

I Pray (feat. Shizlansky)

Cassidy

[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 out this crazy hood and I pray 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' cause the blessings I'm supposed to receive

I ain't gettin' yo I'm supposed to succeed

But I didn't yo I didn't know cause 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

Niggas know to get cake I need these streets

So I'ma stay but I pray that I could leave these streets everyday [Chorus] 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'ma win the game hands down if yall the contenders

Cause yall far from the real thing see yall the pretenders

I know I ought to go to church and pay my tides

But I'd rather play 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

Cause they some vicious killas that'll spare no life

They don't pray to Allah and they don't fear no Christ

So don't where no ice cause they'll run up and clap you dummy

Which proves my theory the route to evils the lack of money

So that's the reason why I stack my money
I'm tryin' to move from these streets and concentrate on this rapper money[Chorus]Man we supposed to be
family and we all hood
If we all could get money it'll be all good
Cause 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]

Songwriters

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