

## Jay-Z & R. Kelly "Don't Let Me Die"

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Dear God, bring our P.O.W.'s home  
And bring our brothers on lock down home, Amen

Whoa oh oh, ya ya yah  
Whoa oh oh, ya ya ya ya

Geah, he's a nigga from the back block  
On everybody laptop who slang crack rock  
And this nigga from the Chi'  
Who hold a note like the guy who said the British is  
comin'

My nigga Kels, oh yeah the niggaz is comin'  
Get out your good dishes or somethin' like it's  
Thanksgiving nigga  
It's Hov and none other than the R  
And without further adieu, like Freddie get ready it's

Whatever happen Lord, don't send me back  
And whenever I did wrong it was your name I cried  
I heard you forgave over and over again  
But when I found that out I became immune to my sins

Lay wide awake in the middle of my sleep  
I see dead people and sometimes it's me Lord  
I never wanted to be a Thugfather  
I only wanted to be a son of a father

That's how it sounds, it's sad  
Worse than the war in Iraq when it's me against I  
I gave up the weed and somehow I'm still high  
Three years, still seein' the weed through these eyes,  
Lord

Sometimes I don't know what you want from me  
But I do know you know what I want from you  
Give it to me, c'mon, take away this Hennessey  
Take away me runnin' the street, stop people from  
hatin' me

Take away all of this jealousy and prejudice  
Thought you said it was a better place

I grew up around pimps, hustlers hoes and project  
gangsters  
Hard to believe in what I can't see  
I gotta get this money and feed my family

Whatever guillotine guides my life  
Dear Lord, don't let me die tonight  
But if I shall before I wake what shall I say?  
It's been a good run from hoodlum to Island estates

How could one, make such foul mistakes  
And still be allowed to have a smile on my face?  
Hell, whatever the case, I'm glad it wasn't murder  
In a town you never hearda from a nickel-plated burner

Now my life's straight like a perm  
Try to take the spot I earned muh'fucker better learn  
Geah, it's Hov

He's a nigga from the back block  
On everybody laptop who slang crack rock  
And this nigga from the Chi'  
Who hold a note like the guy who said the British is  
comin'

Oh yeah the niggaz is comin'  
Get out your good dishes or somethin' like it's  
Thanksgiving niggaz  
And none other than the R  
And without further adieu, like Freddie get ready it's

Hey boy hear me out, got a few mo' things to say  
These niggaz be chasin' me like everyday  
C'mere, no, my life on crutches, devil say  
I'll never walk again but the devil is a liar

'Cause I believe within, you're the reason that I'm still  
here  
Even though I don't act like it  
Even though I hear my calling and fight it  
Fools do me so wrong, it's hard to stay righteous

If pimpin' was a mountain to Heaven, I'd hike it  
Believe me Lord, I want you  
Got money and fame, and still it just won't do  
Sometimes I don't like who I am  
When I look in the mirror my reflection is Uncle Sam

And every night I have these weird dreams  
That a creature's right beside me, wake up and can't  
breathe

I feel like it's twenty of me  
Goin' twenty different directions on a one-way street,  
Lord

I got houses, money and cars and that  
Everything single superstar  
I, got the whole music industry sewed  
But it still don't matter, when I'm gone and my casket  
closed, go!

Whatever guillotine guides my life  
Dear Lord, don't let me die tonight  
But if I shall before I wake I'd accept my fate  
I did what I did my heart was in the right place

I did so I could live to put food on my plate  
You musta loved me not to let it end by 3 that day  
Well, whatever the case, I'm glad it wasn't murder  
In a town you never hearda from a nickel-plated burner

I guess I'm not finished with my journey  
Please forgive me for my sins  
Shit I'm still trying to learn, meet Hov

He's a nigga from the back block  
On everybody laptop who used to slang crack rock  
And this nigga from the Chi'  
Who hold a note like the guy who said the British is  
comin'

Oh yeah the niggaz is comin'  
Get out your good dishes or somethin' like it's  
Thanksgiving niggaz  
And none other than the R  
And without further adieu, like Freddie get ready it's

Wrap your arms around us God  
Let there be peace and no more war  
And bring our soldiers home, let us pray

Hey hey hey  
Hey hey hey  
Hey hey hey

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