

I Pray

Ghetts

Yeah, I pray
I pray a lot
Because I'm a nigga that's always in a situation
And I need someone's help
And ain't no human that can help me, I swear down

Dear lord, I pray, I buss trays
And even if I don't, I write my bid and pray
Other the day I touched space
I pray for the poor and
Little niggas like me that wanna be just like me
But the cape I wore worth more
I pray for the kids with kids that were abused as kids
And never had food as kids
And I pray for the fathers
Who thought they were escaping the dramas
Now the [?]
I pray for the mothers, that claim that they're mothers
Because they put food in the fridge and steak in the oven
But could never explain the cocaine in the cupboards
And while you was raised by your cousins
You see, I pray for my brother
I pray you won't follow in my footsteps
I pray there's a way out the gutter
I pray for my sister, pray for my mother
I pray when it's winter, pray when it's summer
I pray for the people on the pavements with needles
Black, White, Asian or Hebrew
The statement is see-through
I pray for my other half
But lord knows, if I ever catch her cheating
It's more than a couple of scars
I pray for my freedom
And even though I know I shouldn't play with my freedom
Papers, I need 'em
I pray for my boys in jail
Danny, [?], Aaron, Brown, Chili, Troy as well
I pray for a better life
Hot with a top cheddar and instead of white
I be selling albums
Seeing more figures than the president's accountants
House on the hill, nigga jealous of my fountain
I pray for my health
And all them ghetto niggas with their ghetto mentality
We all chasing the wealth
I pray for my cousin T, caught in the system
And all the young offenders, chased up in belts
I pray for the homeless, pray for the hungry
I pray for the olders, pray for the young g's
I pray for the robbers, shotters and Glock poppers
But never for the coppers who say coercion is bollocks
I pray for forgiveness, love, joy and happiness
But feds always wanna cop boys and nappy heads
They enjoy making my blood boil, till I'm mad upset
Until I come to a place where I haven't slept
I pray for a fresh start
Forget memory lane, I'm seeing my future like Michael J. Fox

And here comes the best part
I remember me saying, MC's my future, because vinyl pays lots
So, I pray that, that day comes
And when it does, just remember that I told you from day one