

I Cry

Trick Daddy

Our Father, who art in Heaven
Thank You Lord, Lord, thank You Lord No matter how hard I cry it just don't seem loud enough
(That's right, y'all could stand up and rejoice now)
Lord I hope You're hearing me
(We about halfway through the road)
This goes out to the lonely streets
(We got about another hundred years to go)
And all my brothers sick of crying y'all No matter how hard I cry it just don't seem loud enough
(And God is good that's right God is good)
Lord I hope You're hearing me
(In fact God is not good sometimes)
This goes out to the lonely streets
(He's good all the time)
And all my brothers sick of crying y'all I got a letter from my nigga in prison
He said he shooked them and its
Too far to drive don't even worry about a visit
All he needed was a couple pictures And a few dollars, that way he ain't have to worry
About borrowing from a nigga
Told me to check on his old girl
Make sure it's all good for her and the kids But Hell I already did and then he asked me about his shorty
I hate he asked me about his shorty
'Cause its been some years since I saw him Him not knowing his baby's momma's horror
And ever since the days he's been gone
She's kinda trapped in a storm But he goes on and on about when he gets home
And then he mention every nigga that did him wrong
Put him right back where he started at
But he ain't snitched So he feels that them niggaz in his click
They ought to pay for that
He did his time, day for day, without turning snake
'Cause real O G's don't even take please No matter how hard I cry
It just don't seem loud enough
Lord I hope You're hearing me
This goes out to the lonely streets
And all my brothers sick of crying y'all No matter how hard I cry
It just don't seem loud enough
Lord I hope You're hearing me
This goes out to the lonely streets
And all my brothers sick of crying y'all See when I pray I pray for everybody
I pray to God bless America

That way these terrorist can't tear us up
But I'm sick and tired of a lot of other things And the bottom line is we gotta set examples for the kids
We first ought to teach them love 'cause these days
Us niggaz got too much hatred installed in us
The radio and TV they just can't get enough this great big old world
I guess it still just ain't big enough But y'all listen cuz I'm holding on playa
The Lord ain't brought me that far just to drop me off here
Y'all keep arguing about religions
While y'all referring to y'all old books of the Bible
Y'all all out to miss the last bus to Heaven See everybody gonna wait, ain't gonna be no fighting
No pushing, no cussing, nope not at the gate
'Cause everybody gonna meet there
And niggaz you ain't even like in your first life
They gonna walk by you and speak, so No matter how hard I cry
It just don't seem loud enough
Lord I hope You're hearing me
This goes out to the lonely streets
And all my brothers sick of crying y'all No matter how hard I cry
It just don't seem loud enough
Lord I hope You're hearing me
This goes out to the lonely streets
And all my brothers sick of crying y'all No matter, no matter, no matter, no matter
How hard I cry, how hard I cry
Oh no matter how hard I cry
Ooh yeah Eve and 'Pac and Biggie become the best of buddies
Invest some money stay together in Heaven
I know them niggaz gonna have so much gangsta shit to tell me
And it's gonna feel so good to seeing them together So I'm sending my deepest condolences to those
Who lost family members to the hands of the men that befriend us
Y'all remember, we all in this together but who's ever ain't forgiving
Y'all gonna have Hell getting in Heaven No matter how hard I cry
It just don't seem loud enough
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Lord I hope You're hearing me

This goes out to the lonely streets
And all my brothers sick of crying y'all No matter, no matter, no matter, no matter, no matter
How hard I cry, how hard I cry
Oh no matter how hard I cry
(Thank You Lord Lord thank You Lord)
Ooh yeah

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