

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 chieffin' 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, chieffin' & 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
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Okay, I got nuttin' to say
'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 action
Aw 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'
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St. 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 out
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