

# Pray For Me

Twista

Here's the tale of a young black male  
raised in these city streets  
out here hustling to make ends meet  
In a world thats so corrupt  
thats ran by greed  
money and the power  
for me I'm a survivor  
I do what I have to and only God can judge me for that  
So before you cash your stones down on me  
I want you to take a look at yourself in the mirror  
And ask somebody to pray for you  
Cause that's all I'm asking is to pray for me, understand

I was born around gangstas, hustlers, and killers  
Drug dealers with math figures making hella scrilla  
In the city of Chi the home of the G's  
If ya dont work ya dont eat that's been the code of the streets  
As for me I was brought up at an early age  
learned how to cook cane started to gang bang  
and its a damn shame I chose game  
but see I'ma knuckle headed nigga with no one to blame  
and I'ma gonna keep on tipping under the street lights  
and be wondering which nigga wanna take my life  
until then I'm staying two feet in front of you haters

I'm living the street life  
and I just cant get away  
I dont know if I'ma gonna make it to another day  
so everynight I pray  
oh I pray  
I'm living the street life  
and I just cant get away  
I dont know if I'ma gonna make it to another day  
so everynight I pray

well I'm surrounded by rats, roaches, and dope fiends  
my whole world is being weighed up on a triple beam  
man I dont know whats in store for me god  
will I reach 21  
why is life so damn hard  
see thats the question thats asked  
and is there a heaven or hell can the young black live  
or will he be chained in the cell  
I don't know as for me I only trusted a few  
I had to hustle to survive now what else could I do  
they say theres chances for everybody thats bullshit  
that little girl had no chance when that bullet hit  
I mean it blew to the sky  
and all you heard was a cry  
oh lord don't let my baby die

Til the day that I die I'll stay true to my neighborhood  
fuck with my neighborhood nigga I wish you would  
Ain't shit changed like oh once said  
And oh no fool my nigga Fred ain't dead  
neither is Pook or Kansas City  
true og's still here with me

my homie boo, boo what up  
and you know I cant forget about my nigga nigga Novesnake  
nighttime boats and herbie  
Shine and Cherelle would ya pray for me  
I rock genuie death so dam sensless  
big houses what the fucking radio been missing  
and theres one more nigga that be true to my heart  
Mr. Motion you the reason while I'm breaking em off  
so our  
I peed em to dead  
whole reason was love  
to that nigga twist for believing in me  
I got a shorty to feed  
my priority is to make sure this shit dont have to struggle like me  
and if I could ask for one more wish  
I tell em I wanna hug ya cuz I'm missing ya since

so I'm asking to pray for me  
mamma pray for me  
daddy pray for me  
baby pray for me  
please pray for me  
pray for me  
pray for me  
pray for me