

## Prayers Up

Bizzle

Take a look, tell me what you see  
I promise it look like a cemetery in these streets  
Where the black, brown, yellow, they all shades of gray  
They walk around num, like they don't feel a thing

Got me walking around the neighborhood stressed like what is this?  
Knew we wasn't well but, how did he get this sick?  
All we do is say it's broken, no one cares to fix it  
Everything man's trying to fill  
So I'm sending prayers up for my hood  
I promise I would change it up, if I could  
Until then I'm sending prayers up, for y'all hood  
Until he answers, me  
I be sending prayers up, for our hoods  
I promise I would change it up, if I could  
Until then I'm sending prayers up, for all hoods  
Until he answers, he'll answer, yeah

I look around and all I see is the dead walking  
No love, just cold hearts and flesh coffins  
Grown kids with no fathers and lead choppers  
No feelings, just cold heart for the bread constant  
No one smiles anymore, everybody mugging  
We taught school is wack, now everybody hustling  
We taught not to snitch, so the only option is  
Let 'em run us over, bang, now everybody thugging  
We encourage pimping and glorify the player  
Now ain't no fathers in these homes and nobody cares  
All these cats with this money and this influence  
They'd rather rap about crack than put an end to it  
They'd rather make it rain and talk about ice  
We dying over here, homie, talk about life  
We need God more than ever, talk about Christ  
It's about that time homie

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All we do is say it's broken, no one cares to fix it  
Everything man's trying to fill  
So I'm sending prayers up, for my hood  
I promise I would change it up, if I could until then  
I'm sending prayers up, in y'all hood  
Until he answers, me  
I'll be sending prayers up, for our hoods  
I promise I would change it up, if I could, until then  
I'm sending prayers up, for all the hoods  
Until he answers, he'll answer, yeah

Can't even wave to each other ' cause our guard is up  
And growing up around hate makes it hard to love  
You try to love and get stabbed in your heart or cut  
Now it's hard to trust so we're guarded like an armored truck  
A generation of men that beaten great women  
Hit it then run away and just leave her to raise children  
Don't be a coward if you knew you was gonna leave his mother  
Why you break her first? Now he's being raised by pieces of her  
Our parents ain't wait for sex, they just did their own thing

So they feel like hypocrites when dealing with their own things  
No more waiting for the ring, now it's just a grown thing  
Now she having sex at 12, thinking that's what grown means  
We are so misguided, trying to find a light switch  
The problem is you roll your eyes, if I say that's who Christ is  
The Lord said today, I said before your life and death  
Choose life, leave the past behind and you can write what's left

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