

Hallelujah (feat. Dizzy Wright & SwizzZz)

Jarren Benton

Bitch we got it popping nigga, hallelujah!
I woke up feeling great nigga, hallelujah!
Came up out the dumps nigga, hallelujah!
You know we getting to it nigga, hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Came up out the dumps nigga, hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Y'all don't want these boys to bring them problems to ya Yeah, Benton
season
Getting sloppy toppy while I'm sipping resonant]
Foreign hoes, one North Korean, that's Kato's sister
Bitch I'm sicker than Adolf Hitler, the K gon lift ya
Pain in the ass like an anal blister
I kill a rapper, let the angels get ya
Then I walk around and just strangle niggas
Ain't your only one, nigga I hold guns, the arms are Voltron, the sword is Shogun
Absorbing protons, distorting organs
My dick is four tons, fucking moron
I'm fucking for blood, the fork in your lungs
One abortion, that's unafforded
My daddy left us like a fucking orphan
Get Casper, crashing in the Aston Martin
Yeah, that's Aston Martin
Word to Tommy, call Pam's and Martins
Smoking space rocks with a band of Martians
Eat everything cause this grass is starving
And if it's 3 stripes then I'm a probably cop it
Your bread short like Polly Pocket
You weak nigga, you should probably stop it
When your fasting money we gon probably profit
Don't fuck with me, then I'll fuck with y'all
Niggas praying on my downfall
I duke at niggas, shoot a fire ball
Out my palm, I bust through the fire wall
Free my nigga Thick James bitch
I'm always on that Rick James shit
This FV, we set the trends and y'all fuckboys on that same shit
Hallelujah, fucking loser
Howdy Jarren, toss me the Ruger
I scrub my ass with a purple loofa
Got a few cucumbers inside my juicers
So hey girl, come take a sip of this shit
When you done kiss the tip of my dick
Like it or love it, I'm rushing, I'm busting

My head gets better then sick
5 0 I am on the grind, fuck is on your mind
Hear I'm talking but I ain't got time, my girl left but that's find
Nobody's tripping you make the decision
Wait till I catch the new nigga slipping
Thought I told you shit now is different
I pop a matic, get inching, look
Holding it steady, ready, let me loose
This is something I do daily
Too many people going crazy, zany
Losing they minds so I strap on my safety
I bun this shit down
You see where I'm going, so now you start to come around
Fuck you, you had your shot
Now sit back and witness, I climb to the top bitch!
Back the fuck up, I'm paranoid and I'm buzzing
My homies now, I can't trust em
Betrayal's now the new custom
The pain is deep but I'm accustomed
At the end of the day I still love them
No space for hate in my heart, that can wait in the dark
Funk Volume, we coming, hallelujah
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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