

## Bibles And Rifles

Maxo Kream

Look

Switched my bibles out for rifles, ain't talk to God in a while  
Every time I call him on that FaceTime, he press "Decline"  
Tell my brother that I love him, ain't talk to him in a while  
Had a baby with a lady, don't know if the kid is my child  
Never press you when I'm up, only call on you when I'm down  
Living reckless, young and wild  
Did regretful shit as a child  
I'm much older and wiser now, but I'm a sinner  
If I wished death on a couple niggas would you forgive me or st  
rike me down?

Is there heaven for a gangster, is it heaven for a G?  
The ones that rob, shoot and shank you, but still take care fam  
ilies?  
Rest in peace to little Kwame, lost his life at 23  
He got blicked tryna hit a lick, he shoulda stuck to selling Ps

Tell little Andrew that I love him, that goofy shit wasn't supp  
osed to happen  
Him and his partner was playing with the llama, and it accident  
ally clapped him  
His brother, father, and his mama tried to put the blame on me  
At the candlelight had to clutch my pipe 'cause the vibe ain't  
right  
Somebody might backdoor me

I heard they moved yo' dead body from the crib to the coroner a  
nd they drove to the bridge  
I don't want to say his name but what's-his-  
name gonna die for the shit he did  
Father God, I'm not just talkin', hear me knocking, can you let  
me in  
I miss Money Du the most, can't forget about Lulu and Ghost

I don't gotta chit-  
chat about a little get back, father God already know  
Both of their killers dead and gone  
For Lu and Ghost, we do the most  
Ain't have nothin' to do with that, but I'm cool with that, sti  
ll miss my folks  
Gotta be heaven for a G, if not, tell me God why I-

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