

# Glory to the Lord (feat. R. Kelly)

King Los

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Glory to the Lord, glory to the Lord  
I popped a bottle, told the whole story to my boys  
I got a rollie on my wrist, glory to the Lord  
Plus I got my homies getting rich, Glory to the Lord  
At the club like  
Glory to the Lord, glory to the Lord  
He let the sun shine on a nigga from the hood  
Man I done made it off the block, glory to the Lord  
Let's pop a hundred bottles screaming out, glory to the Lord(Glory to the Lord)  
If they hate every style you sport  
If your lawyer paid and you made out in court  
And your baby mama took you off child support  
You at the club like  
(Glory to the Lord)  
Like, like what else you couldn't say  
But, but roll me up a good J  
And, and let me show you how the hood pray  
We be like Glory to the Lord, glory to the Lord  
I mean I could've been broke in a Honda Accord  
Now I don't rock it if it don't say Tom Ford  
Black tuxedo on with some concords, screaming out  
Glory to the Lord, glory to the Lord  
I mean you know it's a war, you know it's a war  
Every time I hit the floor break, you know it's your boy  
You know it's a joy, when I wake up and I whip that Porsche  
And they screaming "ay nigga I ain't gon' hit that Forbes"  
I'm like bitch of course, bitch of course  
Rich and gorgeous, I wasn't given choice  
And I switch the course  
If money talks, bitch I'm hoarse  
And I'm sick of the arguing  
And the conversation it seem like it's too hard to win

All you wanna do is bring up all of my flaws again  
Man I'm so flawed, oh God  
You never love me halfway, you do the whole job  
Light up my path let me be my own star  
As I look back man, shit was so hard  
Now it's food on the table so my niggas don't starve At the club like,  
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If your lawyer paid and you made out in court  
And your baby mama took you off child support  
You at the club like  
(Glory to the Lord) Let's have a toast to coming up You used to say you couldn't afford it, my nigga  
You shouldn't talk in to a toilet, my nigga  
I ain't even have a travel ride, now all my cars imported  
And I'm like,  
Glory to the Lord, glory to the Lord  
Ay man Robert made it out, glory to the Lord  
I rolled up, load up man just to keep a piece of mind  
Glory to the Lord,  
I street perform man I swear it's so motherfucking cold outside  
Glory to the Lord  
Just name it, it was something I couldn't afford  
Now I rock the kind of shit, that ain't never hit stores  
First thing I'mma say  
After every award  
Glory to the Lord, glory to the Lord  
Penthouse suite feel like God when I look down  
Word to the Lord I'm the R&B James Brown  
I hear 'em hating I thank Jesus that I ain't there  
Swag on heaven let the church say Amen  
Shawty is the shit, no Manure  
Booty so big, Hallelujah  
And all my niggas paid now, glory to the Lord  
And all my bills paid now, glory to the Lord  
And we gon' pop a hundred bottles every club I host  
And I got all my homies with me that's the Homie Ghost  
Church Glory to the Lord, glory to the Lord

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