

## The Best Ever

Pro

Now whatchu know about coastin'?  
Mash in the gas down to the west coast and back  
Yeah I'm broke but the flows intact  
And I don't need nothin' else but that, yeah, yeah  
So I can tell the world the Lord is great  
Look at everything that he made, and every time I wake  
I pray he get the glory till my wake  
And they'll say that I died with faith, now give me grace  
Wait, I don't deserve it, no I'm not worth it  
Even if I was workin' no way that I could earn it  
It's beyond me, my pocket's ain't deep enough  
That's why I'm honorin' the Lord when I'm speakin', bruh  
For every time my wife is cookin' in the kitchen  
And the smell is so terrific that's a picture of his grace  
Fried chicken, collard greens, yeah I'm with it  
But it 's mercy that's allowin' me to taste, great  
Summer, spring, winter and fall, we get it all  
And my lungs keep me breathin' homie with no thoughts  
I got the church relationships is beautiful  
We the body, brains to the cuticle  
To give my life away is unusual  
But that was it's design, other ways unfruitful  
I just wrote this here for all you to know  
That faith placed other than Christ is el stupido  
El stupido