

## Dear Lord

Blac Youngsta

Dear Lord, Dear Lord  
I'm ridin' round with a burner  
Protect me lord, I'm sellin' dope 'til the sun down  
Young nigga tryna come up, dat my sack tryna run it up  
I ain't fuckin' that lil' thot ass bitch, unless I got a condom  
I do this shit for my grandma, I do this shit for my mama  
I'ma get you out the struggle, I'ma make sure y'all don't ever work f  
or nothing  
All this stress on me, lord  
Why this pressure on me for  
My family they depend on me, lord

Lost so many homeboys, sick of these homicides  
Committed so many sins, I cannot believe I'm alive  
My homeboy give him, and ma call my phone [?] I wrote this song  
I miss all my armies, I fear dear lord  
And I done need my jesus, I feelin' safe  
I just prayed dear lord he gon' take me away

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I done took these penitentiary, chances you wouldn't understand nothi  
ng  
When I was growin' up broke with no food, nigga you was saying nothin  
g  
Now I got a lil' money, everybody wanna say something  
Young rich black African American up in the door, I come from nothing

If I go to jail right now baby, would you come up and make my bond  
If they give me life right now, would you hold that pussy tight 'til  
I come home  
Could you fight them niggas off baby

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