

# Mayday

Lecrae

Awakened from my slumber by the thunder, lightning clappin'  
Rainin' on my window pane and praying I make something happen  
A preacher's prophecies never bothered me when I was younger  
Sittin' on my grandma's lap, and she cried, I often wondered  
"What was her tears for? Could it be for my grandfather?"  
Or maybe she felt for me cause I'd see more of those cold tomorrows  
Than she'd see. The world would up and turn on me  
Cause the morals that she often spoke were meant for 1923  
I fall asleep off in her arms, a psalm was spoken  
"The Lord is surely my shepherd" and "lead me to the water"  
A thought that often stuck with me, amongst the wolves that run the streets  
Out here payin' dues then lose, I pray your ways would comfort me  
A non-believer I never have and never could be  
Lord, give me time to peep the signs I should see  
Sippin' got me feelin' like a player  
Ridin' clean, bendin' corners, hopin' I might find my savior  
On the curb, I rarely go to church  
False prophets rockin' Prada so I rarely feel the Word  
Jezebel's lurkin' in the pews on the first  
Preacher's weaker than the deacon cause it's hard to fight the urge  
It's hard to live and serve when you on the Devil's turf  
Sell your soul for the loan with no sense of what it's worth  
Don't get it twisted, I ain't no saint, I ain't no pastor  
But prayin' ain't just for cloudy days and natural disasters  
Aware of what comes after, bet you ain't fo' sho'  
I was warned that heaven ain't the only place to go  
I'm doin' what I can cause there really ain't much time  
I leave 'dis in the Lord' hands, I'm tired of cryin'

Man down!  
Hopin', prayin', sayin' I can't turn  
Back now!  
He will find you, this world'll blind you, don't you be another  
Man down!  
Hopin', prayin', sayin' you can't turn  
Back now!  
Help is just one prayer away  
Don't be afraid to say,  
"Mayday!"

Father forgive us for we know not what we do  
In my bias, I've been pious with my nose up in the pews  
Like Paul, I bear good news; they think I'm pall-bearin'  
My message sounds like death to these hearers as they perish  
Scary to think we on the brink of death  
But no one stops look for answers on what happens next  
Got a couple scriptures from our grandma, sayings from a preacher  
But can't live out these standards that we heard it takes to reach 'em  
But when I look at Jesus, He lived the life I couldn't  
Suffered for my crimes so I wouldn't  
I used to have to sneak into the movies 'cause I couldn't 'ford to pay  
So 'splain to me how some one paid my way  
When I hear Krit confessin' I respect him  
'Cause most of us be lying like our lives don't need perfectin'  
Nothin' that we muster, Nothin' that we can change  
Admitting that we're imperfect, offendin' God with our games  
Look, I'm just being honest so don't take for me for no lame

I seen it fo' myself; I'm a product of this thang  
Now I found true religion, and it's not inside of denim  
And them overpriced shades has never given us vision

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"Mayday!"