

# 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 they 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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