

# Glory to the Lord (feat. R. Kelly)

## King Los

Glory to the Lord, Glory to the Lord  
I popped a bottle told the whole story to my boys  
I got a rollie on my wrist (Glory to the Lord)  
Plus I got my homies getting rich (Glory to the Lord)  
At the club like (Glory to the Lord, Glory to the Lord)  
He let the sun shine on a nigga from the hood  
Man, I done made it off the block (Glory to the Lord)  
Let's pop a hundred bottles screaming out (Glory to the Lord)  
Glory to the Lord  
If they hate every style you sport  
If you know you paid and you made it out in court  
And your baby mama took you off child support  
You at the club like  
Glory to the Lord  
Like, like what else you could say  
But, but roll me up a good J  
And, and let me show you how the hood pray  
We be like  
Glory to the Lord, Glory to the Lord  
I mean I could've been broke in a Honda Accord  
Now I don't rock it if it don't say Tom Ford  
Black tuxedo on with some Concords, screaming out  
Glory to the Lord, Glory to the Lord  
I mean you know it's a war, you know it's a war  
Every time I hit the floor pray, you know it's your boy  
You know it's a joy, when I wake up and I whip that Porsche  
And they screaming ay nigga are you gon' hit that Forbes  
I'm like bitch of course, bitch of course  
Bitch I'm gorgeous, I wasn't given choice  
And I switch the course  
If money talks, bitch i'm hoarse  
And I'm sick of the arguing  
And the conversation is seem like it's too hard to win  
All you wanna do is bring up all of my flaws again  
Man I'm so flawed, Oh God  
You never love me halfway you do the whole job  
Light up my path let me be my own star  
As I look back man shit was so hard  
Now it's food on the table so my niggas don't starve  
At the club like  
(Glory to the Lord, Glory to the Lord)  
I tried a bottle told the whole story to my boys

I got a rollie on my wrist (Glory to the Lord)  
Plus i got my homies getting rich (Glory to the Lord)  
At the club like  
(Glory to the Lord, Glory to the Lord)  
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Glory to the Lord  
If they hate every style you sport  
If you know you paid and you made it out in court  
And your baby mama took you off child support  
You at the club like  
Glory to the LordOhhh, let's have a toast to comin' up  
Still getting money, King  
You used to say "you couldn't afford it," my nigga  
You shit talking to a toilet, my nigga  
I ain't even had to trap, right  
Now all my cars imported  
And I'm like (Glory to the Lord, Glory to the Lord)  
Aye man, Robert made it out, Glory to the Lord  
I rolled up, blowed up, man just to keep a peace of mind (Glory to the Lord)  
I street perform and I swear it was so motherfucking cold outside (Glory to the Lord)  
Just maybe it was something I couldn't afford  
Now I rock the kind of shit that ain't never in stores  
First thing imma say after every award (Glory to the Lord, Glory to the Lord)  
Penthouse suite feel like God when I look down  
Glory to the Lord, I'm the R&B James Brown  
I hear 'em hating I thank Jesus that I ain't them  
Swag on heaven let the church say Amen  
Shawty is the shit, no Manure  
Booty so big, Hallelujah  
And all my niggas paid now, Glory to the Lord  
And all my bills paid now, Glory to the Lord  
And we gon' pop a hundred bottles every club I host  
And I got all my homies with me that's the Homie Ghost  
ChurchGlory to the Lord, Glory to the Lord  
I pop a bottle told the whole story to my boys  
I got a rollie on my wrist (Glory to the Lord)  
Plus i got my homies getting rich (Glory to the Lord)  
At the club like  
(Glory to the Lord, Glory to the Lord)  
He let the sunshine on a nigga from the hood  
Man i done made it off the block, Glory to the Lord  
Let's pop a hundred bottles screaming out glory to the Lord  
(Glory to the Lord)  
If they hate every style you sport  
If you know you paid and you made it out in court  
And your baby mama took you off child support  
You at the club like

(Glory to the Lord)  
Like what else you could say  
But, but roll me up a good J  
And, and let me show you how the hood pray  
We be like (Glory to the Lord)

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