

Dear God Can You Hear Me

Ice-T

I'ma try this
I don't even know if this nigga even listens, man
Fuck it

Dear God can you hear me?

I spend my life between the light blue lines and loose-leafs
Split my time between impressionable minds and true beef
Spend my days up, nights up, it's too hard to sleep
Look at my face, it's not the one of someone at peace
I carry guns and I don't need to, but my mind's so fucked
I see assassins coming out of the rough
I keep my doors locked, windows shut, Js down, four pound
Waiting on some satans who may think of invading
When I do sleep, I dream about pain and unrest
About gunfights, and dumb dumbs exploding my chest
I see my boys that have died, sitting with me again
When I wake, I realize that I lost most of my friends
Will my past come back to get me?
Will them niggaz that we shot come back to wet me?
I'm paranoid, it ain't easy when your lifestyle was grimy and greasy
I'm trying to make peace with the karma of drama
God please believe me!

Every night I pray, just to see another day
I just wanna live one more day!
God I don't know your name
I don't know if you're really there or if you even care about me
I never trust but you
But seems I won't stay alive and I don't know why
I don't even know why!
Please give me a sign, dear God can you hear me?

Everyday I try to think that it'd just go away
But it would never, this mind fuckings with me to stay
Every person that I meet, could be from some passed beef
He could be reaching in his jacket for the ratchet, I'm tripping
Sometimes I even thought that I'll be better of dead
I went to doctors, they stuck rods on the side of my head
They said you're fine, doing well, set show on TVs
I said I know, but I think somebody is coming for me
If they seen what I seen, and been where I been
They know that I have committed; the vilest sins
If they knew what I knew; and had done what I done
They play the wicked knight, and they would trust no one
I got the car, girl, cribs, jewels, hatched to the max
But my brain is playing war games, I can't relax
It ain't easy when your lifestyle was grimy and greasy
Trying to make peace with the karma of drama, please believe me!

So I tried to get my life right and teach the youth
I did my basic gangbanging so I worked on the truth
I spit game to the little niggaz, all that I can
Cause they admire my style, they like the way that I am
They loved the cars, the clothes, the big wide brain
I tried to teach them about the pain, that the fast cash brings
But no matter what I say, they see the game everyday

And the richies of the ones that have the grudge to play
Get Rich or Die Trying, that's what all of them say
What can I do? (YEAH!!) I've lived my fucking life that way
I'm not Role Model, my role is too dirty to follow
Every phone calls another case of death to life
I'm trying to struggle with the paradox of wrong and right
And since I live by the gun, will I die by the night?
It ain't easy when your lifestyle was grimy and greasy
Just trying to make peace with the karma of drama, God please believe me!