

# Devil's Work

Joyner Lucas

Father forgive me

I'm staring at this bible as I keep glancing  
Dear Lord, I got questions and I need answers  
Tryna understand your vision, all I see is damage  
Just a bunch of dead bodies in the street camping  
A bunch of lost souls on their feet standing  
We supposed to be your children I thought we family  
You're supposed to be my father, bruh, I need answers  
We don't need to die young, we just need chances  
Tired of living on the edge so we keep scrambling  
Tryna talk to these strippers but they keep dancing  
We just wanna be number one like Steve Francis  
Bow our heads, say a prayer, now the seed's planted  
Everywhere I turn, I'm seeing emcees vanish  
Lot of good niggas gone, I don't understand it  
Lot of families lost and they seem stranded  
I ain't trying to disrespect you, I just need answers  
I know you're watching us from heaven thinking, "Who to save?"  
Cherry pickin' who should go next and who should stay  
I'd be on my way to heaven if I knew the way  
And bring back every good nigga you choose to take  
They say you never wrong but you done made a few mistakes  
'Cause you taking the wrong niggas maybe you should trade  
Trade us back all the real ones and remove the fakes  
I think you should trade  
Give us 2Pac back, and take that nigga Suge (Ooh!)  
Let the legend resurrect and he gon' live for good (Ooh!)  
I been screaming thug life in every different hood (Thug life, thug life)  
If only you could bring him back, Lord I wish you would  
Give us Biggie, give us Pun, give us triple X  
Take that nigga Trump with you, that's a bigger threat  
There's too much power for a coward with no intellect  
That's a bigot with a collar there's a disconnect  
Nigga's dying, mama crying, grandma need a tissue  
Nigga shootin' up a church, now I need a pistol  
All them niggas still livin', you don't see the issue  
But how you take Selena and then you take Aaliyah with you?  
I ain't tryna disrespect, just need to meet up with you  
I ain't tryna over step, just want to reason with you  
Give us back our loved ones and take the evil with you  
Send them suckers straight to hell, they don't need a vigil  
I need you to give us back Martin Luther, take Martin Shkreli  
Give us back Malcolm, take R. Kelly  
R.I.P. Lil Snipe give that boy his life back  
Take Eric Holder give us Eric Wright back  
I'm sending you this message, Lord, I hope you hit me right back  
They say I'm on the wrong train, I know I'm on the right track (Yeah)  
'Cause Trayvon gone, and all he did was tryna fight back  
Zimmerman walk around free, we don't like that (We don't like that)  
Why you take our mothers from us?  
Our fathers and our sisters and our cousins from us?  
Got these children getting murdered while they double dutchin'  
Wonder why the fuck you take Nipsey Hussle from us?  
Damn, you took a true king, a true brother from us  
This a fuckin' marathon but they runnin' from us  
Now everybody got guns, nigga's up to something

And every gangsta wanna prove that they tough or something  
You know it's not fair, tell the truth, I've been in my feelings too  
But if you took Emmett Till, at least take Dylann Roof  
At least take James Holmes, I ain't even mad at that  
Just bring back Whitney, and give us Michael Jackson back  
Feds want me in the slammer, damn  
Ain't no justice for Sandra Bland, we up like the ceiling fan  
Lord, if you listenin' I'm just lookin' for a hand to hand  
Take out the fuck niggas and give us back our fam again  
Drownin' in my tears, tryna pray for something  
Wonder why you give us life for you to take it from us  
Wonder why you give us family and erase them from us  
Maybe hopefully you can have a conversation with us (Yeah)  
Maybe I'm just probably tripping 'cause I need a hug (I need a hug)  
The hood can't find jobs, now we need a plug (We need a plug)  
Everybody and their momma tryna be a thug  
I don't go to church 'cause I'm afraid of being judged  
I've been starin' at the ceiling as I lie in bed  
Watchin' niggas follow trends like Simon says  
I pray you give us back the real ones and try again  
Or maybe take them niggas that deserve to die instead  
Tomi Lahren run her mouth and then she get defensive  
Laura Ingraham laughin' at death and disrespectin'  
I really feel like you should teach them stupid hoes a lesson  
Either that or give us back somebody who deserve the blessings  
I left out a bunch of names that I forgot to mention  
Cost too much to pay attention then it got expensive  
Father forgive me for I know not what I do  
And now I'm reachin' out to you, hopin' you hear me and return the message  
I know that you got our back and that you're not against us  
Or maybe you just love us so you doin' shit to test us  
I just kinda thought that you would do more to protect us  
They say that the good die young and I ain't on the guest list  
I've been drinkin', Lord forgive me, it's my blood racin'  
I don't know what I'm thinking, I'm just frustrated  
I don't mean to question you, I'm just confused  
I don't know what else to do, I've been patient and it sucks waiting  
Took my mans from me, that forever hurts  
But puttin' the blame on you, that'd never work  
I know this ain't your fault, it's the devil's work  
Devil's work