

Holy Ghost

Montana of 300

[Verse: 1]

Now we are gathered here today
To hate and to listen to what Montana gotta say
I swear you don't want to witness this savage in ya place
He'll come and ravage where you stay
Slap bananas in that k and put them blammas in ya face
Whoo! Church is in session this verse is from heaven
They want my spot, they want me dead, and want a murder confession
I'm cursed with a blessing
My work is impressive come purchase a lesson
Please forgive me lord, I'm 'bout to hurt 'em a second
Pussy nigga if you scared then go to church with a weapon
And if you hide behind a preacher than I'm murking the reverend
And If I make it to heaven I just hope I'm a stay though
I'll fuck the shit up out an Angel like hold on to ya halo!
Don't go to church but I pray tho even God knows I don't play tho
Bitch I grind everyday doe, 20K was my play dough
I'm on that bread, call me mayo rock heat like this is MI-Yayo
I done shot niggas in they shit just call me OJ Mayo
But it's Montana and I'm 'bout to go polo up on this beat
I'll stain yo ass and then go showboat with yo dough up in the streets
You want that beef think it's sweet? I'm a show yo ass I'm a beast
Boy I'm super strapped, yup I'm like Jojo nem with the heat
Yeah I got Sheneneh and Keylolo ridin' with me
That's two ratchets and they louder than yo ho up in the sheets
She sucked my dick real fast and then she went slo-mo yeah she a freak
I drive these bitches loco, then let 'em pogo up on my D
It's mister swag specialist ain't a nigga fresh as this
There ain't nothing hotter than muah, just like the devil's kiss
I'm so fucking hot, boy the devil better be scared of this
God flow, ya know heaven is where my level is
Wings up in the sky, man this guy is flyer than Pegasus
I'm all about my cheddar it's M.O.B never sweat a bitch
Money over everything nigga, that's what I tell a bitch
Jealous bitch, that money come 1st like a gold medalist
My haters watch my videos, though I'm their aggravation
When haters see me, they always tell me congratulations
You showing love, knowing you hate me, boy that's fabrication
I know you sick, but I'm gone ball just like a cancer patients
Couldn't hold me down, don't give a fuck if you was gravitation

Learn yo location and rotation, work those calculations
Run in yo spot then get you popped, cuz I ran out of patience
And caps gone fly around this bitch just like a graduation
This shit's exclusive, straight up out the mental institution
I beat the track up, call for backup, man this shit abusive
Even his haters play it back, that's how you know he dope
Like, "holy smokes, yo Tony's flow just caught the Holy Ghost
My lines so dope if I continue, I might overdose
Pull out my dick, and tell my haters join the rodeo
It's funny how you stay gettin' money, but always sittin' there
They tell me that I'm goin' to hell, I tell 'em I been there
30 bullets in my clip and bitch they all anxious
12 disciples with me nigga, and they all gangstas
Jesus! real niggas don't freeze up
And I ain't worried 'bout them haters, I shake 'em like seizures
When that feeling go through my body, I'm ill as Illuminati
I come through with that pistol, I'll drill and then you get bodied
Boy I'm god when he angry haters like you can't be
Till that lightning strikes and you get bodied then they blame me
Those pigs couldn't hang me, Narcs couldn't tame me
Money doesn't change me Montana still that same G!
Nigga they call me the truth, goofy you can see the proof
I'm God son shawty, so don't ask me what would Jesus do
Say my name like Beetlejuice, bet you I bring dem heaters through
Pop out like it's peek-a-boo, 30 shots sent from me to you
We all know shorty blow that 40 like a fuckin' sax
I get to clappin' at cha head, yeah jumping jacks
Then go change clothes n hit the road back to them fuckin' stacks
I money hunt, loud in the trunk just like a skunk in back
I'm doin' me and making scrill plus I'm paying bills
Man these dickriders never met me, yet they hatin' still
They always blame the hottest one whenever they get killed
Ahhh! I guess now I know how Satan feel
You think you holier than thou, you must be fuckin' proud
You go to church on Sunday like you really fucking down
You think that God don't see yo dirt? boy you a fuckin' clown
You cheat on God like mother Mary outchea fuckin' around
So save your comments, motherfuck your feedback
Cause if God was a rapper, nigga this how he'd rap
Real shit, I breathe that I'm a fuckin' king strapped
I'll make a gangsta lean, come to his funeral and sing that
I got angels and demons screamin' and fiendin' cuz they feeling this
Go tell Kanye this college dropout outchea killin' shit
Go tell Jay-Z I got a blueprint for that fast money
Tell Wayne and Baby that I murder for my Cash Money
Pull up to yo stoop nigga shootin' like I hoop nigga
At him and it's click clack bang watch me mute niggas
Cops ain't got a clue nigga three words who did it?
Laid you in that box in that sharp ass suit

And I got ya niggas spooked cause they see what the fuck it do
Boy Jesus couldn't save himself and you think he gone save you nigga?
Act live, flatlines I laid 'em down and wet'em up baptize
Nigga I ain't nothing new to this, it's FGE we do this shit
We be fly as a stewardess, but cross me like a crucifix
I'm back on that stupid shit, shootin' shit believe that
Yo religion ain't true as this
Pure common sense, boy that's the thing that you lack
Just cause it's published in a book, it doesn't mean it's a fact
Now listen, cause man we wasn't allowed to read on them plantations
300 years, had my people growing impatient
Wanting to know what's in that Bible and they can't take it
Now let me tell you 'bout the plan of a damn racist
Let's teach these niggas love who hate 'em so they can't say shit
Whoever hits you, turn ya cheek, so they can't face it
Edit the Bible before you show it to these L7's
And this the shit that y'all buying? Now clientele sell it
Your mind, still, is a slave, that's how they jail cell it
This is America people, I call it Hell's Heaven

[Outro]

Aye, I know y'all mad at me
And probably call this blasphemy
But I know some Christians who tote pistols
That a blast for me
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