

Vado

"God Hour"

Visit "[God Hour](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yo, was taught a good lesson when I peep vision
Had to change my profession every week's different
Different measures make a week business
Cry my confession as the priest listen
I done a lot, moved a lot of thangs

Didn't get what I expect, but it was not a thang
I just wanted my respect and then it probably came
Was introduced to that connect and now I got a lane
Front of the whole block on the whole block
Niggas balling but tricking them like the globe trots
By 90 came for this royal, ...gold watch
I'm moving yay everyday and wave to patrol cops, hi
Cold shop, but get your cell on,
Go to the crib for a minute, but keep your cell on
Hundred grams on the table, will keep your scale on
Make sure you shoot em it's fatal or you'll be well gone

[Hook]

Remember who your friends and associates
Before you ride out you better know who you rollin with
Everybody play the game, but who controlling it
Tnt patrolling it, the streets all hold in it
I'ma show you how the slum move
Cartier chest box, at the time choose
25 hunned on designer shoes
Going broke, mission impossible, tom cruise

22's on that bent truck, 22 on that ben tuck
Cost 22 for that brick cut, got 22 on my mens up
Yeah we cool but I've been fucked
Old news, man I old school, never rock you look at my
gold jewels
Far from go but hold tools
So don't move, black glove and that 9 oh
Get hit with that rhino, let mind go, you be a whino
Laid out, I'm in grind mode, don't worry bout what I
sign for
My jewelry box like a time show
Bout a hundred rocks on my time show
Young sean paul, bad boy in this gang land

We in all just to maintain, I'm chiefing hard like bang
bang
When in your car, that game change
Hoppin out of that maybach, I push buttons like
playbacks
Wrist sloppy get asap
Take that, take that
Never like that fake shit, that bitch shit, that snake shit
I'm rich bitch and I'm wasted
Big 50's on them laces, big wrist and them bracelets
All in your grip with no braces
I'm who they feel so embrace it

[Hook]

Remember who your friends and associates
Before you ride out you better know who you rollin with
Everybody play the game, but who controlling it
Tnt patrolling it, the streets all hold in it
I'ma show you how the slum move
Cartier chest box, at the time choose
25 hunned on designer shoes
Going broke, mission impossible, tom cruise

I don't know how to chill, I got a deal, crills to eat
Squeezed a lot of steel, I gotta feel, bill for beef
Learned a lot from block murderers that killed the
streets
You ain't ready to batter pitch, play the field at least,
play ball
It's real, my peeps see me back in the strip
He pulled up laughing like see you back on your shit
I'm like how I'ma wobble with ...rapping to this
He told me he gotta hustle that's just a slap on the wrist
I hear you
He put me under the check game
Started busting 55's, hope every check bang
Once I got it live, dope and the wet came
Connects came, I pay the moment, correct change
It's morals, values and principles,
The more you value the prince of boobs
Cause more of value...
If you gonna kill em, turn up the volume and give em
too

[Hook]

Remember who your friends and associates
Before you ride out you better know who you rollin with
Everybody play the game, but who controlling it
Tnt patrolling it, the streets all hold in it
I'ma show you how the slum move
Cartier chest box, at the time choose

25 hunned on designer shoes
Going broke, mission impossible, tom cruise.

Visit [Vado](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.