

## Dear Lord

Obie Trice

Dear Lord, please forgive me, more I live I grow empty  
Nothin in me, point out my enemy I'll put somethin in  
him

Feelin like that's the only remedy  
Send him on his way when I fuck around his day  
("Okay!") Cause to you they wanna send me  
And I ain't got the energy, I'll let the clip empty  
("Okay! O-o-o-okay-k-kay! Kay-k-kay, kay-kay!")

I ain't gotta walk around town with my chest stuck out  
A frown up my face when the press come out  
Niggaz know what it is, one of the best, no doubt  
Doubt that, test him and the S's come about  
Aggression niggaz need without  
Too aggressive niggaz rest under leaves where the G's  
hang out  
I'm back stronger than ever  
D-boy so it's like whatever, however, whenever  
I dare ya, pallbearers bury ya  
Pardon my, positivity failure  
But they ain't tryin to hear ya when niggaz'll go and  
air ya ass out  
Send you to the morgue, turn ya inside-out  
Send you to ya momma 'til she pass out  
Too many partners in the casket now  
These foul bastards, don't appreciate life so fuck 'em  
The P-nina-nina stay dumpin (stay dumpin)

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Now Trice ain't all about runnin his mouth  
He do that for a livin; y'all gotta feel him  
In the streets he mute, my nigga autism  
Don't confuse this with art-ism  
Nigga I refuse to lose, boss in him  
Put your people in a pew when the mossberg start  
spittin  
I'm livin, nigga I'm kiddin him  
Take him from his paradise, Trice on his way to prison  
Picture him leavin his children  
I peel 'em; pilgrimage to another region  
Them ecstasy pills got niggaz schemers{?}  
When the weapons spill them same niggaz bleedin  
'Fore I leave this world they gon' believe him  
O ain't deceivin these people, that's feedin 'em  
The hood's what he breathin, it's all good  
Leave him in that box all wood (box all wood)

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Trice is nice with aim  
Put a nigga, in a permanent frame  
When a nigga's, so determined to bang  
Cause a nigga's, switchin lanes in that European thang  
Don't be mad at your boy-boy, handle business  
Cause he push the toy-toy, niggaz envious  
Crutch him up, Jehovah Witnesses  
When the semi's start spittin, listen (listen)

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