

Please God

Young Scooter

Yeah!

I keep this shit so real
I had to write a letter to God

Please God can I have my niggas back
Please God can I have my niggas back, who resting in peace
Or in jail for the D
Please God bring 'em back to me
I know you did a lot of shit for me
But that's the only blessing I ain't received
I just want my niggas back
Can I have my niggas back
Please God can you bring my niggas back

Where all my real niggas at
All that slick talking will get you back
Lil Mexico city that's where we at
They like why you rap 'bout dope that's getting wack
Cocaina tricks
I pray to God they free Guwop
He took a chance on me I fucked around and got caught up
Two months later they got both of us locked up
Same cell he saying "Be cool bruh, God got us"
Please God bring the real niggas back
Please God bring my real niggas back
Went to jail and lost Double
Think about him everyday God bring him back

Uncle Skip died in my face shooting dice
Shooting 2 bet 3 crapped out had a heart attack and lost his life
Lil Scooter walked through the cut in my Grandma house and passed out
with this lil cause he was thugged out
My cousin Travis killed himself and his wife too
It's a shame what that pussy do
So God have mercy on Street
My granddaddy died fucked up the family
Dear God I need to talk to OGD
Where the hell he put that fucking safe key
He loved me and OG Boo Dirty
Killed the real OG for 10000 ain't worth it

You rappers say the wrong shit tracks
Really y'all just fucking up the trap
Go listen to the Ten Crack Commandments
Wish I could bring B.I.G. back
But I ain't mad at ya
But I know Pac laughing
I Wish I could bring Aaliyah back
I let her sing on all these dope boy tracks
So caught up in the streets ain't know God's prayer
Ain't went to church in fifteen years momma was mad as hell
And when I fly to do a show she be scared as hell
You niggas try to count me out but I'm still here

[Hook]