

Pray 2 The Dope

Maxo Kream

(D.A. got that dope)

My choppa got the scope (Hey), I'm working, mixing coke (Hey)
I put my faith in God, but now I'm losing hope
So I'ma pray to that dope, put my faith in my work
I thank the Lord for my blessin', Lord knows it could be worse
I got some niggas in the pen, I got some niggas on the shirt
Lord knows I been stressin', I'm just tryna make it work
Stretchin' mollies, cutting Percs, I'm just workin' with my work

Father God, I been losing faith, every day it hurts
Before I pray at the church, I put my faith in my work
I hit my plug for the work, he said he dry, it really hurt
Ain't got no weed, got no Perc, ain't got no lean, got no syrup
I'm like damn, golly, I can't even serve a quarter
Told my patients keep their patience, right now my trap outta order
All my smokers need they weed, all my snorters need they yola
All the crackheads gettin' grouchy, all the shermheads want they water
I had a job at Panera Bread, I took that work to work
I was sellin' niggas bagels, I was sellin' niggas Percs
I quit my job, had to juug and rob, pray to God, but it ain't work
I tried to work, but it ain't work, so I'm workin' with that work
Sleepin' on the floor and started kicking doors
I ain't had nowhere to go, no food or clothes
Pray to God, but nobody knows
Hey, get the plug on the phone
He got the dope

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D.A. think they got a case, but I'ma make 'em work
Fuck the D.A, fuck the state, fuck the judge and county clerk
Had to get it out the mud, mix the water with the dirt
I'm not a middleman or plug, I got water, I got Percs
I got molly, I got syrup, I got rounds, I got pounds
From the ghetto to the bird, ship them pounds to your town
I can send 'em on a plane, I can send 'em on the 'Hound
Before I ship 'em off, I pray, I got faith they touchin' down
It's a struggle to survive, we out here dodging them peoples
Pops locked back up in county, he was swipin' them Visas
Southwest Alief, grew up, struggled with my sister, three brothers
We shared our shoes and shared the room, we slept on floors and shared covers
I used to dream I made the league and called plays in the huddle
But reality for me was heinous things, servin' cluckers
Mama told me keep my faith, but now I'm losin' hope
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