

# Mayday

## Lecrae

Awakened from my slumber by the thunder, lightning clappinâ€™  
Raininâ€™ on my window pane and praying I make something happen  
A preacherâ€™s prophecies never bothered me when I was younger  
Sittinâ€™ on my grandmaâ€™s lap, and she cried, I often wondered  
â€œWhat was her tears for? Could it be for my grandfather?â€•  
Or maybe she felt for me 'cause Iâ€™d see more of those cold tomorrows  
Than sheâ€™d see. The world would up and turn on me  
'Cause the morals that she often spoke were meant for 1923  
I fall asleep off in her arms, a psalm was spoken  
â€œThe Lord is surely my shepherdâ€• and â€œlead me to the waterâ€•  
A thought that often stuck with me, amongst the wolves that run the streets  
Out here payinâ€™ dues then lose, I pray your ways would comfort me  
A non-believer I never have and never could be  
Lord, give me time to peep the signs I should see  
Sippinâ€™ got me feelinâ€™ like a player  
Ridinâ€™ clean, bendinâ€™ corners, hopinâ€™ I might find my savior  
On the curb, I rarely go to church  
False prophets rockinâ€™ Prada so I rarely feel the Word  
Jezebelâ€™s lurkinâ€™ in the pews on the first  
Preacherâ€™s weaker than the deacon 'cause itâ€™s hard to fight the urge  
Itâ€™s hard to live and serve when you on the Devilâ€™s turf  
Sell your soul for the loan with no sense of what itâ€™s worth  
Donâ€™t get it twisted, I ainâ€™t no saint, I ainâ€™t no pastor  
But prayinâ€™ ainâ€™t just for cloudy days and natural disasters  
Aware of what comes after, bet you ainâ€™t foâ€™t shoâ€™t  
I was warned that heaven ainâ€™t the only place to go  
Iâ€™m doinâ€™ what I can 'cause there really ainâ€™t much time  
I leave â€˜dis in the Lordâ€™s hands, Iâ€™m tired of cryinâ€™

[Chorus]

Man down!

Hopinâ€™, prayinâ€™, sayinâ€™ I canâ€™t turn

Back now!

He will find you, this worldâ€™ll blind you, donâ€™t you be another

Man down!

Hopinâ€™, prayinâ€™, sayinâ€™ you canâ€™t turn

Back now!

Help is just one prayer away

Donâ€™t be afraid to say,

•Mayday!

Father forgive us for we know not what we do  
In my bias, I've been pious with my nose up in the pews  
Like Paul, I bear good news; they think I'm pall-bearing™  
My message sounds like death to these hearers as they perish  
Scary to think we on the brink of death  
But no one stops look for answers on what happens next  
Got a couple scriptures from our grandma, sayings from a preacher  
But can't live out these standards that we heard it takes to reach ~em  
But when I look at Jesus, He lived the life I couldn't  
Suffered for my crimes so I wouldn't  
I used to have to sneak into the movies ~cause I couldn't ~ford to pay  
So ~splain to me how some one paid my way  
When hear Krit confessin™ I respect him  
~Cause most of us be lying like our lives don't need perfectin™  
Nothin™ that we muster, Nothin™ that we can change  
Admitting that we're imperfect, offendin™ God with our games  
Look, I'm just being honest so don't take for me for no lame  
I seen it fo™ myself; I™m a product of this thang  
Now I found true religion, and it's not inside of denim  
And them overpriced shades has never given us vision

[Chorus]

---

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by SCOTT, JUSTIN LEWIS / ABDUL-RAHMAN, KHALIL / INJETI, PRANAM / TANNENBAUM,  
DANIEL / MOORE, LE CRAE / SMITH, COLUMBUS TOWER / JONES, ASHTON / MORRIS, LINCOLN  
CAGNEY / ESMOND, TORRANCE

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group, COLTON ENTERTAINMENT LLC

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>