

# A\$AP Rocky, Praise the Lord (Da Shine) (Ft. Ske

Get it

Text a message, I don't know the number  
Flexin' on these niggas, every bone and muscle  
Steady takin' shots, but never hurtin' numbers  
Even then, y'all don't worry nothin'  
And I'd like to give a shout out to my niggas with a game plan  
And shout outs all my niggas with escape plans  
Uh, twenty bands, rain dance  
We could either rain check or we can make plans

Pockets loaded, rocket loaded, okay, let's rock and roll this  
Time to go, Lock, Stock, and Two Smoking Barrels  
Locked and loaded, diamonds glowin', chart-climbing on 'em  
You'd think I'm jumpin' out the window how I got 'em open  
Line around the corner, line 'em up the block and over  
Sometimes I even stop the smokin' when it's time to focus  
My shades, Dior, my pants, velour  
Create, explore, expand, conquer

I came, I saw, I came, I saw  
I praise the Lord, then break the law  
I take what's mine, then take some more  
It rains, it pours, it rains, it pours  
I came, I saw, I came, I saw  
I praise the Lord, then break the law  
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It rains, it pours, it rains, it pours

Yeah, I sold the pack, the loose, the hard (Yeah)  
I listened to X, I peeped the bars (Yeah)  
The snakes, the rats, the cats, the dogs  
The game's a trap, protect your heart (Yeah)  
I waited in line, return, refine  
The new design, it's time to shine  
To shine, to shine, to shine, to shine  
I hustle, I flex, the world is mine  
So please believe, allow the greaze  
These niggas disease, don't speak, we squeeze  
I make the devil go weak the knees  
You hate, you're lame, your loss

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Uh, she came, I came, now what's my name?  
My chain, my pants, my pants with the chain  
They know it's me, the hat and the shades  
They heard my voice and they ran to the stage  
My Vans, my braids, my mans, my babes  
My girls, my ex, my hoes that I left  
The way I stepped out the car, that's a flex  
Give thanks, get fresh, praise the Lord then finesse, bless

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