

SAY MY GRACE

Offset

Whoa
Hey

Make room on my plate
I just said my grace and then I ate
Gotta particular taste
I just stuffed my pockets in my face
Okay, let's have a debate, we talkin' 'bout poppin', I promise I'm feelin' a way (Who?)
I took the bodies up outta my closet, I buried 'em deep and they still in the way

I know some lil' niggas got baptized
Trap Gods, they can't put the drillin' away
Had to part ways with the sad vibe, bad guys, you might be a villain today (Hey)
Ask God why I didn't get a answer (Why?)
Why I lose my brother to bullets? (Why?)
Why I lose my grandma to cancer? (Why?)
Why me, God? I need answers (Why?)
Why a young nigga straight out Atlanta? (Why?)
Why the judge and the cops tryna jam us? (Why?)
Why I keep gettin' all of these chances? (Why?)
Why me, God? I need answers (Hey)
Speak ya mind and you might get canceled (Canceled)
Pinky ring and it cost me a Phantom (Phantom)
Wack the witness, the evidence tampered (Wack 'em)
Dirty money, the safe is the hamper (Dirty money)
Yeah, my bitch, she a star and I stamped her (Stamped her)
P.E., Jordan 3, this a sampler (P.E.)
I don't wanna do it but I gotta do it
Gotta kill ya, nigga, if it's me or you (Hey)
He got fire, I got fye, nigga, lighter fluid (Fye)
Got away from the haters, say, "Hallelujah"
Shit be crazy, the shit be the closest to you (Crazy)
It's okay, 'cause they know that I come to do it (Hey)
Hold ya V up for Virgil, exclusive Louie (V)
Bitches geekin' and tweakin' I hit a u-ey (Geekin')
Wrist hittin' and glistenin', this shit a movie (Glisten)
If it's smoke at the door, then I'm tendin' to it (Smoke)
Watch when I step Murakami my belt (Hey)
Angel on my shoulder, but the Devil on the left (Devil)
I gotta mill', not mil for my shelf (Million)
I do it alone, I own myself (Alone)
Niggas stay home 'fore your dome get left (Baow)
Niggas playin' dirty, hit below my belt (Dirty)
I'ma get the bag, do the show myself (Show)
Do that shit again, I had to show myself

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I filled up the crib with cars, the halls with all and all, I'm still havin'
space
Gotta particular taste, picky eater I guess, but I'm still stuffin' my face
(Yeah)
She gotta natural wrap like a natural do, like the blunt, she don't like the
shit laced
I was outside of the buildin', I'm ownin' the spot, want a B, then you gotta
have faith
I'm in a meditate state, ever since we lost bro, it ain't really much more I
can Take
I pop a ten when it's late, Momma told me to pray, I do that 'cause you know
I can't play (Hey)
We flood the field up for real, we got rides in the back, but you know we ai
n't come here to play (Hey)
You up be playin' the stakes
I been up playin' abroad with broads and mates (Yeah)

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