

Fiend "Waiting On God"

Visit "[Waiting On God](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(*talking*)

K, we ain't got one reason for everything, you know I'm saying

This right here, is for all my survivors, all of em you know I'm saying

Grow to the way, you know I'm saying

All our soldiers world wide, you know I'm saying

Midwest, Northwest, East, West whatever, South

To all our thugs, you know I'm saying, all the way to United States

New York, I-I gotta get this off my chest one way or another

Go on, speak to em

[Fiend]

Hate made the child and spoke up, would evolve a ton

And assisted the murder rate, when that revolver run

It's hard to run, when you don't know what you running from

Yeah I own a gun, but that don't mean I can't be the one

To catch ya names, five shot cause he or she was shameless

Leaving me and my people, arm's brainless

Painless as it seem for me, if I was to go now

Tell me who gon fiend for me, dream of me

Speak be having a team for me, survivor nigga

And tell him what it mean to me, my er'thang

I wanna end, what the devil bring

And make it to hear, the angels up in heaven sing, until then

[Hook - 2x]

I'm just sitting here, waiting on God

So I could ask him, is life suppose to be this hard

Cause the true fears, I know he care for me

Just wanna know, if there's a place up there for me

[Fiend]

At the sun let the moon take over, and every winter get colder

From a struggling tell you, soldier gon speak soldier

But I can't kill the beef, between that side and that coast

And I can't say what's so white, just like black folk

The road is thin, so is hope for black men

Your own even Benzo, glocks I pack twelve's
Acquainted, since I roamed the allies painted
Looking at the hustlers, on the wall they all became
famous

Visit [Fiend](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.