

GOD SENT!

JELEEL!

(I'm workin' on dyin')
(Stack, stackin' these racks)
JELEEL!, yeah

No, I'm not goin', not fearin' no man
'Member they put me back up in the slam
Look like a villain, I'll back out the van
See 'em, we spin 'em, we get 'em again
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I had to pray up to God
Pray in the dark
Get through the madness
Niggas be scared of the cops, bitch, I am not
I'm gettin' active
They be like "Jeleel, don't answer the phone"
"All these hoes wanna get ratchet"
She want a winner, she do it the best
I think she listen to Khaled
Status, no average Joe
Baby, I'm one of the raddest
Baddest, right to the bone
Baby, you gotta just have it

Real raw
You can't stop this man, nah
Bitch, I'm god sent, yeah
Hot, this that hot shit, and
I'm finna pop shit
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Bitch, I'm god sent, yeah
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