

The Prayer

Black Child

[Black Child]

Ghetto gospel

All thugs gotta pray

Hear me Lord, yoIf killin niggaz is wrong, God forgive me for my sins

and all my evil thoughts like fuckin my girlfriends

God bless my family, and the bitch I bagged in the Camry

and any extra guns that come in handy

Not to play but pray for things that's corrupt

But the Lord knows this world, is all fucked up (uh-huh)

In God's eyes, every nigga is created equal

To some crackers, we evil cause we livin lethal (Fuck 'em!)

And anything we gots to get, gotsta get got NIGGA

Even if somebody, gotsta get shot NIGGA

Why not? A whole lot of thugs died on my block

And I see the killer's still free, so fuck cops! (Fuck 'em)

We got no love for the Lord, that's why we pack gats

When them shots pop, bitch cops, where they at? (uh-huh)

Probably somewhere, at Dunkin Donuts

while Black Child got niggaz on the corner with they hands cuffed[Chorus: Black Child]

Now let me load my heat, before I go to sleep

And pray to God I don't end up six feet deep

Cause if I die, before I wake

Let me die on some pape's and all my niggaz at my wake

I said, if I die, before I wake

Let me die on some pape's and all my bitches at my wake[Black Child]

God, please forgive me for all my sins Lord, please - Psalms 23The Lord is my sheppard and the gun's my

weapon

Reppin my upper sections (yeah) they blessed with protection (nigga)

It's nothin on this earth, that my soldiers wore

Copped a house, a big Benz, all my friends puff blunts

Nigga we lust to bust, and guns we trust

The gods copped me a path, now that's right-eous

I'm tight cause my peeps was breathin they last breath

Where we was, bubblin, in the, valley of death

I went to jail and end up bein the last nigga left

Now I, fear no evil and hear no evil

Just threw the silencer, on my Desert Eagle

Nigga to free my people, I'm prepared for the enemy

And thugs who won't pull out and put slugs up in me

Lord gave me the energy, now pass the Hennessy
Word to God, all y'all niggaz is gon' remember me
Heh, Black Child, Black Child[Chorus][Black Child]
Shit, if I die

Lord, have mercy - street niggaz prayNow let me hit the streets so my kids could eat
Compton! Oakland! Inglewood! Long Beach!
All the thugs in the street got love for me
Hollis! South Side! B.K.! Q.B.!
I don't give a fuck nigga, I die for I-N-C
And ride for, e'ybody that'll ride for me
All my bitches out there that gave me slow nizzie
when bottles of Remi, keep 'em so pissy[Chorus][Black Child]
There's no lookin back
Word to God
Bless all my hood people, all my good people..
Aight c'mon nigga, let's go..

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