

Nothing Will Be The Same (Sweet Dreams) [Father Of God]

Left Boy

The kids want hits
I hope I don't hit 'em too hard with this
I think I got a good shot, yeah
Like Annie Leibovitz

I'm going in
And I might never come out again
And if I do, yeah
Nothing will be the same

Money, drugs, bitches, fame
Money, drugs, bitches, fame
It really does change the game
It really does change the game

On a sunrise two years ago
Was the first time I saw my son's eyes
I am the father of God, the son of God
And the brother of Jesus Christ
Amen, put your hands together
And make 'em clap, clap, clap, clap, clap, clap
This is how we pray, fuck did y'all say?
That's what I thought
Nothing that I need I ain't already got
'Cause when you plant these seeds
Money really grows on trees

I'm going in
And I might never come out again
And if I do, yeah
Nothing will be the same
I'm going in
And I might never come out again
And if I do, yeah
Nothing will be the same

Money, drugs, bitches, fame
Money, drugs, bitches, fame
It really does change the game
It really does change the game
Money, drugs, bitches, fame
Money, drugs, bitches, fame
It really does change the game
It really does change the game