

I Pray

Cassidy

(feat. Shiz Lansky from Larsiny)

[Chorus:]

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 oout this crazy hood and I pray

[Verse 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 b
oth 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 stres
sin' 'cause the blessings I'm supposed to recieve I ain't getti
n' yo I'm supposed to succeed but I didn't yo I didn't know 'ca
use 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 haz
e and mix it with the liquor yo niggaz know to get cake I need
these streets so I'm a stay but I pray that I could leave these
streets everyday

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]

For a life full of transgressions is heaven harder than inner a
re the roads to the pearly gates all for repenters is the harde
r 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 'cause they some viscious killas that'l
l spare no life they don't pray to our lie and they don't fear
no christ so don't where no ice 'cause they'll run up and clap
you dummy which proves my thoery the route to evil's the lack o
f money so that's the reason why I stack my monet I'm tryin to
move from these streets and consenstrate on this rapper money

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

Man we supposed to be family and we all hood if we all could ge

t money it'll be all good 'cause we all street but we all deep
I'm tryin' to make more to make sure that we all eat until we a
ll fall then we get fed then get bread we hustlin' to try to st
op sufferin' yea I put my L in the air I got love for them and
everyday I pray that they stop strugglin' for real

[Chorus]