

Jesus Forgive Me, I Am a Thot

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You think you know me
When we rapping?

Pray, pray, pray
Pray you get in comfy your disguise
Pray for my thots on the other side
Pray for my children I can't provide, I feel 45
Pray when you shoot it's a homicide
Pray for my haters they terrified
Nigga come kill me, I'm verified
But I'm still alive, yeah I'm still alive
Pray that I end up like Charlize Theron
I'm so confused I ain't hard to find
I push you pussies behind the pine
Hope you get some shine, hope you get some shine
It come out the pocketbook every time
Feel like when I'm shooting I'm shifting time
Dressed in your grandmomma's hand me downs, pussy nigga
Sucka I'm prominent, I was anonymous
I been in front you every time
This ain't a bridge, it's a collared crime
I put my soul into every bar
Into every verse, into every rhyme

I can't feel my face, oh god
SMH, no ASMR (huh!)
Show me where the prophets go
Show me how to keep my pussy close
She said you better count your blessings for real, amen

Pray, pray, pray
Pray for my babies they doing time
Pray that these crackers don't Columbine
I just pray that I peak before my decline
Make 'em hit recline
You know my shooter a proper dime, clarity
Niggas, these bullets get entered in clips
And go into the Kimber that hit your spine
Britney this a sign, pray you grow healthy and hit your prime
Ooh, I should pray for a better line
But I don't wanna make all my peers resign
2035, I'll be 45
They say the church leave us all behind
Speaking in tongues like I'm David Byrne
Bitch I turn a threat to a nevermind, nevermind
Pray for all of these niggas be lying and fronting for company
Bitch, I'm a diva no punk in me
Fuck you want from me, I'll put you under me, nigga
I'll put your soul in a struggle bar

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