

# Game "Church"

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[Hook: Game]

I'm tryin' to go to church  
Get some chicken wings, after that hit the strip club  
See my hoes, TWERK!  
See bad girls be at the strip club  
Good girls, they be in CHURCH!  
Always wonder why my grandmother  
Try to get me to go to CHURCH!  
Please Lord forgive me, I'm bout to take niggas to  
CHURCH!

[Verse 1: Game]

Christian Louboutins, they're my best friends  
I'm bout to put these bitches to the test then  
What ya callin' spikes?  
What color that box?  
Is that a white bag in it?  
Yea? No? Hold up. Stop  
You ain't bout that life (bout that life)  
You ain't bout that life  
You don't bounce that ass like, "Oh Lord!"  
Then climb back up the pole to meet Christ  
Saturday night, she twerkin it for a real nigga  
These niggas hatin', I hate them niggas  
Make me wanna bring back Tommy Hilfiger  
I'm in love wit' a stripper, Quotin' the nigga T-Pain  
Said I love dem' strippers, word to my nigga 2 Chainz  
Got a leather Ferrari, Eddie Murphy pants  
Ya strippin? Go on twerk it then, cause' after this...

[Hook]

[Bridge: Trey Songz (and Game)]

I know this ain't the first night  
Go on girl, just do your thang  
Don't be actin' shy  
Take a sip and just do it babe  
Sittin here all night (just do it for me)  
Don't waste no time girl (just do it for me)  
Girl I pray that, me and you lay down  
Come on baby, lay down, go on, lay down  
Tomb raider, sooner or later

The way you move that ass ?  
Go on, baby, lay down  
(CHURCH!) Thicker than a Bible  
(CHURCH!) I need it for survival  
(CHURCH!) Lord save me!  
(CHURCH!) Poppin' bands for my baby

[Verse 2: Game]

I'mma crucify that pussy  
I'mma nail it here, I'mma nail it there  
I'mma mail it here, I'mma mail it there  
Doin' all this sippin' Belvedere  
Gotta sheriff here and a baliff here  
All we missin is a judge  
One night with a random bitch, and she'll burn your ass  
like a rug  
Real niggas gon' say that, real niggas don't play that  
Real nigga'll take a basic bitch, then close the trunk of  
that Maybach  
Open the trunk to that Maybach, roll the bitch in that  
water  
Conscience start gettin the best of you, gotta pull a ho  
outta that water  
Try to make some sense of it, tell a ho she got baptized  
Put a couple hundreds in her Trues, tell a ho to get her  
act right  
Bands a make her dance, bands a make her dance  
Red bottoms will make her fuck. You broke niggas don't  
stand a chance  
CHURCH!

[Hook] + [Bridge]

[Verse 3: King Chip]

King Chip, eastside Cleveland ghetto mogul  
You say, "Damn, you livin like that?"  
I say, "Bitch, I told you."  
Sunday mornin, extra clean, get these bitches off of  
him  
I'mma roll through your hood, and collect my offering  
Seen her wit a group of friends, damn she got the best  
butt  
Then she turned around, lookin like Morris Chestnut  
Aww, hell no, God damn. What the fuck?  
Even though shit a nigga still might fuck..  
You can be my "Plan C", just in case my "A" and "B"  
can't cut  
Guess what? A nigga so fresh to death, I'm  
decomposin'  
I just copped a dope ass condo, just to keep some hoes  
in

What I'm gon' do with all these racks?  
Damn, what she gonna do with all that ass?  
That baby oil is Holy Water  
Ever met a young nigga with too much cash?  
Her baby daddy live by my words  
Damn, she cold, she got them curves  
Double parked outside of the club  
Niggas like, "Damn, nigga got some nerves"  
Smokin these L's in the pulpit  
With OG Chuck in the cool bitch  
Got ten thousand all in ones cause, damn, that ass is  
stupid (Haha!)

[Bridge]

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