

Thug's Prayers (Jon Jon)

IDK

Hey God, I pray this money that I'm makin'
Off the Yay' don't catch up
I'm in the kitchen water whippin'
Hey God and my probation agent hatin'
Yeah, she don't really fuck with me
I'm in the kitchen water whippin'
Hey God, hey God, hey God, hey God
Hey God, hey God, hey God
Hey God, hey God, hey God
Let me sell another ounce before they track me down

I barely ever get piss tested
But today I'm gettin' piss tested
And what's gon' make it even worse
Is that I took a hit of piff to the lips, nigga I was stressin'
Go to the store like where the Nauzene at
Dirty pee, they gon' treat it like a violent act
When in reality that's what push the violence back
I woulda been murked a nigga if I ain't had no pack
I ain't got no racks, my job ain't paying me crap
They want me to pay my restitution, that's like three stacks
Like how the hell am I gon' get that, the clock is tickin'
The only way to get it in time is to get a lickin'
Go on a mission, load up the .30, that's what I'll do
Sip on a 40 with my homies, then we wait until two
Make it 2: 50, grab the .30 and the first one I see
Is gettin' robbed for they money and we split it in three
I gotta think, think, think, think, was that really needed
Was a hundred dollars from the victims worth my freedom
If the money for the court don't get paid
They gon take it anyway
'Nother dollar, 'nother day, suck my penis

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This is for my niggas work a nine to five and still hustle
'Cause a nigga can't shine off 7.25
It ain't always 'bout the shine, it be 'bout tryna' survive
In a world where the po' die and the rich thrive
I just missed my Obamacare
The next time to sign up is gonna' be next year
But that ain't an option 'cause I need the dough
To see the proper doctor, so I'm kickin in your door
It ain't my fault, I'm Silkk the Shocker
What I said to the judge, but the judge don't agree
Like the how the hell you judgin' me
If you ain't come from the streets
If you ain't been in this position where it's nothin' to eat

The only way to get rid of that hunger's fallin' asleep
And when I fall asleep, I fall in to a very perfect dream
Where everything is working for my family and the team
No more sellin' work or robbin', yeah that'd be lovely
Then I wake up from the dream and be still hungry
That just turn me to a drug store and make me rob more
If you hustlin' on my block, Chief, you declare war
I don't give a shit, if we both the same color
You are not my brother if we do not have the same mother
Motherfucker

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This a prayer for my niggas whippin' Yayo in the pot
Fuck the law, ain't no justice when your killer is a cop
This a prayer for my niggas with the Ninas and them Glocks
Fuck the law, ain't no justice when your killer is a cop
This a prayer for my niggas hittin' licks and never stop
Fuck the law, ain't no justice when your killer is a cop
This a prayer for my niggas on the tier or on the block
Front your mouth on them fosters 'cause that the way that they get caught

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