It's gon' be aight though (ohh) This one's for you, yeah! Cadillacs on 22s... Pimp my voice and mack these beats.. Pray to the to the lord for these Mississippi streets Cadillacs on 22s I ain't did nothing in my life but stayed true Pimp my voice and mack these beats and Pray to the Lord for these Mississippi streets, hey! God I know that we pimp God I know that we wrong God I know why she talk about Moet all of my songs I know these kids are listening I know I'm here for a mission But it's so hard to get 'em wit 22 rims all glisten I know these balls are talking Lord I wanna do right I tried to fight but these demons they comp at me at night Like my momma, my daddy, my girl and all my boys I lost Rachelle but I guess I still got the whining Roy My couzins sweet, momma lay that Jason Lord I'm praying for swacking my heart is still impatient Keep 'em off them drugs, far away from thugs He's still my hero but just a shell bed or what it was Yeah smoking get a buzz, but God I hear ya calling And shit wrong wit balling But my soul is just steadily falling And the sex and the dead, and the other jail God I'm stacking my mail but will I end up in hell? Lord they hung Andre Jones Lord they hung Reynold Johnson Lord I wanna fight back but I'm just so sick of bouncing Lord I'm sick of jumping, Lord just please tell me something My folks still dumping my music, bumping but I feel nothing My heart is steadily pumping My heart is steadily breaking Sometimes I feel like I'm faking, man I'm so sick of taking Maybe hell ain't a place meant for us to burn Maybe Earth is telling just a place for us to learn Bout yo love, yo will and grace Sometimes I wish I wasn't born in the first place Maybe this first base, God knocked the ball up out the park So we can come home this world right here is feeling so dark Feeling so cold, Lord I'm feeling so old I dunno if I can take this world right here no more 22 inch rims on the 'Lac I guess that was yo footprint in the sand carrying us on yo back