

## **Bad Azz**

# **"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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