

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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