

Prey to God

Esham

Our Father, up in Heaven
Pray to God that you don't be a 187
I ain't talkin' to the reverend, I ain't goin' back to church
I got demons in my brain, I got homies in the dirt
I got murder we can work, I got bloodstains on my shirt
So don't nobody move, and nobody get hurt

Witches cookin' in my kitchen cookin' crack butt naked bitches
Money stuffed all in my britches and I'll kill you by my riches
Yeah you son died in a trap for the cheese just like a rat
Gat snapped off his face, closed casket can't come back
Gives a fuck 'bout if you did die, hang you from a barbed wire
Crucify you just like Jesus Christ, fall into the fire

You wanna play these games but don't know
Colder than the North Pole
Never knew when you spit that rat that you were sellin' your soul
Ain't no way to turn back, walk the yellow brick road
Might as well have the Midas Touch, something go gold
Boulevard of broken dreams, dope fiends overdose
Chemical imbalance, got a cash flow overload

24/7 gettin' paid off the jump
Just keep a banana clip for the gorillas and the monkeys
I don't give a fuck if you nigga or a honkey
Fuck my money up, you gonna keep Tupac company