

# Goddess

Hania Lee

Ain't this what y'all need me for  
You done pissed me off what is y'all leaving for  
Oh what? A white girl with a flow ain't been seen before  
Bow down until your knees get sore  
Treat Neimans like a grocery store  
Selfridges get the same rapport  
Ask Bey' when we off on tour  
Hopping out a fly whip screaming "This ain't yours"  
How famous can one get 'fore she get tired  
One phone call that make all the money get wired  
Uh, spit fire that'll burn down an empire  
20 deep in the Sprinter tryn the Benz tires  
Wave hello when I breeze by ya  
Make enough in ten months  
I could live off or retire (woo)  
But I just won't quit  
Tryna figure out which part of this you just don't get huhLord, lemme know if you got this  
Preaching about prophets  
It ain't no one man can stop us  
Bow down to a Goddess, bow down to a Goddess, bow down to a Goddess  
It ain't no one man can stop us  
Bow down to a Goddess  
Goddess! Got it? Same critics wondered if I had it in me  
Now want me to play friendly  
But how the hell you play friendly when the mention of my name could cause a media frenzy  
The cameras flash everywhere, make it hard to miss me  
Lately I been crazy 'til a psych ward commit me  
After any competition coming up against me  
You think it's anything better, then come convince me  
Until then I'll be leading the race  
So bow down, put your knee to your face  
While I make wine outta water, turn rappers into martyrs  
Set it off whenever I-G-G in the place, uh  
Young rapper, Goddess  
Y'all a boring read like Rapper's Digest  
I could never see you fall like I skip through August  
I'm thinkin' bout now would be the time to start thisLord, lemme know if you got this  
Preaching about prophets  
It ain't no one man can stop us

Bow down to a Goddess, bow down to a Goddess, bow down to a Goddess  
It ain't no one man can stop us  
Bow down to a Goddess Put your hands in the sky  
But only if you feel the vibe  
They wanna bury me alive but y'all know real Gods never die  
Put your hands in the sky  
But only if you feel the vibe  
They wanna bury me alive but y'all know real Gods never die Lord, lemme know if you got this  
Preaching about prophets  
It ain't no one man can stop us  
Bow down to a Goddess, bow down to a Goddess, bow down to a Goddess  
It ain't no one man can stop us  
Bow down to a Goddess  
Goddess! Got it?

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