

94 Bentley

SAINT JHN

[Intro]

Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh

Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh

Brrt

[Pre-Chorus]

Burn it down, burn it down, speedin' down ready

Heaven don't let me down, comin' down?heavy

Brooklyn?nigga, ridin' low?in the Chevy

Make this '94 feel?like a Bentley

[Chorus]

Fucked up, turnt up, piped up, gripped up

Turnt up, tryna kill the pain with my sick cup

Fucked up, turnt up, piped up, gripped up

Whole block, whole gang prayin', I deliver

Fucked up, turnt up, piped up, gripped up

Turnt up, tryna kill the pain in my sick cup

Fucked up, turnt up, piped up, gripped up

Whole block, whole gang prayin', I deliver

(Oh-oh)

[Verse]

Uncle Munsen in the corner playin' dominoes

He a genius, trappers never make the honor roll

Oh, but to me you're the one though

Screamin' Rastafari 'til I die, sellin' cocaine gumbo

I'm just good at playin' dumb

Young chameleon seen the Rover with the paper tags

Spendin' paper racin', tryna get his childhood back

It's cool, he's back on road

[Pre-Chorus]

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[Outro]

Now they would never stop, even if I fall
If I ever die, it's nobody's fault
Just don't let me down, just don't break my heart
In my '94 Bentley, I'm a fucking star

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