

Mayday

Lecrae

Awakened from my slumber by the thunder, lightning clappin'
Rainin' on my window pane and praying I make something happen
A preacher's prophecies never bothered me when I was younger
Sittin' on my grandma's lap, and she cried, I often wondered
"What was her tears for? Could it be for my grandfather?"
Or maybe she felt for me cause I'd see more of those cold tomorrows
Than she'd see. The world would up and turn on me
Cause the morals that she often spoke were meant for 1923
I fall asleep off in her arms, a psalm was spoken
"The Lord is surely my shepherd" and "lead me to the water"
A thought that often stuck with me, amongst the wolves that run the streets
Out here payin' dues then lose, I pray your ways would comfort me
A non-believer I never have and never could be
Lord, give me time to peep the signs I should see
Sippin' got me feelin' like a player
Ridin' clean, bendin' corners, hopin' I might find my savior
On the curb, I rarely go to church
False prophets rockin' Prada so I rarely feel the Word
Jezebel's lurkin' in the pews on the first
Preacher's weaker than the deacon cause it's hard to fight the urge
It's hard to live and serve when you on the Devil's turf
Sell your soul for the loan with no sense of what it's worth
Don't get it twisted, I ain't no saint, I ain't no pastor
But prayin' ain't just for cloudy days and natural disasters
Aware of what comes after, bet you ain't fo' sho'
I was warned that heaven ain't the only place to go
I'm doin' what I can cause there really ain't much time
I leave 'dis in the Lord' hands, I'm tired of cryin'

Man down!
Hopin', prayin', sayin' I can't turn
Back now!
He will find you, this world'll blind you, don't you be another
Man down!
Hopin', prayin', sayin' you can't turn
Back now!
Help is just one prayer away
Don't be afraid to say,
"Mayday!"

Father forgive us for we know not what we do
In my bias, I've been pious with my nose up in the pews
Like Paul, I bear good news; they think I'm pall-bearin'
My message sounds like death to these hearers as they perish
Scary to think we on the brink of death
But no one stops look for answers on what happens next
Got a couple scriptures from our grandma, sayings from a preacher
But can't live out these standards that we heard it takes to reach 'em
But when I look at Jesus, He lived the life I couldn't
Suffered for my crimes so I wouldn't
I used to have to sneak into the movies 'cause I couldn't 'ford to pay
So 'splain to me how some one paid my way
When I hear Krit confessin' I respect him
'Cause most of us be lying like our lives don't need perfectin'
Nothin' that we muster, Nothin' that we can change
Admitting that we're imperfect, offendin' God with our games
Look, I'm just being honest so don't take for me for no lame

I seen it fo' myself; I'm a product of this thang
Now I found true religion, and it's not inside of denim
And them overpriced shades has never given us vision

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