

Cassidy

"I Pray"

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(feat. Shiz Lansky from Larsiny)

[Chorus:]

To get away I got to pray that I'll
Make some cheese and get out these crazy streets
To get away I got to pray that I'll
Make some gwop and get off this crazy block
To get away I got to pray that I'll
Make some cake and get out this crazy place
To get away I got to pray that it'll
Be all good if I get out this crazy hood and I pray

[Verse 1:]

I pray everyday for a better life but it's never a night I
ain't trying to get my cheddar right make it better christ
I'm on both of my knees I'm trying to stop coppin' cope
by the keys I'm sorry father but I got to keep a toaster
to squeeze I be stressin' 'cause the blessings I'm
supposed to recieve I ain't gettin' yo I'm supposed to
succeed but I didn't yo I didn't know 'cause I was naive
but now I'm gettin' dough my son gettin' plead I hit the
stage and spit a flow I rip the show and make enough
monet to but a brick of snowl get to travel to places you
never get to go so I got to move from the block I'm a lot
richer yo I'm a lot sicker yo I make hits quicker yo when
I blaze the haze and mix it with the liquor yo niggaz
know to get cake I need these streets so I'm a stay but I
pray that I could leave these streets everyday

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]

For a life full of transgressions is heaven harder than
inner are the roads to the pearly gates all for repenters
is the harder the winter the harder the sinner lord I
blow so much kush the answers hard to remember I
knowl ought to go to church and pay my tides but I'd
rather pay the hand I'm delt and wake my eyes and I
drop to my knees and I pray my god that when you
save my soul you save my squad 'cause they some
viscious killas that'll spare no life they don't pray to our
lie and they don't fear no christ so don't where no ice
'cause they'll run up and clap you dummy which proves

my thoery the route to evil's the lack of money so that's
the reason why I stack my monet I'm tryin to move from
these streets and consentrate on this rapper money

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

Man we supposed to be family and we all hood if we all
could get money it'll be all good 'cause we all street but
we all deep I'm tryin' to make more to make sure that
we all eat until we all fall then we get fed then get
bread we hustlin' to try to stop sufferin' yea I put my L
in the air I got love for them and everyday I pray that
they stop strugglin' for real

[Chorus]

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