

# Hallelujah (feat. Dizzy Wright & SwizZz)

Jarren Benton

Bitch we got it popping nigga, hallelujah!  
I woke up feeling great nigga, hallelujah!  
Came up out the dumps nigga, hallelujah!  
You know we getting to it nigga, hallelujah!  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Came up out the dumps nigga, hallelujah!  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Y'all don't want these boys to bring them problems to ya Yeah, Benton  
season  
Getting sloppy toppy while I'm sipping resonant]  
Foreign hoes, one North Korean, that's Kato's sister  
Bitch I'm sicker than Adolf Hitler, the K gon lift ya  
Pain in the ass like an anal blister  
I kill a rapper, let the angels get ya  
Then I walk around and just strangle niggas  
Ain't your only one, nigga I hold guns, the arms are Voltron, the sword is Shogun  
Absorbing protons, distorting organs  
My dick is four tons, fucking moron  
I'm fucking for blood, the fork in your lungs  
One abortion, that's unafforded  
My daddy left us like a fucking orphan  
Get Casper, crashing in the Aston Martin  
Yeah, that's Aston Martin  
Word to Tommy, call Pam's and Martins  
Smoking space rocks with a band of Martians  
Eat everything cause this grass is starving  
And if it's 3 stripes then I'm a probably cop it  
Your bread short like Polly Pocket  
You weak nigga, you should probably stop it  
When your fasting money we gon probably profit  
Don't fuck with me, then I'll fuck with y'all  
Niggas praying on my downfall  
I duke at niggas, shoot a fire ball  
Out my palm, I bust through the fire wall  
Free my nigga Thick James bitch  
I'm always on that Rick James shit  
This FV, we set the trends and y'all fuckboys on that same shit  
Hallelujah, fucking loser  
Howdy Jarren, toss me the Ruger  
I scrub my ass with a purple loofa  
Got a few cucumbers inside my juicers  
So hey girl, come take a sip of this shit  
When you done kiss the tip of my dick  
Like it or love it, I'm rushing, I'm busting

My head gets better then sick  
5 0 I am on the grind, fuck is on your mind  
Hear I'm talking but I ain't got time, my girl left but that's find  
Nobody's tripping you make the decision  
Wait till I catch the new nigga slipping  
Thought I told you shit now is different  
I pop a matic, get inching, look  
Holding it steady, ready, let me loose  
This is something I do daily  
Too many people going crazy, zany  
Losing they minds so I strap on my safety  
I bun this shit down  
You see where I'm going, so now you start to come around  
Fuck you, you had your shot  
Now sit back and witness, I climb to the top bitch!  
Back the fuck up, I'm paranoid and I'm buzzing  
My homies now, I can't trust em  
Betrayal's now the new custom  
The pain is deep but I'm accustomed  
At the end of the day I still love them  
No space for hate in my heart, that can wait in the dark  
Funk Volume, we coming, hallelujah  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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