

# The God

Jae Millz

Established in New York City  
Girl you know where I met with I'm up early in the morning  
I got to get it,  
'Cause I got to get it  
Yeah, I got to get it.()

Oh, I'm up early in the morning all these niggas sleeping  
Laid out, they're tired, they partied all weekend  
All my niggas hungry and all these niggas eating,  
So now I'm taking shit, fuck feeling we're competing, what up?  
Are you swagged out, watch when is Karl Bay  
Leave a real fowl stain on the bowl Maints,  
Niggas its presence balled down no arms huggin  
Approach me as the God which your palm's touching  
Niggas say I changed I say motherfuck em  
You call me a home record I say she never loved them  
A good blunt, good salad, thousand dollars in above it,  
Some bake city then give me a beat that I could fuck em,  
And then is really dinner time, nigga  
So it ain't just to make Forbes I'm on my genuine  
Nigga watch me doing Karl Louis to the finish line nigga,  
Stone wash product I'm a vintage line nigga,  
And I don't need no hook for the shit,  
But if I did put a hook on the shit  
And then probably go.  
( )

Bow down no arms hugging,  
Approach me with the God which your palm's touching.()  
Nowadays I get highs I wanna raise sleep hell slow  
I get flies I wanna I'm a uptown nigga till I die so when I  
I'm just cope something new to rejoy every summer,  
Hold up is father millzie church nigga, all prayers is due  
Our birth niggas  
A lot of niggas some of the hottest niggas,  
Most loved and hated for my style you must got it nigga  
One man but I'm too raw  
Push up on your bitch like my living room floor  
My little slime out here chief keefin with this boys  
And he'll let that hammer fly, eat your ass like dough  
I wanted control of the town so I kill the flocks  
My crew is not fucking around and I sing the But I just wanna say  
( )

Bow down no arms hugging,

Approach me with the God which your palm's touching.)  
Rest in peace star real niggas  
You're riding to the N grip you ill nigga  
European luggage form my travels  
Hall through your hood like scavage  
Hall through your hood like compressed plints and capsules  
I'm like graffiti in bathrooms with bad fumes  
Scully with the link bars, corner store shit  
I'm on that Wu Tang and you want me, '94 shit  
Yea, shout out to my wash tights niggas  
Yea papi still got it, that's for life nigga  
Solid gold under the ice, nigga  
In front of the pizza shop, eatin a slice nigga  
You could get a autograph or your jaw smashed  
I drag you all over the road like a tour staff  
I'm on that vintage Versace, Chanelle shit  
I do my job and I do it well bitch  
Fuck Evil Knievil, I can lay a verse and post a tweet while I'm getting head and that's why the L  
lit

Heavy whip flow, I make the scale flip  
My lines need to be on some pile shit(Interlude)  
When Millz speak the world darkens  
And fly shit I rock it like hard it()  
Lil nigga bow down, no arms huggin  
Approach me with the God which your palm's touching.)

Amen.

Father Millzie

All praises due

Established in New York Cuty

Please, approach me with the God which your palm's touching.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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