

## 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 cover  
s  
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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