

## **R. Kelly**

# **"Don't Let Me Die"**

Visit "[Don't Let Me Die](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Dear God, bring our P.O.W.s home  
An' bring our brothers on the lockdown home  
Amen

Yeah, it's the nigga from the back blocked  
On everybody laptop, sling cracked top  
Hov, hit this nigga from da shower  
Hold a note like da guy who said da British is comin'

My nigga, Kell, oh, yeah, da niggas is comin'  
Get out ya good dishes or somethin', like it's  
Thanksgiving, niggas  
Hov an' none other than da R  
An' without further a due, like Freddy get ready, it's

Whatever happened, Lord? Don't pass me by  
'Cause whenever I did wrong, it was Your name I cried  
I heard You forgave over an' over again  
But when I found out I love You, You became immune to  
my sins

Laid wide awake in da middle of my sleep  
I see dead people an' sometimes it's me, Lord  
I never wanted to be a thug father  
I only wanted to be a son of a father

That's how it sounds inside  
Worse than da war in Iraq, when it's me against I  
I gave up da weed an' somehow I'm still high  
Three years still seein' them three guys, 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, come on, take away this Hennessey  
Take away me runnin' da streets, stop people from  
rapin' me  
Take away all this jealousy an' prejudice

Lord, You said it was better place  
I grew up around pimps, hustlers, hoes an' project  
gates  
It's hard to believe in what I can't see

I got to get this money an' feed my family

Whatever it did to you, it guides my life  
Dear Lord, don't let me die tonight  
But if I shall before I wake, I shall, I say  
It's been a good run from hoodlum to outin' da states

How could one who made so much foul mistakes  
Still be allowed to have a smile on my face?  
How whatever da case, I'm glad it wasn't murder  
In a town you never heard of, from a nickel plated  
burner

Now my life straight like a perm  
Tried to take da spot I earn  
Muthafucka, better learn

It's Hov, it's the nigga from the back blocked  
On everybody laptop, sling cracked top  
Kell, hit this nigga from da shower  
Hold a note like da guy who said da British is comin'

Hov, oh, yeah, da niggas is comin'  
Get out ya good dishes or somethin', like it's  
Thanksgiving, niggas  
Kell an' none other than da R  
An' without further a due, like Freddy get ready, it's

Lord, hear me out, got a few more things to say  
These demons be chasin' me like everyday  
Nah, my life on crutches, never say I'll never walk again  
But da Devil is a lie 'cause I believe within'

That You're da reason that I'm still here  
Even though I don't act like it  
Even though I hear my callin' an' fight it  
Fools do me so wrong, it's hard to stay righteous  
Pimpin' was allowed to happen, I'd hide it

Believe me, Lord, I want You  
Got money an' fame but still it just won't do  
Sometimes I don't like who I am  
When I look in da mirror, my reflection is Uncle Sam

An' every night I have these weird dreams  
That a preacher trapped inside of me wake up an' 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 an' cars  
An' met every single superstar  
I got da whole music industry sold  
But it still don't matter, when I'm gone an' my casket  
closed

Whatever it did to you, it 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 da right place

I guess, so I can live it, put food on my plate  
You must still love me not to let it in by three that day  
Well whatever da case, I'm glad it wasn't murder  
In a town you never heard of, from a nickel plated  
burner

I guess I'm not finished wit my journey  
Please forgive me for my sins  
Shit, I'm still tryna learn me

It's Hov, it's the nigga from the back blocked  
On everybody laptop, sling cracked top  
Kell, hit this nigga from da shower  
Hold a note like da guy who said da British is comin'

Hov, oh, yeah, da niggas is comin'  
Get out ya good dishes or somethin', like it's  
Thanksgiving, niggas  
Kell an' none other than da R  
An' without further a due, like Freddy get ready, it's

Many men have come an' gone in these streets  
Walked alone in these streets, waitin' to hear from You  
Oh, Lord, wrap your arms around da hood  
Lift every peace from war, bring our soldiers home, let  
us pray

Visit [R. Kelly](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.