Pray For Me

Haystak

?Ye thou I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I shall fear no evil.?
I look back through out my life,
And so often in the walk,
I see only one set of footprints,
And I truly understand that is because,
For so long he carried me,
And without his blessings,
I would've never achieved anything,
Of any significance...Uhh.

I set out to be the realist and the illest, of my time, ?of my time,?
Knew I?d probably end up dyin? in my prime, ? in my prime,?
When I finally got a chance I knew I?d shine, ? knew I?d shine,?
But I seem to end up slippin? every time, ? every time,?
In this world people quickly drop a dime, ?drop a dime,?
I?m a stand up guy, I go and do my time, ? do my time,?
Any time you wanna test me, come and try, ? come and try,?
?Fore I swallow my pride, I?ma die, ? I'ma die,?
Till the day that I go I?ma ride, ?I'ma ride,?
Cuz i know I?ve got God on my side, ? on my side,?

And hay, we all gotta die someday,
?N? if you don?t know, now you know, ya know,
Sometimes I bet reverend Runn,
Looks back like damn what have I done,
They created an art form, you turned it to a circus,
What the fuck happened to making music with a purpose, man,

Chorus
Some body pray for me,
I?m out here in a place that I may never leave,
A million records sold I may never see,
I?m out here in these streets duckin? felonies, please
I need all y?all to pray for me,
I?m out here in a place that I may never leave,
A million records sold I may never see,
Out here in these streets duckin? felonies, Ahh...

I document a lot of deep shit in my pay, ? in my pay,?

Did a lot of bad shit in my pay, ? in my pay,?
What we gon do is to get the kay, ? get the kay,?
It?s the root of all evil, but we must hay, ? must hay,?
Wonder if ever we can have a craps game where no blood gets spilled,
A rap game where no one gets killed,
In heaven I can see my dad and my grand dad,
So you can?t tell me that dyin? is that bad,
I?m back at it, I?m on that bullshit homie,
Suicidal wishin? some body?d run up on me,
Cuz I?ma try to blow they stomach threw they back,
?N? we can turn this whole mother fucker to Iraq, ? Uhh,?
I?ve never been more sincere,
Than I am when I say I?m sick of being here,
So when I go don?t shed a tear,
You weren?t cryin? when I got here, seconds old,
Screamin? like a mother fucker, well I'm cold, ? come on,?

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I?m out here in these streets duckin? felonies, ? Please,?

My little homie says mama tried, but he wanna run the streets,
?N? at the crib there really wasn?t enough to eat,
For his mama, her boyfriend, and him,
So the little homie ball like, Damn them,
He say he ain?t never looked back since then,
Spent the last five out of ten fenced in,
We calmed him down,but little homie was gone in the wind,
I remember back when you could throw him a ten,
But he older now ?n? you got throw him a ben,
?N? if you turn your back on him he'd be at it again,
Robbin? everything movin?, servin? everything smokin?,
Savaged by the scavage?s, naw man I ain?t jokin?,
So pray for him, cuz he need Jesus with him
Try to talk to him, but you can?t reason with him,
God do him like you done me ?n? stay right there,
put my little homie in y?alls prayers and while your at it,

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I need all y?all to pray for me,
I?m out here in a place that I may never leave,

A million records sold I may never see,
Out here in these streets duckin? felonies...

Lyrics submitted by Suzi.

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