

# Prayer

## Ilya Scheps & Sergey Yakovenko

"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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