

## Prayer

MAF Teeski

(Ki, you cooked this?)  
(Ayo, run it up, Rami)  
(That nigga Nate crazy, okay, bet)

Uh, swing my door and open up fire  
I been gettin' in trouble and postin' bonds since I was a lil' minor  
His dumb ass got hit with a four-nick', now he a diaper  
Free my brother, he 'bout to go to trial, you know that boy a fighter  
You could catch us slidin' 300S, we'll come kit up your Chrysler  
Say the wrong thing, we come through sparkin' like a broke-ass lighter  
I got a thing for all this lean and all these Percs and Roxys  
Like BK, I pray you die, I'm tryna catch a body

Alright, okay, he say he tryna catch a hat  
That's cool, just let me know how you wanna slide, 39-duece or the Track'  
Nigga bunky, burnin', come through, hit his micro, send him back  
Let 30 get on feet, pull out his eyeballs like the Men in Black  
He think that we playin', I send that blitz, they pull up stolen straight  
Bro know he not gettin' paid for no legs, he shootin' above the waist  
Run inside his spot and put the Kel-Tec to his snout  
My young nigga tryna drop somethin', he not shootin' up no houses  
Okay, let him get caught out of bounds, just know that nigga fucked, uh  
It look like a holocaust, pull up big dually truck  
Nigga think I'm sellin' bricks, I'm droppin' verses for these bucks  
Get out of line, I'll drop a dime, I'll get you hurt for these lil' bucks

Mixin' Wock' with a lil' Tuss'  
It's a ticket on his head, get out of line, we fuck you up  
Remember I ain't had no money and now my front two pockets stuffed  
And we ain't sharin' clothes or rolls, but we don't no fuck 'bout sluts  
Uh, they ain't on nothin', all my opps, they ain't on nothin'  
When shots get let off, your ass be the first one runnin'  
7.62s or he probably got hit with a button  
Bitch, I don't follow rules

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