

Oh Lord

Shy Glizzy

It's Nev on the beat, nigga
Young Jefe, holmes
Boss

I can feel somebody cryin' for me, like, "Oh, Lord" (Oh, Lord)
That nigga turned his back on you, yeah, that's your dog (Nope)
My bitch, she givin' love, told her to hold on (Hold on)
'Cause any given day can get caught in a war zone (Oh-oh)
Lil' mama, she a dime, so I paid her student loan (God damn)
And my nigga love to talk, now I can't even use phones (God damn, God damn)
I think these niggas lyin', that's why I don't do their songs (Yah)
Everybody wanna ride the wave when you on (Yah, yah, yah)

Can't begin to relax (Yeah) a whole lot (A whole lot)
Brought her into my head, y'all, like a Tylenol
Got a little model broad (Uh), yeah, she know how to fuck
R-I-P my dawg (Uh), yeah, I miss all of y'all (God damn, God damn)
I just sent some bread to my nigga in the pen
When they ask the question, "Suck my dick" is what he said (Hahahaha)
On murder's where I'll stand on until I'm bloody red (Okay)
I'll murder you on camera, holmes, no, I ain't fuckin' scared (Uh)
Peanut butter jelly 'til I motherfuckin' lost it (Uh)
Nigga, you should see my mansion, look like a motherfuckin' apartment
Pull that God damn Maybach out (Yah), feel good that I ain't stoppin' (Good)
Nigga, my Glock got a double, check it, we can get it poppin', nigga

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Hundred rounds in my TEC, got them choppers on the deck (B-r-r-r)
Got her movin' smart now, she different, I'm playin' chess (Gang)
Got that big boy Rolly, now I want the Patek ('Tek)
Got that money and power and a whole lot of 'guettes (Gang)
Fell out with two of my homies 'cause one a snake and one a rat
Damn, I thought I could trust you, but you lost all my respect (Fuck it)
Thought you was better than that, fuck it, I know what to expect (I know what to expect)
It's gon' be a murder, it's gon' be a mess (B-r-r-r)
Pull up with them choppers, make it rain on your set (Murder, murder, murder)
I been gone all night, I barely even slept (I barely even slept)
Lil' bitch, that pussy dead, the fuck you thought you wasn't gettin'? (Though you wasn't gettin'?)
My mama know I thug and grandpa got me on them gats
A nigga play with three, the police know what's comin' next
I done did my dirt, know niggas might want get back (Might want get back)
She from way out in the suburbs, have her in the projects
She say she worried 'bout me, I stay on point, I keep the gat (Murder, murder, murder)

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