure boiling
If I wanna shoot this shit, I pop this pistol at the toilet
A new year, fuck this nice guy shit
If you ain't rocking with my clique, nigga bite my dick (blegh)
And Lord knows I keep something by the torso
As long as my fuck y'all award show
Praying on my downfall, want my soul to leave the earth
Put a hole in a nigga's chest just like a Yeezy shirt
I'mma feed the needy first
Ill nigga, need a nurse
I ain't forget you bitches just spat on me when you seen me hurt
Hey we done been to hell, I'm wishing my niggas well
Threw my nigga something on his books when he was sitting in jail
Time flies like looking good, nigga Cashing checks doing the Soulja Boy, nig
ga youuu!
Niggas dying over repping they turf
Never know, so I'm praying with my Tec in the church

So they praying on my downfall
(Nigga praying on my downfall)
Bout to knock a nigga crown off
(Knock a nigga crown off)
Oh Lord I wish a nigga would
(Wish a nigga would)
Cup of Henny got me feelin' good
(Got me feelin' good)
Oh what a feelin' dog
(What a feelin' dog)
Bout to count a hundred million dog
(A hundred million dog)
Throw it up
Niggas reppin' they turf
Never know
So I'm praying with my tec in the church

I was told to bring a tec to the church and a bible to the trap
The only method that's vital for survival is a strap
My little cousin was murdered I was stifled by the act
So when these niggas yap about violence I'm biased to they raps
I'm here to rescue you
spilling out of your breaths of truth
Only benefits who is honest, that's how you execute
Watch who you pillow talk with, that's how they retribute
These bitches use social media like a confession booth
Stay to myself, tread light, and keep my standards up
I was in a space financially where my hands were cuffed
I was in a space creatively where I had enough
Started releasing the music I made for myself so now the fans rush
Sunday mornings at St. John's in Bay View

Young adolescents distorted we had the same view
Dice games in the basement repping our turf
Bumping Strange, you could say we had a tech in the church

So they praying on my downfall
(Nigga praying on my downfall)
Bout to knock a nigga crown off
(Knock a nigga crown off)
Oh Lord I wish a nigga would
(Wish a nigga would)
Cup of Henny got me feelin' good
(Got me feelin' good)
Oh what a feelin' dog
(What a feelin' dog)
Bout to count a hundred million dog
(A hundred million dog)
Throw it up
Niggas reppin' they turf
Never know
So I'm praying with my tec in the church

Okay, I'm ready to die
Brrra, you waving that tec in the sky
You ready or not?
I enter the block leave all of you dead in a box
Who the fuck is you, Pac?
The fuck is you Biggie? I never get love from the city
I never got shit, just a couple a titties
A couple a pennies and plenty of haters and tricks
Go fix your mouth before you get back handed
I'm from a bottled of rap planet where these hoes think I'm half-Spanish
The truth is I'm an Afghan, I'm half-black but I act frantic
I grab Xanax and pop Vikes and then make a crack sandwich
I'm mad at you
You would never keep your word, you're such a crook
I can't trust you, you'll say anything for a couple bucks
That's fucking nuts
Word to Karen Civil, you fucking slut
You's just a thot and your mouth is as big as your twat
I know who is you not, fuck you and that Louis you got
With my money taking vacations and sucking noodles and cocks
They got proof you a fraudulent fuck with a Vince Carter neck
Crooked weave and some funny tits
And the face of a lumpy dick, my nigga fuck this bitch
Shit, I hope my 50k was worth it
Or your pimping days are murdered, you done bit the blade on purpose
I know this gon' make you nervous
Who the fuck did you encourage?
Hillary Clinton ain't gon' like this, she's fanning next to a serpent
I'm standing next to your merchant
Writing curses in cursive all over your fucking hearses
Get froggy, you's just a hermit
Bitch go get your fucking hair did
How old is that shit?
I should wrap my dick around your neck and keep choking that shit, bitch

So they praying on my downfall
(Nigga praying on my downfall)
Bout to knock a nigga crown off
(Knock a nigga crown off)
Oh Lord I wish a nigga would
(Wish a nigga would)
Cup of Henny got me feelin' good

(Got me feelin' good)
Oh what a feelin' dog
(What a feelin' dog)
Bout to count a hundred million dog
(A hundred million dog)
Throw it up
Niggas reppin' they turf
Never know
So I'm praying with my tec in the church