

# Inshallah

Goodie Mob

How can I promise you forever  
When I can't even promise the rest of the day  
All I know is we started this journey together  
And hopefully we can make it the rest of the way

Inshallah  
Insha-llah, Insha-llah  
Inshallah-ah-ah-ah  
Insha-llah, Insha-llah  
Inshallah-ah-ah-ah

Yeah  
Dialect kinda slurred  
Did you catch that word blurred  
Talk slow, walk slow  
And years passed  
Make that cash  
Never took a second look  
Follow the words in the book  
Watch 'em chill and cook  
Somethin' new for your ears, bro  
Sing-along  
Same sing-song  
Wantin' to bail out the front door  
Which you lookin' at me more  
I can show you shit that you never seen before  
Crushed ice for cold drinks  
Surely  
Makin' music for the worldly  
And the people in it  
If you gotta spin it  
Life is only five minutes

We got contrabanded  
I recite about bein' free  
Only to a certain extent  
In a country run by a president  
That doesn't know a single resident  
In my 'hood  
It is good  
Or that is fucked-up  
I let 'em speak for me  
Break bread and peace treaty  
Across seas Till the feds get it  
And split it  
With other federals  
And agents and senators and representatives that live off us  
And feed off us  
For new ides  
For years  
Niggaz been raped  
Let's escape  
This dope  
But how?  
When it's locked into our chemistry for  
'Cause nigga that's all we know  
That's how we grow

Remember me, I explain  
Our relentlessness  
?While true made me get the grain And I refuse to settle  
Well except the simple and plain  
I'd much rather excite  
Delight and entertain  
Passionately persistent  
When I preach this positivity  
For stand up god, write hard things I like to say  
And our words don't take a chance  
See if I can make y'all dance  
But I really ain't got that much time to play  
Just row  
Your little boat down the stream  
Go slow  
'Cause life is only a dream  
And if I should die before I awake  
I leave to all my beloved this message to take  
Ahhhhhh

The merciful  
Lord of worlds  
Master of the days of judgement  
Got me on a path  
Upon those who you bestowed your favors  
Not upon those who your wrath has brought down  
Nor on those who go astray after hearing your teachings  
Confidence shot  
Selfless thing go extremely  
Contagious flavor  
Distributed in major  
Tomatoes with juice  
Chances of prostate cancer  
Disease is fictitious  
Never abandon your Emmanuel  
For want of religion  
Kept peasants 180  
Just got back  
From what  
It ain't nothin' but gamblin'  
In the pockets scramblin'  
To avoid the sack  
I'm seldom seen  
'Cause I'm on the label  
No dis  
Boneless fingers go from  
For the one  
In a matter of tone  
A target of  
Since sense has made me enemies  
It has performance in demand  
Violence, a tradition in the Western Hemisphere  
Claim jumpers and land jackers

[Chorus]