

God Bless the Trap

Derek Minor

Woah, our Father who art in heaven
Devil walk 'round with that Mac 11
Devil walk 'round with that packs he selling
I'm just trying to eat with all my brethren
God bless the trap
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I am posted where they murkin,' got them tools just like you stretchin'
Snipe you in your drop top Mustang, now you run 'round headless horseman
CNN play the loop, chose to comment on the post
They'll say "you should put them savage monkeys right back on the boat"
They won't talk about how we in these streets and everybody poor
They won't talk 'bout how we can't get jobs and all we got is dope
That's that would have drive you crazy when you trying to feed your babies
They just trying to jail and chain me, CCA trying to trade me, yeah

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Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul You keep
Bring salvation to the streets
Forgive 'em they just tryna eat
All done, sister, let us pray
Please don't let the .40 spray
Can't afford to pay for grace
Don't let 'em die before they wake
They hopeless 'fore they focus on the mil'
Posted selling dope to play the bills
Bogus only way they know to live
Blowing and they don't know that you forgive
Your mercy on their soul to hold a deal
Even smokers on the coke and pills
I seen 'em roll but they don't know yo' will
Bless the trap and let 'em know you're real

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Sitting in Maverick's Impala, feelin' like 8 Ball
'Round here, we just tryna escape the pitfalls
Crime rate high as they think, tryna evade laws
Either you got a dope hoop game or you slang rock, game raw

Have 'em out with the OG's, before he turned 16
Tryna come up on the block, tryna take a half ounce
Whip it up, turn it to a whole thing
Mama praying that he stop
Mama praying that the God she serve gon' give him a holla
But the chances of them hollow tips gon' make Momma holla

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