

# Right Hand 2 God

## Nipsey Hussle

I put my right hand to God, shine on these broads  
Stay on my job, grind with my squad  
Hundred racks on my car, no license at all  
No tint on that thing, nigga, 'cause that's how we ball  
All these fuck niggas' flawed, suckas and frauds  
My circle so small, stick to my script and just ball  
First, I pick up my bitch, and we shut down the mall  
Had to pick up the tip, she tried to pay for it all  
Bring some Yac' with my plate, garlic noodles and steak  
Bouncin' out the valet, with all these tats' on my face  
People looking like, "Hey! Black nigga' stay in your place"  
But it's some shit they 'gon think, and it's some shit they 'gon say  
Got to a brick from an eighth, see that music's my fate  
Switched it out from out my trunk, went to the top of my state  
And I Versace'd my waist, like 2Pac in his hey  
Brian Williams, how I built this All Money Estate  
I put my right hand to God  
I put my right hand to God  
Put my right hand to Jesus, fly like a eagle  
Fight with these demons, shine light on my people  
This life is a free throw, success is a kilo  
My wife is a C-note, but my mistress is Creole  
I sip on that Clicquot, while I'm bangin' that Z-Ro  
Ghetto nigga' like Cheeto's, that got more famous than Cee-lo  
Turn legit from illegal, just like Pesci in Casino  
Get [J-s?] off a P-ro, watch him blow up like C-4  
I rose from a Regal, Auroras and Lincoln's  
Low-pros on Alpina's, to German drop top two-seaters  
Was young and prestigious, phone was matchin' my beeper  
"How the fuck you 'gon reach him?", he makin' more than his teachers  
Movin' forward with speed, all your morals'll leave  
Only focus is cheese, now the forest is trees  
Got infected with greed, distort what you see  
Your worst nightmare than me, is justifyin' your means  
Hold up! I put my right hand to God  
I put my right hand to God

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>