

I Pray

Fabulous

I pray
Never lead me down to sleep
I pray the lord my soul to keep, you see
They pray for my downfalls but I'm up
They pray for my downfalls but I'm up
They pray for my death but I wake up
They pray for my death but I wake up
I gotta get mine, I gotta get mine (hey!)
I gotta get mine, I gotta get mine (hey!)
I better get mine, you ain't gon' get yours
I'm from the ghetto from the ghetto where they poor

Yeah, God forgive us I know we don't pray as much as we should
We call in bad times don't stay in touch when we good
'Less it's your downfall they don't pray for much in the hood
So when they say what's up I don't say as much as I could
Can't tell niggas who never been up you leveling up
That's like going to hell and tell the devil what's up?
Can't even bless your food round here, niggas hate that
You close your eyes and bow your head and get your plate snatched
So I keep it with my faithfully you demons stay away from me
Love don't cost a thing and y'all still got hate for me
Sometimes the ones clapping for you ain't happy for you
Thought they was rooting for you really shooting for you
Hoes ain't loyal, niggas ain't either
People lie religiously we just ain't believers
Pastor said let us pray for our enemies
Fuck that we let it spray for our enemies, brrrrah!

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Amen (amen) Lord amen (amen Lord)
Oh amen, (Lord ha ha..) amen

Uh, yeah
Lord I know I call in a time of need (sorry)
These niggas come around in a time of greed (always)
I got five children I'm trying to feed (yeah)
They killing the follow I'm dying to lead (woo!)
You ain't wearing a vest it's time to bleed (umm)
Thirty second or less it's time to leave (go)
You dealing with death it's time to grieve (yes)
Cherish every breath just trying to breathe
I don't to the rappers I be round ball players (haha)
Too much fake jewelry and downfall prayers (ahh)
Yeah, everything is irrelevant (irrelevant)
You mistaking the elements with the elegance (why?)
Your emotion supersede your intelligence (okay)

Then they might just kill you for the hell of it (yep)
One thing about the devil he gon' always pop up
Pitchfork with a shovel, let us pray

Amen

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Amen, Lord amen

Oh amen, amen