

# A Minute to Pray and a Second to Die

## Scarface

Life goes on in the streets of my hood when you die  
But some cry, and gets by, while others choose to wonder why  
His life was took at such an early age  
A young nigga who lived in a rage died by the gageHe used to hustle on the street corners  
His mom would always beg him to quit, but he didn't wanna  
As he got older, he got even worse  
'Til a real nigga showed him the purpose of a hearseA cold night in his hood, he had a tangle  
The brother he was squabblin' with, had broke his ankle  
Laid him out in the driveway  
Some people knew he wouldn't survive, but heyI ain't the one to speak up on another's  
All I can do is try to open his eyes and help the brother  
He chose the wrong way and that's the route he took  
Born and brought up as an angel but he died as a crookHe had a baby that he couldn't raise  
And she will never see her father again, 'cause he's in a grave  
I always think about [Incomprehensible]  
"My daddy was a dopeman, so I'ma be a dope dealer"How will the family explain it?  
"My daughter had a baby for a 'caine head"  
He ain't around to see her walk  
Dry her eyes when she cries, pick her up when she fallsJust the thought of a kid livin' fly fucks me up  
When his girl has to raise a bastard child  
It gets deeper, he used to punch her and beat her  
She was loyal to his ass but accused as a cheaterShe had a good deck but she picked the wrong card  
Had a kid, now she's realizin' life is hard  
A big time dope dealer's all she wanted  
Who drove a Jag or a Benz so she could flaunt itThe situation's got me guessin'  
But the answer remains to be a question  
He lived his life in a lie  
I guess you only get a minute to pray, and a second to dieIt was crazy how it happened  
Some niggaz rolled by in the Riviera cappin'  
All I could see was a pistol spittin' rounds  
And the boy was just screamin' as he fell to the groundA woman yelled, "Get an ambulance"  
But I knew he was dead, he didn't stand a chance  
You shoulda seen him, he was scared  
A bullet goes to his chest, and one to his headHe just laid there in silence  
And all I heard was the siren  
Paramedics pulled up  
Followed by a law man and in came a firetruckPut his ass on the stretcher  
But if he survives, I'm willin' to betcha  
He'll be out for revenge

They patched him up within a week, he was back at it again  
Went to his brother on the North side  
Grab your shit, it's a hit, we're gonna take a long ride  
Packed it up in the trunk  
AK-47, M-11 and a pump  
Rolled by [Incomprehensible] on Scott Street  
School was lettin' out  
"Yo you ain't gonna shoot yet?", Watch me  
Opened his trunk and grabbed a shotgun, he shot him  
Put his toohy on the front seat  
Continued his mission, as he headed down the street  
The kids was just starin' at each other  
J.D. rolled by and smoked black's brother  
Reached in his coat and grabbed a 'port  
Full speed down Reed, shot his mom on the porch  
On his way down Collard  
His brother was just dazed in a shock, "Why you do it?"  
"Why you shot his moms Jay? Shit  
Hah, man fuck that bitch  
Went to the store to use the pay phone  
Called up Mack, "Aiiyyo, J.D. homey"  
Hung it up and rolled down Dagger  
Headin' for the nigga he was after  
By the time he arrived at the scene  
Malcolm was ready for anything  
He tried to sneak around the back way  
Never thought of bein' taken out on that day  
Black boy, black coat  
Stood around the corner as he passed  
slit his throat  
He didn't fall so he fired  
One to the middle of his skull, he's expired  
A whole army came out  
Twenty-seven niggaz all strapped out of one house  
That how it happens in the acre  
One nigga died in the park in the paper  
Shit gets deeper but why?  
I guess you only get a minute to pray, and a second to die

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