

# The Kite (feat. Sevin & Illuminate)

[Iamwordsmith](#)

Lord I write you this letter, with all the pain that I felt. Please respond to me God, I'm cryin for help.

-Chorus-

Dear Father can you help me I can't do this by myself - I ain't got nowhere to turn but to you, my sin got me so weary I think suicide might help - So i'm crying out to you one last time, and the man I've come to be is not a man at all - I ain't got nowhere to turn but to you, Said my heart is cryin for you do you hear me when I call - So I'm cryin out to you one last time.

-Verse 1-

Dear Heavenly Father I took the time to write you this letter to reveal how I feel cause I struggle with pressure, so much pain in my heart no peace and no pleasure I pray every single day my situation gets better. Im on my own, these streets is where I roam, feelin dead inside this is my cry im all alone. got my finger on the trigger of this black on chrome, only thing holding me back from puttin one in my dome, is this voice i hear remains simple and plain tellin me, "your in a battle of paradise or flames i feel your pain just release it in my name if you choose suicide you got nothing to gain" he told me that he created, designed my purpose, my God is this your voice because im feelin so worthless, heartbroke while sheddin tears through the years, so sad these are my feelins that i scribble across this notepad, hard to change cause im dealin with adversity, pitiful my mind is so twisted aint no turnin me, cant win for losin everyday be off the canabis, to far up in the game to quit wash my bloody hands in this, I need your help cause I'm losin composure sincerely your son, or am I even your soldier - am I?

-Repeat Chorus-

-Verse 2-

Can my head up high, hurtin inside feelin the blues, can my thoughts flush pumpin on bush i guzzle booze emotionally drained hopin alcohol will take the pain away am I to blame or was it this gang that led my brain astray, money and power, lies ghettos devour smellin gun powder soldiers get dropped by cops and guns i was on my knees prayin late night hear my echo confessin sins like the first time i let the tech blow rules that i made though previously throughout the ghetto gotta survive place im livin aint to mellow hostile runnin wild commitin robberies defyin laws usin rock coke as a commodity lord please im on my knees about to succumb from the pressure and the pain heart dark as the slums, please protect my family from things that I've done, Father forgive for my sins in the name of your son, Jesus.

-Repeat Chorus-

-Verse 3-

Stressed out feelin depressed all alone in my cell, years of sheddin tears losin peers with a 'L', tried but was denied in securin my bail, then I heard the guard say "Wordsmith you got mail," - Hey yo Word I heard what up clearly wrote sincerely and honestly in this day and age it's a miracle makes me reminisce about the times he was preparin me but I endear to thee beware of thee who knew he cared for me nah, yo but when I found out the father cherished me I had to find it carefully cause a love like his is a scarcity - i did - and when his spirit put

you on my heart I had to shoot you this kite and tell you about my story, homie you aren't a morgue/mark(?)  
you're just maturin as a man -cmon- family I really mean it when I say God has a plan, eyes so focused on the  
lord don't get distracted by the fans -nah- called to be great the average mind don't understand and everything  
you need is restin in the Father's hands so just ask the Lord for guidance and to help you understand, and  
anything you need from me, I got you all the way, whenever you're ready I'm one call away

-Repeat Chorus-

-End-

Lyrics Submitted by Trey

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