

# Hustler's Prayer

Blackstreet

My soul is so dirty  
I've been hustlin' everyday  
Now I know that I should pray  
But I wonder if He hear what I'd say

I know, my momma didn't raise me this way  
But I gotta feed my family  
If I could just make it through one more day  
I could live the right way

Lord, You know it's been 12-15 years I've been in the game  
The way I live this life, forgive me, I know it's a shame  
But who'd a thought I'd make it this far  
From all the brothers and others that I've lost

I know, I'm fortunate not to be one of those souls You choose  
And I'm sorry for the ones I sent, down here is to live or die  
What was I suppose to do? You know I wasn't quite ready  
For this soul of mine to come before You

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I know, I may not have been right but I've been fair  
I guess that's why You saw it to keep me here  
You must have somethin' better for me  
Just give me a sign, Lord, please show me

Just wanna thank You for the ones You've placed  
I pray You watched over them 'cause You watched over me  
Until You clean us up, Lord, like we should be  
I know You will eventually

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Please watch over my babies and they mommas, too  
'Cause they don't know what they daddy do  
But this one thing, I promise You  
I won't let my seeds do the same thing too

Lord, bless my momma, You know how much she means to me  
Despite the way I live, I know she still loves me

She's up in church, cryin' and prayin' for me  
And I'ma try to see her there on Sunday, I said maybe

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