

Chipmunk

"Pray For Me"

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Yeah, from hills high in heaven
To Psalms 27
This is our gospel
Take my word for it
Uh, check, listen

You see the music business like the devil's games
If you play then you might adopt the devil's ways
It's an eye for an eye, a tooth the same
I'm tired of everybody taking shots up my name

I'm just shooting for my targets
Look if you've been shooting yourself in the foot, don't
hold me hostage
Making what doesn't sell
Then you complaining when it doesn't sell

Now with that off my chest I'mma hope for the best
I'm never going back to the press though they wanna
see me stress
Counting money and staying relevant
Made me know the difference between family and
relatives

I beg the Lord show me a path
Snakes are in my blood line, not in my grass
Not talking to my match, cut my family in half
If you reap what you sow, let me pray my own heart
Come on

(Pray for me)
Yeah, please take me to a level, the heaven is above
(Pray for me)
Yeah, try sitting in my past so Heaven is a must

(Pray for me, yeah)
With the world on my shoulders, I bench-press the cane
(Pray for me, yeah)
You know the Lord is my Shepherd so I can't be afraid

The prayers I need them, the good in me is leaking
I'd only want this pen now so they can see Jesus

To show 'em I believe in, shit's getting stranger
Little change of maze got them questioning my faith

My visions strange when they negatively name me
I see Lord, does that make me crazy?
Suicidal tweets, can you blame me?
Yeah, look what success did to Amy

They couldn't work out my letters so they hung me
I've been fired alive, how could you burn me?
As I stay afloat, it's titanic for rum
My confidence is made of titanium

I told everybody I'm the savior
Special like I'm born in a manger, manger
Born to succeed, who's as humble as me
As long as I got a number, I wear a heart on my sleeve
Come on

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Yeah, please take me to a level, the heaven is above
(Pray for me)
Yeah, try sitting in my past so Heaven is a must

(Pray for me, yeah)
With the world on my shoulders, I bench-press the cane
(Pray for me, yeah)
You know the Lord is my Shepherd so I can't be afraid

Looking back like, look what the deal did?
Still with the same circle and I'm still with Chip
That's why who I share the last pound with
Is the same people that I share a mill with

Six zero's in my last mill with
Bread and wine, last supper was some real shit
The prayer's been sent, now we're ready
Old Judas has been removed already
Let's go

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Yeah, please take me to a level, the heaven is above
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Yeah, try sitting in my past so Heaven is a must

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Pray for me

Pray for me
Pray for me, yeah
Pray for me, yeah

Tell my chick, don't leave me now, tell my feet, don't
fail me now
It's too late I'm in front of this crowd
When you see me bow
I'll drown in my own sweat before they take me out

Take the jewels, take the fame
Take the buzz, take the name but the talent still
remains
And tell the hater change of plan
I tell the label, drop me still on weeks we all run

Piss off, this ain't a big trap
This is seat for a gift wrap, I reply to every diss track
Back from the future, you plums
Fighting in advance for the apologies to come

I'm sick trust me
Eat a plate of fame of vomit, still repping for the
hungry
Heads shots with success bullets
More Mobo's, Brits and Grammy's before I pull it

Believe me, the floor's tight but the jeans ain't
You can't compromise these days
I open doors into the blame frame
'Bout time I do me and get paid for it

So fuck a market and plan
I'm light skinned and I can smile, come on, market me,
man
Pray for me and play your position
I evidently made a transition

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