

ONLY GOD

Summer Cem

Bumper, drug 'em, fuck 'em
I don't love 'em, dump 'em slumped, put 'em-
Bumper, drug 'em, fuck 'em
I don't love 'em, dump 'em slumped, put 'em- (Geenaro)
(So, I'm goin' to Ghana)

All my watches fact-set, you know I wear 'em out (Heh)
Pretty women always plottin' on my whereabouts (On my whereabouts)
I ain't hiding any problems, we can air 'em out (We can air 'em out)
Niggas yappin' about some shit that I don't care about (You yappin')
Independent, ran it up and made a fair amount (Made a lot)
Packs for everybody, I can share 'em out (I got a lot)
I can block a movement if I say so (If I say so)
Word to Justin, man, I'm all about the peso (Let's get it)
I ain't hearing any disses, that's some white noise (Some white noise)
Tryna war with us is borin', we don't buy toys (Brr)
I don't know what you was doin' during lockdown (What was you doin'?)
But I went Plat and made a hundred off of Litecoin (Made a hundred)
Tell the waitress bring a Sprite and I'ma come again (Why?)
Like, I ain't really drinkin', gimme one of them (Just one of them)
Wanna smoke with my niggas? That's a lot of blem (That's a lot of smoke)
Tell the haters, "Yallah, goodbye" like I'm Summer Cem (Huh)

Oh no, Mamacita macht mich loco (Loco)
Vielleicht siehst du mich nie wieder, mach ein Foto (Woah)
I bet my old friends blowin' up my old phone (Trace-O)
Same broke bruddas tryna call me bro-bro (Woo)
Zu viel Ice am Nacken, minus tausend Grad (Yeah)
Keine kann mich judgen, Baba, only God (Facts)
A hundred thousand on my neck, it's hypothermia (Bling-blaow)
Only God can judge me, walk in shows and tell 'em, "Turn me up" (Grr, grr)

Born ready, order bitte noch mehr Dom Peri'
La-ladies erkennen mich an meinem enorm'n Belly (Ja)
Schmeiße Paper in die Luft als wär es Konfitti
Mach' den scheiß Laden dicht, tutto completti
Uno, dos, tres, wennn ein Hurensohn stresst
Werden Kugeln frisch geputzt, ich hab' Shooters on set (Boh, boh)
Ich hab' Killers on hold, Triggerfingers on load
Bitte, Bro, mach nicht auf Karate Tiger – Jean-Claude
Su-Summer Cem, Shabba Ranks, sammel Rubber-Bands
Hundert K in der Matratze auf der Mama pennt
Link up mit AJ, Global Harekets (Yeah, yeah)
Whole Squad macht den Kansas-City-Shuffle-Dance
(Wow) Wow, diesen Kanack kriegt ihr nie gemanaged
Jeder Deal den ich signe minimum siebenstellig
Ring am Finger circa sieben Carats
Ich bin auf Whopper und meine Bitches auf Caesar Salad (Huh)

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