

Sinner's Prayer

Saigon

Does the Lord hear a sinner's prayer?
When I die, if I make to the gate, will they let me into there?
As I look at this crook in the mirror
With all this dirt on my hand, does the Lord hear a sinner's prayer?
This is a sinner's prayer
When I die, if I make to the gate, will they let me into there?
As I look at this crook in the mirror
With all this dirt on my hair, does the Lord hear a sinner's prayer?

If they wishin to be dishonest, I think they got they mission accomplished
We still don't know the real definition of Congress
I love the Obama's, Barack and Michelle
But it's been five years, my block still hot as hell
Ain't nobody else gon' say it, I might as well
If you don't like the beat well then play this shit a capell'
Somethin you need to hear, I'm like the new Makavel'
with a lot to tell, I can change the game by myself
But I said fuck all that, I'm finna call Pat
His phone dead, left him a message to call back
It's all black everything, everything all black
Even our mindframes be takin it all back
See niggaz say "Brian, you delusional
You read too many books in the pen', and them muh'fuckers confusin you"
Father forgive me for not livin so positively
My apologies Lord, please father forgive me!

A sinner's prayer, it's almost over, the end is near
Judgment day, didn't rush to this moment but did prepare
I couldn't see through the weed smoke, it's gettin clear
Good eyes of 20/20 vision peer
Always take my wife's advice as she sit in the prison chair
Cause the females are very observant and women stare
"You should fear nothin but God," I didn't care
I said, "I'd rather die in courage than live in fear"
Lied on a stack of Bibles in court, but didn't swear
Both booths stand in a circle of truth, I'm in a square
Told Rosa Parks that niggaz seats are in the rear
Now the White House is the Black House, we livin there
It's not like I had knowledge that I didn't share
Breathe life into the mentally dead, I give 'em air
Ride 'til the wheels fall off, a shirt the quitter's wear
Jack it up and change that tire, we ride with a spare

First off, here's a theory to quote
Tryin to hide from the eyes of God is really a joke
No matter your area codes, just the various folks
who wanna walk amongst the king but they barely get close
And uhh, masquerade with your blasphemous ways
Claim you masters of the universe but actually slaves
Those shenanigans'll get you smacked in your face
Exposed like mannequins before they back on display
Get it? Instead of feedin people the truth
They propagandize e'rything you see on the news
Misleadin the youth, but they can't imprison your mind
You don't need 20/20 to see niggaz is blind
Divide that by the fraction from the biblical times
Now is that subtractin or addin to your spiritual crimes?

Huh, you don't wanna listen nigga close your ears
When you get caught up, the system will divulge your fears