# Pastor

**Quality Control**

This beat from Murda

I don't stick to the script (No)
Real nigga, I'll punch a nigga in the lip (Oh)
Get rich, I'll push a brick outta here (Woo)
Fuck nigga, free, what you think this is? (Free)
Bad lil' ting, fuck it up and then peel (Bad)
Should I buy her bling or should I leave her how she is? (Bling)
Get that paperwork, I told her sign it like a deal (Cash)
Then she pop the woo just to sharpen her skills (Woo)

Random (Oh), she twerk it in designer sandals (Woo)
Ransom (Ransom), I took the mask off to smash (Smash)
Santa (Santa), big bag, I bless you like a pastor (Pastor)
Camera (Camera), bitch, I feel like Adam Sandler (Sandler)

Ayy, confess, you know you in love with the drip
You know you want me come over and bless you, so let me sit on your lips, ay
y
I know he wanna be mine, he tryna send me a sign
Turn him into a believer, now he be payin' his tithes
I just landed, I ain't pack a bag, I ain't plan shit
Sent him all my info and I told him, "Get it handled"
Crazy, couldn't tame the pussy now he hate me
Hard on them hoes but for me he's a baby (Ayy, ayy, mwah)
Woo, I'm having my way with this shit (Huh)
I'm on the way to the money (Ugh), then on the way to the dick
I don't know what day that it is, I wake up and pick where I live
Eenie miney mo (Ayy), I get whoever I pick (Ahh)
Big fine ting, neck and wrist bling
I could make a hood nigga holla like he sing (Big ole freak)
Is he my type? Bitch, he might be (Bitch, he might be)
I could make a rap nigga holla like he sing, ah

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Ah, ah
I got all you can handle
Stick the pussy on his lip
How I'm gon' stamp him
Crawl on his dick, Black Panther
Hit the bank account then travel
Get to the back, he buy me bags and then I'm Caspar
Lil' bitch, I'm hood, I ain't actin' (Nah)
And I'm good, I ain't askin', my hands good for smackin'
Lil' bitch, stop walkin' past Chanel, you know they taxin'
Them prices don't go down, they go up, ho, stop askin'
My nigga red flaggin', I'm jet-laggin'
Big baguettes around his neck and his pants saggin'
Get this lil' bitch out my set, 'cause she keep naggin'
Wait 'til JT get home, lil' bitches, we gon' keep smashin' (Bitch)
Wait 'til JT get home, lil' bitches, we gon' keep cashin'
Diamonds keep flashin', money keep stackin' (Yeah)
This dirty ho can't come too close 'cause I might catch a rash (Uh)

And no matter how rich I get, I'm still gon' show my ass (Period)

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