

Big K.R.I.T. "Praying Man"

Visit "[Praying Man](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Featuring: B.B. King]

[Hook:]

Guess I was on the road
Didn't know which way to go
I think I hear a praying man coming
A praying man coming

Sometimes I couldn't read the signs
My people done left me behind
I think I hear a praying man coming
I think I hear a praying man coming

[Verse 1: Big Krit]

Stumble along the path, he emerged from the grass
Stopped at me and asked why so sad
Perhaps because they had taken what I had
I'm sure it wasn't much to them but it was all that I
could grab
I was on my way to church, I was running late at first
But after all this riff raff here, I missed service and it
hurts
But what's worse I'm not sure how long I've been
swaying in the breeze
Tired of talking to the trees and you the first praying
man that I've seen
I [?] lending hand, but I see if you got some time
I'm glad you looked up because most people pay no
mind
He smiled and said "Son well, I can do you one better"
He removed a pocket knife and cut me down from my
oppressor, forever

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Big Krit]

Boating along the sea, he emerged from the mist
Asked me how I got far from the beach
Cause they stripped me of my pride and put these
shackles on my feet
I was stacked on top of my folk and it was really hard to
breathe

It was a little hard to believe that I had been caught up
in this mess
And some of my own people would sell me to my death
It was a lot of us on the ride and it was a lot of us that
was lost
But some of us couldn't take it so some of us jumped
off
And I'm really glad you found me on your course
I been out here for a while and there's no sign of the
shore
He smiled and said "Son well I can do you one better"
He lended me his hand and picked me up from my
oppressor, forever

[Hook]

[Verse 3:]

Driving along the road
He asked me what I was running from and where I was
trying to go
"Well I was working in the field and one of my kinfolk
just got killed
And I knew they'd come for me and Lord knows I wanna
live
See I heard there's people free, not that far but far
from me
To be running from these dogs with no shoes up on my
feet
I heard of this railroad that ventures underground
And takes my kind of people to a place that we can't be
found
And I been wounded for some miles, so I decided to
rest my head
I guess they let me go cause they assumed that I was
dead"
Smiled and said "Son well let me do you one better"
He offered me a ride and drove me far away from my
oppressor, forever

[Hook]

Visit [Big K.R.I.T.](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.