Prayer

TryDee

"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
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 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
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
Ross

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