

Churches

OG Maco

I got angels with devilish features
Harpies geekin on narcotics, coughin coughin
Backless dress so I can nut on her spine
Super squirrely, she got nut on her mind
Want to fuck me just a couple of times
Pitter patter, why you driving round' here?
You know the way it go
Fuck you mean, "take it slow"?
You know I can't waste a minute
Seconds adding to the sentence
I just fuck her until she's numb
Why the lil bitch in her feelings?
OG Mac been in her kidneys
She spin on my dick like a frisbee
Heard you fucked her for the digits
I'm just food for her soul
She come to Mac, get replenished (Mhmm)
Pretty picture painter with my pride
Pretty pussy got a winning smile
And I did it right, working, damn I'm loud
Niggas quiet cause we making noise
Golden boy, Oscar or a Floyd
Holy shit, we in the field
I'm in this lootin like I'm Sly Cooper
Ratchet with me, make a clank
What the fuck you think?
Telepathic how I read em
If they don't join us, we gone beat em
Couple thoughts locked away
Young nigga freedom, Young black Jesus
Making profit preaching wisdom to sinners
Begin to ending, both like Christmas
Young and gifted, money's major
Make em love me with my anger
Every song another banger
Why the fuck they never tame him?
Murder murder murder, barely blame him (Mhmm, yeah yeah)

I got angels with devilish features
Harpies geeking on narcotics, often chasing profit
I got anger problems, I be squeaking
But everyday is like the weekend
Mhmm, yeah yeah [x4]