

Sanctified (ft. Kanye West & Big Sean)

[Rick Ross](#)

There's a few million angels movin' around me
I just worship thee, for all he's done for me
It's a new day, I have been born again
I've been born again, I've been born again
In His spirit, and His name
I'm sanctified!
Lord I testify
He's right by my side
I believe it be
His word is so clear to me
Yeah, yeahOK all I want is 100 million dollars and a bad bitch
Plus that paper chasin', it done turn me to a savage
Groupies in the lobby they just tryna get established
God, I've been guilty, fornicatin' from my statusAll I wanted was 100 million dollars and a bad bitch
Plus that paper chasin', it done turn me to a savage
Groupies in the lobby they just tryna get established
God, I've been guilty, fornicatin' from my statusNiggas be lovin' the old Ye, they sayin' the new Ye, that nigga
be spazzin'
But when Ali turn up and be Ali, you can't ever take that nigga back to Cassius
So you can gon' and make them lies, but I'm so sanctified
I don't sweat it, wipe my forehead with a handkerchief
And wash my sins in the blood of Jesus
People sayin', "Ye we need another Yeezus"
Lames try to tell me, "Cut the wilin' out, out"
But who the fuck is you reachin'
Pass me 30 bottles, champagne procession
That's that Holy water, sanctified refreshments
God sent me a message, said I'm too aggressive
Really!? Me!? Too aggressive!?Feel his blessings wash away my sins
I'm sanctified and, I have been born again
Now I proclaim, hallowed be thy name, ohAll I want is 100 million dollars and a bad bitch
Plus that paper chasin', it done turn me to a savage
Groupies in the lobby they just tryna get established
God, I've been guilty, fornicatin' from my statusKeys to my success, I get new keys and new address
Bitches that I date don't get degrees but they can dress
Felatio's amazin', make grilled cheese for you, the best
Major coke figure, I'm the fresh David Koresh
Soldiers all in Al-Qaeda, new Mercades for cadets
Balmain uniform, you know Donda designed the vest

Double M, that be the Army, better yet the Navy
Baby seen me in that Wraith, wanna have my baby
All I wanted was a hundred million dollars and a bad bitch
Now I want two hundred and menage in my palace
Walkin' out the jeweler with no mothafuckin' balance
Somewhere in Jamaica I'm still holdin' on my chalice
Rims on my Ferrari, my bitch said that I went childish
'Til I fucked the girl, the girl tweeted that I was stylish
When we fucked again, she said "That was just some foul shit"
I walk into the room, you can even hear all the silence
Feel his blessings wash away my sins
I'm sanctified and, I have been born again
Now I proclaim, hallowed be thy name, oh

Songwriters

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