

## The God Intro

Jarren Benton

It's East Side until my ashes in a gold vase  
Ride downtown in my city bumpin' Ghostface  
Fuck the police, bitch  
I feel like I'm O'Shea  
Mental health problems nigga I know I'm not okay  
Spillin' Pinot Grigio while I count up this bread  
I like my bitches pussy bald and my presidents dead  
I shit in the booth, these hoes gon' lick my dick in the coupe  
I got these niggas scared to drop like that Bishop in Juice  
I wear the mask with the butterfly knife don't let me fuck up y  
our life  
I put your heart in a bucket of ice  
I might be in a five star with a couple of dykes  
It's Lord Benton, ill nigga cuffin' the mic  
Niggas get shot everyday  
He be aight, B  
Gold Jesus piece hid over the polo white fleece  
Fly niggas stay laced in vintage Versace  
Need a stronger aerosol to mask the scent of the body  
It's the God nigga

Money over bitches  
Power over cowards  
Niggas plottin' so I bathe with the shotty in the shower  
Homicide investigate a body every hour  
Paranoid like smoke'll prolly [...] ain't the sour  
The soundtrack to a killa's last breath  
Up at Follies blowin' bread 'til ain't no fuckin' cash left, ni  
gga  
Never let no wet pussy fuck your dough up  
Toast to the dead niggas, pour up  
Blood money in the ziplock so it don't mold up  
I feel like Mitch in the cherry red Beamer bumpin' Cold Crush  
Second childhood, niggas grow up  
The God in [?] bitches go nuts  
I'm stuntin' like Money Mayweather  
The cash is way better than being broke  
Get topped in the back of the grey Tesla  
Lord have mercy the wolves are hungry and thirsty  
Screw the barrel on the mouth of the 30, arrivederci  
It's the God, nigga