

# Nas

## "Pray"

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[Nas]

"What we need to be thinkin' about is the future!  
We don't know what's in store tomorrow!  
All we can do is just guess! We want the best for  
tomorrow;  
for our family, for our children, for our future  
but if we don't get up and act like we want it,  
we gotta pray to somebody! We ain't too tough to pray!  
You walkin' around like a gangsta, gangstas pray!  
Thugs pray!  
Tell me somethin'; if you ain't prayin', where would y'all  
be today?  
Where would y'all momma be today? How would you be  
here?  
Somebody prayin' for you, nigga!"

[Horse]

I never thought bein' a man you could hang in the end  
Facin' life with no parol and consecut' sentencin'  
Got people witnessin', your co-defendent snitchin',  
your back against the wall, your left eye is twitchin'  
Loyal ladies usual, a D-and A's the mutual  
Scared to face the light of a courtroom site  
Racist cops on each side 'cause the know I just might  
make a break for the door but I give it my all  
If I die in this struggle, give my momma a call  
'cause she always left these jewels: what goes up must  
fall  
Since I fell dead broke, landed in jail  
Refused to face the facts, how wifey skipped to town  
with the bail  
I'm on my own now, V8, far away from home now  
Palmer wealth state, the law changes each date  
Secret inditements got me knocked, there ain't no price  
I can pay  
to get me the fuck up out this shit, so to Allah I pray  
for forgiveness - Yes, I sinned and I need to be held  
and jail ain't no place a black man wanna be killed  
Amen

I only pray when shit is fucked up!  
I only pray when my life is lookin' bad luck!

I only pray when I'm in mothafuckin' handcuffs!  
Callin' out for someone, somewhere!  
Is there anybody out there?

[Wiz]

I look up at the sky, why do young niggas die?  
Felt the stray hit me, somebody stay with me  
Fallin' to the ground with the sound of a four-pound  
near me  
Bitches screamin', wish I was dreamin'  
I fought a thousand gun fights, near one bullet skipped  
me  
on the morning run to get my little sisters Rice Krispies  
Played the numbers knowin' that I got my lucky dice wit'  
me  
See some niggas I know I can roll - Uh, uh!  
Get them bitches, left all of them broke, left what they  
smoke  
Hoes yellin', 'Watch ya back!'  
But before I could turn around, before I could I react,  
blaow! Blaow! Blaow! Would you look at me now?  
Is this blood that I feel as I fell to the ground?  
Feel like a head shot but maybe just grazed my temple  
Niggas diggin' in my pockets, sayin' I just rolled a  
pimple  
Yo, my mouth was movin' but it was nothin' I was sayin'  
Only if they knew deep inside my mind, I was prayin'  
Amen

I only pray when shit is fucked up!  
I only pray when my life is lookin' bad luck!  
I only pray when I need his help the most, what?!  
Callin' out to someone, somewhere!  
Yo, is anybody out there?

[Jungle]

Ain't nothin' stoppin' me - Untouchable - Hoes, I fucked  
a few  
Style like The Greatest, Ali - Check what the knuckle do  
Rock bubblegoose to mink, big links,  
yellow ice, live the ghetto life, 'fuck y'all think?  
Bravehearted; fuck around, get graveyarded  
Dearly departed - The word on the street, I'm a target  
I ain't runnin', I ain't hidin', I'm ridin'  
I be gunnin', y'all be duckin' and divin'  
when I come through buckin' this four-fivin'  
Revenge you sayin' you gettin'  
but shit is gettin' too wild, this lifestyle of sprayin'  
weapons  
so I check out the preacher - Life is off the meter  
Thoughts of homicide, tryin' to dodge the reaper

Confessions in a church 'cause it hurts, behind a  
curtain  
Nigga talkin' to me, but I ain't certain  
Voice sound familiar so I pulled the shade back  
It was this stupid nigga that I popped way back  
He set me up, he just got to the preist  
I tried to reach but he had his heat pointed my way  
and said, 'Pray'

[Nas]

"You've got to pray, huh! I mean pray, pray,  
and when you pray, you got to look up to the lord, huh!  
You got to look up and you got to pray for your  
children, huh!  
You got to pray for that man in front of the liquor store,  
huh!  
You got to pray for that man on the corner! He know he  
doin' wrong,  
but somebody gotta pray for him, huh! You know we  
doin' wrong,  
but we gotta pray for ourselves! You know we are  
headin'  
to this new millennium, goddamnit! They say a comet  
is comin'  
to this world by the year two-thousand, I say it's God!  
It's up to you  
to pray to that higher power higher than yourself and  
humble yourself  
and, and, and beg for forgiveness 'cause it comes  
back to you!  
A man told me that while he was in jail, all he did was  
pray.  
All he did was stay in his jail cell and pray to God..."

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