

# I Pray

## Cassidy

    } to get away I got to pray that I'll  
    make some cheese and get out these crazy streets  
    to get away I got to pray that I'll  
    make some gwop and get off this crazy block  
    to get away I got to pray that I'll  
    make some cake and get out this crazy place  
    to get away I got to pray that it'll  
    be all good if I get out this crazy hood and I pray  
1 } I pray everyday for a better life but it's never a night I ain't trying to get my cheddar right  
    make it better christ I'm on both of my knees I'm trying to stop coppin' cope by the keys I'm  
    sorry father but I got to keep a toaster to squeeze I be stressin' cuzz the blessings I'm supposed  
    to recieve I ain't gettin' yo I'm supposed to succeed but I didn't yo I didnt know cuzz I was naive  
    but now I'm gettin' dough my son gettin' plead I hit the stage and spit a flow I rip the show and  
    make enough monet to but a brick of snow  
I get to travel to places you never get to go so I got to move from the block I'm a lot richer yo  
I'm a lot sicker yo I make hits quicker yo when I blaze the haze and mix it with the liquor yo  
    niggaz know to get cake I need these streets so I'ma stay but I pray that I could leave these  
    streets everyday  
} 2 } for a life full of transgressions is heaven harder than inner are the roads to the pearly gates  
    all for repenters is the harder the winter the harder the sinner lord I blow so much kush the  
    answers hard to remember I know  
I ought to go to church and pay my tides but I'd rather pay the hand I'm delt and wake my eyes  
and I drop to my knees and I pray my god that when you save my soul you save my squad cuzz  
    they some viscious killas that'll spare no life they don't pray to our lie and they don't fear no  
    christ so don't where no ice cuzz they'll run up and clap you dummy which proves my thoery  
the route to evil's the lack of money so that's the reason why I stack my monet I'm tryin to move  
    from these streets and consentrate on this rapper money  
} 3 } man we supposed to be family and we all hood if we all could get money it'll be all good  
    cuzz we all street but we all deep I'm tryin' to make more to make sure that we all eat until we  
all fall then we get fed then get bread we hustlin' to try to stop sufferin' yea I put my L in the air  
    I got love for them and everyday I pray that they stop strugglin' for real  
    }