

# Pink Beetle

## Rejje Snow

Our Father in heaven, hallowed be your name  
Your kingdom come, you will be done  
On earth as it is in heaven Got my chariot waitin'  
You know I'm stayin' alive  
Be it Heaven or Hades  
You know I gotta survive  
Swing low, swing low  
Swing low, swing low  
Keep my feet above everything  
Yea, you know that I'm crazy  
Got my angels in full swing  
Yea, nothin' can phase me  
Swing low, swing low  
Swing low, swing low  
And I-oooooh-yea  
And I-oooooh-yea  
All these niggas rappers  
Playin' rappers, greatest actors  
Me, I kept it humble  
Me, I did it, this my greatest chapter  
Written here where bodies lay  
Mumified and on display  
Zulu with the shackles  
Freein' weapons be the up and keep  
You gon' make me catch a body like them fuckin' rappers do  
Or you gon' make me have to make a record about fuckin' you  
You gon' make me have to have these gold teeth and tattoos  
You gon' make me have to crash Mercedes, so I'm beggin' you  
Shut the ballin' late in Dublin, purple fluid in my cup and  
Broken dreams and wet dreams, there's alcohol inside my gut  
All you say is, "fuck me better"  
Chicken grease up on my sweater  
Fast food and bad mood's equivalent of hardly better  
Yea, I keep my 'fro intact  
Camel causin' heart attacks, bitches on my fuckin' lap  
Toe tags and handbags, the smell make my balls sag  
Portraits of my mama's face, poppa knows I'm sayin' grace  
This here be my only take  
Got my chariot waitin'  
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 And I-oooooh-yea  
 And I-oooooh-yea93 my born date  
 It's King [?]  
 His penmanship will resonate and legacy deteriorate  
 In such relay, yea  
 Don't stimulate, yea  
 Just regulate, yea  
 Try to educate, yea  
 Will imitate, yea, yea, yea  
 Two big bricks for the low, you snake  
 Our dreams they came crashin' in  
 I was always born to win  
 Crack heads in Dublin city  
 Love me, keep me covenant  
 Prayin' to my lover-hoe  
 She hold me down, I'm celibate  
 Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah  
 Now I'm prayin', "hallelujah," that I'm not the shooter  
 Crashin' up, that record spinnin'  
 Way before this rap been winnin'  
 Y'all was steady pluckin' chickens  
 Trophies in my mama's kitchen  
 Champagne and lovely women fortify my old soul  
 Cause it's doin' numbers that I multiplied, I don't know  
 Every single record I be cryin' at my old hoes  
 Rejjie-this and Rejjie-that, you fuckin' bitch, I hate y'all  
 Got my chariot waitin'  
 You know I'm stayin' alive  
 Be it Heaven or Hades  
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