

Peanut brittle frame with a Burger King crown
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Bur-bur-ger-ger-ger-ger King crown

Christ is King forever, that's a daily basis
And you ain't even in his league, your swagger's very basic
You need a visual, say my words are very basic
Old school computers, your software is 80s basic.
The speakers knockin' and agree this beat is very bass-in'
Repent believe and your dumped out in this cherry basin
Cherry red for the bloodshed, no hesitation
Defense attorney for your murder, Perry Mason
And you did it, and I did it also
How so? Que padre? Both clearly chase that guapo
Non stopp-o to grace that's muy largo
Still can't even touch 'em like Murcielagos at the car show
But nobody agrees with me, Christ ain't really tight to them
Of course they see like Stevie do, light ain't really light to them
They just wanna live to scheme then buy the crowns, Cross the cheek
Pride the size of Texas man more powerful, that's Reepicheel
Mickey Mouse or Minnie, I'm like really 50 billi
You don't take Christ's love so serious 'cause your money is silly
You laughin' to the bank and you eatin' up all your cake
Verily verily Sarah Lee, buddy you gon' bake, aye
Burger King crown swaggers anybody frontin' on 'em
Christ and his bellator on, trust me he'll be stuntin' on 'em
Showin' up in all his glory, whiter than Drake's Grammy shoes
Sani twos, very smooth, I bet you see that Daddy rules
Hey you can make it rain, well I prefer the sunshine
Runnin' up in this life that step to the gun line
Peanut brittle frame, think you hard but man you sweet
Dash to the second round, rockin' rock that boy to sleep

Aye I dot my I's and cross my T's and wear my faith up on my sleeve
At his will I used to sneeze but now you find me on my knees
Pause, select button, I ain't talkin' video games
I'm talkin' prayin' submission before I wouldn't play those games
Snatched me up like Kano man, took my heart into his hand
I had identity crisis but nothing like 'juana man
I was tryna ball though, ticks of the clock head
Exposed me as a fraud and some roll-it's in my cockpit
Tryna drive my life when I didn't have the manuscripts
Word I'd Excel from what's up in My Documents
Follow me, I'm peanut brittle, I'm still as I see it now
Blessin' all the weak and I'm his sheep, he is leadin' out
Matthew Mark Luke John and them wrote wisdom then my mama them
I'm just tryna be like him and closer than some homonyms
Worship my Creator he is greater then my mind is him
Stuck on my paper crown, just so I can honor him
Hey you can make it rain, well I prefer the sunshine
Runnin' up in this life that step to the gun line
Peanut brittle frame, think you hard but man you sweet
Dash to the second round, rockin' rock that boy to sleep