

Webb Wilder

"A Miracle"

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[Webbie:]

The lil soldier wit nothin clear to see
Wasn't nobody handin him shit
Ridin round town glamour and glistenin
Ya don't won't my position, I'm spittin facts
Couldn't relax, the whole time
I had weight up on my back
Be black gon back, I got pistols on deck
They gave cuz seven flat, how many niggas gon rat
Check my tats, ya neva heard of dis ya suppose to man
It had to fair, now I meet da family and dem,
It packed at Madison Square
I had career, I supposed
To be right back there with dem
I owed it to him, I know it I show it
Don't wanna blow it or pour it
For da streets, give me a beat ima roll it
Show it wit dem leavin magic
But I knew I had it in savage
It got crucial I aint panic, when yall want it, I ran it
I remember when my granny said anything was to
happen
From slangin, hustlin, to trappin
Laugin, prayin jackin
I'm blowin on granddaddy
And all my kids happy it's a miracle

[Chorus: (2x)]

It seem like I'm dreamin,
Ah somebody pinch me
Am I supposed be in da spot dat
I'm in, is dis really real
All dese years, am I really here
Have I really live what they call a miracle

[Birdman:]

How u shoot clips, put it in the air
Mean mug dem niggas and have no fear
Play the game wit dem stripes,
Put it in his life
Ten on da mic, nigga do it da same night

It's a miracle, da way I bend dem corners on dem
Get up early on dem, get dis money on dem
A miracle, a lot I bought on,
Crib I paid on, thangs I got on
A miracle, fresh crush to diamond ice,
Place in one price, did it for one night
A miracle, I don't lived da high life
Shined in high lights, did it with gun fights
A miracle, nigga it was hell we came in
Money didn't come in, hell we went in
A miracle, no time lyin homie
Time for crime homie, time for dyin homie

[Chorus (2x)]

[Rick Ross:]

It's truly a miracle, dat boy still a live
Cuz I was sellin bo in '95
Ridin wit my boys deallin dope gettin high
Crackers tryin to give me time,
And we aint talkin 5
Niggaz talk fly so dat pistol by my side
My baby mama f**kin, all my homies on da sly
I see all through da corner of nigga eyes
So I keep my shades on, and my face up at da sky
Pistons get da power, snitchin is for cowards
I got plasmas in da shower,
And my bitches snortin powder
I'm a g, my life a movie,
I got rubber uzzi's in my jacuzzi
They think I'm biggie,
I'm bumpin juicey wit several groupies
I got beamers and business, bitch they all on duces
I got da prduct, and when ya drop it, it neva loses
Da prey get prayed on, killers get prayed for
It dis a dream, I pray I neva wake up

[Chorus (2x)]

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