

# Pray

D-Pryde

Reciting Eminem songs in the apartment, I'm grateful  
Was fun as hell, now this dream is something I prayed for  
Something I'm made for, bought me a chain for  
Standing 5'6 but it feels like I'm 8'4  
The room got smaller once I signed my deal  
But there was still negative things that were behind my thrill  
And my family struggling, and my ex-girl bugging  
With no money in my pocket, I ask why I'm here  
Yeah I opened up for Cole, I got some probable love  
But still it really feels like I ain't accomplished too much  
Now I'm sitting in this house  
Wondering why I ain't famous yet  
Why they have an aim to check  
At someone who is named the Threat  
Riding in the minivan in Paris  
Cause they think I earned a milly off this deal  
Nobody knows the real  
Or know just how I feel when I live it up  
If I won't make it soon, I ain't gonna give it up

Now is you ready for what I'm about to say?  
Or are you scared? Please admit you're afraid  
I ain't gonna be dry standing here in the rain  
So in God's name, I'mma sit here and pray  
Pray for the good, never for the bad  
And we ain't leaving even if we got it like that  
Even if we got it like that that that that

Stayin' in this villa in vegas, it's really crazy  
But I wish my momma's there so she can experience the life  
Instead she got a tumour and she's always crying daily  
I'm sorry for the truth but what you hearing is, it's right  
Up in the city with 4 dollars and my brother again  
Cheering up in the car, I'm supposed to live like a star  
I'm trying this great change for my dinner  
Cause my mother's been working some mad hours  
Pushing the wedding flowers  
We don't wanna interrupt  
So we catch fast food, then come home mad flat  
In a bad ass mood  
My brother be telling me you'll be famous real soon  
So mom won't have to work a day in her life, it's kinda true  
And that woman is a saint, I hope she lives all through the struggle  
And sees me up at the Grammys with a tux and my name up in lights  
When I win an award, it's a big dream that I can hardly afford

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Readin' these comments like, "Fame changed him." "Money got to his brain."  
I'm like, "What money? My thoughts staying really the same."  
All my idols disappointing me, I'm suffering bad

Knowing these dudes don't care about me and it bumps from my hell  
Imagine chillin', vibing with your favourite rapper, that's sick  
But then playing your joints and realize that he don't give a shit  
You keep playing and playing strong, thinking he'll catch along  
But he's texting on his phone, not listening to your song  
They're like, "why hasn't Suss with you enough?"

Well stop asking

That ain't really worth answering, I won't talk to that man again  
Phil and Jay have been pushing me, all he was was a mannequin  
I'm touring round Canada like, "Where's your advice?"  
Everybody walked out their bodies were chocked out  
And they didn't see it work, it was a one round knock out  
I ain't finishing the rest, so let this get inside their head  
I'm gone I'm gone I'm gone (hollup)

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