

# Holy Father

Sierra Kidd

Eoh, eoh, thirty-three (Thirty-three)

Oh, holy father, oh, eoh, eoh  
Must be my bad karma, oh, oh-oh  
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Must be my bad karma, oh, oh-oh

I don't pose with guns, do not pose with girls  
Too many people, they done took from us  
Mama swept the floor, she was doing her job  
A couple months ago she breathed her last breath  
I got me a [?], in case you wanna flex  
Just know, I don't do it for the things like that  
Sued you every day to make sure you're up next  
All the hatin' bitches, we throw up, for now  
Yeah, yeah  
Still the same, doesn't matter, ain't for sale  
Water on my neck, I'm doing well  
Prayin' every day even though we go to hell, baby

And trust me, I'm sorry  
All the things I did, holy  
Father, can you redo me, ah?

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