

Ghetto Prayer

Dolla

11-25-87 I wep my first cry
Momma gave birth eternal twins but one of us died
A heart racing, body aching doctors looked suprise
He's a marical child he made it out alive
But since the womb I was doom but I was taught to survive
Daddy could'ntstay in the room he's losing his mind
Told the nurse to come and get him when everythings fine
He's outside on his knees and asking god for a sign
Let her make it though the labor cause I know she trying
I heard through the grape vine that in you I can find
I know it's work against time but I need you now
I could'ntstand to see my wife lose another born child
Meanwhile my momma 1... 2... 3
Squeezing the nurse hand then out comes me
My momma's only son daddy's little man
Prayers was answered right there where he stand

Lord I know in these streets this life ain't fair
But I hope you understand please forgive me for what I gotta do
Can you hear my ghetto prayer

Dear lord can you hear me please can you answer my prayers?
You know it's hard down here it's seems nobody cares
I'm the man of the house but I can use some help
I can't image all the pain my momma heart done felt
I was only yeh high when you took my pop's
Now everybody start to say I look like him alot
My older sister Puda yeah she be runing the streets
I'm a couple much younger she don't listen to me
My little sister Nikki she be depending on me
I'm in the streets everyday making sure that she eats
It's crazy cause at the same time I'm stressin' my mom
I gotta call her every now and then so she can stay calm
Don't wanna see her baby boy locked down or popped up
And Tori keep telling me to stick to this rap stuff
It's hard believe me especially when the rent due
My other half died and scrap that's why they sent you
My nigga

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It's been times when I felt like giving up
Could'nttake the pressure stress start building up
You see the corner of my eye start filling up
And I can go anywhere but I'm feeling stuck
I guess the hood got me strapped and caged in
It's getting harder everytime that the world spins
I can't win cause it seems I was born cinner No matter what I'm always guilt
y I was born NIGGA
They say the eyes never lie look me in my soul
I spit pain cause that's all I ever really know
I walk the hood see the blood stains in the streets
It's' kids dying I swear it's taking over me
I can't sleep over ghetto birds and gun shots
I'm staring at the ceiling thinking with my gun cocked

I guess it is what it is so I'm dealing with it
It's hard to breath in the ghetto but I'm still living