

## 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  
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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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