

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