

Roots "Dear God 2.0"

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[Intro:]

Dear God, I'm trying hard to reach you

Dear God, I see your face in all I do

Sometimes, it's so hard to believe it...

But God, I know you have your reasons
(Uh huh)

[Verse 1:]

They said he's busy hold the line please

Call me crazy, I thought maybe he could mind read

Who does the blind lead?

Show me a sign please

If everything is made in China, are we Chinese?

And why do haters separate us like we siamese?

Technology turning the planet into zombies

Everybody all in everybody's dirty laundry

Acid rain, earthquakes, hurricane, tsunamis

Terrorist, crime sprees, assaults, and robberies

Cops yellin' stop, freeze

Shoot him before he try to leave

Air quality so foul, I gotta try to breath

Endangered species

And we runnin' out of trees

If I could hold the world in the palm of these

Hands, I would probably do away with these anomalies

Everybody checkin' for the new award nominee

Wars and atrocities

Look at all the poverty

Ignoring the prophecies

More beef than broccoli

Corporate monopoly

Weak world economy

Stock market topplin'

Mad marijuana oxycotton and klonopin

Everybody out of it?

[Hook:]

We'll find a way to be
thinking about

And IÃfÂfÂçÃfÂ,Â€ÃfÂ,Â™ ve been
breakinÃfÂfÂçÃfÂ,Â€ÃfÂ,Â™ it down
Without an answer
I know IÃfÂfÂçÃfÂ,Â€ÃfÂ,Â™ m thinking out loud
But if youÃfÂfÂçÃfÂ,Â€ÃfÂ,Â™ re lost and around
Why do we suffer?
Why do we suffer?
(Uh huh)

[Verse 2:]

Yeah... It's still me, one of your
biggest fans
I get off work
Right back to work again
I probably need to go ahead and have my head exam
Look at how they got me on the Def Jam payment plan
Well, I'm in the world of
entertainment and
Trying to keep a singing man sane for the paying fans
If I don't make it through the
night, slight change of plans
Harp strings, angel wings, and praying hands
Lord, forgive me for my shortcomings
For going on tour and ignoring the court summons
All I'm trying to do is live life to
the fullest
They sent my daddy to you in a barrage of bullets
Why is the world ugly when you made it in your image?
And why is livin' life such a fight
to the finish?
For this high percentage
When the sky's the limit
A second is a minute, every
hour's infinite

[Outro:]

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Dear God, I see your face in all I do

Sometimes, it's so hard to believe it...

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