

Ransom

"Pray For Me"

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[Verse 1: Jay Rock]

Got the ghetto in my heart every time that I spit it
Walk it like I talk it, this is how I'm living
Still on the block, dwelling with my niggas
We don't got no job, selling dope be our business
Lord be my witness, trying to get a million
Flushing everything if they run inside my building
Niggas steady snitching
Bitches steady riffing
Raffing, until I start clapping, I'm itching
I'm so Cal
Cals under my white tee when I walk out
Niggas be hating, I don't trust smiles
Me and Ransom representing the same struggle
In the gutter it's all about money and muscle
Feds don't want to see us free
They got us under surveillance like TMZ, yeah
It's Jay Rock, I be these streets
I promise to keep it real 'til I D-I-E, yeah

[Hook: Kendrick Lamar]

I was on the block, ducking, running from cops
On the corner slanging the rock (Mama she used to
pray for me)
Now I'm on top, pulling up in the drop
Saying peace to hip-hop (Cause it made a way for me)
I struggled way before I got on
So I gotta put my struggle in song (I guess this was my
destiny)
Came a long way, I'm here to stay

[Verse 2: Ransom]

We all came from the gutter
Say we ball free, living by the name of my brother
Put the cane in the cubbard
Childhood scars from the pain that we suffered
Mom dukes always tried to raise us above it
Pop dukes always tried to claim that he loved us
Now we blaming each other
Got my brain from my mother
You can't judge a book by the grain of its cover

Or the name, or the color
I sold drugs to my nigga Pop
So you know the devil's on my side when I hit the block
So you shouldn't be surprised when I get the guap
Flip the rock, watch the water bubble when it hit the pot
A fiend died last night, time to switch the tops
If you don't know what time it is you better fix your
clock
Now we're not even surprised when the pistol pop
We don't even move, know the rules never snitch to
cops
I just spent my whole life trying to make it out
Dreaming of a check, in a Lex, throwing paper out
They're trying to break the house
Got to go the safest route
Not a blind date, but these apes trying to take me out
I used to be a nobody from the projects
Now my projects got me flyer than a cockpit
I used to cop bricks, loading up Glock clips
Now I'm in the drop picks, talking about stock tips
Okay, maybe I'm exaggerating
I ain't filthy rich, but I got imagination
It's my year to eat and I got a platter waiting
Sharks in the water, I sort of got them salivating
I'm living a life considered a price
My past years could've had me up in prison for life
I am the, tip of the ice, division of christ
This duffle bag red nigga, just admit it I'm nice (and
um..)

[Hook]

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