

Glory to the Lord (feat. R. Kelly)

King Los

Glory to the Lord, Glory to the Lord
I popped a bottle told the whole story to my boys
I got a rollie on my wrist (Glory to the Lord)
Plus I got my homies getting rich (Glory to the Lord)
At the club like (Glory to the Lord, Glory to the Lord)
He let the sun shine on a nigga from the hood
Man, I done made it off the block (Glory to the Lord)
Let's pop a hundred bottles screaming out (Glory to the Lord)
Glory to the Lord
If they hate every style you sport
If you know you paid and you made it out in court
And your baby mama took you off child support
You at the club like
Glory to the Lord
Like, like what else you could say
But, but roll me up a good J
And, and let me show you how the hood pray
We be like
Glory to the Lord, Glory to the Lord
I mean I could've been broke in a Honda Accord
Now I don't rock it if it don't say Tom Ford
Black tuxedo on with some Concords, screaming out
Glory to the Lord, Glory to the Lord
I mean you know it's a war, you know it's a war
Every time I hit the floor pray, you know it's your boy
You know it's a joy, when I wake up and I whip that Porsche
And they screaming ay nigga are you gon' hit that Forbes
I'm like bitch of course, bitch of course
Bitch I'm gorgeous, I wasn't given choice
And I switch the course
If money talks, bitch i'm hoarse
And I'm sick of the arguing
And the conversation is seem like it's too hard to win
All you wanna do is bring up all of my flaws again
Man I'm so flawed, Oh God
You never love me halfway you do the whole job
Light up my path let me be my own star
As I look back man shit was so hard
Now it's food on the table so my niggas don't starve
At the club like
(Glory to the Lord, Glory to the Lord)
I tried a bottle told the whole story to my boys

I got a rollie on my wrist (Glory to the Lord)
Plus i got my homies getting rich (Glory to the Lord)
At the club like
(Glory to the Lord, Glory to the Lord)
He let the sun shine on a nigga from the hood
Man i done made it off the block (Glory to the Lord)
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Glory to the Lord
If they hate every style you sport
If you know you paid and you made it out in court
And your baby mama took you off child support
You at the club like
Glory to the LordOhhh, let's have a toast to comin' up
Still getting money, King
You used to say "you couldn't afford it," my nigga
You shit talking to a toilet, my nigga
I ain't even had to trap, right
Now all my cars imported
And I'm like (Glory to the Lord, Glory to the Lord)
Aye man, Robert made it out, Glory to the Lord
I rolled up, blowed up, man just to keep a peace of mind (Glory to the Lord)
I street perform and I swear it was so motherfucking cold outside (Glory to the Lord)
Just maybe it was something I couldn't afford
Now I rock the kind of shit that ain't never in stores
First thing imma say after every award (Glory to the Lord, Glory to the Lord)
Penthouse suite feel like God when I look down
Glory to the Lord, I'm the R&B James Brown
I hear 'em hating I thank Jesus that I ain't them
Swag on heaven let the church say Amen
Shawty is the shit, no Manure
Booty so big, Hallelujah
And all my niggas paid now, Glory to the Lord
And all my bills paid now, Glory to the Lord
And we gon' pop a hundred bottles every club I host
And I got all my homies with me that's the Homie Ghost
ChurchGlory to the Lord, Glory to the Lord
I pop a bottle told the whole story to my boys
I got a rollie on my wrist (Glory to the Lord)
Plus i got my homies getting rich (Glory to the Lord)
At the club like
(Glory to the Lord, Glory to the Lord)
He let the sunshine on a nigga from the hood
Man i done made it off the block, Glory to the Lord
Let's pop a hundred bottles screaming out glory to the Lord
(Glory to the Lord)
If they hate every style you sport
If you know you paid and you made it out in court
And your baby mama took you off child support
You at the club like

(Glory to the Lord)
Like what else you could say
But, but roll me up a good J
And, and let me show you how the hood pray
We be like (Glory to the Lord)

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