

Bad Ass

"Everythang Happens Fo' A Reason"

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[Featuring Tray Deee]

This is what you want

(Dear God)

Verse 1:

[Bad A\$\$]

My life,

the race against time I beat

Cause my time will reach the finishline

before my life complete

I can't complain

so I'm livin' in this world so cold

It's on my mind,

I try to keep my soul

I used to be the female, real

Cause you can't think without your mind

Kill your brain

Body's nothin' but your soul still remain

Some game this is (What a game this is)

What a shame this is

How they use they punks to screw us

Than pull they guns and do us

Chorus:

[Woman overlaps Bad A\$\$]

Dear God can call out my name, we cryin' out

Brave Lord can stay with us here, we dyin' out

Dear God

Can you ever strut in the struggle of the day

We're callin' on you

Show us on our way (show us on our way)

We're gettin' older

In that game

And who's to blame?

Who's to blame?

Verse 2:

[Bad A\$\$ overlaps woman]

They never use money

(?)

Get your debt in control

Mind your friends or mind your fo's

They plot 'gainst the man

And his plan since the days away

Back when the calendar was made
But society falls
Merry earthquakes will top
Then never will it work
Revelations, you die
It's an eye for eye
So when he bite style we fire
To see livin' on earth in life is mighty die
But it's a new world order
And if you have some success (Dear God)
Then you're a victim of the system
Find peace to rest

Chorus:

[Woman]

Dear God

Can you ever strut in the struggle of the day
We're callin' on you
Show us on our way (show us on our way)
We're gettin' older
In that game
And who's to blame?
Who's to blame?

Verse 3:

[Tray Deee overlaps woman]

I hit list to get chips

Big flip I peel

Not afraid of gangstas (?) the real

Caught up in the game

Now only rule survival

To be the next nigga

I see who's my rival (Dear God)

My world, were I come from

Is steady slump one

Runnin' up and commin' up with slugs,

cause they dump done (Dear God)

I'm on a mash but my cash and fashion

Askin' no questions, react to blastin'

Now who can I blank for my aim to win

And my deepest succeed try the game to end

(Dear God can call out my name, we cryin' out

Dear God)

Up against and the ends and I dissed a cop

Made objectives to check chin and hit the top

Fuck the obstacles, my optic will provide the sight

For me to view, what to do as I grime and stripe (Dear

God)

The right way might pay

But I can't wait long

So I never hesitates to get my page on

Chorus:

[Woman]

Dear God
Can you ever strut in the struggle of the day
We're callin' on you
Show us on our way (show us on our way)
We're gettin' older (grow on up)
In that game (in that game)
And who's to blame?
Who's to blame?
Verse 4:
[Bad A\$\$]
Now you can blame it on the block
You can blame it on glocks
You can blame it on the cocaine
Blame it on the brain, shit
Everythang happens fo' a reason
So why ask why
Just live it up you gotta die, die (Dear God)
If they wanted us to live (Dear God)
They wouldn't brainwashed our kids (Dear God)
You're struck,
body old enough to fuck and buck a nut (Dear God)
That's the way they statin'
Beat they ass pork
and be gone
Cancer and alcohol
Cut they life short
It's time to live
Might forgive the devil and his dollar
Two world gon' make it right
But it's a 'must' and not a 'might'
Let's do one to others
As they do one to you
You drug down on me
I put two guns on you
Chorus:
[Woman]
Dear God
Can you ever strut in the struggle of the day
(Can you ever strut)
We're callin' on you
Show us on our way (show us on our way)
We're gettin' older
In that game
(Older in that game)
And who's to blame?
Who's to blame?
Dear God can call out my name, we cryin' out
Brave Lord can stay with us here, we dyin' out
Dear God, Dear God, Dear God
Dear God
Can you ever strut in the struggle of the day

We're callin' on you
Show us on our way (show us on our way)
We're gettin' older
In that game
And who's to blame?
Who's to blame?
Dear God can call out my name, we cryin' out
Brave Lord can stay with us here, we dyin' out
Dear God, Dear God

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