Amen

Killer Mike

Amen my nigga
Amen my nigga
(Yeah)
(Uh)

Fuck up the count you count it again
Free all my niggas that stuck in the pen
Fuck up the money they spending the Ben
Fresh out the gutta like how he get rich
Can't fuck with snakes that's how you get bit
Stay out the field that's how you hit
Pushing that work that's how I get fit
Sale out that work the do it again
She said I'm a dog it is what it is
If you ever cross me I ain't forget
Took a few L's took that on the chin
But bitch I'm a champ I know how to win
My nigga relapsed getting loaded again
He thinking he Tony he treating his nose
Bitch I'm a king with a mouth full of golds
We flushing that work if they kick in the door
I got the power like Tommy and Ghost
Might break down a brick and go buy me a boat
Good I'm the hood the call me the goat
But all the D Boys they call me the truth
Oh that's your girl she calling me cute
Oh that's your girl she calling me cute
Felling like Q, bitch I got the juice
I'm feeling like Bishop when I got the tool
Nobody move, nobody get hurt
Nobody move, nobody get hurt
Empty the clip on them monkey niggas
From a city where they put your face on a shirt
Empty the clip on them monkey niggas
From a city where they put up boy in a Hurst
I'm trying to see heaven on earth
I'm trying to get what I'm worth
I deserve it I come from the dirt
Check my Air Forces they all full of dirt
I'm trying to hit me a lick or hit for a brick whatever come first
To my nigga who popping them percs
And moving that work, I pray that shit work
I pray that it work on my life man I pray that shit work

Move your mama from out of the ghetto
Amen my nigga
Bail your brother from out of the slammer (shout out my nigga Roddy)
Amen my nigga
Help your homie get back on his feet (it's love)
Amen my nigga
Get rich and give back to the streets (always man)
Amen my nigga

(Always)

Sipping on lean, dressed in Supreme
Pills making money but coke is still king

I get her high, excitement and running
I keep eye, indictments is coming
I might be smiling, ain't nothing funny
I got the prof, fuck is my money
Business is business and bullshit is bullshit
And you niggas mix 'em too much (yeah)
Telling you listen and keep paying attention
Cause these niggas snitching too much
Game is the shame, nah, game is the same
Real niggas snitched on by lame
Money and fame, that was a young nigga aim
Now I don't see it the same
These are the rules of the game
You should be cool and act lame
You should be rich and play broke
Gotta be wise and let them think you foolish
Then you pull up in the newest of new shit
This is an S63, ain't nothing rented my G
Nothing fugazi 'bout me, these bitches crazy 'bout me
These bitches lazy my G
And I won't give 'em a fuck
I play Too Short in my truck
Play Bun n Pimp in the Imp
But I will not play a simp
Burning my hemp
Standing on corners with glocks and the clip on my hip
High as a rocket-in ship
I'm a prophet with a gift
Bitch, I'm the man, I'm the man
I had to hang with the grams and saran through the land,
Bitch, I'm the Wizard of Oz
I got the money, the power, the pussy, the cost

Amen my nigga
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