

Providence

LADIPOE

More life when your circle is pure
In the life of an entrepreneur
It's hard work causing anything to grow
Without first getting used to the smell of manure
Now it like Christian Dior man I'm just smelling so tasty
Ever since I turned G.O.A.T. I've started to hate beef
I'm focused on my goals for a Jazzy and Dre beat
While I'm rapping in the car like somebody save me
With that smooth did you hear what he said kind of a flow
With lyrics harder than Henney as far as hangovers go
I'm always playing the part of the devil's advocate so
No wonder my shit so wicked that horns are starting to show
I be beast
I be Machiavelli inna the streets
Like '03
I'm that Weezy F. Baby without a leash
Oh believe
We go multiply African nominees
All the work we putting in
Our success is like a receipt

Word to Pretty Boy DO
Dem Go Hear Wen
They never hear me pull up
When I'm parking my Benz
The party always full up
With so many fake friends
But now the album coming
Wish 'em love and guidance

Like
My guy friends
Always burning cable
Gave up salaries to be future owners of labels
So now
We hustle like a wedding guest
'Cause we know that small chops don't make it to every table
So it got me working hard boy for cigars boy
You don't really want smoke, don't get in the car boy
For any one Mufasa there's always a Scar boy
Bigger picture only fuck an avatar boy
Aww yeah
My mother's request
Please read a bible verse when you're feeling the stress
If five loaves, two fish can help feed five thousand
Of course I do the most when I'm working with less

Word to Pretty Boy DO
Dem Go Hear Wen
They never hear me pull up
The party always full up
With so many fake friends but

I'm in traffic and I'm angry
Usually keep the peace
But y'all fucking with my Gandhi
I know you had dreams of me joining the U.N

I hope you can be cool with ambassador for a Brandy
They said abort mission, get a Plan B
Now it's bread shaking the table I bought my family
Now it's bread shaking the table I bought my, yeah
Double pointers in the rain
No point indicating when I'm 'bout to switch lanes
Man they call it sacrifice, what the hell did you expect
Abraham gave up his son and you say you gave your sweat
They told me rapping here has lost meaning
I came back and I dropped Feeling
You ask why I stay believing
It's like why get a shape up
You know your hair is receding
It's like why show love
You know you never receive it
It's like why I pray to God
Even though I've never seen him
Faith never needs a reason
Faith never needs a reason
Providence

Providence
The protective care of God
Timely preparation
For future eventualities