

# God Speed (feat. Ashley Sorrell)

## Royce da 5'9"

Ryan  
Never would have made it  
... made it out  
It's god Speed  
It's god ...  
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It's god ...Uh, this is just high zone when borders pass  
I was born at a quarter past, I was the color purple  
Mom and Pop took me home in a Crown Royale bag  
I'm the hottest nigga that you know with the coldest intentions  
Uh, all I know is this flow and this pencil  
The Lord as my shepard, the Devil's my Doberman Pinscher  
The industry said I had to be an alcoholic  
When we having threesomes we doing acid and having seizures  
Wish I could go back to my old school and slap the teachers  
All I had to do to blow up was an album packed with features  
I don't relate to common folk,  
they focus on the comments so I'm gonna  
roll a Tesla Roadster down the coast of Monaco  
Low and behold, your honorable niggas is sheep  
Niggas is sleep, bout awoke as a dinosaurMy connect'll give you a whole kilo of Coke so he  
can go Geronimo  
He should receive a trophy for being the holy Jesus of flows  
He the G.O.A.T., baaah, that should be my taaaag  
I'm from the streets where the odds are not even  
Robbery, thievin', ballers, debauchery, schemin'  
The lie of Jesus is hard to believe  
I'm a product of Eve in the garden of Eden  
Speaking, how target have we been?  
Rihanna stalker, I'm parked in the DMs, shark in the deep end  
Put the paws on you, I soften your defense  
Hit your pause button, halt your critiquin'  
Talk is cheap, the more you niggas talk and it cheapens  
And all I see is prayer 'round the streets today  
I'm about a freak away from having Issa Rea eating out Lisa RayAny artist out that you see is  
great, tell 'em I said bring his ass  
Better bring his A, let his single play  
We don't care what you sing,  
hit you in the face with the butt of the gun  
You leak and get your street cred and a few streams  
Pop go the weasal, nigga, Fiva Nina I'm the illest  
You got pop culture fever, nigga, all I know is Big and Pac quotes

Pop totes and squeezing triggers  
Speeding tickets,  
now I'm pulling cops over, give them niggas season tickets  
Teesha used to shoot me down  
vicious, now she the misses  
She turn me into a family guy quicker than Peter Griffin  
I told myself when I was 14 that she the one  
Now a nigga probably got more seeds than Peter Gunz  
Now I go out to get my groceries in two-seaters  
Used to roll the old school, four speakers and two tweeters  
Riding with nothing but raw  
quarterpacks and duffels  
Ryan Rice heaters, y'all niggas is cut like  
one them Get Rich or Die Tryin' wife-beaters  
Me? I'm just all shoulder straps and muscle  
If you a hater, lets do it  
I whip you now and then whip on your boy later  
Them whippins'll go around like a tornado  
I get rid of more yayo, I don't do RoDayo  
Or ales, I do the Floyd May-o's  
So many men shopping the women's section, it ain't no ladies left  
These niggas crazy, yes  
They playin' crazy like the Chappelle sketch, Wayne Brady ep  
I'm what you get when Freeway Rick and Cocaine 80s met  
Bringing bars back to the streets like Jay and Nas beef  
Broadcasting Ether in HD, God Speed  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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