

Pink Beetle

Rejje Snow

Our Father in heaven, hallowed be your name
Your kingdom come, you will be done
On earth as it is in heaven Got my chariot waitin'
You know I'm stayin' alive
Be it Heaven or Hades
You know I gotta survive
Swing low, swing low
Swing low, swing low
Keep my feet above everything
Yea, you know that I'm crazy
Got my angels in full swing
Yea, nothin' can phase me
Swing low, swing low
Swing low, swing low
And I-oooooh-yea
And I-oooooh-yea
All these niggas rappers
Playin' rappers, greatest actors
Me, I kept it humble
Me, I did it, this my greatest chapter
Written here where bodies lay
Mumified and on display
Zulu with the shackles
Freein' weapons be the up and keep
You gon' make me catch a body like them fuckin' rappers do
Or you gon' make me have to make a record about fuckin' you
You gon' make me have to have these gold teeth and tattoos
You gon' make me have to crash Mercedes, so I'm beggin' you
Shut the ballin' late in Dublin, purple fluid in my cup and
Broken dreams and wet dreams, there's alcohol inside my gut
All you say is, "fuck me better"
Chicken grease up on my sweater
Fast food and bad mood's equivalent of hardly better
Yea, I keep my 'fro intact
Camel causin' heart attacks, bitches on my fuckin' lap
Toe tags and handbags, the smell make my balls sag
Portraits of my mama's face, poppa knows I'm sayin' grace
This here be my only take
Got my chariot waitin'
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 And I-oooooh-yea
 And I-oooooh-yea93 my born date
 It's King [?]
 His penmanship will resonate and legacy deteriorate
 In such relay, yea
 Don't stimulate, yea
 Just regulate, yea
 Try to educate, yea
 Will imitate, yea, yea, yea
 Two big bricks for the low, you snake
 Our dreams they came crashin' in
 I was always born to win
 Crack heads in Dublin city
 Love me, keep me covenant
 Prayin' to my lover-hoe
 She hold me down, I'm celibate
 Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah
 Now I'm prayin', "hallelujah," that I'm not the shooter
 Crashin' up, that record spinnin'
 Way before this rap been winnin'
 Y'all was steady pluckin' chickens
 Trophies in my mama's kitchen
 Champagne and lovely women fortify my old soul
 Cause it's doin' numbers that I multiplied, I don't know
 Every single record I be cryin' at my old hoes
 Rejjie-this and Rejjie-that, you fuckin' bitch, I hate y'all
 Got my chariot waitin'
 You know I'm stayin' alive
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