

Young Buck "Heavenly Father"

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[Intro: Talking]

Damn man, erylthing was all good today...
Now this muh'fucka wanna get behind me (woo! woo!),
what the fuck
Here we go again, same old shit
I aint goin this time! {heavenly father!}
(yeeeeeeeeaaaaa!)
Someone gotta go man...I'm too fuckin' dirty (ayo, put
that shit out nigga)

[Verse 1:]

I was creepin, know I'm dirty as I wanna be
Eight 12's bumpin and tha police right in-front of me
Feelin like "Fuck it, man them hoes can't touch me"
Harass me, 'cuff me, but still can't bust me
I don't say I'm lucky, I jus say don't trust me
I'm all by myself, and I dare yall to rush me
The car smell like weed, and I can't find the spray
Put my finger on the trigger, and let the window down
anyway (Heeey!)
See when tha gangsta looked the Devil in his face
Demons get to tellin' him that he can be erased
If mentally they guide us, then physically we strong
If every nigga learned to load a clip up on they own
Lick a shot (BUCK! BUCK!) Kill a cop (SO WHAT!?)
That's tha attitude we got (Yea, they got us fucked up!)
I can teach tha whole world when it comes to survival
shit
Im God's best friend and I ain't read tha Bible yet

[Insert:]

Heavenly Father! Creator of all things!
I humble myself...as I bow to your throne

[Verse 2:]

He was not thinkin' when he made his move
I don't know how many times I forgave this dude
If I played cool then they gon' come right back
And if he take my life, I can't come right back
I put my strap right there, whoeva close to me
He'll hit ya up, if ya run, put a hole in ya knee
Walk him down, when I get to him turn his ass over

And watch a man cry 'fore I gon' 'n' put it on ya
I did it fo' a reason so He might forgive me
Besides this nigga was even tryin to kill me
Responsible for my actions I'm glad that I did it
My momma thinks it cool but my dad ain't wit it (DANG!)
My homies show me love 'cause they felt this feelin'
They tried to warn me but I done tried to help for him
(my bad)
And I aint even thinkin' bout the time Im'a get
I'm God's best friend and I aint read the Bible yet

[Insert:]
Heavenly Father! Creator of all things!
I humble myself...as I bow to your throne

[Young Buck:]
You, gon eitha hafta riiide or you gon hafta die
Its goin down toniiight, them shells about to fly
We come to take ya liiife, AND SEND HIM ON HIS WAY!
(YO!/HEY!)
[repeat]

[Outro: talking]
It's not a game man
I mean, I'm out here, I'm in these streets
Fuh'real!
Pick up the phone, accept penitentiary phone calls
All that
Nigga I keep the projects' lights on!
You gotta love me, nigga! (Yea!)
And I aint braggin', but I done donated more fuckin
money to the school system
than ery' one of these country music superstars
Nigga, I am Cashville, Ten-A-Key
Holla (Holla, holla, holla)

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