

Pray

Ice-T

Damn! yeah, you know
Niggas really don't want drama, just trying to live
Go out, just hanging out having a little fun
Shit always gets wild, always!

Pray to your mother, pray to your father
Pray to your sister, pray to your brother

It's Saturday night, I'm rolling with my bitch and my niggaz
Well known, ghetto grown, rock locking street figures
They start thrilling, I'm rolling in the front with my bitch for life
You can call her my wife
There's four in the back, in the blacked out lacs
They're high of the 'gnac and they're dusted too
Streets call them killers, but I call them my crew
Some niggaz wear red, my niggaz wear blue
Stepped through the door, niggaz can't help or feel us
Fagots tuck their jewels, bitches trying to see us
Let's to the back, put us up in the booth
Got a bucket of Chron, egg and mice to the shoot
Coco started dancing, everything was fine
Til some nigga said that table was supposed to be mine (WHAT!)
I was feeling good, ain't paying him no mind
Til a nigga got wild, threw a Boglar wine

[Ice-T] Yo, what the fuck is that about?
[Nigga] Nigga, what you need now in this motherfucker?
[Ice-T] What's happening nigga? you're tearing the stuff up?
[Nigga] Yo, what you wanna do then nigga?
[Ice-T] What's up nigga?
[Nigga] Nigga, Fuck You!

No time to pray; this shit just missed me and my niggaz kicked in
Blaze sprung a razor and he opened his skin
These niggaz wasn't having it, gangsters too
Motherfuckers started shooting, lighting up the booth
Mark Live wore vest and it went right through
They're fucking body Big Rich, what the fuck I'ma do?
Flipped the table up, me and Coc' hit the back door
These niggaz wasn't done, these niggaz want more
Fell off in the cut like a video game
Pull my strap, took my aim, made the door my frame
Everybody that stepped out, that body got blame
I knew I was bleeding, I can feel the pain
Broke out, had to get back behind the wheel
Run into the Parking Lot, Coc' broke her heel
I started getting dizzy as I clinched my gat
I made it to my whip, I was shot in the back

Oh! Fuck, I'm shot, you gotta drive them home
UHH! let me pack this up, motherfucker!!
Come on! drive drive, get at the Parking Lot, man
Come On!

No time to pray; jumped in the car, laid across the back seat

Coc' grabbed the wheel, I was really started to leak
Half way out, as the lights got block us back on
Some niggaz in blue Seville with the grill
Popped the stash rock on for Dolo
Ex-extra big, bloody holes are fully auto
Blast through my own glass, should've heard the sound
It was on bitch, no time to roll shit down
Hit the corner, see my niggaz Smitty and Nick
They was rolling towards the club when they heard about this shit
Didn't have to tell them, they just blocked up the street
Cops on the way, still ain't throwing my heat
Don't even know why the fuck I'm out here dealing with beasts
Just went out for drinks and it comes on my peats
My two boys are dead, I've seen them falling on my feet
And I'm shot the fuck up, bleeding all in my seats
Pray!