

Prayers

Trey Songz

Father, please forgive us for our sins
I guess this concerns you more than anyone
I know I said ima change my ways
And I'm sure you can see my improvements
As well as the habits
I know you'll give me more time
And I know I'll make it right
And like that...
We Gone

I've been praying for some better days
I've been drinking all this liquor too
Every nigga tryna make a wave
I be prayin' for my niggas too
I'm a satan in the Maserati
I've been waiting like I'm in the lobby
I've been praying for the wife type
But Lord knows I've been catching bodies
I've been praying I'mma make it up
I've been saying I don't pray enough
Just came home with a straight mil
But I've been they don't pay enough
I've been praying only women
Lord forgive me, I'm a lost soul
I've been spending all my riches
Do it all for the bankroll

I've been praying I'm forgivin'
Treat the man like a mistress
Locked in my own prison
Can't see my own vision
Tryna find me like
Like a nigga gonna miss a straight trip
You see my grandma used to tell me
"Boy say your prayers 'fore you lay"
Make sure
You see my grandma used to tell me
"Boy say your prayers 'fore you lay"
I be prayin', I be prayin', when I see the police now
When I see the police
I be prayin', I be prayin', that they never gun me down
That they never kill me
If I die before I wake
Lord I'm gon' be straight
Prayin' that I see another day
Thank God I done seen another day

Two [?] nigga, prayin' for me, better days
Two shots for a nigga, seen him just the other day
Momma prayin' that she keep my life insurance babe
Pussy niggas, they hit you any time of day
I'm just livin', Lord forgive me
Benz tinted, now I'm winnin'
I've been prayin', I've been prayin' for an i8
Gotta get my money straight
Nigga get your straight, ya gotta get your money straight
It all come a time and place

But I'm sick and tired of waitin'
Man that shit's so aggravatin'
I wanna ball, wanna ball
Wanna shine today
Wanna hustle 'fore the sun down
Lord knows cause it's midnight
You gotta hustle, get it on your own
Now that's something to pray about

Every time we lose a nigga we get T-shirts
And I just got some more clothes
Dirty, it's a cold game
And we handing out these wardrobes
Devil had, look a nigga dead in his eyes
Too much blood, you can see the death in his eyes
One last hug, voice screamin' "leave it to God"
Before that bullshit you ran, you just a bitch and you ride
Pray for me
(It been one hell of a weekend)
We screwed on the red eye, it feel like we cheatin'
(Red eye, red eye)
And the boys look Indonesian
Only thing I'm thinking bout my partner prayin' that I squeeze it
Nigga told me grab a strap and my feelings in a trunk
He told me he want blood and I'mma give him what he want
Ay, visions of the box
I'm so cool with that, yeah
I promised his momma I'mma get them niggas back
Shoulda killed ya
Convicts and drug dealers all just forget about Heaven
What about the bad guy?
Begging for a blessing

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