

Follow God

Kanye West

Father, I stretch my hands
Stretch my hands to you
Lifelike, this is what your life like
Try to live your life right
People really know you, push your buttons like type write
This is like a movie, but it's really game of life, right
Every single night right, every single bright right
I was looking at the 'Gram and I don't even like likes
I was screamin' out, my daddy told me, "It ain't Christ-like"
I was screamin' at the referee just like Mike
Lookin' for a bright light, see for what your life like
Riding all around city, driven like a sci-fi (Stretch my hands to you)
Pressin' on the gas, supernova for a night light
Screamin' at my dad and he told me, "It ain't Christ-like"
Well, nobody never tell you who you like? Christ
Only ever seein' me, only when you needed me
Lifestyle, everything, oh you can B-E-T
Searchin' for a deity, now you wanna see a freak
Now you wanna see freak, let me see you be a [?]
Tell me what your life like, turnin' down a bright light
Talkin' with my dad, and he told me, "It ain't Christ-like" (Stretch my hands to you)
I'm just tryna ride, like I'm lookin' for a new wave
I'm just lookin' to try, see me on my cool wave
I don't want no cool wave, see me on my best, though
Five-point text, though, hunnid dollars next, though
And I never murdered 'mother picture for a death smoke (Father, I stretch)
Rest in love with God, I don't really want arrest 'em
Let me see your life, like, everything in my life (Stretch my hands to you)
Argue with my dad, and he said, "It ain't Christ-like"
Yeah (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
You know, it's like (Yeah)
So my uncle fuck with me, what you like off, yeah? (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
I be on my, I put up this one night, and I said my prayers
They Lord knows that I'm tryna talk to my dad (Stretch my hands to you)
And he hits me advice and he starts spazzin' on Him (Yeah)
I start spazzin' like, shit, "That ain't Christ-like" (Yeah, yeah)
I said, "Aaah"

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>