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.

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