

Prayer

Summrs

I'm-

Hop out the PJ then get on the yacht
Probably stay worried 'bout money I got
Stop pocket watchin', ain't worried 'bout what you got (Woah)
Fell asleep, nodding off of the Wock
Woke up next morning to a pretty thot
She foreign, Brazil, she callin' me papi (BNYX)

Yeah, yeah

It's like a domino effect with all these hoes
The way that I'm knockin' them down, one by one, that's how that shit go
She eatin' me up, it's so good, yeah
She do that shit just like a pro (Woah)
Woah

I'm with Luh Kranks on stage, we paid for days, lil' nigga, okay (Yeah)
I wanted this shit in my way, I'm runnin' up rackades everyday
Go play in this one, I'll crack your noggin like some Crème Brûlée
I know this shit I'm finna say is cliché, but at your shit like a temp fade,
yeah

Aight, let me hop on with some swag
I'm up in my bag, she shakin' that ass
Long as she keep shakin' that ass, she gon' keep bein' able to brag
Just hopped out of first class
Just me and Jason, we got jet lag
24/7 in the stu', that's how I generate these motherfuckin' blues
Bitch, I'm poppin' these blues, I'm sipping on juice, I don't sip on Grey Goose

In the two-tone Maybach truck, this bitch get to bouncin' like a kangaroo
With my dawgs hangin' out of the roof, but them niggas no-rules, them niggas gon' shoot
Got the title to this Maybach, lil' bitch, I could show you the motherfuckin' proof

This bitch got some motherfuckin' guala
This bitch pull a white man daughter
Started poppin' them blues up in Florida
Swear to God, these bitches make me smarter
This bitch said she likin' my twin
I just told the bitch I'll do my thing
In the big body, take up two lanes
This bitch gave me Helmut Lang
I ain't the one to buy you a ring
I ain't the one to pop out with you out up in public, but baby girl, you know I got fame

These drugs keepin' me sane
In the 'Cat, blowin' out the brain
On the moon, thinkin' bout everything
This shit turning out strange (I'm working on dying, BNYX)

Hoes moan my name
They wanna fuck me now
I'll buy you a Patek Philippe if you gon' hold shit down
Stop fuckin' with these clowns
And when it's finna go down, I'm ten toes on the fuckin' ground
My brothers put they trust in me, I'll spray the whole sixty rounds
I like my bitches brown
That pussy got me like "Wow"
That shit got me like "Woah"

You tryna take my soul
Won't bend, I won't fold
In the can, I'm ten toes
That big Doodie up on a soul
You know how that shit go (Shh)
I'm gettin my M's
I ain't takin no L's
Hell nah, I'm not them
Bitch, you'll go to hell
And I'ma meet you there
And that's real shit, I don't care, yeah
Yeah, sippin' on this drank, it feel like I'm fallin' down the stairs
I'm poppin' my shit two times, three times, this shit ain't fair
She sit on this dick like a chair, she feel me anywhere without a care
That's why I fuck with you, baby girl, this probably why we was meant to be
together
She stuck on me just like some feathers
I just spilled some lean on my leather
And I think this shit gon' last forever
Not talkin' 'bout you, talkin' 'bout the cheddar
Anytime and any weather
And you know that I'ma fuck you better
I'm on drugs, baby, say a prayer
I be sendin' hearts, say a prayer

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