

Arid

"Pray"

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[Nas]

"What we need to be thinkin' about is the future!
We don't know what's in store tomorrow!
All we can do is just guess! We want the best for
tomorrow;
for our family, for our children, for our future
but if we don't get up and act like we want it,
we gotta pray to somebody! We ain't too tough to pray!
You walkin' around like a gangsta, gangstas pray!
Thugs pray!
Tell me somethin'; if you ain't prayin', where would y'all
be today?
Where would y'all momma be today? How would you be
here?
Somebody prayin' for you, nigga!"

[Horse]

I never thought bein' a man you could hang in the end
Facin' life with no parol and consecut' sentencin'
Got people witnessin', your co-defendent snitchin',
your back against the wall, your left eye is twitchin'
Loyal ladies usual, a D-and A's the mutual
Scared to face the light of a courtroom site
Racist cops on each side 'cause the know I just might
make a break for the door but I give it my all
If I die in this struggle, give my momma a call
'cause she always left these jewels: what goes up must
fall
Since I fell dead broke, landed in jail
Refused to face the facts, how wifey skipped to town
with the bail
I'm on my own now, V8, far away from home now
Palmer wealth state, the law changes each date
Secret inditements got me knocked, there ain't no price
I can pay
to get me the fuck up out this shit, so to Allah I pray
for forgiveness - Yes, I sinned and I need to be held
and jail ain't no place a black man wanna be killed
Amen

I only pray when shit is fucked up!

I only pray when my life is lookin' bad luck!
I only pray when I'm in mothafuckin' handcuffs!
Callin' out for someone, somewhere!
Is there anybody out there?

[Wiz]

I look up at the sky, why do young niggas die?
Felt the stray hit me, somebody stay with me
Fallin' to the ground with the sound of a four-pound
near me
Bitches screamin', wish I was dreamin'
I fought a thousand gun fights, near one bullet skipped
me
on the morning run to get my little sisters Rice Krispies
Played the numbers knowin' that I got my lucky dice wit'
me
See some niggas I know I can roll - Uh, uh!
Get them bitches, left all of them broke, left what they
smoke
Hoes yellin', 'Watch ya back!'
But before I could turn around, before I could I react,
blaow! Blaow! Blaow! Would you look at me now?
Is this blood that I feel as I fell to the ground?
Feel like a head shot but maybe just grazed my temple
Niggas diggin' in my pockets, sayin' I just rolled a
pimple
Yo, my mouth was movin' but it was nothin' I was sayin'
Only if they knew deep inside my mind, I was prayin'
Amen

I only pray when shit is fucked up!
I only pray when my life is lookin' bad luck!
I only pray when I need his help the most, what?!
Callin' out to someone, somewhere!
Yo, is anybody out there?

[Jungle]

Ain't nothin' stoppin' me - Untouchable - Hoes, I fucked
a few
Style like The Greatest, Ali - Check what the knuckle do
Rock bubblegoose to mink, big links,
yellow ice, live the ghetto life, 'fuck y'all think?
Bravehearted; fuck around, get graveyarded
Dearly departed - The word on the street, I'm a target
I ain't runnin', I ain't hidin', I'm ridin'
I be gunnin', y'all be duckin' and divin'
when I come through buckin' this four-fivin'
Revenge you sayin' you gettin'
but shit is gettin' too wild, this lifestyle of sprayin'
weapons
so I check out the preacher - Life is off the meter

Thoughts of homicide, tryin' to dodge the reaper
Confessions in a church 'cause it hurts, behind a
curtain
Nigga talkin' to me, but I ain't certain
Voice sound familiar so I pulled the shade back
It was this stupid nigga that I popped way back
He set me up, he just got to the preist
I tried to reach but he had his heat pointed my way
and said, 'Pray'

[Nas]

"You've got to pray, huh! I mean pray, pray,
and when you pray, you got to look up to the lord, huh!
You got to look up and you got to pray for your
children, huh!
You got to pray for that man in front of the liquor store,
huh!
You got to pray for that man on the corner! He know he
doin' wrong,
but somebody gotta pray for him, huh! You know we
doin' wrong,
but we gotta pray for ourselves! You know we are
headin'
to this new millennium, goddamnit! They say a comet
is comin'
to this world by the year two-thousand, I say it's God!
It's up to you
to pray to that higher power higher than yourself and
humble yourself
and, and, and beg for forgiveness 'cause it comes
back to you!
A man told me that while he was in jail, all he did was
pray.
All he did was stay in his jail cell and pray to God..."

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