

Judgement Day

Dame D.O.L.L.A.

Father God, thank you
For guiding me, giving me the strength in my weak times
Dolla

Thankful for the struggles, got that armor real
Know it wasn't only me that made me hard to kill
Relationships change and got a awkward feel
But your strength came at my weakness with that cloth reveal
Them late nights, I was lonely and full of pain
They say it's pourin' when it rains, I'm feelin' strange
How I'm droppin' sixty but still don't feel like I'm Dame?
The devil in my lane, he want the leader of the game
Dropped down on my knees, put humility in my posture
A bible and the vibes, stability in my locker
Niggas playin' loyal, but really your weakest partners
This ain't just no shit I'ma spit up to build a saga
Been worried 'bout my mama, was never on welfare
But it ain't a soul on the globe that's above a health scare
Father God, I ask for grace, if two or three is in the space
Then any given place, you should be felt there
I be feelin' judged
Anytime I have a good time, I feel a nudge
Like some people got a grudge
Thought they wouldn't budge and now they don't give me love
At yo' table in the club, but on the net, they throwin' subs
Any time you reach a level, expect to see the devil
That nigga always surfen', so you gotta keep a shovel
This is just a cost for when people don't ever settle
Gotta keep myself on this walk and in his apparel
Sharper than a bevel on a perfect fade
People see the sunny days, not when he rainin' on parades
Livin' out my vows, only renegeing if it's spades
Taught to never cave, ignore the pain, being brave, wow
I got kids who need me to be emotionally present
It's important if they gon' reach the places they destined
My right hand quit the band, got a nigga stressin'
Lord, what a lesson, this the cost of my profession
Countin' all these blessings and you was feelin' neglected
Chosen and selected, I ain't worthy
You still be havin' mercy
So now, I'm givin' grace to the people that really irk me
That shit be a struggle admittin' how much it hurt me
I know I ain't perfect, that's why I'm askin' for guidance
It's hard not to sin when the things around you the finest
Turned a plus into a minus
Pressure bust packs, I take that shit and make a diamond
'Long as me and you aligning, you up front just like a lineman
Blockin' that attack
And a umpire how you watch a nigga back
I repent, you give me slack
Still be sinnin' to the max
You still sewing up the cracks, yeah
That's in my game, my prayers in Jesus name
How you love us when we estranged, then you suffer?
And still be the buffer, that's the strength he couldn't muster
I pray to see the upper when my days run outta numbers, amen