

Could I B Jesus

Lil Dicky

Yuh

Just saying yuh sounds like you're jocking Drake
So annoying
Illa, illa, illa, illa, L
Yuh, yuh

I used to go out to the Y, Friday nights
On the outskirts of Philly
I'm dropping dimes to this night
In the outskirts you feel me?
And I done been saving my good shit up
Old bitches now, yeah they would get up
Winklevoss twins, yeah I could get fucked
Chinese food, yeah I could get duck (uh)

Brain give a fuck 'bout an old bitch
Brain give a fuck 'bout dat hoe
Brain got head on the snowlift
Brain cold ipso facto
Brain go in', I'm ballin' (ooh)
Brain go in', I'm ballin'

One, two time for the sixers
If this bitch get off on the wrong foot
Put her on the bench for a lil Ben Simmons
[?] could ride wood like Jah, doe
Still gotta lick gelato
Feel like I hit the lotto

Brain never bag a proper
Brain fucked Aunt Jemimah

I don't get head on the freeway
That is forbidden like ebay
She playing with Jimmy like D Wade
She wanna stop at the B.K
We don't go out, she a cheap date
I'm straight to the ass like a cheesecake
We run this shit back like a replay
Mutual orgasm, we came

Wait, could I be Jesus?
Wait, could I be Jesus?
Hey, could I be Jesus? (no way, no way, no way)
Hey, could I be Jesus?
Wait, could I be Jesus?
Holy like Jesus
I might be Christ

Oh, my word
Oh, my God
I was overweight today but now I'm a model
I don't eat the pussy for free
Touchy, I get pussy, I be fucking these streets

Ichiar deli my P got a nut out the purple like jelly
I'm buzzin', buzzin' like a left behind celly

My DM x-rated like critics, the belly
I got the coldest cuts around like a deli (ah)
Used to be in love with Aliyah
Used to be in love with Daria
Shit on these rappers like diarrhea

Brain with the dope like a mob boss
Chapo Chapo Chapo Brain
Stay with the peace like Gandhi
Blocka blocka, know what I'm sayin'? (yah) Brain like Mike, like Shad Moss
Brain like, might like shamone
Brain might fuck your bitch
When he done, might ask your ex for a ride home

Rollin' up the bud, rollin' up the club, rollin' up the work
Pourin' up the Bud, blowin' up the drug
Leavin' out the back, damn this work
Haven't thrown a punch in about five years
Last time I did I broke my wrist
On my friend Glen's butt
Damn, that sucked
Had to jerk off with the left hand
(But you learned your lesson!)
Ain't nobody in my category
I'm inventive with I'm with it like it's Scattergories
I was over-doubted, now I'm overcrowded
But I'm extroverted, don't you ever doubt it
Gotta lot of money, but I never count it
Competition fun, but they ain't never 'bout it
I was searching for it but I never found it
Like an Oreo up in a power outage
(Let's go!)

Wait, could I be Jesus?
Wait, could I be Jesus?
Hey, could I be Jesus? (no way, no way, no way)
Hey, could I be Jesus?
Wait, could I be Jesus?
Holy like Jesus
I'm like the cross

Oh, man
Hope I'm not Jesus
But I also wanna get sucked
Brain