

Keep Praying

Tsu Surf

Early morning trappin', had to get it all day
Rats in them hood streets, piss up in them hallways
Daddy said he was comin', and I was waitin' all day
I got caught up movin' rounds, same excuse always
It's why I don't trust people, that's how I give it up
Nothin' come with disappointments when you give a fuck
Why should He answer my mama prayers
When I caused a nigga's mama grief?
I'm way too personal for these kinda beats
Still young, the hood need us
But I'm torn between the life, the sets, and these drugs
And these groupies and the skeezers
The pictures and the tweeters, bury me with the .40
No disrespect but I never met this so-called Jesus
It could be the drugs, or the is's turned was
You know the friends, the bitches
Man, everything switches
Only thing promised is the ditches
Either they miss you or good riddance
Of course some niggas slippin' with that llama
What if that 3AM call was to my mama?
Damn, what if that 3AM call was to my mama?!

In and out of the streets
Just tryin' to stay alive
Lookin' up to the sky
But you get no reply
We keep on prayin', oh
But ain't nothin' changin', no
Ain't nothin' changin'

Ain't nothin' changin' but the drawers and the socks
Before rap I was on tour sellin' rocks
My hypeman was a Glock
Had to stand nights, but now my nightstand got a watch
That these niggas never saw before
Like I ain't stick shit, like I ain't sell raw before
My general rank is a five star
Always been ready to die, that's why I'm alive, y'all
It's old Ghost and young Surf
I'm into long money and gunwork
Wanna talk funds though? Let me hit the blunt first
Say somethin' I don't like, I'll let the gun jerk
You push me, I'll pull this shit
Always been an asshole, but never been full of shit
Thinkin' about life
On some could've/would've/should've shit
Ain't nothin' changed, my nigga, how hood is this?

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I cock it back and say a prayer
Lord, protect me when I ride out
Be my eyes while I ride, spell the i's out
Remember schemin' late, high as hell in the hide-out
Now I'm flyin' planes close enough to see God house
I relapsed a little bit
In project hallways, in the trap a little bit
Fuck it, keep me motivated
Lil niggas see me in the hood
That's how they know we made it
Hood swag, hood still salute me when I pull past
Bump my damn self, Newark playin' on full blast
Keep prayin', I be slackin', grandma picked it up
Think I heard a voice, when I saw it wished to lift it up
Bloody murder, better him than me
'Cause me leavin' woulda just hurt her
And we don't need that
So I swear I listen, but I still let that thing clap
Shit, I still let that thing clap

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