

Gods Don't Chill (Feat. King J

Murphy Lee

[Chorus]

Noow just to prove I ain't different from you

Derrty I ain't nothin' to do

I just want to take a break

No stress

No play

I just want to lay and

Chill at the crib all day

No, no, no, no,

It's time to get that ass off of the couch

Get up!

It's Friday night you gotta get the fuck out

Get the fuck out!

Okay, I got nothin' to say

Cause we been chillin' at the crib all day[Verse 1: The Professor]

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 nothin' to say

We guarantee it goin' be another hit man, ok?

For your reference, I been inside the house since 6

Bakin' up bars of rap, chieffin' and munchin' on chips

Now should I go dip? debate what style and color to get

We go out, we don't go out, 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 1

(Outrageously, my baby mama pagin' me

I been at the crib all day so it's crazy see)[Chorus][Verse 2: King Jacob]

Now, usually I get my way

Hit my hay, yeah sip my drank

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 why'all, I need some action

Aw man, Murph don't want to drive the Benz
But he's too busy tryin' to dodge his friends
I just want to 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'[Chorus][Verse 3: Murphy Lee]
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 prolly gonna see sum hoes)
Ah, I guess my sista know a brotha
I'm a nasty mothersucker cause I'm poppin' wit cornbread and butter
Cause 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 nothin' 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[Chorus]

Songwriters

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