

Pray For Him

Nick Cannon

Marshall

We still waitin'

Now we gotta pray for him (Haha)

(It's incredible)

Lord, forgive us I know that it's kinda wrong

For five brothers this talented to be on one song (Facts)

But that white boy, he is nice (He is)

But he crossed the black man, Lord Jesus Christ (He gotta go)

We gon' pray for him (Uh), and move Hailie out the way when we spray cans

We don't shoot kids and women (Nah), we shootin' amen (Amen)

Look, that double entendre kinda heavily (It was)

Damn, Em', what you like five minutes away from seventy? (Oh man, hah)

Oops, I meant forty-seven (Ah)

Send him to Hell if he bored of Heaven (Bored of Heaven)

Strappin' the dynamite, word to Floyd and Evans (Good times)

I get to gripin' the Glock, he better call a reverend (Raah)

And give Eminem falls and knock him out his Jordan 7's (Woo)

Oh, you got your own sneakers? That's okay (That's wassup)

Well, to let you know, them Wild'n Out out Jordans is on the way (Facts)

Nah, I ain't do this verse for the fame or the clout (Not at all)

I did this verse to say keep my brother name out your mouth (Ah, incredible)

I mean at this point it's bullyin', 'cause I know he ain't gon' clap back

So I don't be dealin' with these rap cats

I'm the best and that's that

Put that on everything, get my CashApp

A bunch of red rags and black 'Lacs

Incredible, they catch me with this, I'm goin' federal

I've been a star, your favorite actress wanna get sexual

You've been afraid, Em', this ain't that renegade, Em'

Where you ain't purp'd up, you sweeter than lemonade, Em'

Black Squad, you won't link with them

See, you tried to bully P!nk and them

Britney Spears and NSYNC and them

And got the beefin' with Ja Rule with the cops behind you

And every show since '04, you've had to swat behind you

Man, y'all find a all-time great in a small town lake

I hawk 'em down with the K

Don't you got a cash flow? What the fuck you mad for?

Subtract you, add a casket, that's the aftermath, ho, Holla

Hi Slim, let's kill it with all the chit-chat

Eminem, but you get the sticks, now that's a Kit Kat (Kat)

So, wait, dammit, you mad that you ain't Cannon

All them pills, you stay crammin' still givin' you brain damage (B-B-Brain damage)

Your guilty conscious told you, you was the man and all

But now you just a circus act, 'cause you stay up on cannonballs (Balls)

You always hide in your trailer, we know you big mad (Mad)

Get your bitch to run in our lap like this is gym class (Woo)

'Cause all my niggas just stand up like Sinbad

Big Mac in the can that get rid of slim fast (Blah)

Instead of stayin' in the booth to get your rhymin' out

It's season 15, here's your invite to Wild'n Out

Ain't no bad-doin', 'cause all of my troops thorough (Thorough)

Ain't got no bitch, Glock Nina, my new girl (off on her)
I'm sick of all my homies keep dyin', might puke Earl (Eugh)
God should've took Em' and just let us keep Juice WRLD
Look, Nick, my brother, you dissed him, that gotta suffer
I told him, "Don't diss you back, let us handle this motherfucker"
Look, I scratched the serial number off of the baby llama
Em' ain't seen a ratchet this dirty since his baby-mama

Goddamn, y'all niggas ain't had to do him like that
Shit, we don't do it, we over-do it
You play fucked up games, win fucked up prizes
All this cocaine out here, and you wanna put your nose in my business
Told you, I ain't had to rap on this motherfucker
You know what? I'm not gon' rap
I'ma just do what you did, haha

You used to be in a position to talk to kids and they listen
Now you a politician? You voted for Trump, bitch, admit it (Ha)
They used to call you a menace and that shoe fit you wore (Not no more)
But now you gettin' facelifts like a Instagram-whore (Yoy bitch)
Used to be the king of the world, Ludacris, lucrative lyrics
Now all you do is just growl
Like you got tourettes and the sterics
Maybe it's your mommy issues (Haha)
Maybe your white devilish spirit (You the devil)
He made the original music that your fans used to cherish
Now you're debated, disputed, hated
And viewed in America as a motherfuckin' drug addict (Bitch)
You'll never be a legend (Marshall)
Em', you should really start to stare at who's in the mirror
Look at all the fuckin' botox, bitch, I know you're embarrassed (Hahaha)
Fuck all the tricks and the gimmicks
You like the new white supremacist
Say the same fuckin' sentences
Nigga, you ain't no lyricist
Lam, blam, flam, flam, take Xans and train xans
I bet you never thought the kill shot will come from the cannon, blaow
You used to be a renegade

"Ayy, no one did it, Nick Cannon was gonna start wildin' out on me, wildin'
out on me"

(It's incredible)