Right Hand 2 God

Nipsey Hussle

I put my right hand to God, shine on these broads
Stay on my job, grind with my squad
Hundred racks on my car, no license at all
No tint on that thing, nigga, 'cause that's how we ball
All these fuck niggas' flawed, suckas and frauds
My circle so small, stick to my script and just ball
First, I pick up my bitch, and we shut down the mall
Had to pick up the tip, she tried to pay for it all
Bring some Yac' with my plate, garlic noodles and steak
Bouncin' out the valet, with all these tats' on my face
People looking like, "Hey! Black nigga' stay in your place"
But it's some shit they 'gon think, and it's some shit they 'gon say
Got to a brick from an eighth, see that music's my fate
Switched it out from out my trunk, went to the top of my state
And I Versace'd my waist, like 2Pac in his hey
Brian Williams, how I built this All Money Estate
I put my right hand to God
I put my right hand to God
Put my right hand to Jesus, fly like a eagle
Fight with these demons, shine light on my people
This life is a free throw, success is a kilo
My wife is a C-note, but my mistress is Creole
I sip on that Clicquot, while I'm bangin' that Z-Ro
Ghetto nigga' like Cheeto's, that got more famous than Cee-lo
Turn legit from illegal, just like Pesci in Casino
Get [J-s?] off a P-ro, watch him blow up like C-4
I rose from a Regal, Auroras and Lincoln's
Low-pros on Alpina's, to German drop top two-seaters
Was young and prestigious, phone was matchin' my beeper
"How the fuck you 'gon reach him?", he makin' more than his teachers
Movin' forward with speed, all your morals'll leave
Only focus is cheese, now the forest is trees
Got infected with greed, distort what you see
Your worst nightmare than me, is justifyin' your means
Hold up!I put my right hand to God
I put my right hand to God

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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