

God Speed (feat. Ashley Sorrell)

Royce da 5'9"

Ryan

Never would have made it

... made it out

It's god Speed

It's god ...

It's god Speed

It's god ...Uh, this is just high zone when borders pass

I was born at a quarter past, I was the color purple

Mom and Pop took me home in a Crown Royale bag

I'm the hottest nigga that you know with the coldest intentions

Uh, all I know is this flow and this pencil

The Lord as my shepard, the Devil's my Doberman Pinscher

The industry said I had to be an alcoholic

When we having threesomes we doing acid and having seizures

Wish I could go back to my old school and slap the teachers

All I had to do to blow up was an album packed with features

I don't relate to common folk,

they focus on the comments so I'm gonna

roll a Tesla Roadster down the coast of Monaco

Low and behold, your honorable niggas is sheep

Niggas is sleep, bout awoke as a dinosaur My connect'll give you a whole kilo of Coke so he can go Geronimo

He should receive a trophy for being the holy Jesus of flows

He the G.O.A.T., baaah, that should be my taaaag

I'm from the streets where the odds are not even

Robbery, thievin', ballers, debauchery, schemin'

The lie of Jesus is hard to believe

I'm a product of Eve in the garden of Eden

Speaking, how target have we been?

Rihanna stalker, I'm parked in the DMs, shark in the deep end

Put the paws on you, I soften your defense

Hit your pause button, halt your critiquin'

Talk is cheap, the more you niggas talk and it cheapens

And all I see is prayer 'round the streets today

I'm about a freak away from having Issa Rea eating out Lisa Ray Any artist out that you see is great, tell 'em I

said bring his ass

Better bring his A, let his single play

We don't care what you sing,

hit you in the face with the butt of the gun

You leak and get your street cred and a few streams

Pop go the weasal, nigga, Fiva Nina I'm the illest
You got pop culture fever, nigga, all I know is Big and Pac quotes
Pop totes and squeezing triggers
Speeding tickets,
now I'm pulling cops over, give them niggas season tickets
Teesha used to shoot me down vicious, now she the
misses
She turn me into a family guy quicker than Peter Griffin
I told myself when I was 14 that she the one
Now a nigga probably got more seeds than Peter Gunz
Now I go out to get my groceries in two-seaters
Used to roll the old school, four speakers and two tweeters
Riding with nothing but raw quarterpacks and duffels
Ryan Rice heaters, y'all niggas is cut like
one them Get Rich or Die Tryin' wife-beaters
Me? I'm just all shoulder straps and muscle
If you a hater, lets do it
I whip you now and then whip on your boy later
Them whippins'll go around like a tornado
I get rid of more yayo, I don't do RoDayo
Or ales, I do the Floyd May-o's
So many men shopping the women's section, it ain't no ladies left
These niggas crazy, yes
They playin' crazy like the Chappelle sketch, Wayne Brady ep
I'm what you get when Freeway Rick and Cocaine 80s met
Bringing bars back to the streets like Jay and Nas beef
Broadcasting Ether in HD, God Speed

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