

Praying Hands

Ty Brasel

Yeah, yeah
Hallelujah, Amen
Look ma I made it out the basement
Look T he balling like Wilt Chamberlain
Hot stove cook up the dope come and taste it
Hallelujah, Amen
Rosegold chain with the praying hands
Young T destined for greatness that's my alias
Zoom off in the spaceship with my aliens
Hallelujah, Amen
Hallelujah, Amen
Hallelujah, Amen
Hallelujah, Amen

Look at Lil' T from the cove
I was 13 with a proposition to cook up the stove
I could see the future It was international we flown
I saw lights blinding they knew all the words to my songs
I was stage diving then I sign my name on they clothes
Mama watching from behind me, backstage with my folks
I could see it vivid in my dreams
Then it turn to smoke
Nightmares haunting me constantly
Coming me for me most yeah, yeah
Look at Lil' T from the cove
I was 16 when my first homie
Got murdered in the cold blood
Hold up, Lil' T it's a cold world keep your eyes open
Devil's keep approaching provoking
Will I be next? My paranoia keep controlling
Jehovah spoken he said Young T
Destined for greatness that's the chosen
Angels speak to me like Mary Joseph
They singing Hallelujah
I say "Amen" with praying hands, aw yeah

Yeah, yeah
Hallelujah, Amen
Look ma I made it out the basement
Look T he balling like Wilt Chamberlain
Hot stove cook up the dope come and taste it
Hallelujah, Amen
Rosegold chain with the praying hands
Young T destined for greatness that's my alias
Zoom off in the spaceship with my aliens

Yeah, look at Lil' T from the cove
I was 18 when I first laid down that vocal on the Pro Tools
Trent said you got the whole juice
Cook up that soul food Brasel
You gone make it out for real yeah
I was tryna make it fighting against the odds
Car was broke down
I was unemployed
I was selling dope, charge after charge
I knew I was slacking
I was supposed to travel international

Shows all across the world
Yea, yeah
Look at lil t from the cove
I was 19 when I dropped out of college and came back home
I heard voices all around me say they just doubt me
Yeah, you wasting your time
There you go wasting your life
But I could see it vivid in my dreams
Making it out the basement
Balling like I'm Naismith
Cooking up the Cajun
Jehovah spoke He said Young T destined for greatness
Beam the homies up and we took off in the spaceship yeah

Yeah, yeah
Hallelujah, Amen
Look ma I made it out the basement
Look T he balling like Wilt Chamberlain
Hot stove cook up the dope come and taste it
Hallelujah, Amen
Rosegold chain with the praying hands
Young T destined for greatness that's my alias
Zoom off in the spaceship with my aliens