

I Do

Statik Selektah

I am God's child!
What time is it?
Brothers and sisters, tonight
All of expo

Waiting right by the alter, swearing I'll never coward
It's time I say "I do" to this life of money and power
My hands heating up, butterflies in my stomach
I'm having second thoughts on how much could I really want it
I guess this verse is my vow to you, I know I doubted you
I cheated on you with all those things that empowered you
How could you love me? Why would you want me?
Thought it was love, it was pain that brought me to one knee
Marry me 'til death do us, 'til my body is numb and pumping with less fluid
These poverty-stricken streets is fueling my best music
Tired of suffering, no more struggling, let's do it
My mother cursed the day I got involved with you
She told me get up off my ass and get a job or two
I told her, "Mama I love you but I won't starve with you"
She said, "I pray for you son, I know you need God with you"
Time to supply a block, investing in private stocks
Kidnapping's for drug money, it's time that we tie the knot
Til death got us sleeping inside a box
Bury my money, my biggest chain and my finest watch
It's no trust in that, so what the fuck is that
I love the game, it's impossible it could love me back
Hugging the corner, I'm praying for it to hug me back
But all I felt was hate, long as my money straight
So do you take this game to be your wedded wife
For you to love and hold tight in the dead of night
I think I do, but should I think it through
'Cause when it comes to this money, baby, I think of you

Do you? Do you solemnly swear to take this game of hip-hop?
As your lawfully wedded wife, through sickness and health
Til death do you apart

Married the game now I'm thinkin' about divorcing it
I got her pregnant, I'm thinkin' about abortin' it
I'm an extortionist cause I came from an orphanage
We was the poorest kids, now I'm rushin' them offices
I love this bitch, she on some gutter shit
And when I'm cheatin' she tries to put me on punishment
5 with the 18, 45 with a straight beam
You should spit with the A-Team, now my mission's to make cream
All for the greed of money, niggas will leave you blunted
I'm on the streets and study, that's why my feet up money
Stand on my own two, best believe I'ma keep it gully
Hands on my chrome too, best believe I'ma keep this skully
I came to win, this is the game we in
It's money and murder, I play the game of sin
I came to win, this is the game we in
It's money and murder, I play the game of sin

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I do!