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Cuban Link "Excuse Me Father"

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In the name of the Father, Son, Holy Spirit Amen
Please forgive me Lord I know IÂ'm misbehaving
IÂ'm staying up at night just blazin
Thinking about my life and this ---- -- situation
SatanÂ's waiting patient with his temptation
Trying to make his way so he can take control
I know I GodÂ's creation I wonÂ't sell my soul I know my
foundation

Show me the road where I go right or left love or hate life or death

Am I bait for the snake only fate knows the rest I got questions - yeahÂ- Oh Lord I got questions

Excuse me Father Â- can I get a little bit of your time I donÂ't mean to bother but I got a lot of things on my mind

See I got these problems and I donÂ't want to go tot my nine

And IÂ'm trying to solve them but it feels like IÂ'm running out of time

running out of time - so I call upon ya - so I call upon ya I call upon ya - I call upon you

Pardon me Lord ItÂ's kinda hard for me part open these doors

ItÂ's got to be more to life than just parties and broads My mind is so lost although my heart is guided by yours

I crossed the road and ended up where I started before From Poor to Entrepreneur performing raw without an album in stores

doin tours from Cali down to Harlem N.Y.

Problem of all sorts canÂ't dodge Â'em keep getting caught

I thought the art of war was stronger than the arm of the law

I caught a felony and though I got locked up before It all fell on me all without probable cause I heard you telling me jealousyÂ's a part of this sport I felt your energy like Lazarus IÂ'm guarded by dogs Who though IÂ'd be the one the audience applaud Who thought IÂ'd get to see my face in the Source

WhoÂ'd thought IÂ'd be double crossed
I know God was the force that kept my soul strong
threw it all
ItÂ's too far to walk the dog and throw it all out the doc

ItÂ's too far to walk the dog and throw it all out the door Help me Lord!!

Excuse me Father Â- can I get a little bit of your time I donÂ't mean to bother but I got a lot of things on my mind

See I got these problems and I donÂ't want to go tot my nine

And IÂ'm trying to solve them but it feels like IÂ'm running out of time

running out of time - so I call upon you - so I call upon you

I call upon you - I call upon you

Now I lay me down to sleep I pray my lord my soul to keep

And if I die before I wake I pray my lord my soul you take

IÂ'm just a man I make mistakes learn to separate the real from the fake

Gotta keep the faith by praying everyday Shine you light on me Lord before itÂ's too late

Excuse me Father Â- can I get a little bit of your time I donÂ't mean to bother but I got a lot of things on my mind

See I got these problems and I donÂ't want to go tot my nine

And IÂ'm trying to solve them but it feels like IÂ'm running out of time running out of time

Excuse me Father (repeat)

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