

Church

Lil' Wayne

Young Mula, baby

I belong to the world, don't be selfish with me
When I go places with Wayne, you would think Elvis with me
My niggas livin' in Hell, they thinkin' Heaven sent me
When she scream, "Fuck love," I think she meant me
I get in the zone, applyin' pressure
You get the message, only I ain't text ya
Y'all like to gamble with life, you lucky I ain't bet ya
So you survived a few cats, don't let a lion get ya
If I ain't met ya, I ain't ever move ya
If there's a new year then I never knew ya
Look, my junior gon' have a future
And my senior gotta drive a Beamer
I wish my dawgs could turn they felonies to misdemeanors
Ayy, 'cause I met a girl with features out in Italy
Wish they had seen her
Shoulda took a picture, I packed condoms
I shoulda packed a book with scriptures
Put me in the Rock Hall of Fame with all the suicidal niggas, iconic figures
If rivals come for us, then they comin' with us
Tell 'em, "Run, Forrest," run for the fame, runnin' with us
What's one life to a hunnid killas?
All you heard was loud sirens and lighter flickers

I made a mill' right after breakfast, that's a power lunch
I fuck your bitch for 'bout a hour, that's a power fuck
I fuck your bitch up in the shower, that's a shower fuck
I fuck your bitch and now she pregnant, shit, we outta luck
HoodyBaby, Master P's 'boutta 'boutta buck
I been slackin', Major Bass, I could battle up
Picture me somewhere tropic, prolly mad as fuck
But I'm cool, body language break the barrier
Broken bitches wishin' that I fix her up and carry her
I was out in Italy, Roman like my carrier
I done lost hoes, turned around, I done lost bros
I just got ghost, hit a nigga with the Death Star

Dear Heavenly Father, is there a church in the wild?
For the fugitives that I harbor
Yeah, we move like a mile, my op'll send out the orders
Got some people in Texas, their crib is right by the border
Place your order for cola, ain't talkin' pop like soda
Vacuum seal all the packages, tryna drown out the odor
No weapons formed against me shall prosper
The streets praise us like gospel
So we move and we roam like them Italian mobsters
Practice the code of silence, omérta
So ain't no talkin', we lurkin'
Find the strip where you workin'
Closed curtains, fear no man but God
Now they callin' me Lord
I pray on the sinners when bald palms touchin' like an applause
Synagogue is like the Pentagon, arms cover my flaws
Quiet storm but lion-hearted, I wake up with a roar
Call me the clean up, man, I sweep shit up like a chore
Then sweep your chick off her feet, put her in my stable of whores

Mentally stable, not sure, screws loose, shake to the floor
Breakin' records on the radio while breakin' the law
I keep my faith in the Lord, one day I'll make it to Forbes

Look, I'm not worthy of your controversy
I'm not thirsty, baby, I'm allergic
Giddy up, dick ridin', swervin'
Yeehaw, that's Kentucky Derby
I remember lyin' on the gurney
Thinkin' how I'ma die early
Never thought that I'd see thirty
Oh, the journey, had to fuckin' earn it
I go back in time when I was flirtin'
That time that I was flirtin' with uncertain
Never thought I'd be surrounded by
Housekeepers, chauffeurs, chefs and servants
Diamonds screamin', "Oh my lovely God"
Sippin' syrup, watchin' out for serpents
Touch my surface, then it's closed curtains
Oh my God, you're meetin' God in person
Oh my God, I want the squad alerted
And I come from it, they hop up like Kermit
Corner turnin' with marijuana burnin'
In the trunk, you squirmin', now here come to sermons
Oh my God, every thot a burden
I ain't worry, got her ridin' dirty
Trap house poppin' like it's Pee Wee Herman's
The plug alerted, now the socket workin'
Other niggas catchin' power surges
I'm determined just like my attorney
You other niggas, you ain't got attorneys
Order new trap house, I buy it furnished
I been listenin', listenin' to the money
It been tellin', tellin' me, "It's comin'"
Soundin' like music to my ears
Soundin' like a symphony of hundreds
Grandma always said that I'd be special
Mama always said that I'd be somethin'
I had to make sure that they wasn't guessin'
So I made the most out of they assumptions
Bein' careful 'round my pistol
Nigga all up in a bimbo
Bein' everything but simple
Got my deal without a demo, Tunechi

So much fire, more fire
Let's get it, No Ceilings 3, Lil Wayne