

My God

Tom MacDonald

Mr. Mac
La-la-la-la la la
Bad Dream Mad Again
I know that

My god want Louis V
My god has gold rings
My god ain't mad at me
My god like "do your thing"
I never prayed my god
I don't lie my god
I don't fuck with them if they not on our side my god
I don't care my god
I don't sleep my god
I don't need the extra people on my team my god

Fuck all of my fake friends, my real ones are with me
Left the fuck boys and broken hearts to get it in the city
I hope they find each other, fall in love and then get married
They'll be sipping on some Poppa, we pop bottle out in Paris
My god, I swear to god don't miss me when I left 'em
Fucking three bitches they dated, yeah, I call that "triple X"
We popping bottles with model bitches
We pop they pussy, they pop a question
We ain't even looking at you suns without dark lenses
I ain't popping Molly, I just hail Satan
Real talk, Morgan Freeman
I'm wasted in the houses of the holy
I been smoking in the bathroom and pissing in the foyer
Don't preach my god, it won't reach my heart
I can see in the dark, I don't need these crosses
I swear to god that I'll stop when you say when
Three sixes is my number one, add 'em up, Satan

If I wanted to stay, if I wanted to go
If I never decide, you already know
My god is with me, my god is with me
If I wanted to fight, if I wanted to fall
If I couldn't decide, I been through it all
My god been with me, my god been with me

I'm here my god, you're near my god
I-I d-don't f-fear my god
I'm real my god, I feel my god
I-I s-swear I'll kill my god
I dream my god, I've seen my god
I-I w-won't s-sleep my god
I'll sell my god, I'll buy my god
I'll go to hell and say "Hi, my god"

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Uh, two doors on my future ride
Both of them suicide
So those bitches won't go to heaven
But I'll take them to some places in LA and England
I don't want a Jesus piece, I want a Satan's chain
Some angel food cake and some deviled eggs
Baptism from an Absinthe bottle
Drop some ice in that bitch, call it holy water
R-r-r-r-rolling dice in the game room
F-f-ff-f-fuck in the champagne room
Silver spoons and gold dishes
Orange diamonds, goldfishes
I am my own god, y'all pray to me you'll see
I am my own god cause I believe in me
I believe in me (I believe in me)

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They call me bold, bullied, reasoned or negotiated with
Some men just wanna watch the world burn

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