

Prayer Hands

Chris Webby

Hallelujah
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I'm on different levels and they know
That they can come and get it if they really want the smoke
Yeah I'm seeing all these sheep around, I'm feeling like a goat
I'm the father, son, and fucking holy ghost, hallelujah

Yeah I tried to tell 'em though
I don't give a damn, still the man
They been sleeping on me like their dinner plans, tryptophan
While my diet's been nothing but Ritalin in my hand
And a half a pound of mushy's in the van, this the plan
Take the world over like Pinky and the Brain, switching lanes
From a rapper to a boss and shit, they thought this shit's a game
Keep the change, got my heart on my sleeve like a liquor stain
'Cause I'm spilling while I'm sippin', every shot is in the frame
The consensus in the game is I'm relentless
Yea my skill-set is tremendous
By the time I end my sentence
They gon' know I spit that venom
Word to the web that's on my necklace
And now I'm getting plaques
Shit I gotta go see my dentist
Pick the world up and I bench it
Don't even need a spotter
Then I'm dippin' with your wifey
Sippin' wine I made from water
Then I got her on my stick
Learned that shit from Harry Potter
Hit it, Quidditch, I'ma kill it
Better say some "Our Father's", holler

I'm on different levels every week
These motherfuckers talk so much, no wonder why I drink
Somebody should've told them ass that I was on the brink
I just wanna turn the beat up, make you put your hands together
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I've been on a level, on a level
Everyday it's been a battle fighting off the Devil
You ain't talking in my face, then I don't know what else to tell you
You can take it up with management, they handle little fellas like ya
I don't give a dam if you've been bumping at the gums

I'm out here buying property, you fighting over crumbs
They full of shit, colostomy, get off of me, I'm done
I'm already on the edge bitch
Don't make me fuck around and plunge
I prefer when a motherfucker acting like he can go and get it
When you know that he ain't gonna do shit
I been around the block, heard a lot of talk
Some of that'll get you stitched
Rolled up and thrown in a ditch
My microphone cold as a bitch
I'm up and I'm down, ducking you clowns
Holding a hand full of grit
I bet you thinking you could probably hold a spot
Better widen up your stance if you plan to take a shot
They keep try'na catch you slipping, always pushing 'round a mop
Any time they wanna find me, I be ready for the drop son

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