

# Raider Prayer (Instrumental Version)

## SpaceGhostPurrp

Shout out to the eastside  
Haha, to the motherfucking westside  
Haha, to the motherfucking northside  
Yeah, to the motherfucking southside  
It be the S.G.P. cooling out in the breeze  
As I think when I drink, riding out in my G's  
My G's be the goddesses, the queens of the phonk  
Ass fat, all black, vicky's secret thong  
My songs is for the goddesses who putting in work  
At the job, come home, now she making it twerk  
My style is similar to the magical smoke  
Inhale every flow, smoking magical purp'  
The world fucked up, so I stay low key  
To avoid every drama to a certain degree  
I'mma be, honest baby girl take a seat  
I wanna fuck with you as I put you to sleep  
I dream, every single day bout cream  
While I stuff it in my pocket, sipping Alize and lean  
It seem, the world would never get no better  
I'm just laying with my bitch as I count this cheddar  
Fuck what they say, I'mma do me (nigga I'mma do me)  
All on the beat, I got the crowd singing  
No time for ducking, no time for hating  
Getting straight to this money, so fuck the procrastinating  
Hella niggas be waiting, for me to fall  
But if I get back up, just know I'm gonna ball  
Sip alcohol as it burn my pain  
Looking down at the town, vibing out to the rain  
Fuck all the haters, they just motivators  
Mind on a mill, with mansions and elevators  
Got navigators, cruising just like a playa'  
Picking up these bitches, and dig them like Justin Slayer  
I say my prayers, when I go to sleep  
Cause I know if I don't, the fucking demons gon' creep  
I peep, everything, scoping out devils  
The evil shit I seen, turned me into a rebel

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>