

Aceyalone

"Pray For Rain"

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[Aceyalone] Yo... (Pray for rain) I'ma get it right one of these days Uh, and that's some real shit! C'mon...let's go.. Yo, they pray for rain when the town get dried up They look into the sky, hands all high up They say my name and they tounge get tied up Aceyalone turn the game right side up Upside-down, man I'm still around Still relevant, 'pendin on who you tellin it I represent, conscious MCs' that got intelligence Sheeit, I'm glad I made it past the summertime of '91 Had to find myself a gun and pick what side I'm from Thank rap the bank didn't bounced the check back I got get back, suffered a few setbacks So many homies I know used to be rollers And got stretched like yoga over a lil' yola Sheeit, I wish they NEVER had to sell dope Man, I'm glad I NEVER had to sell dope Man, I hope my kids NEVER have to sell dope But the way the world is now, what the FUCK is hope or change? Is it Obama in the White House? They still creepin through the hood with the lights out The fiends still on the corner with they pipes out And a buncha young niggas gettin wiped out Pray for rain when the town get dried up They look into the sky, hands all high up They say the name and they tounge get tied up Yeah, and turn the game right side up Uh, and turn the game right side up Pray for rain, turn the game right side up ..uh-huh, right side up ..Yeah, don't act like you don't know 'cause I know you do Yeah, y'all know what I'm talkin 'bout (Pray for rain...) Look, uh, pray for rain, mayne Wash away the bloodstains, so many niggas thug-bang and don't love a thang, not even their own selves - much less you So lemme give you a lil' sumthin to manifest to I wish that everybody get to life their life right And never have to have a gun or a knife fight Let the whole world have fun in the nightlife and be right back to work when the time's right How many folks you know done really made it out the hood? Compare that to the folks still in the hood They say the slum's in the head, not in the hood Shit, my family gon' live and die in the hood 'cause we know that the radio won't play us all And if you say a lil' somethin, you gets no play at all If you're playin ball, you better play to win 'Cause if you made

the false move, you'll be in the pen It's that crazy,
police are that shady Might as well fill the jails up with
babies Mama ain't never EVER comin home again They
gave you some more years and he could comprehend
Baby girl, I ain't NEVER comin home again Yeah, they
gave me more years and I can comprehend Pray for
rain when the city get dried up Look into the sky, hands
all high up Uh, and then they tounge get tied up Yeah,
and turn the game right side up Uh, and turn the game
right side up Pray for rain, turn the game right side up
Pray for rain, turn the game right side up Right side up,
right side up That what I'm talkin 'bout... Fact you ain't
GOT to feel me.. (Got through 'em?) You don't feel me,
you ain't got to feel me (I think that's good then) Fuck
it, do what you do We all got or lives, yeah.. God gave
everybody a life You gon' do wit it what the fuck you
want to Me too And ain't nobody perfect So what the
fuck?? Uh, right side up I'm just strivin for somethin th-
that got to do with what I know about And it might not
even be the thang for you It might not even matter,
fuck it Don't even matter, uh.. Yeah, but they pray for
rain when the town get dried up They look into the sky,
hands all high up They say my name and they tounge
get tied up Aceyalone turn the game right side up
Yeah...Dedicated to life, levity, alright...

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