

Testimonial

Young Dro

Every day I pray to make it out the slums Lord
But I know peace don't come easy, so I work hard for it
Got my ears to these streets, eyes to the sky
Hands on supply, ready to buss on any busta lookin' for a come
up
I speak for the overcomers, for those accustomed to the dungeon
s
Where they ain't no stories of rags to riches, just rags to mor
e raggedy
Avenues filled with addicts addicted to not having shit
Where the helpless get high to cope with their existence
The homeless buy hope and kids sit on corners, pitchin' ideas t
o pass us by wishin' life supplied them with an intermission
Prayin' for a break, a breakthrough, in a second just to take '
em to the intuition
Tryna sow the sea, our sons and daughters need to see more love
more hugs and more kisses
My heart's cold, so I suppose I scold my own reflection in the
mirror
But, one step at a time, may the divine blessed the divine and
heal those who hide behind the faces who are sighed
This hindsight got my mind right, so I pray my little light enc
ourages yours enough to shine