

W.A.L.E. "Golden Salvation"

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[Intro:]

Pray

Praises

Give thanks

To the Fada

Holy Water

Jesus piece

But don't nobody wanna know Jesus' peace, no

[Verse 1:]

Niggas use me to shine

I been helpin you stunt

Look why these rapping dudes ain't hit me in months

I don't ask for too much

Covered in VVS's

Women gon play ya closer

And them hungry jokers gon try test ya

Now they bumping your record

Ya confidence through the roof

Still ya show no respect kid

The good book said pray

But you so stuck in your ways

You got my image appraised

Why you sinning out waiting

Fornicating with women I sat right there on your table

Don't bow your head for grace

Though I'm keeping you graceful

Brothers was born to cheat

Though I question who faithful

Fast for me nope

Blasphemy though

Rap to it so racks up

To match up with me froze

How can a diamond supersede my wisdom

I seen a reverend with five of me as he read his
scripture

This is bible readings to people with malice intentions

You silly get wits seen ahki with crucifix pendent

With a Cuban attached

On a secular scene

I died for you all
Now niggas die over me

[Hook:]

Jesus piece Jesus piece Jesus piece
But don't nobody want know Jesus peace
Jesus piece Jesus piece Jesus piece
But don't nobody want know Jesus peace

[Verse 2:]

Sierra Leone diamonds
LA to New York got em'?
If nobody stores have me
Some probably would know about me
All over paparazzi
Shout out to Murakami
See they commercialize me
I'm sure there will be more robberies
Work
New chain swag get you crew laid fast
Or laid down or not a ticket next to dad
And the bible told you wait on my arrival
But patience was your problem
So get Jacob to come find me
And religion is a style if not
Then why this shit a quarter mil
No fugazi see Jacob tell you that ish real
Hallelujah the things you do to be the manure
You never thank me at shows but you keep me on tour
Sunday services pastor is the wealthy ones working it
Preaching Armageddon while collection plates been
circling the room
Fears but a tool
And Gospel gone commercial pray the purpose isn't
cruel
And the workers in the pulpit want they blessings to
improve
And they stone me on the cross and niggas stone me
for the ooh's
And the ahh's foolish
What am I who are ya
I'm coming down from the sky cause niggas keep
praying to shine
Look
Amen

[Outro:]

For the price of fame
What would you do to have em' say your name
See I promise I would never cop another chain but the
arms spent on these VS

Got me in that complex page
For the price of fame
When that Bugatti drop my accountant stop me for a
second and said not today not today
For the price of fame

For the price of fame
What would you do to have em' say your name
It is such a shame

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