

## Lil Phat "Dear Lord"

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[Chorus:]

Ya'll ain't feelin my hustle  
Ya'll ain't feelin my struggle  
Dirty muther fuckers, they don't want me above them  
Dear lord, why they hold they nuts on me  
Dear lord, why they hold they nuts on me

I think it's time for me to sit down and run it with da lord  
They don't wanna see me eat, I think they wanna see  
me strave

Want me to stand down, don't wanna let me go hard  
Don't wanna see me on my feet, rather see me behind  
bars.

But I always keep my head up, cause I know that I'm  
gon make it.

My own blood hold they nuts on me, why they hate me?

Dear lord, why they hold they nuts on me

Maybe cause I'm 16 and I'm playin with g's

I ain't gon put'em in a front

But many niggas owe me sumthing

Like phat come thru summit and help me score me  
sumthing

But then turn around and stab me in my back

That's why I'm fuckin with myself cause I can't stab me  
in the back

Lord I'm a real nigga but they don't keep it real with me

A couple wanna do me sumthing that's why I keep that  
steel with me

The streets raised me so I know how to hustle

And I done found a way above'em cause they ain't  
feelin my struggle

[Chorus: x2]

Ya'll ain't feelin my hustle

Ya'll ain't feelin my struggle

Dirty muther fuckers, they don't want me above them

Dear lord, why they hold they nuts on me

Dear lord, why they hold they nuts on me

Yeah I'm young, but I get my grown man on

I go thru a lot of shit, but this lil young man strong

Put all my trust in myself, phat don't let me down

And I follow my first mind, phat ain't gon lead me  
wrong  
I don't love nobody, ion trust nobody  
I do my shit by myself cause these niggas ain't silent  
Lord, {look here} I gotta problem with the streets  
Cause these dirty muther fuckers won't let me shollow  
when I eat  
Want me to spit it out and go right back to the bottom  
But it's fucked up, cause they know that I got them  
But it's ta the point if you ain't help me then fuck ya  
Look what you done did ta me, damn it how you fuck  
me

Fa real {fa real}  
I'm all I got {I'm all I got}  
Fuck them niggas, phat you all I got {you all I got}  
Fa real {fa real}  
I'm all I got {I'm all I got}  
Fuck them niggas, phat you all I got {you all I got}

[Chorus: x2]  
Ya'll ain't feelin my hustle  
Ya'll ain't feelin my stuggle  
Dirty muther fuckers, they don't want me above them  
Dear lord, why they hold they nuts on me  
Dear lord, why they hold they nuts on me

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