

I Pray

Cassidy

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

~{Chorus}~

to get away I got to pray that I'll
make some cheese and get out these crazy streets
to get away I got to pray that I'll
make some gwop and get off this crazy block
to get away I got to pray that I'll
make some cake and get out this crazy place
to get away I got to pray that it'll
be all good if I get oout this crazy hood and I pray

~{Verse 1}~

I pray everyday for a better life but it's never a night I ain't trying to get my cheddar right make it better christ
I'm on both of my knees I'm trying to stop coppin' cope by the keys I'm sorry father but I got to keep a toaster
to squeeze I be stressin' cuzz the blessings I'm supposed to recieve I ain't gettin' yo I'm supposed to succeed
but I didn't yo I didnt know cuzz I was naive but now I'm gettin' dough my son gettin' plead I hit the stage and
spit a flow I rip the show and make enough monet to but a brick of snow I get to travel to places you never get to
go so I got to move from the block I'm a lot richer yo I'm a lot sicker yo I make hits quicker yo when I blaze the
haze and mix it with the liquor yo niggaz know to get cake I need these streets so I'ma stay but I pray that I
could leave these streets everyday

~{Chorus}~

~{Verse 2}~

for a life full of transgressions is heaven harder than inner are the roads to the pearly gates all for repenters is the
harder the winter the harder the sinner lord I blow so much kush the answers hard to remember I know I ought to
go to church and pay my tides but I'd rather pay the hand I'm delt and wake my eyes and I drop to my knees
and I pray my god that when you save my soul you save my squad cuzz they some viscious killas that'll spare
no life they don't pray to our lie and they don't fear no christ so don't where no ice cuzz they'll run up and clap
you dummy which proves my thoery the route to evil's the lack of money so that's the reason why I stack my
monet I'm tryin to move from these streets and consenstrate on this rapper money

~{Chorus}~

~{Verse 3}~

man we supposed to be family and we all hood if we all could get money it'll be all good cuzz we all street but
we all deep I'm tryin' to make more to make sure that we all eat until we all fall then we get fed then get bread
we hustlin' to try to stop sufferin' yea I put my L in the air I got love for them and everyday I pray that they stop

strugglin' for real

~{Chorus}~

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