

The Game

"Hallelujah"

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[Hook]

[Hook]

Halle motherfucking lujah, all my real niggas I salute
ya
all the bad bitches, I'ma run throguh ya
hop in my holy ghost, hallelujah, down, down, down

Another Version

Alright Peter my nigga, George Jefferson
Niggas is movin on up
And I know Weezy personally
Chuck, wuttup?

Halle motherfuckin lujah
All my real niggas, I salute ya
All the bad bitches I'mma run through ya
Up in my Holy Ghost, hallelujah
(damn damn damn damn)
Up in my Holy Ghost, hallelujah
(damn damn damn damn)

Nigga I ain't past the mason yo
Nigga packin round, P Siroc, Ace in yall
And since I got good taste and all
This is for all the bad bitches couldn't wait to get their
braces off
I know we in church and no way that I'm thankin Rome
But inside the Bible is the perfect way to sneak my foe
But I don't wanna do that, I came to take the service in
And stare at all the women who brought their Louie
purses in
Bad bitches and her, forget me for my sins
I ain't mean to walk inside a church cursin again
I wanna live righteous and you know I love Jesus
But you can't catch the Holy Ghost in the Prius

Halle motherfuckin lujah
All my real niggas, I salute ya
All the bad bitches I'mma run through ya
Up in my Holy Ghost, hallelujah

(damn damn damn damn)
Up in my Holy Ghost, hallelujah
(damn damn damn damn)

Lookin at a church like what that nigga doin here
He probly told on somebody, 'pposed to be doin years
But who am I to judge a nigga?
Aye I don't wanna go to church, I can't budge the nigga
But I love the nigga so I'mma go for both us
In Brooklyn G star slacks with Louie loafers
He rather sit outside and listen to Holver
But the service jumpin the past and servin mymosis
With all this ass in here, how do I focus?
Collecting pretty bulging damn, pastor you the coldest
My envelope stay swollen
So I'mma count my blessings now, somebody hold this

Halle motherfuckin lujah
All my real niggas, I salute ya
All the bad bitches I'mma run through ya
Up in my Holy Ghost, hallelujah
(damn damn damn damn)
Up in my Holy Ghost, hallelujah
(damn damn damn damn)

Starin in the Roll behind me, man these fat hoes is too
cheap
Ain't payin they ties, takin up 2 seats
And look at God's house, packed full of sinners
With the song last service, now they back for the
business
Yea I know the chicken good but your soul ain't
And your outfit but your nose ain't
And I suppose ain't nobody a liar in here
If that was true the whole church would be on fire in
here
I'm so glad we got a choir in here
To wake me up every time I get tired in here
And 1 thing's for sure, gotta praise the Lord
Cuz when I went to undefeated they still had my force
field to the floor like

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All the bad bitches I'mma run through ya
Up in my Holy Ghost, hallelujah
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