

Prayer

Maria Bildea

"Psalm 27, Lord is my light and my salvation"

Whom I shall fear? 'Cuz I have sinned

The Lord is the strength of my life

Whom shall I be afraid?

And before I wrap up this 'Port Of Miami'

There's a lot of my brothers and sisters

They stumble and fell

That wasn't here to watch this come to pass

Since I can't do shit else, I'ma say a prayer

This was 12 years in the makin', no side deals wit Satan

I'm dealin' wit the Maker, straight up

A lot of homies ask, what's a prayer?

A prayer is what kept me focused 12 years

A prayer is what saved me, I should have been indited

Now my kids know Jay-Z

A prayer is what kept me here when them bullets cut the air

I fell and I just said a prayer

A prayer is like medicine

It will heal wounds, ask Bush Veterans

Big holes in a nigga's side

Snub nose, 45, homeboy, just close your eyes

Put your hands together, bow your head

1, keep me alive, 2, keep me out the Feds

3, gotta bless the kids, 4, one for the fam'

5, for the dividends, dear Lord, here I am

So I repent my sins, forgive me

1, the grapes on the plate, 2, the tags on their feet

3, the nights Mama cried, 4, I'm thuggin' wit the fam'

5, for the dividends, dear Lord, here I am

I swear to God, I've done some things in the past

If I could, please Lord, I'll help you bring 'em back

I feel pain, man 'cuz I can't speak on it

That's why I get so many songs, I can't sleep homie

Tattoos for forgiveness

I might not get it but forgive me

I'm here and I'm fightin' like a motherfucker

Triple C excited like a motherfucker

Say a prayer, put the weed in the air

Thank God once again for makin' me a millionaire

I thank God for makin' me a millionaire
Put your hands together, bow your head
1, keep me alive, 2, keep me out the Feds
3, gotta bless the kids, 4, one for the fam'
5, for the dividends, dear Lord, here I am

So I repent my sins, forgive me

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I used to get stacks off the hoe zone

Now I'm back to back covers for the ozone
[Incomprehensible] the magazine, Billboard goin' strong
Rollin' in a Phantom wit mother mother Rolling Stones

You stuck wit me through thick and thin

Sittin' back, got your mama sittin' in a Benz

Make you damn near wanna cry

Low '95, stack money like homicide

Bloodshed after midnight

It's just me and this weed tryin' to get right

It's bloodshed after midnight

It's just Ross and his kush tryin' to get right

Put your hands together, bow your head

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So I repent my sins, forgive me

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Ross

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