

# Pray for Me (feat. YFN Lucci)

T.I.

Yeah, from the cracks and the holes in the pavement  
Ain't no hope for the youth, Lord, save me  
Gotta smile through it even though you hate it  
All I ask is that you pray for me You know we always payin' attention  
Always out handlin' business  
Niggas in they feelins  
Certain shit can't be given  
I'ma go and get it, yeah  
Niggas got they hand out, shit, that ain't the way we livin', yeah  
That ain't the way that I pictured thirty hoes and ten of us niggas  
See, that's the way we kick it  
Twetny of us, and ten of us probably got an extension  
Everybody playin' broke 'cause they think I can fix it  
Everything that you got, that shit probably rented  
I know my partners wit' me  
Ain't no stoppin' this shit, the sky is the limit, yeahh Who gon' ride wit' me?  
Aye, who gon' ride wit' me?  
Yeah, death before dishonor but you lied to me, dang  
Made it to the top from the gutter  
Promisin' the hood I came from it'll never be another, yeah  
Remember trappin' in the hood, duckin' under cover  
Buyin' hard ounces for my momma brother  
Tryna block mine, boy, you get knocked out, hah  
I'm wit' the shit you know that you are not 'bout  
Old nigga wit' some long money  
Nigga try me, I'ma get it all from ya  
Listen, I ain't worried 'bout the small run it  
Got my chrome on his dome then it dawned on him, dead 'em  
Plans too large, huh, nigga get on your ass, you put laws on 'em  
Fuck that shit, I'ma still sic my dogs on 'em  
Don't care how many police you call on 'em  
Ridin' wit' my niggas 'til the wheel fall  
If you got the dice, put it all on  
Live by the sword or die by it but sometimes you gotta fall on it  
Hey, ain't it funny how the dumbest niggas know it all, don't it?  
Nigga, keep it silent, you ain't lived through it, don't talk 'bout it, yeah  
Sixteen totin' A-K, havin' turf war  
I got a record deal, started sellin' dope for my first born, I swear  
Look at God, won't he do it  
Gotta run a bag up to Summer good 'til the bullshit I did null and void  
Skully pulled up, forty in my hoodie, hah, and you better not make me pull it  
One thing about a sucka nigga, he gon' talk cash shit 'til he run into me

Drop a bankroll on his main bitch, make her go and do it for me  
No Hollywood, couldn't fake my life  
Quarter million cash on a brand new jet  
Crowd me, nah, nobody can do that  
Slide a bag, sip on yac, and let 'em handle that  
Trap nigga whippin' work in a Bando  
You violate, retaliation got me mando  
I keep a pistol on me 'cause the bands I don't ran 'em  
Numbers scratched out, paper runner  
Strategy used to be take Atlanta  
Spread it then makin' it in Savannah  
Runnin' my play up the East Coast  
I done tested the caliber, YFN Lucci  
Kickin' shit in the Caribbean  
Know you pussy, can't even open eye when you shoot  
When you live wit' that bullshit, you die wit' it too  
I would talk but could not be alive wit' the truth  
When you owe me and then gettin' fly wit' it too  
Bringin' some action, survive wit' it too  
Swear, I'm smokin' on nothin' but power  
I get money and dodgin' them cowards  
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Who gon' ride wit' me?  
Aye, who gon' ride wit' me?  
Yeah, death before dishonor but you lied to me, dang This next beat is so god damn sinister that  
I don't even, ahm  
It makes me feel like everything  
It's just that nitty, gritty, fuckin' dirty South shit  
It makes me feel good  
This right here, this ones for the pull-up

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