

# Gods Don't Chill

Murphy Lee

Now just to prove I ain't different from you  
Dirty I ain't got nuttin' to do  
I just wanna take a break  
No stress, no play  
I just wanna lay and  
Chill at the crib all day  
No, no, no  
It's time to get that ass off of the couch  
Get up  
It's Friday night, we gotta get the fuck out  
Get the fuck out  
Okay, I got nuttin' to say  
'Cuz we been chillin' at the crib all day We chiefin' laid back, loungin' like 3 pimps in the shade  
Me, Murph we take a pair, we at it again  
Well ok, you should have nuttin' to say  
We guarantee it'd be another hit man, ok?  
For your reference, I been inside the house since 6  
Bakin' up bars of rap, chiefin' & munchin' on chips  
Now should I go dip? Debate what style and color to get  
We go out, we don't know when, this strickly parkin' lot pimpin' That there sounds like a nice game plan  
Nice thangs wit thick frames, no need to think twice man  
Pick up some bud, pick up my boys, wipe off my dubs  
Hittin' on chickens and buckets, so what they rollin' on hubs  
I'm honkin' my horn like a animal straight from the barn  
So what if they foreign? Prince don't discriminate not one  
Outrageously, my baby mama pagin' me  
I been at the crib all day so it's crazy see Now just to prove I ain't different from you  
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'Cuz we been chillin' at the crib all day Now, usually I get my way

Hit my hay, yeah sip my drink  
Call up a chick to come strip, if I say  
Let the phone just ring, while I pick my place  
Smashin' in John Madden whuppin' everybody ass  
And it's a fact, Green Bay sendin' em Packin'  
Man it's goin' on a three day thrashin'  
Fuck this for real y'all, I need some actionAw man, Murph don't wanna drive the Benz  
But he's too busy tryin' to dodge his friends  
I just wanna go back outside again  
Get high again, sippin' Heineken's  
Grab my 22 inch wired rims  
Hit the street, got bitches pilin' in  
Wait 'til this nigga get through ironin'  
Jacob up, fuck this game I'm retirin'Now just to prove I ain't different from you  
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'Cuz we been chillin' at the crib all daySt. Louis  
(Murphy Lee, what size drawers ya need?)  
A 36-38, 'cause 40 be too big  
And hurry up so I can get out the crib  
(Babysit)  
I love my nieces and nephews but I ain't got no kids  
And shit, hurry up before the bank close  
(Boy you ain't goin' to no bank, you probably gonna see some hoes)  
Ahh, I guess my sister know a brother  
I'm a nasty mothersuckers, 'cuz I'm poppin' wit cornbread and butter'Cuz there ain't nuttin' like booty in the  
daytime  
Look at it wiggle, sunshinin' on the waistline  
And matter fact, fuck the whole nine  
The whole time, I'm thinkin' , 'bout this party goin' downtown  
I had to get my ass outta the bed, ah get up  
Ain't nuttin' like a lil' last minute head, ah you right  
Plus I see this girl like twice a week  
And my granny made Macaroni-n-Cheese  
So I'm outNow just to prove I ain't different from you  
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