

Vordul Mega

"Pray"

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(Mega feed through the mind like...
... yeah, yo.)

Splash thoughts on a page
cigarettes be like, batteries when I need to write
All play nice, 'til the sun comes up
tryin' to come up with flows over drums
while we love blowin' dro's
Hard to get by, with a pocket full of chromes
in a facade, where everybody try the cane
and need to, no jokin'
Now, ironies of life, got me tryin' to quit smokin'
While I'm smokin', goin' through the motions
stay floatin', keep the head above waters
All types of emotions
Knowin' the best ain't, is to maintain
streets is framed, spoke tryin' to peep our game:
How we played
puttin' down bets, down the begs
Surrounded by effects
feelin' like; soon everything's gonna be all right
Better tomorrows
No time for sorrow
Keep it up
Got to stay up...
... I'll pray for us...

[You know what we can do and what we can't do?
What we can say and what we can't say?
I don't know that anymore...
... So I'm in a position that
the only thing that I can say about that is: Fuck it!]

... Stay focused
even when things seem hopeless
Time movin' so quick
Fall back, and see it all in slow-motion
head all over the place; what a mess
Give my best through the complication
event new ideas and innovate keys
Our future - generations

dependin' on a stremph of role models
sons that grew up without fathers
All wasn't bard, but, still tryin' to bill harder
Put in work, life is worth
more than the problems we let bather us
through petty arguments
Parents startle, of their young ones
goin' out in the dark, better give them truth
before they find out for themselves
and can't get through it
But we learn, mad of how we was raised
in the race, from a little to a lot
Out of the game, makin' no matter
what those that didn't understand had to say...

[I don't think they really understand what they're doing
I think they're so hung up on maintaining their positions
that the only way that people could deal with this...
... Is to take it in the streets.]

... 'Cuz we, been through the struggle
now we tryin' to come through
talkin' about life, and moms - how I love you
Past days full of stress, cigarettes and licks
piss, but I can't get sick
Gotta stay up, pray for us
see 'em brighter days
smiles on our face
Sometimes I want to get away
stay and lookin' up at the heavens
devine minds, devisualise the seven
Within concealed sins
came from the bottom of the bin; puttin' in bed
And everybody got mad jokes
growth, gang with hopes
at the end of our ropes
cats laugh with their folks
Never let problems fade you
know, everything true, everyday true

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