

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]