

Holy Ghost Fire

Paul Cauthen

I've got the Holy Ghost fire
And it's burning in me
I've got the Holy Ghost fire
And it's burning in me
Got the Holy Ghost fire
And I'm burning down these streets

I've got a sweet little baddie
And she's rolling in the Caddy with me
I've got a sweet little baddie
And she's rolling in the Caddy with me
I've got a whole lotta Prada for my Holy Ghost mama
And she's making sweet eyes at me

Don't let me down, sweet mama
Oh sweet mama, don't let me down
I'm an honest man
Dying to get you in the palm of my hand
Working the long con plan

If you knew the truth about me, baby girl
No way in hell you'd stay
But if I filled you in
Would you take it to the grave?
'Cause a secret ain't no secret
If you give it all away

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Oh sweet mama, don't let me down
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Working the long con plan
Don't let me down, sweet mama
Oh, don't let me down

Don't let me down, sweet mama
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Oh sweet mama, don't let me down
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Got the Holy Ghost fire and it's burning in me
Got the Holy Ghost fire and it's burning in me
I've got the Holy Ghost fire and I'm burning down these streets