

Haha, I'm a God in the hood, nigga

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Young five eight talk like he ten feet tall
Chopper make a nigga jump a ten foot wall
Avi's and gold bottles, this is hood royalty
No matter how broke, how rich
Nigga, never ever compromise your loyalty
Medusa head on my Versace robe
Standing on a pile of white bricks
Imagine crosses on the units
Stamps looking like a crucifix
Pure like the blood of Virgin Mary
Turn water to some wine, nigga
Plug did a touchdown
Met him at the Steak n Shake in Mt. Zion, nigga

Look, I'm hearing voices, choices
The world is my oyster
Telling me to be cautious, flossing Rollie oysters
Perpetual
Lesson learned, how the jealous do
Corleone's boss of bosses
Have to murder this one, murder that one
Get a vest or two
Get a fourty or fourty five if they pressing you
Send you to medical
Grab you by the throat
Vocalize notes, quotes get you high as coke
You and I elope
To kill a mockingbird
I'm the philosopher, I'm the OG champ Bernard Hopkins flow
I'm in the quiet taste
That got way up in a higher place
I'm for a mature audience, repping the empire state
I'm on my God flow, they call me God's Son
Vernon Boulevard, holy one

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