

# Pray (It's a Shame)

Slaughterhouse

[Intro: Joe Budden]

Lord...

Please continue to guide, direct, and protect my niggaz  
From the world, and from themselves

[Chorus: Joe Budden]

Lord can you please shine that light on your sons  
They sent you a million prayers, you ain't answered near one  
{"Ohh, it's a shame, baby baby"} It's a shame  
I'm down on both knees, Father talk to 'em please  
All you put 'em through is pain, but will it ever cease?  
{"Ohh, it's a shame, baby baby"} What a shame

[Joell Ortiz:]

Yowwa! What up world? I'm Joell  
Sixth floor, project door, broke bell  
Only child, no brother, no sis  
Moms runnin out the door to go sniff  
My highwater pants don't fit  
Afro growin all wild, no pic man  
{"Ohh, it's a shame, baby baby"}  
Is what my teacher said for class pics  
My pops? I don't know where he at  
He left one day, he said he'd be back  
The stove keep me warm in the winter  
I'm tired of Beefaroni for dinner  
My grandmoms got a bad liver  
I'm just watchin her fade away  
Man, I don't know what else to say  
So at the end of every day I pray, I say

[Chorus]

[Royce Da 5'9":]

What up world? I'm the SHIT  
I'm headed to Hell in a hand-basket  
I pop pills, abuse liquor and kill niggaz  
When I die, God ain't gon' judge, he gon' deal with us  
That's why them reckless quotes come with my drama  
My pops while coke-infested, cum in my momma  
{"Ohh, it's a shame, baby baby"}  
I know, right?  
For those nights that I was havin them seizures  
For those mornings that I was havin trouble breathin  
C'mon listen; I was only a fo'-pound baby  
So I grew up into grown and went fo'-pound crazy  
Daddy was gangsta, mommy was passive  
Boxin gloves for Christmas, I needed classes  
My daddy beat our ass, that's probably why we assassins  
But he'll do anythang for me; Joey pray for me

[Chorus]

[Crooked I:]

What up world? I'm a lost soul  
Challengin the devil standin at the crossroads  
I just shot a dirty snake with my .38

He shot me too, now I'm waitin at the Pearly Gates  
I seen the angel Gabriel and I came real  
A lame tried to kill me, so I aim steel  
{"Ohh, it's a shame, baby baby"}  
Ask God is that somethin that he can't feel  
I had a six-shot popper and I brought it with me  
I put his thinkin cap somewhere he never thought it would be  
I didn't son him, he's a daughter to me  
Instead of hangin with thugs he's slangin drugs, shoulda got a college degree  
e  
But growin up in the hood'll leave your mind baffled  
We put haters in the past like time travel  
That's my murder story, I'm past purgatory  
I need prayer though, Joey put a word in for me

[Chorus]