

On my crucifix, I lay awake
I can shoot with this, Amazing Grace
On my crucifix, I lay awake
I can shoot with this, oh pray

Dear diary, my brother tried to kill me today
Dear diary, I pray you keep restoring my faith
Dear diary, I pray I'm still a chapter away
From the last chapter, I'll paint circle of trust
One lady in my arms, that's a circle of love
One kid in each arm, that's the circle of trust
Yeah, trigger, trigger, trigger, Bible page flicker
Pinky ring, the finger, turned into Jigga
Seven finger nigga, bird flipper
In the thick of it, gold discin' it
Word pic 'n' mix, no syllabus
Still honoured didn't blow English
No ownin' this, sole ownership
Been around the map, been around and back
Mama's proud of that, bought a house, detached
And a porch, had the wagon matted black
And a Porshe, that's a brother's Cadillac
I survived, I survived
I'm alive, Johnny 5, all my life, all my guys
Hammer time, hammer time
Big .45 in my jeans, yeah

Gospel, if I die then it's God's will
More still, if I die, I'm in God's will (Amen)
Burn, burn, it's a fire, you get burn, burn
Burn, burn, play with fire, you get burn, burn
Two sticks, back to back, that's a two-cifix
Stone cold in Versace, that's Medusa drip
Burn, burn, it's a fire, you get burn, burn
Burn, burn, play with fire, you get burn, burn

Blessed beyond belief
One child, her flesh is from my seed
From bedroom sex with Dominique
This house, that Benz belongs to me
No weapon formed against I shall prosper
You think my Lord would approve?
Firearms included, I am protected from defeat
Upwards, out of my comfort zone with no compass
Valley of the shadow of death, I go hunting
Marilyn Monroe on the left of old Justin
Carrying an O with the peng, you know somethin'
I wrote the dopest lyrics, possessed by the Holy Spirit
Sober, still the cup runneth over
And there's no codeine in it

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(Oh-oh-oh)
Send a prayer to the sky
(Oh-oh-oh)
Closing my hand and close my eyes
(Oh-oh-oh)
Wishing you would speak your mind

(Oh-oh-oh)
Our Father but my children call me their father
(Oh-oh-oh)
My mama look up to me like I'm her father
(Oh-oh-oh)
Some fathers disappear then fulfill karma
(Oh-oh-oh)
Since the papa won't preach, share the prayer, mama