

# 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