Young Jeezy, Child Of God

For real a child of god, done made an watched me grow Like i done watched an served fiends, made they addictions grow Caught by 5-0, not me, never no I'm a child of god, elemental like i'll make it snow You know, God, forgive me I ain't livin' all pious
An my sins could send me eternal to the dark lords fires From lightin up the strip wit heaters
To coke fiends pipes wit they lighters
But i ask, do a thug a favour

Let me in line,

An when i get there i'll slang no more of them fine white lines, No sacks sellin' for dimes, just some chopped up bub God's Son rockin' Heaven with a bottle of bub Don't need my snub Cos lord you got my back Smite any other nigga who can front on that Cos this real nigga rap Jeezy in the booth Child of God, rap's saviour spittin truth in the booth