

## 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]