

Dear God (Featuring Pop "The Brown Hornet")

Shyheim

Dear God, I wonder can you save me?
I'm working out in this world that you made G
Homicide rapes and robberies
When it happens in my neighbourhood police they look for me
I'm the prime suspect in the projects
I got this fucked up rep that keeps me behind a step
Always broke so I got this attitude
In my lab never fool my man, this is crazy rude
Gyros and pizza, be my lunch and dinner
I know that I'm a sinner, but God help me out nigga
I got problems that only death could solve
A high school drop out, and my GED won't get me no job
My family be calling me a loser
Moms she's a boozer, got me livin' life with no future
The only thing that keeps me strivin' is rhymin' and uh
Bump 'n' grindin', besides that I feel like dying Word to my peoples in the essence
I send my blessings
I know you gone, but it might be for the best
'Cause life is full of stress
And the projects you won't progress
God, fuck the world, it's a mess[Chorus:]
Pop Da Brown Hornet
Dear, God, as I look into the sky
I pray to you, and I, wonder why
I wonder why things be the way they are
So until then I pray for that it ends tomorrow I'm in another world lookin' from the outside in
A corrupt planet, operating strictly off sin
You ask me will I miss this joint when I pass
The world can kiss my ass, I'm staring at the hour glass
Every day lived, is a step towards death
It's not 'til you're dead that your body's at rest
A funeral should be a celebration, everyone embracin'
This song'll be my dedication, unto
The Two Cent S, my cousin Duana, and Case
Rest in peace no one can ever take your place
The pain is eternal No one to turn to when I sit and think about you
No longer in the physical, dealing with your spiritual essence
You're gone but we still feel your presence
Nothing can bring you back, black

Still and all it's just a fact that you gone
Dive I intox on the bar, a dagger in the heart
For every lifeforce that gets a brand new start
It's the harsh reality you're forced to deal with
Another family hit crawling in a endless pit

Of sorrow, no one's promised tomorrow[Chorus x 2](It seems like the good times versus the bad times)

Yo I barely go to school 'cause crime be on my mind
Fuck local hits to leakers that's all in the past
And I'm livin' for the future, gotta make the great cash
(Slow down shorty, goodness come to those that wait
If you move too fast I might be going to your wake)
True indeed, but I got mouths to feed
Members of my family upstate in need for commissary
And if you stressin' me, gettin' the, best of me
So it seems like life is my worst enemy
(Don't let it get to you, Shy
Life is what you make it, you can't escape it
Play you like a bitch and just take it)Hell no, 'cause when I'm goin', I'm goin' out with style
With two macs going to war with the other side of town
Ain't nuttin' sweet about me, Pop let them niggaz know
I'm countin' blood money, 'cause I'm a thug honey
I use the world as my zoo, I ain't no fuckin' dummy
I'm street smart, I tear a college grad apart
(I gets amped when I think about the slave camps
I feel the pain, use a Tec-9 to brake away the chain)
Yo calm down big fella everything gonna be aight
Go looki' for them blues you got a nigga want to do right
(Don't sweat it, just play the game of life at your best
Life is full of stress and in the projects you won't progress
Shy fuck the world it's a mess)
Yeah aight[Chorus x 2]

Songwriters

David, Hal / Bacharach, Burt F / Quinn, Arby / Briggs, Robert / Franklin, Shyheim DionelPublished by
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