

Now I Pray

N.O.R.E.

[Noreaga: talking]

Uh, (yeah), gangsta, killa (killa)
killa beats nigga (beats nigga) Iraqians (Iraqians)
Do it like this (send Iraq to the heavens)

[Noreaga]

Yo, yo, yo guns, wars, banana clips holdin
Tec nine's the wet clothin
These niggas heard we mack moldin
It's all gravy how I fuckin my eighties
No women, no babies, Versace niggas get crump crazy
You think I'm soft how I'm up in the loft
And gettin sucked off, with some Cristal on my cock
And plus duck sauce and two Spanish bitches lickin it off
Nah, ain't shit changed I'm still pickin you off
I stay drunk wit a lot of reefer
These niggas gay like the guard that was in "Sleepers"
Two ways without beepers
These little niggas more leapers
I got gangstas that gangbang on all creatures
Shoot your whole face up and fucked up your features
Iraq soldier, see the Henny made me fall over
And still fuck 'til I'm dead sober
I don't care about your balls, your hood, or your weed
Fuck your whack ass thoughts I can throw some speed

[Chorus x2]

Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the lord my soul to keep
If I should die before I wake
I pray the lord my soul to take (uh)

[Noreaga]

I desecrate the nations, gee I'm a sick individual
Jose Louis yo, Analog digital
Cigliari Trarabelly, Run Isreali my niggas run deep in your roots
Allah Kelly got your project shook, everytime you look
Cause I pray fifty niggas every flight they book
Your more story, get up outta the club, it's drunk NORE
Hands around my two Spanish bitches holdin my liquor
Across the street these niggas scopin me, hopin I slip
Like I ain't on point, but what point is this
Do they know my fingers stay itchy, my whip do a buck sixty
Do a 360 donut, and shoot 50 niggas in they fuckin faces
I dumped their bodies by the horse races bloody valore, a couple Nore faces
Yo keep hatin until you will see
More volts in your chest plate it's hard to breathe
It go

[Chorus]

[Break: Musalini]

Uh, ah
Hey yo this street life we live it
This thug life we live it
If you ain't frontin, we live this shit

Hey yo this street life we live it
This thug shit we live it
Thugged out ain't playin, we live this shit

[Muze]

Hey yo, hey yo, it's Muze vinity chin tap your chin
Send a shot through your limb, think we ain't gonna win
Stuff valar I know they way I'm livin ain't right
But's that's life live and learn 'til I get my game tight
I came up a broken home, rolled wit chrome
Pops was never known on the block 'til my cheddar's blown
Fiendin for the day I was on, fat beats since the day I was born
Too know he snatched me and my other half
Thugged out never gettin cash
No mom would put a foot in nigga's ass, mash
Coast to coast wit the Cali most
Tally wit toast and party wit my cousin's ghost
You bitch nigga, what

[Chorus]

[talking]

Uh, Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the lord my soul to keep
If I should die before I wake